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Published as the Act directs, Feb. 1. 1780.

THE

Lady's Magazine;
OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

for the

FAIR SEX,

Appropriated solely to their

USE and AMUSEMENT

Vol. XI., for the YEAR 1780.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. ROBINSON,

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T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For J A N U A R Y, 1780.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. A superb and elegant Frontispiece, designed and engraved by a capital Artist.
2. An engraved Title Page.
3. A Pattern for an Apron, to be worked in Catgut, and
4. A new Song set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favour from Correspondents will be received.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are not a little obliged to our ingenious correspondent Henrietta R—, for the liberal supply she has transmitted of *La Vie d'Epaminondas*, and as the narrative has been spun out to so great a length, she will not be offended at our intimating, that any intermission may weary the patience of our readers.

The author of *Vie d'Emilie*, will excuse us for stimulating her to punctuality.

The writer of the Series of Letters from *Fanny Scudamore*, &c. is requested by several correspondents, to pursue that interesting work, without interrupting their pleasure by invidious silence.

The translator of *Rousseau's Emily* is desired to proceed in her translation, as we have received several letters, in which the intermission is spoken of in unfavourable terms.

In the prose department, exclusive of several new pieces contained in this Number, we are honoured with an *Essay* by A—n, on the *Practise of Gaming among Ladies of Quality*, by a Constant Reader. *An Evening's Meditation* by Lucubrador. *A living Character, worthy of Imitation* by G. W. *A large Packet, containing the Continuation of the Letters* from Mrs. Seymour, &c. *Enigmatical List of young Ladies at Isleworth, Middlesex*, by J. W. *List of young Gentlemen's Names of Trowbridge, Wiltshire*. *Ladies of Olney in Bucks*, by Warren Marlabush. *List of Market Towns in Oxfordshire*, by W. T. *List of Performers on the Norwich Stage*, by R. B. &c. &c.

In poetry we have received, on *Christmas Day, composed as walking in the Morn*, by Tyrunculus. *Ode to Mr. D. H. of the Royal Exeter Volunteers*, by J. C. *An Acrostic on —*, of Great Bath-street, Clerkenwell, by ***. *A new Year's Billet to W. A. From A. C. on the Death of a Lady, who died the 19th of November, 1779*. *Enigma and Rebus*, by J—e St—dish. *On the Death of a lovely Boy*, by Clara. *Disappointment, an Elegy*, by Mr. Hawkins. *Winter, addressed to Miss M. S*****, by Amintor. *Lines from a Brother in the Country to a Sister in Town*, by J. R. *A Rebus, and Answer to the Rebus for October last*, by A. Z. *Verses* by Amator, on her Majesty's Birth-day; and a *Rebus* by Henrietta C—p—r. *The Wish*, by Indiana. *Alcanor and Editha, a Poem in three Parts*, by T. B. *An Enigma*, by Une Villageoise. *On the new Year*, by Septimus Horson. *Twelfth Day, a Poem*, by H—y L—ne. *Epitaph, designed for a young Woman, who was murdered*, by G. R—ff—y. *To a Gentleman, on his Wedding-day*, by Henrietta C—p—r, &c.

In answer to the letter from S. Br—t, we must assure the lady we make it our study to oblige all our correspondents with the greatest impartiality, and can ascribe our seeming neglect only to the mislaying her productions.

Miss A. Murry, will perceive our readiness to honour our collection with any of her compositions, by the Magazine for this month.

Henrietta C—p—r will likewise have her doubts dispersed, on inspecting the department to which they belong.

We are not a little obliged to our old correspondent for assuming her pen, in favouring us with an historical account of the variations in female dress; and we hope we shall have no cause to lament her want of punctuality.

The Lady who desires a *recipe to prevent the growth of superfluous hairs*, will find one from Dr. Cook, in turning backward to some former volumes of this Magazine.

Several other pieces have been received this month, which are under the inspection of the *Female Coterie*, and will be inserted as soon as approved of by them.

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

P U B L I C.

A Production merely feminine could not be better patronized than by females; and we have had this honour for many years. Before this Magazine, solicited by females, was first exhibited to the public, we found the sex excluded from conveying even their sentiments in other monthly repositories. The sex vindicated their rights; a rational vindication; for it could not be supposed that the Great Author of their being, who had made their *exterior* so elaborate, had neglected their minds, their understandings. The ladies who have figured in our own nation as votaries of the Muses, always evinced that they likewise sacrificed at the shrine of the *Graces*. France, at a certain time, (but the boasts of France were always those of *Gascons*) pretended that she only could produce a register of *female* writers, which might put the males to the blush; but it was not remembered that no nation in Christendom had ever shewn brighter stars in the hemisphere of literature than Great Britain has, and does even at this instant produce.

There is no branch of learning in which the ladies of Great Britain cannot dispute the palm with any other nation under the sun. Some of these have honoured us with the favour of ushering their productions into the world; and a new generation seems to have arisen from the ashes of some of the former. We are not at liberty to announce their *names* to the public; but the *recruits* they have raised for the following year will undoubtedly announce their *merits*.

Though thus splendidly surrounded by the most brilliant eyes, and supported by the fairest hands in the kingdom, we have reserved an opening for any friendly intimation of improvement, any additional favour from a female friend, and should always pique ourselves in the honour of being the publishers of the sentiments which female delicacy only could suggest, and with which FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS *only* could honour the world in general for their amusement or improvement.

EXPLANATION of the FRONTISPIECE.

ON the fore-ground is the genius of the Lady's Magazine addressed by Wisdom on the left hand, and by Folly on the right; at a distance are the temples of both deities; that of Folly is resorted to in crouds, among which is the ridiculous figure of a lady bearing a *parasol*, though her head is hid under an enormous calash: the Temple of Wisdom is almost empty, and the votaries who are going to it are carrying in their hands the Lady's Magazine, as a kind of ticket to obtain their entrance.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For JANUARY, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

By a LADY.

"Be good, let heaven answer for the rest."

LETTER I.

Lord FITZWILLIAM to the Hon. Mrs.
ASKEW.

YOU wrong me, dearest Madam, in attributing my silence to "the natural aversion youth generally bear to venerable correspondents." I ever peruse your letters with the greatest satisfaction, and can, with truth, affirm, they never come unwelcome. To your indulgence do I owe every worldly advantage I possess, and to your kind attentions and judicious counsels the merit of enjoying them as becomes a rational being. Is it possible, then, I should be parsimonious of my time, when it cannot be more pleasingly employed than in addressing one I so much esteem? The truth is, Madam, I have been in such a continual hurry since my arrival, that I have had leisure to attend to nothing but my workmen, for all here is at present bustle and confusion.

Immediately on my arrival at this ancient mansion, my tenants assembled in a body to pay me their united congratulations.

They approached with dread: the tyranny of my predecessor (who had shewn himself an usurer rather than the patron of the village) inspired them with a belief that the *iron age* would yet continue, and that the body of a lord was ever the vehicle of a narrow soul. The reception they met with, however, confirmed them in a contrary opinion; but the presence of Henly (steward to their late landlord) withheld them from laying before me grievances, which, perfectly acquainted with before, I had determined to redress.

I was not insensible to the cause of their restraint, and dismissing them with assurances of my esteem and friendship, declared my intention of calling at their respective cottages, that I might, from my own judgment, form some estimation of their value, and from that decide which would admit of augmentation in the rent, and which of diminution; adding, that I wished them to look upon me as a *friend*, attentive to their interest, not a *task-master* who would impose on them heavier burthens than they were able to support. The honest men departed perfectly satisfied, and in the evening I ordered my cellar to be two hours open to those who wished to drink my health; but averse to the riotous doings which are the natural

tural

tural consequences of inebriety, would allow no longer period to the joys of Bacchus.

Early the next morning I began my perambulations, and made my first visit to a man spoken of by Henry as the most honest and laborious of all my tenants; one, he assured me, that held his farm at an enormous rate, but hoped, by my lordship's kindness, he would be better enabled to support his family.

As I rode out unattended, I had an opportunity of indulging my remarks unnoticed. On stopping at the gate of this *industrious* man, I heard the sound of a female voice quavering to the soft tones of a guitar. I alighted from my horse, and committing it to the care of a servant, walked into the house without further ceremony.

Picture to yourself, my good Madam, the astonishment of your nephew, on beholding Mrs. Tasty, not in a ruffled gown, busied in domestic matters, but herself and elegant offspring seated at breakfast in morning dishabille; on the other side of the room one of the young ladies receiving a lesson from her music-master.

On my entrance they all rose up, and the confusion in which the good woman paid her compliments, was a proof that my presence was as unexpected as unwelcome. Indeed, so out of character was their appearance, that it would have betrayed want of decency not to have been ashamed of it, and want of prudence not, in some degree, to have noticed the impropriety of it. I, however, contented myself with barely remarking, that I should not have imagined that the refinements of London had reached so far northward, and asked the young lady how long she had been under the instructions of her master?

"About a month, my lord," replied Mrs. Tasty. "Fanny has, you must know, a natural taste for music, and as it's a pity that a good genius should be lost for want of cultivation, I have prevailed on her papa to bestow a quarter's learning on her, for

Mr. Quaver assures me she will in that time be quite a proficient."

I made no answer to this very judicious speech, but enquiring for her husband, walked out to take a nearer view of the lands he occupied; and would you believe it, Madam, this *poor* man, whom his *honest* cousin so greatly pitied, rented a bargain at least worth one third more than the price he paid for it?

How fortunate, thought I, are the relatives of a nobleman's steward! If this is the case with many of my tenants, I shall find the estate a very improveable one.

My next visit was about two miles distant: but ah! how different the scene which there presented itself!—On opening the door, I beheld a poor old man tottering under age and his own infirmities: before him stood a bowl of butter-milk, and on his right hand sat a young girl, beautiful as Hebe, who was going to partake with him his homely meal.

The neatness of the humble cottage, the venerable figure of the husbandman, and the native loveliness of his grand-daughter, held me some moments in silent wonder. I had not remarked him among those who had visited me at the Abbey on my arrival, and finding myself disposed to enquire into his circumstances, I drew one of the neat wooden-bottomed chairs, and placed myself by the table.

I saw I was not known, and under pretence of having wandered out of my way, in a morning ramble from the neighbouring village, begged leave to rest myself till more able to pursue my walk. My request was granted with a smile of hospitality. The peasants, unintimidated by my presence, finished their frugal breakfast, and the blooming maid immediately withdrew to follow her domestic avocations.

After some indifferent chat concerning the village, its inhabitants, and other trivial subjects, I took an opportunity of asking the old gentleman about his own particular situation, and hinted that I had heard but an unfavour-

yourable character of his late landlord.—“Alas! Sir, the world greatly wrongs him. His lordship’s fault was placing too much confidence in a steward who deceived him, and who, instead of acting by the rules of probity, was led only by the hand of interest. Those who were in any degree related to him, or could stoop to the mean arts of bribery, possessed their farms on the most reasonable terms; whilst others groaned under the weight of heavy rents. Thank heaven such times are at an end, for I am told the present lord is of a very different disposition, and will neither suffer either his tenants or himself to be imposed upon.—My son tells me it is his intention to pay us all a visit, and if he does, I shall make bold to intreat he will give orders for our cottage to be new thatched, for all this last winter we could not lay dry in our beds, and my poor daughter caught a cold from it which carried her to her grave.”

“A request so reasonable,” replied I, “will, I make no doubt, be most readily complied with. May I presume, honest friend, to enquire what rent you pay for this little dwelling, and the adjoining fields?”

“O yes, Sir; ’tis no secret: I pay Master Henly thirty pounds a year, and allow him a hoghead of cyder out of the orchard.”

“Thirty pounds a year!—Unconscionable wretch!—And pray, my friend, what do you imagine the farm to bring you in, when rent, tythes, and king’s taxes are discharged?”

“About thirty-five pounds, one year with another, Sir; but when lucky in getting in our harvest, it is sometimes worth ten pounds more.”

“And with this you support yourself and grand-daughter?”

“Lack-a-day, Sir! aye, and poor Ella’s father, and two infant brothers, who are as yet unable to assist us in our labour. We do no great matters, it is true; but knowing content to be the best sauce to homely food, drag on in hopes of better times.”

“And better thou shalt soon experience,” would I have replied to

him; but the fear of being known restrained my tongue. After a good deal more chat, (in which the honest farmer plainly demonstrated, that the best characters may be ruined by the villainy of self-interested and unjust servants) I arose to take my leave, secretly determined to thatch the cottage, and gladden the heart of its inhabitants.

I then proceeded on my ride, and drew from my own observations (aided by some cursory enquiries) sufficient hints whereby to regulate my future conduct, and returned to breakfast perfectly satisfied, that his affairs are best regulated, who is his own steward; his charities best dispensed, who is his own almoner.

The next day I ordered the rent roll to be laid before me, and after making what alterations I judged necessary, acquainted Henly I had no further occasion for his services. Just as I had dismissed him, my servant informed me that a young woman and her father begged to be admitted to my presence; and when he had shewn them up, I, to my utter astonishment, beheld in her my pretty Ella, and in him a man whom I before recollected to have seen among my tenants.

With a thousand scrapes, bows, and apologies, he said he had brought his daughter to beg pardon for her want of respect, not knowing it to be my lordship who had honoured his little hovel; and that the poor girl had been unhappy ever since, least she or her grandfather had uttered something that might have been matter of offence.

I took the blushing innocent by the hand, bid her be seated, and assured her she had no subject for uneasiness on that head. I then acquainted her father that I had given orders for the repairing of his farm-house, and added, that I proposed reducing the rent to twenty pounds a year.

Their joy and gratitude was too great for utterance, but tears shewed that of the gentle Ella more expressively than ten thousand thanks. I found myself uncommonly affected by her sensibility, and ordering Trueman

to procure them some refreshment, walked into the garden to conceal my weakness.

Since that period I have frequently been prompted to self-examination, and am strongly inclined to doubt that the motives of my generosity were not totally disinterested. Had my eyes beheld a female less attractive, should I have shewn myself so ready to promote the general happiness of the family?—Would humanity only have dictated such a conduct? These are questions I have since often asked myself, yet derive no satisfaction from the enquiry.

“Know thyself” appears a simple maxim, but ’tis a species of knowledge less easily acquired than one could possibly imagine. Hitherto I have believed myself an honest man—supposed myself incapable of selfish or ungenerous views—perhaps I relied too firmly on virtues I possess not in reality—it is however most certain that I feel myself greatly interested in whatever relates to Ella or her parents. Yet the little acquaintance I have with my own heart tells me it harbours not a sentiment but what it dares aver to my best of friends. Accustomed to lay open to you its inmost recesses, I cannot address you with insincerity or reserve. You, Madam, who are so much inclined to be partial to its merits, will, I’m sure, judge favourably of its involuntary errors.

I shall be detained here much longer than I imagined, as the necessary alterations in this Gothic structure will require my particular attendance. At present there is hardly a room fit to be inhabited by modern beings; but rude and inconvenient as they are, I expect to be honoured with a visit from Lord Moreton and his sisters; for the lively Lady Bab protests that she delights in ruins, and will positively spend a week among those of Fern Abbey.

To accommodate them as commodiously as possible, I have ordered the best of the furniture to be placed in the lightest of the rooms, and to supply the want of carpets, (a luxury here unknown unless to Mrs. Tasty

and her daughters) I have ordered that the tapestry hangings of some others less useful should be appropriated to the service of the ladies feet.

I wish, dear Madam, you could give a peep into the saloon, where I am now sitting.—All description would fall short, I shall, therefore, not attempt one; but since your ill health permits you not to visit it in its present state, I hope the improvements I propose making will be honoured with your approbation the ensuing summer.—Poyntz was with me yesterday: his best respects attend you. Believe me, with the truest sincerity,

Your affectionate

FITZWILLIAM.

(To be continued.)

Original MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

1. **T**HE pathetic expression of the blind indigent is not a little affecting, supposing it to be restricted to the things of this life; but to consider it as we ought, as what concerns our future state, it is an alarm-clock. His words are—“*Consider what a sad thing it is to be blind!*”

2. Health is the life of the body, as content is that of the soul.

3. Why should not I be as humble as the dirt I tread on?—Why not do all the good I can? Why not be thankful to God for all his mercies?—Why not resigned to the awards of Providence?

4. Women are never stronger than when they are most conscious of their own weakness; nor are men weaker than when they are most confident of their own strength.

5. I am so greatly in need of forgiveness myself, that I am resolved to forgive others, that it may incline Infinite Mercy to forgive me.

6. Excessive anger and revenge generally end in cruelty. Some men make use of secret means to destroy those who have offended them; and some who have given the first offence can never forgive the person injured.

An Account of the new Comic Opera, called THE SHEPHERDESS of the ALPS, performed on Tuesday January 8, for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marquis of Bellamine,	Mr. Wilson.
Count Triste,	Mr. Edwin.
Abbé de la Mouche,	Mr. Robson.
Young Bellamine,	Mr. Vernon.
Blaise,	Mr. Reinhold
Guillott,	Mr. Quick.
La Pierre,	Mr. Brunson.
Dubois,	Mr. Jones.
Marchioness,	Mrs. Pitt.
Adelaide,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Jeannotte,	Mrs. Wilson.
Renette	Miss Platt.

SCENE, a View of the Mountains of Savoy in the Road from Brangon to Medina.

THE fable of this piece is as follows:—The Marquis of Bellamine and his lady meeting with the accident of having their coach broken down at the foot of the Alps, some months before the point of time in which the piece opens, and finding a beautiful young shepherdess at the farm-house of one Blaise, where they accidentally put up at, at their return can talk of nothing else, but the breeding, ease, elegance, and beauty of the shepherdess. This fires the bosom of the young Bellamine, who quits his father's house, and goes in quest of her.

Arriving in the village, he purchases the stock and cottage of a peasant, named Guillot, nephew to old Blaise, the better to obtain the object of his passion. He sees the shepherdess tending her flocks, who is all sadness and despair, from a misfortune which presses on her mind, but which she will not reveal.—By degrees, however, he obtains her friendship.—When the Marquis of Bellamine, his father, and his mother the countess, come in quest of him—with them they bring the Abbe de la Mouche, a clerical coxcomb, and Count Triste, a character described to be weeping with one eye

for the death of his countess, and ogling with the other every pretty woman he sees. The Abbe falls in love with the shepherdess of the Alps, and plots to run away with her, but is prevented by the interposition of young Bellamine and his father; and the Count is preparing to go off with Jeannotte, whom he mistakes for the real shepherdess of the Alps.

Towards the conclusion of this business, the shepherdess, overcome with the gallantry and perseverance of young Bellamine, joined to the intreaties of the Marquis and Marchioness, acquaints them of her sad story, which is, that being married to an officer, who, in the first period of their union exceeding his furloe, for the sake of continuing a few days with her, and his regiment engaging in the interval, it had such an effect on him, that returning to that spot where they had before exchanged their mutual vows of happiness, he took leave of her, and ran upon his sword. This fatal catastrophe decided her to turn shepherdess, the better to pour out her continual complaints on her husband's grave. Young Bellamine, however, still not dissuaded from an object he could not live without, offers to sacrifice his life to her in turn, which at last conciliates so much with her, that she consents to a second union.

It is almost impossible to enter into all the particulars of the very complex scenes which are intermixed with the pathos of the principal parts of this new piece. Never were any set of circumstances more injudiciously jumbled, and the frequent and strong expressions of displeasure by the audience, destroyed even the faint rays of connection which might have been left in the memory. The performance was nearly as mixed and incongruous as the opera itself. The music was of the same irregular character; several of the airs were light and pretty, a few very pleasing, but the greater part were either cold and heavy, or wanted originality.

The scenery was well adapted to the opera, particularly the opening scene, which

which was a valley broken by little hills, and irregular cascades, with mountains covered with snow in perspective.

Some of the most approved airs in the above comic opera.

AIR. Mrs. WILSON.

When jealous out of season,
When deaf and blind to reason,
Of truth we've no belief;
With rage we're overflowing,
Not why, or whether, knowing,
And the heart goes throb with grief.

But when the fit is over,
And kindness from the lover
Does ev'ry doubt destroy;
Away fly thoughts alarming,
Each object appears charming,
And the heart goes throb with joy.

AIR. Mr. QUICK.

I guesses in part what it is you'd be at,
Make me what your master makes you:
But I'm none of your panders, I answer you flat,
So you see, my good friend, it won't do.
Ev'ry man to his trade. Did I flatter and prate,
And make speeches, and congee, and bow;
'Twould be just all as one, with that fine powder'd pate,
As to set you to work at the plow.

Besides, and moreover, I told you before,
'Tis another guess sort of a she;
A sensible one, who would set little store
By two such poor ninnies as we.

You thought that a clown would not dare to say nay,
But you have not found me such an elf;
So if to the young woman you've ought for to say,
You are likely to tell her yourself.

AIR. Mr. WILSON.

How unlike to these fops were our fathers of old!
Brave, manly, heroic, intrepid and bold:
Who had spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That their pulse struck the seconds as true as a clock.
Without bridle or saddle, who'd mount on a nag,
And kill'd before sun-rise a boar or a stag:
Who, hunger provok'd by the keen wholesome air,
Would eat you for breakfast a pound of a bear.

But a fine mincing modern comes into the room,

A lump of pulvilio, a walking perfume;
In his tricks and his shape,
A direct human ape,
Who ogles and flushes,
And simpers and blushes,
And patches and paints,
And expires and faints,
And stammers and trips,
Takes snuff, bites his lips,
Lisps, coughs, and lolls;
But to cut the thing short,
Our men now at court,
Are nothing but so many six-penny dolls.

AIR. Mr. EDWIN.

There's something in women their lovers engage,
Of whatever complexion, or stature, or age;
And she who would frighten a mere stammerer by,
Is a Venus herself in the fond lover's eye:
If she's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair;
If tawney, like jet are her eyes and her hair:
If Xantippe herself, her scolding's thought wit;
If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.
If a pigmy, how neat are her air and her mien!
If a steeple, she's graceful, and walks like a queen:
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young;
If eighty, her fortune says—World, hold your tongue.

In short, to dear women 'tis given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to tease,
To perplex, to torment, and a thousand things more;
They're the deities men were all born to adore.

AIR. Mr. VERNON.

By love and fortune guided,
I quit the busy town;
With cot and sheep provided,
And vestments of a clown.

Thus have I barter'd riches
For a shepherd's little stock;
A crook, to leap o'er ditches,
And well to climb each rock;
A faithful dog, my steps to guide,
A scrip and hautboy by my side;
And my horn, to give the alarm
When wolves would harm
My flock.

Ah, say then who can blame me?
For beauty 'tis I roam;
But, if the chace should tame me,
Perhaps I may come home.
'Till then I'll give up riches, &c.

AIR. MRS. MATTOCKS.

The little bark may safely ride
Where neither rocks nor quicksands lie;
But driven to sea by wind and tide,
As swift as swallows skim the sky.

The horror of the foaming main,
The lightning's glare, the thunder's roar,
Give little prospect that again,
Poor bark! shall ever reach the shore.

AIR. MRS. MATTOCKS.

Here sleeps in peace, beneath this rustic vase,
The tenderest lover a husband could prove;
Of all his distress, alas, I am the cause;
So much I ador'd him, heaven envied my love.

The sighs I respire ev'ry morn I arise,
The misery I cherish, the grief, and the pain;
The thousand of tears that fall from my eyes,
Are all the sad comforts, for me, that remain.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

If you deem the following letter (penned by a young lady in the country to her town friend, within the past month) worthy a place in your Lady's Magazine, by inserting it in the next, you will oblige an old correspondent.

To Miss R—d.

Dear Maria,

IT gives me the greatest pleasure to hear of your approaching nuptials with Mr. W—, the only man I could have selected for my friend to spend her future time with—possessed of every good quality requisite to render the marriage state happy! “A short space of time would elapse ere you was united to all this world can afford.” The transition may have been short indeed—perhaps ere this you exult at the change; the bare idea of transferring his affections to another no longer requires a care. Is it not so, Maria? But I will flatter myself you answer in the negative, and proceed.—I now consider you as standing on the verge of a narrow precipice, the one side of which presents to the beholder a true picture of distress—

while the other bears a lively resemblance of virtue and happiness.—'Tis easy to say, I will recline to the latter, and not more difficult to attain if you adhere to the precepts which merit it. Nature does not point to us the means so plain as this portrait, but trusts to our own dispositions what inclination often leads astray. The lover, my friend, is often lost in the husband; which I believe is oftner owing to a wrong mode of behaviour in us than the fickleness of men. Agreeable to the present mode, a young couple are no sooner united in the bands of matrimony, and the succeeding month spent in one continual scene of dissipation, than they retire to the habitation allotted for their future residence. You now view the wife affecting all the dignity of an experienced matron, insulting those whom nature has humbled for her assistants, and expressing a contempt for the trifling tittle-tattle (as she terms it) of those who come under the denomination of friends; having a will of her own, and no ambition to be admired for ought so trivial, all those little attentions before observed in her dress, to captivate the lover, are entirely abolished, while the unsatisfied husband seeks that in another which the flatterer Hope had whispered him to expect in a wife.

I need not to digress further on a subject which your own mind will naturally suggest the conclusion of; my Maria (by experience) is too well convinced of its being a real picture—and drawn here as a conduct she is to practise the reverse of—for me to apologize.—But you ask, “after this exposure of the fair's defects, whether the gentlemen are no ways culpable?” Too often, my friend; but having designed the present time for self only, I reserve that theme for future.—In spite of all their errors we must be the same attentive wife—not a single excuse for the least deviation on our sides.—But are we not convinced how prone they are to change?—Yet at the very crisis when their desertion must insure our wretchedness we neglect them—perhaps they have not a sufficient share in our affections for their neglect to

hurt our feelings—Ah Maria, I shudder at the idea of that woman who can give her hand singly—what is title? what is rank to a union of hearts?—Give me the man I love, and a cottage: if not, exchange my liberty with the possessor of the Indies. You've afforded me a proof how you acquiesce in this opinion, have no trials to experience—no fears lest you should be driven to act inconsistent with that duty which every child owes a parent. Ere long, my dear girl, in such a particular, I may need your advice; in the interim believe me, with every sincere wish for your happiness,

My Maria's true friend,

ANNA L—G—.

A SOLILOQUY on DECEIT.

*Addressed to a Female Teacher in
Ay—l—m.*

DECEIT, thou detested fiend, from whence came thy infernal tongue, or how wert thou implanted so particularly in the female breast, in the engaging look, or in the bewitching smile? Thou art a bane to every sincere friend. The *liar's* breast is the most fit habitation for such a despicable guest. It is Deceit that hath ruined many worthy friends, and it is to be feared will never cease, till that awful day appear when every one must give account on what errand they were sent. Therefore, O Deceit! fly far from me, and keep thy distance, and start at the appearance of amiable Truth, that heaven-born maid. It is Truth that can make the innocent stand against all false accusations, and even make the guilty die easy. Religion and innocence do you attend on the footsteps of Truth, for where she is such ought to be her attendance.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Deceit, thou art a bitter companion, and thy constant attendants will for ever be Pride and Hypocrisy, which consequently must be hateful to real Friendship and Sincerity.

A B Y Z.

Suite Histoire d'EPAMINONDAS.

(Continued from Vol. X. Page 578.)

A Peine l'arrivée Thébaine étoit elle sortie des portes de Thèbes, pour aller à sa rencontre, qu'un pré-sage sinistre pensa l'arrêter. Un crieur public, qui ramenoit à la ville un aveugle, qui s'étoit échappé, se trouva par hazard sur son passage. Suivant l'usage, il disoit à haute voix—"Ne le mine point hors de Thèbes, & ne le fais point mourir; mais reconduis-le à la ville."

Dans un siècle où l'ignorance avoit poussé la superstition jusqu'on elle pouvoit aller, il n'en fallut pas d'avantage pour ebranler tous les esprits. Les anciens furent les premiers à faire à l'armée l'application des paroles qui ne regardoient que l'aveugle. Son rencontre parût l'augure certain d'un malheur inévitable. La jeunesse même que le torrent de l'exemple entraîne presque toujours, ne dissimuloit son envie de retourner à Thèbes, que dans la crainte qu'on ne l'imputât à lâcheté.

Epaminondas, sans chercher du merveilleux dans un événement simple & naturel dont il voyoit que le grand nombre étoit allarmé, les rassura en leur disant—"Que lorsque l'on combattoit pour son pays, la bonté & la justice d'une telle cause étoient les seuls augures qu'on devoit consulter."—Ce sentiment généreux détermina l'armée à continuer sa marche sans cependant lui ôter sa repugnance. Des prodiges bien plus surprenans l'attendoient sur le chemin. Un grand vent s'étant tout-à-coup élevé, emporta une espèce de banderolle qui contenoit les ordres du général, & la poussa du côté d'une colonne qui étoit sur un tombeau, elle y demeura quelque temps comme attachée, parce que le vent qui le pressoit contre la colonne, l'empêchoit de retomber.

Pour cette fois toute l'armée ne douta plus que la bonté des dieux ne lui fit entendre qu'elle couroit à une mort assurée, si elle avançoit plus loin. Ce fut un cri universel, qui demandoit au général, de retourner à Thèbes, & de ne point prodiguer le sang de ses
con-

concitoyens par une obstination que le ciel condamnoit si manifestement. La circonstance étoit bien critique. Quoiqu' Epaminondas n' ajoutât aucune fois à des accidens naturels que la multitude prenoit pour des prodiges, il put être embarrassé sur le parti qu' il avoit à prendre, lorsqu' une multitude prévenue croit entendre la voix des dieux, rarement elle obéit à celle des hommes qui osent s'y opposer. Epaminondas jugea donc qu' il n'y avoit que des présages heureux, que pussent détruire ceux qui venoient de répandre la terreur dans l'esprit de ses soldats, aussi crédules que peu instruits, mais en pleine campagne, il n'y avoit point de temples, dont on pût gagner les ministres. Pendant qu' il étoit occupé à chercher un remède à ce mal naissant, le ciel qui étoit pur & serein se noircit en un instant, s'enflamme, & l'on entend un coup de tonnerre effroyable : “Douterez-vous encore de la volonté des dieux, lui dirent les plus considérables d'entre les anciens ?—Que pensez-vous de cet éclat horrible ?” Epaminondas, qui étoit bien occupé à examiner le camp des Lacédémoniens, qu' il commençoit à découvrir, qu' à songer au tonnerre, éluda la question en leur disant, avec un air d'étonnement—“Je pense qu' il faut que nos ennemis aient perdu la tête pour se poster si mal, lorsqu' ils avoient à choisir tant de situations avantageuses.”—Ce fut toute la réponse que purent avoir de lui les anciens. Il fallut qu' ils s'en contentassent, & qu' ils poursuivissent leur route. Epaminondas les conduisit heureusement dans la célèbre plaine de Leuctras, où il prit son camp à la vue de celui de Cleombrote.

Une troupe de soldats qui étoit demeurée derrière vint alors rejoindre l'armée. Ils allèrent d'abord se présenter au général. Epaminondas profita habilement de cette heureuse conjoncture pour rassurer son armée. Il s'adressa à ceux qui avoient le plus de considération, leur exposa de quoi il s'agissoit, & leur fit entre que la crédulité de la multitude ne pouvoit être dissipée que par des présages contraires. Pour cette effet, il convint avec eux

qu' ils répandroient sans affectation dans l'armée, que les armes d' Hercule avoient disparu du temple de Thèbes, & que le grand pontife assuroit que ce Dieu lui-même étoit venu les reprendre pour aller combattre avec les anciens héros de la Grèce pour la défense de Thèbes.

Il gagna un autre particulier, & l'engagea à dire qu' il venoit de l'entre de Trophonius, & que le Dieu lui avoit expressément enjoint de dire aux Thébains qu' ils ne manquaient pas d'établir de jeux solennels en l'honneur de Jupiter, lorsqu' ils auroient remporté la victoire dans la plaine de Leuctras, où ils étoient en présence de l'ennemi.

Un troisième, transfuge Lacédémonien, qui servoit parmi les Thébains, fut chargé de répandre, qu' il y avoit à Sparte une ancienne tradition qui menaçoit les Lacédémoniens d'une défaite entière dans les champs de Leuctras. Les prêtres & les devins que l'on avoit appelés tous gens qui servoient à leurrer la simplicité des esprits grossiers, devoient venir à l'appui de ces nouveaux présages, & assurer qu' il se devoit faire un grand carnage de Lacédémoniens, auprès du sépulcre des filles de Scedafus & de Leuctras, celui-la même qui avoit donné son nom à cette terre.

Cette tradition étoit fondée sur l'espérance de la justice divine. Dans cet endroit, les députés des Lacédémoniens avoient anciennement les voilées filles de Leuctras & de Scedafus. Ces pères malheureux allèrent à Sparte demander justice de l'affront fait à leur sang elle leur fut refusée. Leurs filles lésées d'une injustice si outrageante préférèrent une prompt mort à un opprobre qui devoit durer autant que leur vie, & se donnerent la mort, leurs pères inconsolables n'écoulant que la voix de leur honneur & de leur douleur, ne purent se résoudre à leur survivre. Pour conserver la mémoire d'un événement si déplorable, les habitants élevèrent un tombeau à l'endroit où s'étoit passée cette sanglante tragédie.—Malgré les ténèbres du Paganisme, l'idée que les peuples avoient de la divinité, leur promettoit tôt ou tard la vengeance

geance d'un affront, & d'une injustice inexorable, c'est ce qui avoit fait naître cette tradition.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

If you think the following character of Lewis the Ninth of France (which I met with the other day in the history of that country) will afford any amusement to your readers, by inserting it in your next you will much oblige

Your constant reader,

BLANCHE.

Caractère de LOUIS NEUF, ou ST. LOUIS.

“**S**AINTE Louis (dit le père Daniel) à été un des plus grands hommes, & des plus singulier qui ait jamais été. En effet, ce prince d'une valeur éprouvée, n'étoit courageux que pour de grands intérêts. Il falloit que des objets puissant, la justice ou l'amour de son peuple, excitassent son âme qui hors de la sembloit foible simple & timide : c'est ce qui faisoit qu'on le voyoit donner des exemples du plus grand courage, quand il combattoit les rebelles, les ennemis de son état, ou les infidèles : c'est ce qui faisoit que tout pieux qu'il étoit, il savoit résister aux entreprises des papes & des évêques, quand il pouvoit craindre qu'elles n'excitassent des troubles dans son royaume; c'est ce qui faisoit que sur l'administration de la justice, il étoit d'une exactitude digne d'admiration; mais quand il étoit rendu à lui-même, quand il n'étoit plus que particulier, alors ses domestiques devenoient ses maîtres, sa mère lui commendoit, & les pratiques de la devotion la plus simple, remplissoient ses journées, & la vérité toutes ses pratiques étoient ennoblies par les vertus solides qui formerent son caractère.

Un historien Arabe à ainsi fait son portrait—“ Ce prince étoit d'une belle figure; il avoit de l'esprit, de la fer-

meté, & de la religion : ses belles qualités lui attiroient la vénération des Chrétiens, qui avoient en lui une extrême confiance.”

A Translation of the above is earnestly requested.

The CHARACTER of the Right Hon. the LADY MARGARET MAINARD, by the Right Rev. Father in God, Dr. THOMAS KENN, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

SHE was an excellent woman, and honour is her due : her good name, like a precious ointment poured forth, has perfumed the whole sphere in which she moved. To paint her fully to the life I dare not undertake; she had a graciousness in all her conversation that cannot be expressed, and should I endeavour to do it, I must run over all the whole catalogue of evangelical graces, which do all concenter in her character: I must tell you, how inflamed she was with heavenly love; how well-guided a zeal she had for God's glory; how particular a reverence she paid to all things and to all persons that were dedicated to his service; how God was always in her thoughts; how great a tenderness she had to offend her heavenly Father; how great a delight to please him.—But you must be content with some rude strokes only, for such particulars would be endless; all my fear is, that I shall speak too little, but I am sure I can hardly speak too much.

I have had the honour to know her near twenty years, and to be admitted to her most intimate thoughts; and I cannot but think, upon the utmost of my observation, that she always preserved her baptismal innocence; that she never committed any one mortal sin which put her out of the state of grace; inasmuch that after all the frequent and severe examinations she made of her own conscience, her confessions were made up of no other than sins of infirmity; and yet even for them she had as deep humili-

ation,

ation, as penitential a sorrow, as high a sense of the divine forgiveness, and loved as much, as if she had had *much to be forgiven*. So that after a life of above forty years, nine of which were spent in the court, bating her involuntary failings, which are unavoidable, and for which allowances are made in the covenant of grace, she *kept herself unspotted from the world*; and if it may be affirmed of any, I dare venture to affirm it of her, that, by the peculiar favour of Heaven, she passed from the font unfulled to her grave.

Her understanding was admirable, and she daily improved it by reading, in which she employed most of her time, and the books she chose were only serious and devout, and her memory was faithful to retain what she read. She took not up her religion on an implicit faith, or from education only, but from a well-studied choice, directed by God's Holy Spirit, whose guidance she daily invoked; and when once she had made that choice, she was immovable as a rock, and so well satisfied in the catholic faith professed in the church of England, that I make no doubt but that she always lived, not only with the strictness of a primitive saint, but with the resolution also of a martyr. It was surprising to hear, how strongly she would argue, how clearly she understood the force of a consequence, and how ready at all times she was *to give a reason of the hope that was in her with meekness and fear*. Her letters which were found in her cabinet, not to be delivered till after her death, and very many others in the hands of her relations, sufficiently shew how good and how great she was: they are penned in so proper and unaffected a style, and animated throughout with so divine a spirit, with such ardour of devotion and charity, as might have become a Proba, a Monica, or the most eminent of her sex; insomuch that her very absence was the more supportable to her friends, in regard she compensated the want of her presence by writing, and sent them a blessing by every return.

I cannot tell what one help she neglected to secure her perseverance, and to heighten her graces, *that she might shine more and more to a perfect day*.—

Her oratory was the place where she principally resided, and where she was most at home; and her chief employment was prayer and praise. Out of several authors, she, for her own use, transcribed many excellent forms; the very choice of which does argue a most experienced piety. She had devotions suited to all the primitive hours of prayer, which she used as far as her bodily infirmities and necessary avocations would permit, and with David, *praised God seven times a day*, or supplied the want of those solemn hours by a kind of perpetuity of ejaculations, which she had ready, to answer all occasions, and to fill up all vacant intervals. Thus did this gracious soul, having been enkindled by fire from heaven in her baptism, live a continual sacrifice, and kept the fire always burning, always in ascension, always aspiring towards heaven, from whence it fell. Besides her own private prayers, she morning and evening offered up to God the public offices; and when she was not able to go to the house of prayer, she had it read to her in her chamber.

To prayers she added fasting, till her weakness had made it impossible to her constitution; and yet even then, on days of abstinence, she made amends for the omission, by other supplemental mortifications. Her devotions she enlarged on the fasts and festivals of the church, but especially on the Lord's day, dividing the hours between the church and her closet.

She never failed on all opportunities, to approach the Holy Altar; came with spiritual hunger and thirst to that heavenly feast, and communicated with a lively, with a crucifying, but yet, endearing remembrance of her crucified Saviour.

The sermons she heard when she came home she recollected, and wrote down out of her memory abstracts of them all, which are in a great number among her papers, that she might be

not only a bearer of the word, but a doer also.

The Holy Scripture she attentively read, and on what she read she did devoutly meditate, and did, by meditation, appropriate to herself; it was her soul's daily bread, it was her delight and her counsellor, and, like the most blessed Virgin Mother, *she kept all things she read, and pondered them in her heart.*

Who is there can say they ever saw her idle? No, she had always affairs to transact with heaven; she was all her life long *numbering her days, and applying her heart to wisdom*; or, to describe her with her own pen, she was *making it her business to fit herself for her change, knowing the moment of it to be uncertain, and having no assurance that her warning would be great.* Oh! happy soul, that was thus wise, in a timely consideration of that which, of all things in the world, is of greatest importance to us to be considered, namely, our latter end!

You may easily conclude, that a saint, who was always thus conversant with her grave, and had heaven always in her view, must have little or no value for things below, as indeed she had not; she did not only conquer the world, but she triumphed over it; had a noble contempt of secular greatness, and several years in the very court without the abstraction of a recluse, and was so far from being *solicitous for riches for herself or her children*, that, to use her own words, she looked on them as *dangerous things, which did only clog and press down our souls to this earth, and judged a competency to be certainly the best.*

All the temporal blessings the divine goodness was pleased to vouchsafe her, she received with an overflowing thankfulness; yet her affections were so disengaged, her temperance and moderation so habitual, that she did rather use than enjoy them, and was always ready to restore them to the same gracious hand that gave them; but no one can express her thoughts so pathetically as her ownself: O, says

that blessed saint, *since God gives us all, let us not be sorrowful though we are to part with all; the kingdom of heaven is a prize that is worth striving for, though it costs us dear: alas! what is there in this world that links our hearts so close to it!* And elsewhere she affirms, that all blessings are given on this condition, that either they must be taken from us, or we from them; if then we lose any thing which we esteem a blessing, we are to give God the glory, and to resign it freely.

She was a perfect despiser of all those vanities and diversions which most of her sex do usually admire; her chief, and, in a manner, sole recreation, was to do good and to oblige; and if we will be advised by one so wise to salvation, we are to seek for comfort and joy from God's ordinances, and the converse of pious Christians, and not to take the usual course of the world to drive away melancholy, by exposing ourselves to temptations: and this was really her practice; inasmuch, that, next to the service of the temple, which she daily frequented, there was no entertainment in the whole world so pleasing to her as the discourse of heavenly things; and those she spoke of with such a spiritual relish, that at first hearing you might perceive she was in earnest, that she really *tasted that the Lord was good*, and felt all she spoke.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IT is my misfortune to be esteemed pretty; the reason I think so is, I am troubled with that horrid thing a beard. My tweezers, you may be sure, are not forgot. If any of your readers can inform me of some means to prevent the future growth of the hair, they will confer an inestimable obligation on

EMILIA.

THE LONG FAREWELL.

(Concluded from Vol. X. Page 708.)

HIS cousin George took the first opportunity of paying Cordelia's father a visit. Their conversation rolled only upon indifferent topics, the mildness of the seasons, the fertility of the earth, the salubrity of the village, and the tranquility which results from a life of retirement. The old gentleman confirmed most of his assertions with a monosyllable of assent; but as soon as he mentioned the *tranquility of a life of retirement*, he begged his pardon for dissenting from him. "Our poultry are in danger from a fox; nor are our daughters less secure from the attacks of a rake. It is their glory, as well as their study, to ruin female honour. Their taste is more horrid than that of a cannibal, who lives on human flesh; they live upon something more horrid, upon the ruins of female virtue. My daughter has had a narrow escape from a wretch of this description, who has not only ruined one of his own maids, but I believe made insidious addresses to my dear Cordelia. We have discovered, providentially discovered, the paws of the lion before it had an opportunity to seize the lamb, and; I hope, *have* both prevented, and *shall* prevent him from enjoying his prey.

Mr. George ——— felicitated the old gentleman and his daughter upon their escape, adding, that he had heard of his infamous character; and had waited on him to give those precautions which were requisite to preserve his peace and Cordelia's honour.

The old gentleman heartily thanked him for this instance of his friendship, and intimating that his visits were not so frequent as usual, he begged to know whether he must impute his absence to business; want of health, or any other occasion.

George replied; that it was owing to a visit paid him by his cousin Trueman, whom he could not leave without ill-manners, whom he could not introduce without intrusion.

I have heard of this Mr. Trueman, replied the old gentleman, from my daughter, who dined with him at Dr. ***'s; she gave him a very good character, as a sober, well behaved personable young gentleman: she added, that though a farmer, he had been well educated, and had refined his natural accomplishments by acquired ones. The gentleman, Sir, will always be welcome in your company: by my daughter's character of him, I am inclined, notwithstanding her late rescue, to think him a man of principle and piety. No longer refuse us the honour of seeing him, but bring him along with you whenever you favour us with a visit, and I hope that it will be as often as usual. Mr. George ——— returned his thanks for the invitation with the bow of gratitude, and having conversed with his neighbour for some hours, took his leave promising to see him again, in company with his cousin, the first opportunity.

On his return, Trueman was all eagerness, all fear: as soon as he was seated, he asked his cousin George, "what news he brought him, was it woven in the loom of consolation, or that of despair? Was not Cordelia become an hater of *mankind*? Was not her father positive against the admission of a second suitor? Was the dear girl to *profess*, to make the vow of perpetual celibacy? Or was the house of joy to be turned into a nunnery, and none but antiquated maidens suffered to sleep under its roof, and all the social virtues to be banished from its walls?" Trueman was proceeding in his interrogatories, when a smile which played on his cousin's countenance stopped his voice in its career.

"Trueman, you make me smile, when I consider your promise of patience and resignation. You see how little I can depend upon you; and I should think that it would be indiscreet in me, either to introduce you, or to inform you of what it concerns you to know."

"What is it George! said Trueman; what is it, my dear cousin, my

friend, my more than brother ! I will be patient, I will be full of resignation ; I will be any thing, if you will inform me of the nature of your discovery. O tell it me ; I beg, I conjure you to tell me !

George remained silent on purpose to tease him ; but at length replied with rallying him on his promise of patience, amidst agitations that indicated both eagerness and impatience ; but, cousin, I can introduce you, if you will suppress your passion, if you will—

“ I will do any thing, if you will introduce me.”

The next day George kept his promise, and the behaviour of Trueman was so discreet, his conversation on every topic of discourse so pleasing and humble, that the old gentleman on his leaving him, begged he would repeat his visit as often as he had an opportunity ; assuring him, that if it should not always suit his cousin to attend him, his company would be equally welcome.

Trueman thanked him for his civility, and replied, that the cultivating such an acquaintance would be very much to his own honour.

Unfortunately Cordelia did not appear at this first visit ; but he comforted himself with the reception he had received, and the probability of seeing her the next time he paid his respects to her father.

On the second visit he had the wish of his heart, Cordelia received him with the same open countenance as she did at Dr. ***'s, she enquired of the welfare of the reverend pastor, and launched out into an eulogium of his learning, his virtues, and his religion. The subject was pleasing to Trueman, and the manner in which the sweet accents dropped from the honied lips of Cordelia, raised his idea of her merits, and induced him to persevere in his attentions.

Her father saw with a father's eye, the progress which Trueman made in conciliating her esteem ; he had already felt enough from the addresses of Malvolio, and as a precaution,

wrote to Dr. ***, requesting a sincere account of the manners and private life of his parishioner. The doctor's answer was pleasing, and Trueman, though at first admitted as a friend, was by these means exalted to the honour of a suitor. Having gained the consent of the father and the daughter to approach the hymeneal altar, the day was fixed, and the arrangements made for the union of two hands belonging to two hearts already united.

Malvolio heard of the intended nuptials ; but as he prided himself in darkening the prospects of female happiness, and in ruining female honour, he carried her away in a post chaise, as she was walking to pay a visit to one of her bride maids. Her unhappy father waited for her with agonies 'till the time of night grew unseasonable, dispatched a message to the lady, whom she went to visit, expressing his solicitude on her account, and demanding her returning immediately. His messenger quickly returned, out of breath, and with a ghastful look informed his master that Miss had not been at the place whither she said she was going. This news alarmed the parent ! in his frenzy he sent his servant to Mr. George —, but the answer received was, that he had not had the honour of seeing her. A parent only, in similar circumstances, can imagine what Cordelia's father felt on this occasion. Trueman being at home when the servant arrived, was greatly alarmed, and losing all patience, he ran to Cordelia's father's. The good old man, who had at first suspected him as the robber, was pleased to find himself mistaken. To trace the fair fugitive was the measure adopted, but where to trace her was the difficulty. At last it occurred to Trueman, who was acquainted with the anecdote of Malvolio's addresses, that he might have conveyed her to the apartment of the domestic whom he had seduced. He intimated his intention of going thither in quest of her, and running to his cousin's, buckled on his sword, and set out again with the greatest precipitation.

In a few minutes after he was gone, his cousin returned, and being informed of what had happened, went immediately in quest of Trueman to Cordelia's father's. The old gentleman, not a little surprised at the lateness of his visit, informed him that he had but just quitted him; but from the circumstances he mentioned, he had reason to think he was gone to Malvolio's seduced servant, in quest of his dear, his lost, his ruined daughter.

Mr. George — hearing this, burst abruptly from the room, knowing his cousin's courage; and apprehending his danger, from a man whose character for a swordsman was but too notorious. Before he arrived, Trueman had found the fair captive, at the place he expected, and surprising Malvolio in an attitude injurious to the fair, drew his sword, and bid him expect death sooner than the sacrifice of female honour. Malvolio hearing his menace, immediately drew his weapon, and receiving the first lunge through his heart, lay dead at the feet of his antagonist, when his cousin George entered the apartment.

The rencounter had so much overpowered Cordelia, that she fell into a fit, which held her for some minutes; but after she was recovered, they reconducted her to her father's, who received her with all the transports of a parent, repeating several times, "the lost sheep is found! and heaven be thanked!"

Trueman and his cousin took their leave, and in their way home, the latter told his friend that his visit to *him* was *providential*.—They both congratulated themselves in the vengeance taken upon the destroyer of female honour, and concluded that the door to female happiness was now opened and could not be shut by any future incident. But how precarious! how short-lived is human exultation!

The next morning a messenger was dispatched to Trueman from Cordelia, informing him that his life was in danger, and that Malvolio's friends were preparing to assassinate him, and if he escaped that stroke of their ma-

lice, he was threatened with a capital trial. She advised him to go abroad 'till the storm was blown over; but begged an interview before their departure. Her messenger was followed by another from her father to the same effect: both of which were shown to his cousin, who advised him to follow their advice. Trueman was convinced of its propriety, and with Cordelia's messenger dispatched a billet to her, desiring that their interview might be on the morrow, under the tuft of trees on the outside of her garden. As soon as he had dispatched her messenger, he received another commanding him to join his corps immediately, and prepare for going to America with Lord Howe. The command was as peremptory as it was seasonable.—The night passed without his closing his eyelids: the call of glory he was ready to obey with alacrity; but some presages made him reluctant to quit his Cordelia. On her part her sleep was interrupted by a frightful dream, in which she saw him lying on a rock naked, and as if thrown there by the all-devouring ocean. She waked with a shriek, shed inauspicious tears, and prayed to heaven to prevent the shocking catastrophe.

Trueman, after taking leave of his cousin, and recommending his Cordelia to his protection, repaired to the place of appointment on horseback: he had scarcely alighted, when he perceived her approaching, attended by her woman. The interview was no less pathetic than afflicting, Cordelia could not refrain from telling her dream with a flood of tears, which Trueman caught in their fall. He endeavoured to rally her on account of her panic, assuring her of his constancy, and that nothing but the calls of honour should have parted them. After exchanging mutual civilities, Trueman went to his horse, and as he was mounting, beheld his Cordelia fallen on the ground with her head in the lap of her woman. He would have returned to expedite her recovery, but shuddered while he was contemplating her condition, and find-

ing her breathe more freely, jumped into the saddle, waving his hand, and crying out, "*farewell, a long farewell.*"

Recollecting in his journey that he had not taken leave of Cordelia's father, and apprehensive of his being offended at his omission of the forms of civility, he wrote a letter to him at the first inn he came to, apologizing for the abruptness of his departing, making his acknowledgments for the civilities he had honoured him with, and begging his prayers, and those of Cordelia, for his preservation, and for his safe return to his dear native country."

Cordelia's father, though chagrined at his deficiency in ceremony, was appeased by the concession he made in his billet.

Trueman joined his corps, and set out for America with Lord Howe; the conduct and bravery which he shewed in several encounters, recommended him to the esteem of that valiant commander. The vacancy of a company happening by the death of a captain, who was slain in an engagement, he was honoured with the vacancy, and by his services afterwards, approved himself worthy of that distinction. During his stay beyond the Atlantic, he kept up his correspondence with Cordelia, and wished only for the moment of laying his laurels at her feet. On Lord Howe's return, he embarked on board a transport, but meeting with a dreadful storm near Newfoundland, the ship in which he was sunk, and all the crew was lost.

Cordelia too soon received the dreadful news, the parting words, "*a long farewell,*" revived in her memory: she was for some time distracted with grief, but at last, convinced from the sacred pages, that "*whom the Lord loveth, he chastiseth,*" she resigned herself to her fate, and prepared to meet her Trueman in another world, where she could apprehend no disappointment.

LETTERS of A Z A.

(Continued from Vol. X. Page 711.)

But not by the Author of THE OLD ENGLISH BARON..

LETTER XXIII.

To K A N H U I S C A P.

ZULMIRA, whose whole concern was for the unhappy Aza, Zulmira, who participated in my misfortunes, who trembled for my life, is going to end her own: every moment increases her danger and shortens her days.

Yielding at last to the tenderness, to the prayers of her father sighing at her feet, without hopes of relieving her, and perhaps rather to the emotions of her own heart, Zulmira has spoke. It is I, it is Aza, whom misfortune would not quit, who carry death into her bosom. It is that miserable wretch whose broken heart respires only to despair, and the love of whom has changed the whole mass of blood into poison.

I have robbed her father, my friend, of Zulmira: she loves me! she is dying! Alonzo will soon follow her! Zilia is no more!

"I have sympathised with thee in thy grief, come and participate with me in my troubles, said her despairing father to me; come and restore me both my life and my daughter; unhappy man, whose misfortunes I deplore, at the very moment when I call upon thee to console me. Be sensible to friendship; thou canst. The greatest virtue cannot tarnish thy love: come follow me." In speaking these words, which were interrupted with sighs, he conducted me to his daughter's apartment. Melted, dejected, I entered with trembling. A mortal paleness was diffused all over her countenance; but her languid eyes began to glitter on seeing me; my presence seemed to restore the unfortunate lady to life.

"I am dying, said she with a faltering voice, I shall see thee no more; this is all my concern: at least Aza, before I die, I can tell thee I love thee. I can yes, remember that Zul-

mira.

Zulmira shall carry to the grave a passion which she could not conceal from you, and an attachment which her heart has so often discovered: thy indifference I do not reproach thee for it, thy susceptibility would have been a proof of thy inconstancy. Entirely engrossed by another, death could not separate you; it shall never rob me of the regard I have for thee: I prefer it to the cure of a wound which I have cherished, of a wound Aza . . .”

She then gave me her hand, but her strength failed her, she fell down, closing her eyes. While I was reproaching myself on account of her death, when I joined her father in his pains to recover her, some other succour recalled her to life. She opened her eyes again, and though their fires were extinct, they were fixed upon me, and discovered the most ardent passion. “Aza, Aza, she cried, do not hate me.”

I fell on my knees, affected with her condition. A sudden joy flashed in her looks; but unable to sustain the emotions with which she was agitated, she fell down again, and was dragged away to save her from dangerous convulsions.

What dost thou think, Kanhuiscap, of the new misfortunes to which I am a prey? This fresh grief has joined itself to those which accompanied me in the dreary deserts, whither love, death or despair follow me incessantly.

LETTER XXIV.

To KANHUISCAP.

DEAR friend, the fate of Alonzo has changed. The grief with which he was overwhelmed has given place to joy; Zulmira, though on the edge of the grave, is restored to life. She no longer is that Zulmira which languor had reduced to—: her eyes, reanimated, give a lustre to the graces and beauty which adorn her youth.

While I admire her reviving charms, could you think it, instead of speaking to me of her attachment, she seems on the contrary confused for the confession which escaped her. She casts

down her eyes whenever they meet mine. My trouble is suspended, but alas how short is the calm! Zilia! my dearest Zilia, can I tear myself from my grief? forgive me those moments I have robbed thee of: I henceforth dedicate every moment which my distress leaves me to it.

I do not think, Kanhuiscap, that the apprehensions which Alonzo has started with respect to Zulmira can shake my constancy. He shews me in vain the empire that Aza has over the heart of his daughter, the joy which our union would give him, the death which must be the consequence of our separation; I am *seize* before this unhappy father. My heart, faithful to my *tendresse*, is firm, is unshaken with respect to Zilia. No! it is in vain that Alonzo offers me the power which his unjust sovereign gives *him over my* subjects. To make use of the power of a tyrant is to recognize his right. My arms may be hurt by chains, but they will—they shall never enslave my heart. I shall never submit to the barbarous commander of the Spaniards: I shall never entertain any thing but hatred to a nation from which my misfortunes, and those of my unhappy country, have originated.

LETTER XXV.

To KANHUISCAP.

MY eyes are opened, Kanhuiscap, the fires of love subside, without being extinguished, by the light of reason.

O ye immortal fires which burn in my bosom! Zilia, of whom no one can erase the image from my heart, from whom cruel fate has snatched me for ever, be not offended if the thirst of avenging thee should excite me to betray thee.

Tell me no more, Kanhuiscap, what I owe to my people, to my father; tell me no more of the tyranny of the Spaniards; can I forget my misfortunes and their crimes? they have cost me too much. It is done! I consent!—I am going to form an alliance with Zulmira, I have promised thee I would.

Is it then criminal to permit Zulmira to fall into an error, which is so dear to her? She imagines that she shall triumph over my heart. Alas! far from depriving her of the imaginary happiness which she—This is the only way in which I can avenge both my oppressed people and myself. The moment after our union I shall be wafted to the land of the Sun, to that desolate land of which you have formerly traced the misfortunes. There I shall display the vengeance of the transports which I at present smother. My fury and blows shall fall on a perfidious nation. Reduced to the meanness of a vile slave, to be a hypocrite for the first time, I will go to punish the Spaniards for the perfidy I have suffered from them, whilst the family of Alonzo shall meet with every thing that a grateful heart, and the homage due to virtue can claim.

LETTER XXVI.

To K A N H U I S C A P.

IF thou wert one of those who are guided only by prejudice, I could form some idea of thy surprise, when thou hearest from an Incas that he ceases to adore the Sun. I see thee already complaining to that luminary for the light he leaves me, and to thyself of the pains which accompany thy sentiments. Thou wilt be astonished, though I have renounced my deity, that friendship, a virtue incompatible with vice, can still reside in my bosom. But guarded against those prejudices which thou wert taught to esteem as virtues, thou reservest nothing of the Peruvian but the love of thy country, of virtue, and of an open heart. I expect better grounded reproaches. Thou wilt be astonished, perhaps, to find me abandoned to a worship which appeared gross to me, for a religion of which I have pointed out to thee the contradictions. I have made this objection to myself, but it was soon obviated, when I was taught that this was the Deity to whom we are indebted for life, who had dictated that law, the tenor of which I had presumptuously

found fault with. What signifies it indeed that an honour should be ridiculous, if it be required of him to whom we pay it? It was from this principle that I did not blush to conform to those customs which I had condemned. How venerable, how noble are the works of the Creator! If thou couldst read, Kanhuiscap, the divine books that have been lent me, what wisdom, what majesty, what sublimity wouldst thou not find in them! Thou would easily perceive therein the finger of the Deity: those invincible contradictions which I at first discovered in the conduct of the Deity, are there defended to a demonstration: but the conduct of men to the Deity is the reverse.

Do not think that so credulous as we generally are, I borrow what I write from the information of a priest. I have too often experienced the impostures of our Cucipatas to pin my faith on the sleeves of those of a similar profession.

The high rank they bear in all nations obliges them to deceive them; and as their grandeur, sometimes, is built upon the error of the ambitious, it would cost them too much if their virtue must give them the empire of the world; they chuse rather to owe it to imposture.

LETTER XXVII.

To K A N H U I S C A P.

THE affair is over. Zulmira waits for me. I am going to the altar.—Thou mayest imagine thou seest me there already; but dost thou see the remorse which accompanies me? Dost thou behold the altars trembling at the approach of a perjurer? The ghost of Zilia, all bloody, and full of indignation, lighting the hymeneal rites with a melancholy torch? Dost thou hear her mournful voice! “Is this, she cries, the fidelity which thou hast sworn to me, thou perjurer; this the love that was to animate our ashes.—Thou dost love me, thou wilt say, and givest only thy hand to Zulmira.—Thou lovest me, perfidious creature, and

and thou bestowest on another a blessing which I could not enjoy—were I alive.” What furies, Kanhuiscap, are now preying on my entrails! I see the injured Zulmira demanding a heart, which she has a right to claim. My father, and my subjects, loaden with chains, lament in me their deliverer. I now recollect my promise—and will run to fulfil it.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO KANHUISCAP.

ZILIA is still alive. Where can I find a courier expeditious enough to convey to thee the extravagance of my joy! Kanhuiscap, mayest thou, who hast sympathised with me in my misfortunes, share with me the transports of my soul! May the flames which encompass it, fly and carry to thy bosom the excess of my felicity.

The sea, our enemies death—No—nothing has deprived me of the object of my love. She lives, she loves me; judge what must my transports be.

Conveyed to a neighbouring state, to France, Zilia has experienced no other misfortune but our separation, and the uncertainty of my lot. How do the gods protect virtue! A generous Frenchman has rescued her from the barbarity of the Spaniards.

Every thing was ready to unite me to Zulmira, I was going, O heavens!—when I learnt that Zilia was living, and would meet me soon. No obstacle can prevent her. I shall see her. Her mouth will repeat the tender expressions, which are traced by her hands. I may, at her feet—Heavens! I tremble at a project, which occasions all my joy. My happiness intoxicates me! Zilia will come into the midst of her enemies! New dangers!—She shall not set out. I will endeavour to prevent her. Who shall stop me! Alonzo, Zulmira, the gods have absolved me from my vow. Zilia is alive! I shall receive her from the hands of virtue. In vain did gratitude, esteem, friendship, incline her to answer the wishes of Deterville, her deliverer; to these she opposed our

mutual love, and forced them to yield to our attachment. How glorious a conflict! What an admirable effort. Deterville suppressed his passion; he forgot the right he had over her, acknowledged her generosity, and is going to unite us.

Zilia! Zilia! I am soon to enjoy happiness. I fly to meet thee, to see thee, to die at thy feet.

(To be continued.)

MILITARY DISTRESS.

OR,

DAMINVILLE.

An ANECDOTE.

(Continued from Vol. X. Page 639.)

THE benevolence of Robert could retard only a few months the dreadful extremity in which the deplorable couple were to be involved. Daminvillè knocked at every door: none were opened either to his solicitations or his groans: he had concealed his name: his prayers were intended only to procure some subsistence for his wife and child.

“Sir—” said he to one of those iron hearts who put on the appearance of humanity, and harshly reply to the prayers or tears of the wretched, “We cannot give charity to every body.” “It is not charity that I beg of your compassion—if you knew—No! I was not made to solicit as a mendicant—the word charity wounds my ears. I wish only to procure some place, whatever it be, I know none so mean that I would not submit to it. Sir, added Daminvillè, in a louder tone, are you a husband and a father? I am so, continued the suppliant, so worthy of pity, at the same time bursting into tears, and you see that I am; if I were not, do you think that I would have exposed myself to your contempt and hard-heartedness? O heavens! who would preserve life on such conditions!”

They received no news from Robert, as he had flattered them they should; they

they had even wrote him several letters to no effect; their suspense with respect to the fate of Beranger, heightened the sufferings which they endured.

"Alas! said they to each other, we have ruined this example of benevolence! His was the only heart which melted at our tears, and he is lost!—Oh! Beranger; shall thou be torn from us for ever! What is thy fate? Art thou still alive? Hast thou been able to forget us?"

Daminville, after the *meanest* condescensions; for ignominy, in the present depravity of manners, is associated with poverty; tired in fighting in vain, spurned by every one, at last, soothed with a glimpse of hope, that his wretchedness might be softened, with this persuasion he hastened home.

"My dear wife, heaven is disarmed! it is tired of persecuting us. I have found out an expedient to supply you, and the dear infant, with fifty *livres* a month. My dear friends, you shall not sink under your indigence; this idea will comfort me. Ah! I shall die in peace, if I can by these means preserve your lives."

"What do you say? interrupted Felicia. Daminville, you talk only of us, and are you not our dearest *all*? Explain yourself, I beg you."

Her husband eluded a direct answer to his wife's requests. She surprised him in tears: she frequently observed him sigh. He embraced her and his child with transport, and left the room in a melancholy silence, but at last cried out, "you shall live, you shall live."

Felicia could not divine the cause of the melancholy in which he seemed absorbed with respect to the fifty *livres*, which she was to receive every month: his answer was vague and unsatisfactory. She intercepted a letter directed to Daminville, and read the following words:

"Dear Sir, you must prepare yourself for this affecting departure: in three weeks, at least, we shall set sail. I have settled affairs with M. Herbert; your wife will be paid fifty *livres* every month. But have you calculated how

much the surples will be for yourself! You will have no more than twelve *francs*, and how can you live and maintain yourself with such a trifle? Do you remember, that you are going a long voyage, and that to America?"

Felicia could not finish, she ran up to Daminville as he was entering.—

"Oh cruel man, this is your secret! Is it at this expence that you are to support us! Will you sacrifice yourself! I know it all! I know it all!—You are going to leave us, and do you imagine that your wife and child will not be able to follow you? My dear husband, I will carry Eugene in my arms; I will fly on board the ship; I will keep close to your side; I will participate your troubles, your pains.—"

"Oh heavens! interrupted Daminville, hast thou discovered a secret which I determined to keep, let the obligation of silence have cost me ever so much? I am now obliged to reveal what cannot be remedied: the person whom I am dependent on at present, who is to carry me to America, positively refuses to be troubled with you and your child. Felicia, you shall both wait for me in this town; I shall always be present to your heart, at least you will not endure the rigours of indigence, and I will do even impossibilities to transmit you a support. This idea will animate me, will endue me with strength to live, to labour, and to fly again into your arms."

"No, dear husband, we shall not be separated: I will run to Mr. Herbert; my tears will move him; I shall get leave to accompany you to foreign parts. Alas! I would go to the world's end, to the most frightful deserts. Daminville, we will live, we will die together!—"

This invaluable wife did not wait for her husband's answer. She took her child in her arms, and ran to Herbert's, who with some difficulty granted her the favour which she implored with so much importunity. She and her son were to accompany her husband to America, and endeavour to forget Europe, that country where they met with hearts as hard as brass.

Love,

Love, pure love, confidence, the effusions of two souls which esteem each other, which exist, which increase each other's flames, those pleasures so little known, and nevertheless are so sensibly felt by intuitious hearts, are they not superior to all those external gifts of fortune, of distinction, of vanity? How often did Felicia repeat, we shall have enough to suffice, to still the calls of nature; the satisfaction of being united, of loving each other, of bringing up our child in our bosoms! we are going to be happy!

This feeble glimpse of happiness was but of short duration. Daminville's wife, whether it was owing to an unexpected vicissitude, or whether the long series of her misfortunes had impaired her health, was attacked at first with a slight indisposition, which was soon followed by a dangerous disease that threatened her life. Her husband was now more to be pitied than ever.

"Heaven restore me, restore my dear Felicia, and take back all the gifts I could have hoped for from thy bounty! Alas! must she be snatched away at the moment, when the burthen under which we sunk was going to be taken away! Oh, rather turn thy shafts against me, exhaust all the horrors of death upon me, but let Felicia live." He ran incessantly from his wife to his child, bathed them both with his tears, and could utter nothing but sighs.

In the mean while the vessel was ready to sail, and Felicia grew worse: she desired Daminville to come to her bed. "My dearest, said she, it is of no avail to disguise it, I feel that I have but few moments to live."

"What dost thou say, Felicia?"

"Daminville, I am not the most to be pitied; you must weep for my child, for yourself: I leave both of you very unhappy. Heaven is undoubtedly offended at an union which death alone could dissolve. In my dying moments I have some consolation: your father may restore you to his tenderness; alas! it was I who robbed you of it. I cannot think that Felicia will excite his resentment in the grave; can

he extend his implacable wrath to the wretched victim, which will often recall the idea of his mother to you? Love me, love me in the dear Eugene; you will at least have leave to remember an unfortunate woman, who, instead of forgetting you, will burn with the purest flame for you; love as well as religion tell me, that immortality attends our fate. It is owing to sensibility that we acknowledge the operations of the Deity, and he himself has formed my heart for y-ur's.—Adieu, Daminville, my dearest husband, the shivering cold of death begins to freeze me; come both of you nearer, let me die in your arms; my weak arms are seeking your hands—I have them—my dearest friends—receive my last, my expiring sigh."

Daminville opened his eyes like a man who is roused from a deep sleep; he found his child at his side, and was seized with a mortal oppression at the heart. "Alas! where, where am I!—Felicia!—I see her not!—I find I move."

They answered him, "that he was on board the vessel he was engaged to; that they had taken the advantage of the swoon he was in, occasioned by his grief, when his wife expired, to carry him and his son on board."

"Is she no more! is she dead! I have been torn from her sad remains! I would rather have there breathed my last. Where are you carrying me to? Set me on shore; cast me into the grave, that grave which will swallow up all that I loved—I will die there—are you deaf to my prayer?"

He rose in a transport, and ran to fling himself into the sea. "What are you doing?" cried the crew. The captain doubtless being no stranger to the workings of nature, ordered them to carry his son to him, put him in his arms, and only say to him, "Sir, turn your eyes upon this innocent infant; if you abandon him what must become of him?"

"Oh my dear, dear child, cried Daminville, keeping his eyes fixed upon his son. Alas! he is the image of his mother; and, immediately, he clasped

clasped him into his bosom, and bedewed him with a deluge of tears, keeping a sullen silence." As soon as he recovered from his consternation, he pronounced the name of Felicia, and then took Eugene in his arms.

When they doubled Cape Finisterre the sky grew black, a high wind arose, the sea became boisterous, the waves foamed and sounded hollow, at last a tempest came on, which displayed itself in all its horrors. The crew presented a melancholy scene of despair and consternation. It is in these moments of terror that the human heart shews itself without disguise. The lover discovers all his ardor, all his fears, for the object of his passion; the miser casts his eyes on the treasure he is going to be deprived of; the discreet and religious place all their confidence in the Deity, and expect safety from him alone. Daminville implored the Supreme Being, the sole governor of all events, for the preservation of his son.

"Oh heaven, if thou dost require a sacrifice; take, O take the remnant of my deplorable life, sink me in the abyss of the sea, but spare my son!"

The danger increased; the ship let in the waves on all sides, the greatest part of the passengers were victims to the cruel ocean. A negro, who was an excellent swimmer, cried out to Daminville, "Determine, Sir, which you would have saved, you or your child." "My child, my child," cried Daminville, pushing Eugene towards the negro, and let me perish." The latter took hold of the child. The father was left to the mercy of the waves, ready to be swallowed by the billows: he kept looking towards the dear infant, following him with his eyes, and seeing him on the point of gaining the shore, he returned thanks to Providence, in the very moment he was going to be a victim to the waves, for preserving a life which was more dear to him than his own. The unhappy father was a long time the sport of the storm, which cast him, at last, almost expiring and deprived of sense, on an unknown coast.

(To be continued.)

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(Translated from the French.)

By a LADY.

(Continued from Vol. X. page 660.)

L E T T E R LII.

From Mr. NORTHON, Junior, to his Father.

Dearest, honoured Sir,

I Have dared to address you by an appellation of tenderness, I know your heart, it cannot resist; it cannot harden itself against my repentance, &c. If I should delay to confess my faults at your feet, it would not arise from an apprehension of your implacability, but only that some time is necessary to atone for them to the Deity; and never was any one more criminal, never was one more humiliated, more punished, and more penitential.

You might discover from the letter I wrote you yesterday, that in defiance of the laws of religion and true honour, I was resolved to commit one of the most heinous crimes, and one which necessarily plunges either the criminal or the accomplice in eternal misery. I have always considered *duelling* as the *sin against the Holy Ghost*, with respect to the person who falls: but, ah, preposterous! even with these ideas I was determined to engage. I will not alledge in palliation of my fault, that I was besieged by a woman who had robbed me of my reason. Love, which was my first crime, no longer existed: my eyes were open to the baseness of her soul, and from that instant I would sooner have died than have married so contemptible a woman. Besides, my fatal resolutions were owing to the engagements I had made with her, and which I thought I could not in honour violate.

I went from her house as soon as I had received the Marquis's answer. I was apprehensive that the lady's woman had not informed you where I was, and I went about a quarter of a league

league from Paris, to the place appointed by my antagonist, and going into a sorry room, I locked myself in, waiting for the destined hour.

Give me leave to tell you, my despair was so great, that the six hours which I was obliged to stay, appeared to me as so many ages. After walking about the room some time, I thought of reposing myself a few moments, and laid down on the bed in my clothes. But I was in too great an agitation to expect to sleep. Then, I recollected with bitterness, the long strides I had made for two months; and the fatal consequence which would follow from my imperceptible progress in vice. I found myself surrounded with precipices, which I could not avoid. I knew that by the succours of divine grace, I might have some hopes of extricating myself from the difficulties I had fallen into; but I likewise thought myself unworthy of that succour, nay, I durst not even pray for it. I thought I had insulted the Deity, whom I had rebelliously deserted; perhaps, said I, my letter may have sent my father to the grave, I have plunged the poniard into the hearts of my dearest friends—*die wretch*—and deliver the earth from the burthen of such a monster—*Die!*—can I be ignorant of the terrible consequences attending *such* a death! I cannot bear the sight of a father, who though offended, still has a tender regard for me; how then can I sustain the looks of a Deity, who must be an inexorable judge? What answer canst thou make to so tremendous a judge, when he shall convince thee of the futility of those arguments thou hast made use of for thine own deception? Thou didst fear the reproaches, the despair of thy most cruel enemy, and thou didst *not* fear to shorten the days of a father who has dedicated his whole life to thy benefit, of a friend who had adopted thee for his son, of a lover of the greatest delicacy, and of an aunt, who has lived only to bring up a wife for thee, who might reflect glory on a throne. Thou didst believe thyself bound by thy solemn vows; but what reason hadst thou to make them?

Wert thou not an accomplice with thy criminal mistress, who has violated the solemn promise she had given to a man of honour? Not content to rob him of a wife, wilt thou take away his life too?

These salutary reflections were succeeded with others, which conduced to enlighten me. For whom wouldst thou sacrifice thy honour, and thy life? For a woman whom you cannot but despise, and who really deserved the abuse she received from the Marquis. The respect due to her sex is built on the sweetness, the modesty, the weakness which they generally possess; but a woman who is *hard* enough to defy decorum, and to trample upon those virtues which make it our duty to protect her, *quits her species*, gives up the privileges of her sex, and ought to be ranked with the most abandoned of the other sex. Thou thinkest that thou wilt not see her any more if thou shouldst escape death; canst thou answer for thyself after the fatal experience thou hast had already of thy weakness? No, base soul, thou wilt satiate her eyes with the cruel spectacle of a man died in thy blood which she has made thee shed, and will be weak enough to attach thyself to her, and follow her to some foreign country, where thy remorse will put an end to thy life, unless thy fury should impel thee to prolong it to plunge thee into new crimes. But whither canst thou fly to hide thy shame, if thou dost meet the Marquis according to thy challenge?" I was some time before I could reply to myself, and full of contempt of the consequence of my fall; at last I had the boldness to lift up my eyes towards heaven, I was inspired, and *this* was the expedient I was inspired with to save my life, without endangering my honour.

The Turks threaten the island Malta, a vast number of gentlemen flock to the standard, I am going to join them. Should these apprehensions prove groundless, I shall accompany the Chevalier de Gi, who is going to set out on an expedition, a

I shall not return to Europe, till I shall have braved death with so much courage, that no one shall suspect I declined a duel through fear of its consequences.

It is natural for me to wait for your indulgence and blessing before I set out, but I distrust my weakness; and I am in a hurry to avoid an enemy more formidable to me than a whole army.

The reason of my previously informing you, that I am going to engage in a dangerous enterprize, is that you might likewise understand that I shall first endeavour to make my peace with heaven, by a sincere repentance. I shall apply to the Bishop of D—, who is gone to spend a month at St. Germain. It is in his bosom I shall seek to conciliate the divine mercy, it is at his feet I shall deplore my crimes; it is there that I hope to receive assurance of your clemency, and the means of putting my enterprize into execution. Reconciled with heaven, I shall rush without fear into the midst of the greatest dangers. I am sensible, that nothing but a good conscience is the foundation of true courage, and he is always ready to leave his life in the hands of duty, who hopes by that means to obtain a better.

Your Son,

NORTHON.

P. S. I do not mention any thing of my sentiments for the Baron and the virtuous Eliza; I cannot, I dare not carry my views to a future period, when I may appear to them less unworthy of their kindness. I wish they may see me without horror, for that is all I can expect. Assure my dear aunt that I would, at the expence of my life, repair the troubles I have caused her."

Mad. NORTHON in continuation.

THE father of the prodigal son could not be more overjoyed at his return, than we were at this instant. However, to be sincere, I must confess, that there was a moment in which our heroine ceased to be such; but

that moment passed off as quick as lightning.

"What, said she to my brother, wringing her hands, can you suffer your only child to expose himself to a death almost inevitable, for the sake of a phantom, a prejudice contemned by the wisest nations?—But you do not stand in need of advice from a weak, a timorous girl; consent to every thing that true honour demands on this occasion, and forgive the fears of a pusillanimous lover, who is apprehensive of losing the object of her choice."

My brother made no other reply to Eliza, but by taking her hand between his, and saluting it with a respectful transport. She reanimated him by her firmness, and furnished us with a probable expedient to inform us of the intentions of the Baron. For, after the starts of Northon, my brother and I could no longer have the presumption to hope that he would persevere in his design of giving him his daughter.

"Dost thou yet love him? said he to her smiling.—"Do I love him! replied Eliza. I have received a heart from you which could love only once; if it has surrendered itself by your orders, it has given itself up for ever. Should Northon persist in his enterprize, I shall preserve the same fidelity for his ashes, as you have shown to those of my mother. I should think my soul *humbled* by a second passion."

We then held a little council to determine what my brother ought to do with respect to his son. He suffered us to deliberate without interruption. But he had previously taken a decisive part, which was to accompany his son to Malta, to share in the dangers he was going to expose himself to, to moderate his courage, and to guard him against the allurements which might corrupt his morals by his intercourse with licentious youths. We could not help applauding his resolution, though it cost us so much; it was *re- solved* that he should be at St. Germain the very next day, and that as soon as the health of Eliza would permit we would pass a day there to procure

procure him the satisfaction of hearing his pardon confirmed from the mouths of the Baron and Eliza.

Is it not evident, my lady, that in all appearance, we had nothing to fear but the anxieties which are inseparable from a long absence? We flattered ourselves that this was the case. Eliza thanked my brother heartily for the resolution he had taken to accompany his son. She desired him to prolong his life as well as that of his son. Her tender impatience made her repeatedly ask when he was to depart: she wished, if it were possible, it should be immediately, to hasten the assurance of his pardon to the penitent.

On a sudden we were interrupted by the noise of several persons going up stairs, and asking which was our apartment. The Baron rose up, went into the antichamber, staid there some minutes, and returning with a melancholy countenance, told us, "that he was informed his sister was taken very ill; that she had sent for him, that he should run to her, and desired us not to leave his daughter while he was absent." The good nature of Eliza made her *feel* this news, she pressed her father to go, which he did directly; but he returned immediately to repeat his request of our not leaving Eliza, and did it in such a manner as made me suspect there was something mysterious in it.

Indeed, my lady, I am almost of the opinion of those who believe that the Deity always sends us some *pre-sentiments* of those great evils we are to endure. The interest I had for Mad. d'Erlac could not but be very great, nothing but christian charity could prevent me from looking upon her as a cruel enemy; I was therefore surprised at the lively inquietude which seized me on her account; it was so great, that after a suspense of half an hour I determined to send one of my domestics to enquire how she was. I told it to my brother and Eliza, who approved of my resolution: my dear child, added likewise, that if my servants were not at the hotel, she begged I would go thither myself. "The soul

of the poor lady, said she, is in greater danger than her body, let her disease be what it will, and with respect to the sentiments of those who are about her, they will think of the physician, but forget the clergyman. Do you undertake yourself, my dear friend, to wait on the curate, if you find that her illness is dangerous; you may discharge this kind office without my being any sufferer by your absence; for I find a great inclination to sleep, my head is very heavy; your brother, who has been up all night, must likewise be more exhausted than I am; he may make the best of my sleeping, to snatch a few moments of repose; it will be enough if you leave one of my women with me."

"I was never more awake in my life, said my brother to her. I will stay in your chamber with the maid that my sister sends"—"Let it be so, said Eliza, if you please; but my dear friend must promise to wake me if she brings good news."

I promised her I would; though I was determined to break my word. She was in a fever, and her weakness was so great, that the least emotion might have proved fatal to her. I made her drink some broth; and placed her so in her bed, as she might sleep quietly. While I was performing this little kindness, she said to me, "I have a favour to beg of you, my dear friend. Miss d'Erlac has done us much mischief, but however badly she has behaved to us, she is still my cousin; this poor girl is fond of her mother, and must be inconsolable if she should be in a dangerous way; endeavour to make her calm, and tell her and my aunt too, that as soon as ever I am suffered to get up, I will come and pay my respects to them, if my company be not disagreeable. I cannot resist the longings I have to embrace that generous girl; what a soul! and shall I depart without thanking heaven for the virtues it has so liberally bestowed on her person, who is so dear to me?"

We had hired the whole first floor of the *Hotel* in which we were; three large rooms, forwards, were occupied by

the Baron and my brother : that which was backwards was allotted to us ; but we made no other use of it but to sleep in, and passed the day time in the Baron's, which was better furnished, and more spacious. The two wings of the building were separated by a large court, which we were nevertheless obliged to cross to go from one to the other, because there was a gallery which made the communication. Eliza had been carried to her father's apartment, as it was more genteel ; so that it was necessary for me to stay a moment in my own apartment before I went out, because I was then in my night-cap, and had none of my things in the Baron's.

I was surprised at finding none of the servants in the antichamber, and still more to find the door of communication fastened. As I was afraid of disturbing Eliza by knocking at it, I went down into the yard to go up the back-stairs ; I was surprised again ! the doors of my apartments were open, and not a soul in the first room, or in the second. I pushed at the door of that in which I and Eliza slept, which was ajar. Heavens ! what a spectacle ! my hair stands an end on my head while I recollect it. I saw my unfortunate nephew lying on Eliza's bed, with all the appearance of one who was going to breathe his last. A good looking stranger, sitting on the side of the bed, held the salts to his nose, while the surgeon, who came to visit Eliza, and two others, whom I did not know, had just finished the bandages of his wounds. A clergyman and the physician were standing at the foot of the bed, and so attentive to what passed, that they did not discover me. My women, and some of my men servants all in tears, some of them on their knees, others standing with their arms across, shewing signs of the greatest consternation. I had time enough to make all these observations at the chamber door, where I stood motionless ; no one perceived me, nor paid any attention to me. The Baron was the first who cast his eyes to the place where I was, and stepping up to me,

“ Ah, madam, said he, what business brought you hither ? ” “ Is he dead ? ” said I, with a faltering voice. — “ No Madam, replied he, we have great hopes of him ; but for heaven's sake return and watch my poor daughter, that she may not know this fatal accident. Keep your brother likewise with her, I conjure you, I will take care that you shall know every thing. ”

Occupied with a more pressing, a more interesting subject, instead of answering the Baron, I addressed myself to the clergyman, who had come towards me, as well as the physician. “ Have you *confessed* him ? ” said I. Has the unfortunate youth had time to beg for mercy for the crime which has shortened his days ? Oh, heaven, how could he have had the courage to commit it after the salutary reflections which he made, and the good resolutions which were the consequence of them ! ”

Comfort yourself in that respect, said the honest man, it was in performing the most heroic charity, that the young man received his wounds, not in an engagement forbidden by the law of God ; I would hazard my soul for his, and nothing could exceed the christian disposition with which he has reconciled himself to heaven under my ministry. ”

Imagine to yourself a person overloaded with an enormous burthen, which takes away his breath, and finds himself freed from it on a sudden : this is a genuine description of the situation I was in, for the space of a minute. “ Blessed art thou, my Paternal Creator, cried I, in all thy operations and prescriptions, as this youth is no longer at enmity with thee, I have nothing but thanks to return thee, ” — “ And do you, Sir, I said to the Baron, be easy with respect to Eliza ; she is really asleep, and I was going, at her request, to offer my services to Madam d'Erlac ; my brother will not leave her ; so that you will have time enough to acquaint me with the cause of this fatal accident, and pray do not flatter me with respect to the consequences of it. ”

“ We

"We know but little of it ourselves," replied the physician, and we thought that we ought to wait till a more favourable moment for those informations, which we had not time to hearken to. The assistance was quick, the wounds very deep, but the signs are favourable, and we ascribe the *syncope*, into which the patient fell, only to the quantity of blood which he has lost."

I perceived at this instant that Northon had made some motions, which seemed to announce his recovery from his fit. We all approached to his bed, and the physician having felt his pulse, we discovered a ray of joy upon his countenance, which gave us hopes. "How do you find him, said the young man who sat at the bed-side, with a timorous air?" I call him young in respect to my brother's age, for he seemed about mine. "His pulse returns, and it is as good as can be expected of one in his condition. If nothing unforeseen happen, replied the surgeon, none of his wounds appear to me to be mortal. I am told that the young gentleman was a good liver, and of great sobriety, which is a circumstance very much in his favour: but, really, his wounds seem to be directed in a miraculous manner; there is not one of them which would not have killed him immediately, had the weapon penetrated a hair's breadth further."—"Ah! Sir, said the stranger, in a kind of a transport, you have restored me to life, save him, and take all I am worth in the world."

Surprised to see a stranger interesting himself so warmly in behalf of my nephew, I observed him more attentively; and notwithstanding the trouble I was in, I perceived that he had one of the best aspects in the world. My remarks were not long; Northon opened his eyes, and having distinguished the Baron from the rest of those who were round about him, he stretched out his hand to receive his, which he strove hard to move towards his lips. "Do you forgive, said he, with dying accents?"—"Every thing is forgotten, my dear child, answered

the Baron; live to promote the happiness of all those who love you, and of Eliza especially."

My nephew made no other answer, but by lifting up his eyes towards heaven; and it was easy to discover from the colour of his cheeks, how much joy this assurance gave him. "Every emotion will be dangerous, said the medical gentry; our patient has need of a great repose;" and in speaking these words, they drew the curtain close round his bed, and begged of us to be silent.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

You formerly flattered my pen so highly, by inserting the accounts of fashions in your valuable repository, that I again presume to write; yet some apology I am sensible is necessary for so abruptly quitting *that* subject, after you had done me so much honour.

I was obliged from indisposition to visit the German Spa, and returning but a few months past, am situated in a part of the town, and lives in *such* a stile, as gives me the opportunity of sending you monthly the last variation of dress in *those* who are generally esteemed for taste and elegance in that particular; my fair readers may depend on my punctuality in sending them the *Thought* of the politer part of the town.

FULL DRESS for the Month of DECEMBER.

THE hair trenched very low before, pulled over the forehead, numbers of half curls down the sides, behind tied in knots or plaits, ornaments of fine blond, some turbans twisted with pearls, brilliants, &c. hats, caps, looped on the side with brilliant or pearl rose, brilliant and pearl feathers, pearls tied loosely round the neck, or fine blond ruffs, wide plaited tuckers, the *tete buffouge*, fastened with a brilliant slider. Negligees of satin trimmed with the *elke* skin, ruffie

ruffe cuffs. The *Fete* gowns are much wore, made profusely long, festooned on the left side, over puckered coats of silver gauze, or India painted tiffin, edged with silver blond; shoes low at heels, with diamond buckles; bracelets of pearls, the pictures set with brilliants.

HALF UNDRESS.

The Rutland gown, first wore by that celebrated dutchess, very long, with Turkish sleeves and hood, crossed down the shape with ribbon, the favourite colours the Circassian white, brown, ruby and barré trimmed with the elke. Long white or brown striped sattin cloaks trimmed with the same; sattin hats, looped on both sides of the above colours, trimmed with crape, black or white feathers, intermixed with the elke.

Small caps trimmed with fine blond, trimming gauze entirely excluded; lappets of the stamped or painted tiffin. The Gordon handkerchief, buttoned round the neck; the crescent apron; deep treble robings; four rows down the shape, of rich sattin trimmed with elke or painted tiffin, edged with silver, as may best suit the gown. The levee gown and jackets now quite *canaille*; sattin slippers, with roses. Muffs of sattin with trimmings, the same as the cloak, some worked sattin gloves, velvet bracelets, with sentimental designs.

The DISHABILLE.

The short poloneze with petticoat, a deep flounce round, long sleeves, and large hoods, large puckered caps, deep wing of fine blond, short aprons, slippers.

I have not mentioned the Spencer hat, first the thought of the charming Lady Charlotte, which has been much wore, without a cap, as it seems to be giving place to the Cumberland bonnet, made of the finest black lace, intermixed with ruby ribbon.

Riding dresses of the richest sattin, trimmed with the elke, and lined with the same, little variation in the make, save introducing the hood, which buttons behind and round the

shoulders; fine point Brussels linen, white or brown sattin hats, ornamented very full with white feathers.

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Continued from Page 683.)

LETTER VIII.

Miss WILLIS to Miss GREVILLE.

OH, my dear Lucy, how very, very happy is your Sophia to what she was when she wrote last! "What a quick transition from grief to joy!" says my Lucy; it is so: a little while ago I was complaining of the uncertainty of tasting happiness in this world; but the cup which was then dashed from my lips, is now replenished with a double portion of happiness. "How is all this, you surprise me Sophy," I hear you say. Why, truly I believe it does surprise you; but I am at present so happy, that I know not hardly how to begin, nor to tell you the source from which it flows; but I will try to be a little reasonable, if it is in my power: you must first know, that Miss Willis had explained to me, that Mr. Gordon and she had never conversed together but as friends, and this afternoon was more convinced of it. This afternoon I was seated at my harpsichord in the dressing room, practising some sonatas of Boccherini's, which Mrs. Percy had lent me, when the servant interrupted me, and told me that a gentleman was below in the parlour, and my mother desired I would go down to him, as my father was rode out, and she very busy in writing letters: I had some *presentiment* it might be Mr. Gordon, accordingly adjusted my cap at the glass, and had half a mind to change it, but thought if it was him, and he had a *penchant* for your friend, the changing of a cap would not help to make him like me the more. When I entered the parlour, I really found it was Mr. Gordon. After discoursing on a few indifferent subjects of conversation, he addressed me in these words, "I am sensible

sensible a man always is under an awkward situation when he first introduces himself as a lover; but will you, Miss Wallis, pardon me if I presume to make you an offer of my hand and fortune; my heart you have long had," I blushed, I'm sure, and hesitated what to say, but recovering myself as well as I could, told him, "I could never think of encouraging the addresses of any man, were his person and character ever so unexceptionable, without the entire approbation of both my parents," he answered, "I revere you for your duty to them, at the same time I adore you for your discretion; but if I make a proposal to your father, and he accepts it, will you then admit me on that footing?" I replied, "the commands of a father I have ever obeyed, Sir, and should certainly obey him in this, if he desired me." "Then you would only receive my hand but in obedience to your father's commands, but without your consent, my happiness would be incomplete; the woman whom I marry, must have an affection for me, for without an union of heart no happiness can be in the marriage state." "I agree with you there, Mr. Gordon, and of this you may be assured, that without my heart goes with my hand, it shall never be disposed of." "Amiable girl, how inexpressibly happy have you made me by this frank declaration, doubly so shall I be, if Mr. Wallis consents, and your mother, to my wishes; if he stands for fortune, mine is not inconsiderable, having a thousand a year of my own, exclusive of my pay." I asked him to stay tea, as my father would be back by that time, he did so, and after I withdrew, leaving my father, mother, and Mr. Gordon in the parlour, when I was again summoned, my dear father took my hand, and putting it in that of Mr. Gordon's, said these words, "My dear children, may every blessing attend you under heaven, and that you may both live long and happy, is the sincere wish of your good mother and I." We both thanked them in terms as grateful and affectionate as we could; Mr.

Gordon staid till eight, and then returned to Percy Place. Adieu my dear Lucy, may every happiness be yours that now dwell in the breast of your's,

SOPHIA WALLIS.

The History of Captain HERBERT and Miss AUGUSTA NUGENT.

In a Series of Letters.

(Continued from Vol. X. Page 653.)

Mrs. HERBERT to Miss SIDNEY.

HOW will my Louisa be astonished when she hears her Augusta has so far forgot the duty she owes her parent, as to have left his roof, and sought protection in the arms of her lover! But alas! my dear friend, do not judge too harshly of me, for I was driven to this step by sad necessity.

My father discovered my attachment to my ever dear Charles Herbert, and immediately ordered me to prepare to receive lord Wilton as my future husband. What could I do? There was no alternative, I must resolve, and that too instantly.

I spent a sleepless night after I had received those cruel orders. By means of a billet from Charles, I understood, "that he would have a chaise and four ready at the garden gate at five o'clock the next morning, if I could resolve to put myself under his protection, and trust myself to his ardent love." This I immediately determined to do, and accordingly met him at the appointed hour, with a heart torn by the severest conflict it was possible for human nature to bear.

We drove precipitately till we reached the town of D—, where a clergyman of Charles's acquaintance met us, and I bestowed my hand where my heart had so long been fixed.

Immediately after the ceremony we proceeded on our journey, and were within ten miles of London (the place of our destination) when one of the

hind wheels of our chaise came off, and obliged us to alight.

A gentleman and lady at that instant passing by in their coach very obligingly invited us, seeing our distress, to their own house, which was a very little distance from the place where the accident happened. We accepted their invitation, and staid that night with them.

In the morning before we thought of leaving our friends, Mrs. Conway (the lady's name) won so much upon me by her engaging behaviour, that I was induced to tell her our history. On hearing it she turned immediately to Mr. Conway, exclaiming, "My dear husband, this young gentleman is my sister's son, whom you have so often heard me wish to see!" Our joy was mutual on this discovery, and they insisted on our making their house our home, and promised Charles, as they have no children, that he shall be their heir. Congratulate me, my dear, on the happy change in my affairs.

My father will no longer dislike my Charles as a son-in-law, and I shall be completely happy.—Adieu my dearest friend, I have no time to add more, as Mrs. Conway and I are going to town to-day.

Believe me sincerely yours,

AUGUSTA HERBERT.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GOVERNESS.

(*Continued from Vol. X. Page 690.*)

I Therefore plainly told her what I thought; I told her that I feared she was in the wrong, and advised her, in the most affectionate manner, to consider she was now become a mother, and consequently ought to study œconomy for the sake of her child, as well as to oblige her husband, who having taken her with nothing, had the greatest reason to expect she should be frugal, and endeavour to make the most of what he was highly desirous of sharing with her; adding, that she had the greatest inducement to this from being connected with a man of a domestic,

prudent disposition, a disposition which was the more to be valued, as it was not often to be met with in young people, who are in general too fond of pleasure to pay attention to the duties of frugality in the domestic departments, an attention which rendered Mr. Graham so very deserving.

She listened to me, I thought, with a visible impatience, and replied, that since I entertained so high an opinion of him, she wished I had married him.

This speech hurt me a little, I confess; it was very improperly, I thought, addressed to me, after what had passed. I therefore only answered, that I was sorry she was not happy; as it was her want of happiness alone which occasioned a diminution of my felicity, being perfectly satisfied with my situation in life: and hoping that were it still less eligible, I should have fortitude enough to bear my lot without murmuring or repining.

With these words I left her soon afterwards: meeting Mr. Graham by himself, he began with stammering out a kind of apology for having left me for my sister, adding, that he would never advise any man to marry a woman for her beauty alone; that he was punished for his perfidy to me, as Kitty was vain and extravagant to a degree he could never have believed her capable of: adding, that his expences by her misconduct exceeded his income, and that he wished, though he had no right to expect the smallest favour from me, I would talk to her upon the subject in which he was so deeply interested, and endeavour to work a reformation in her.

I replied, that I had said all I thought necessary to come from me, who could not be so good a judge as he was himself of what he was able to afford, and that I hoped it would have the wished for effect: adding, however, that I imagined admonitions, with regard to her conduct as a wife, would make a greater impression on her, coming from *him*, than from any other person; and that if they were offered in a mild and affectionate manner, they could not fail of touching a tender heart,

heart, and inspiring it with grateful sentiments.

He sighed at this answer. "I fear, said he, that Kitty has no such heart; nor indeed did I deserve such a one."

Not being disposed to hear any more complaints of this kind, which gave me great concern, as I could not remove the cause of them, I retired abruptly from him, and returned to my sister, whom I endeavoured to bring into the state of mind her husband so anxiously wished for; but I met with very little encouragement to proceed, especially as I perceived that Mr. Graham had not misinformed me when he said that his wife was both vain and extravagant. Kitty was indeed so intoxicated with the admiration she every where occasioned, and with the flattering speeches perpetually addressed to her, in consequence of her beauty, that she disregarded every other more desirable attraction, and thought of nothing but the embellishment of her person, and of rendering it still more striking. As I found, therefore, that I could not make the wished-for impression on her, I left her and Mr. Graham, having first called to see my little nephew, who was still at nurse, and who seemed much to want the tender attention of a mother about him.

When I returned to Mrs. Masters, she questioned me about my sister; but I made evasive answers, not chusing to expose Kitty's foibles, though I confess I was greatly pained by them. Kitty, of all my brothers and sisters, had been my favourite, and before she saw Mr. Graham appeared to feel the sincerest affection for me: she indeed expressed so much regret on taking Mr. Graham from me, that no emotions of jealousy, naturally arising upon such occasions, prompted me to love her less: as I really believed that she never would have thought of Mr. Graham if he had not most earnestly pressed her to give him her hand, but I had afterwards sufficient reason to be of another opinion. However, as I always felt for the unhappy, I could not but pity both my sister and her hus-

band, and really wished for some employment to divert my thoughts from dwelling too much upon such disagreeable subjects.

I was not long in a state of suspense. In a few days my companion in the stage coach called at Mrs. Masters's, and told me that having mentioned me to his daughter in the terms I deserved, she had desired to see me, and to talk with me.

Mrs. Masters was so kind as to carry me in her chaise to the family in question; the master of which was a plain looking man, an opulent farmer: his wife was a plain woman; but their outward appearance was of no consequence in my eyes. To me worthy people, in whatever dress they exhibit themselves, are respectable. Mr. and Mrs. Clover, in their rustic attire, would have been more acceptable to me than many people greatly superior to them, if they had been possessed of good understandings. The mistress of the house wanted to have her daughter a very fine lady; her father, on the other hand, thinking that every good quality might be acquired by mere weight of metal, believed that good sense and good breeding were as easily to be purchased as cattle at a fair. Not grudging money, therefore, for his daughter's education, he very readily agreed to the terms I mentioned, on my promising to turn *Mell* into *Mary*, as that was *the plain English* of it.

The young lady, in future, was now called down, and a more clumsy, awkward, obdurate girl, to all appearance, I had scarce ever seen. She was at this time, they told me, just turned of fourteen, and had been taught very little: her mother indeed honestly declared that she did not know how to teach her, and that she never cared to send her to a boarding-school, lest she should not be treated as well as other young ladies, who, though they might be grander people's children, might not have more money than Mr. Clover; and that she should not like to have Polly run down.

"Noa, noa," said the farmer, "Mary may hold up her head with the

the best of 'em; for she shall have as big a portion as the richest there, tho' there come ever so many years of plenty. I have wherewithal to spend, and to save, and only this one girl, and it shall go hard but I'll make something of her."

I cannot say I was exceedingly delighted with the family before me, but as they were able, they said, to pay handsomely, I thought I might as well engage with them; besides, I did not like to refuse an old friend of my father's, who seemed fond both of his daughter and grand-daughter, and desirous of having the latter become mistress of every accomplishment suitable to her station: he was not, however, so absurd as to wish her to make herself ridiculous, by affecting to know what was neither necessary nor unbecoming in the child of parents who were excessively ignorant themselves, and incapable of improvement.

Having consulted my aunt and Mrs. Masters, and received their approbation, I went to Ivy Farm, so called, as the house was covered with that creeper, and a more rustic habitation was not to be met with.—It was a wild spot, very retired, yet very pleasant; and if the inhabitants within had been as agreeable as the scenes around them, I might have passed my time in a tolerable manner; but they were like most other people I had met with, characters, and far from being pleasing objects.

(To be continued.)

THE MATRON.

NUMBER LXXIX.

THE letter from Mr. Stripper, which I published in my last paper, now lies before me. In some places, it is true, he treats that ceremony, which is considered as a very important one by a woman, in a ludicrous light; but what he says in others, may be read by both sexes, to their advantage. Mr. S. complains of a deception in his lady, having never seen her without powder till he had been married a twelvemonth to her; an altera-

tion which certainly gave her a different appearance. Much may be said against a woman's imposing upon the man she has married; yet surely no man can reasonably complain of seeing his helpmate free from those disgusting incumbrances, wool, pomatum, and powder, which have so long given so much offence to men of nice feelings, and delicate sensations, and which have brought on still greater evils; I mean the troublesome and expensive operations of the hair-dresser, to say nothing of the waste of time with which those operations is ever attended. Mr. S. does not appear to make any objection to those male attendants in a lady's dressing room, which have so long been deemed absolutely necessary to render every female fit to mix with the polite world. The leaving off powder therefore, must certainly make the assistance of a *friseur* of less consequence; as a lady may, herself, or by the hands of a female servant, be quite sufficient to make the outside of her head, at least a proper object for public inspection. Many evils then—I say again, may by this alteration in dress be avoided, especially with regard to expence: an advantage at this *retrenching* season too obvious to be pointed out. As *domestic retrenchments* are becoming fashionable, for the support of the burthen of the present war, the sooner every body begins to retrench, the better; and every fashion which favours the diminution of our *expenditure* (to adopt a word of importance upon a subject which cannot be deemed of a trifling nature) ought to be encouraged: especially when it happens to be thought, at the same time, more becoming to young people. But supposing the contrary, where is the patriotic female who would not give up every expensive part of her dress for the preservation of her country? Now as powder cannot, I think, be properly called an ornament, though it may, on some occasions, be admissible, I hope there is not one of my country-women who will make an *opposition* to a *head* without powder; or, indeed, to a *retrench-*

trenchment in any part of her wardrobe, by which they may be enabled to raise supplies towards the humiliation of France and Spain. However, though I dare venture to affirm that scarce a single female of my acquaintance would refuse to open her purse for so laudable a purpose, if she thinks herself in a way to afford a contribution, yet I am very sensible that people deceive themselves in points of this nature. I know, indeed, several of my own sex, who imagine they are extremely frugal, but who will be found by those who make a just estimate of their conduct, to be exceedingly extravagant: such women as these will often, while they are saving a mere trifle, throw away considerable sums upon things which turn not to the least account.

I was at a visit a few days ago, where the wives of two men who depend upon the slender salaries of their places, consequently their incomes were precarious, were present. These two ladies were boasting of their *æconomy*, having bought only single night gowns, instead of dressed sacques, in which they had till then always appeared. On casting my eyes down on their petticoats, I observed that *they* were trimmed as well as their gowns, with so many yards of gauze, that they must have made the latter come very high: now all this frippery was certainly needless, and could not turn out to any advantage.—The additional yards of silk necessary to make a *negligée* would have been really useful: at the same time, the gauze, tiffany, crape, with a long *à cetera*, used upon those occasions, soon become ragged and dirty; they are not half so serviceable, they have not half so creditable an appearance as a trimming of silk and satin suitable. Great savings, therefore, will not be found in the modern mode of making up cloaths; nor do I believe that our present race of housewives are so frugal in other parts of their domestic arrangements as they are willing to make people believe them to be. As it is the general fashion, in card-parties, to give refreshments, &c.

to say nothing of more expensive exhibitions, smart suppers, and so forth, which are now as common as tea and coffee among a certain set, no great retrenchments can be expected in families where such entertainments are going forward; they must arise from the suppression of them: but of that I see no prospect at present, not only among the middling, but among the lower ranks of people. I know, at this time, many in the former and in the latter, who frequently meet at each other's houses, in which supper is always a *good one*: not to mention the refreshments of the tea-table, the candles, losses at cards, &c. While this is the case, and while taxes unavoidably increase, where is the husband in his senses (with all due deference to Mr. Stripher's sentiments) who would not wish to see his wife give up *parwaer*, or any unnecessary appendage to her person, tho' she was, as he says, as red as a fox, provided she would turn his money to a better account: by lowering the high pitch, and by softening the shrill tones of a powerful voice, she may make him amends for any *deceptions* which he might easily have discovered by a more minute inspection before he took her for better and for worse. But is the woman never deceived when she gives her hand to a man at the altar?—In short, I would infer from what I have been saying upon this subject (which may not be improper for the perusal of many of my female readers at the commencement of a new year) is, that the two sexes might, very probably, enjoy more happiness, married or unmarried, if they could set bounds to their desires. By not raising their expectations too high, they would be more satisfied with their lots in life, and by adopting their expences, not only to their incomes, but to the *temper of the times*, by endeavouring to derive their chief felicity from their own families, they would find their endeavours successful. Were married pairs to take more pleasure in each other's society, and to spend more of their time by their own fire-sides; were children, while they
amused

amused themselves, to contribute to the entertainment of their parents, and were parents to make themselves the friends, the companions of their children, by promoting every innocent, chearful, and improving diversion with them in their own circle, numberless unnecessary expences might be avoided, numberless evils also might be prevented. If old people would be less peevish, and if young ones were more discreet, I will venture, upon the strength of my age and experience, to affirm, that they would enjoy more felicity; a felicity which would not only be solid, but which would promise duration.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY MEMORANDUMS *for the* LADIES.

I.

RONSARD, the celebrated French poet, strung his lyre, says an historian, to celebrate the refulgent charms which he fancied he saw in Mademoiselle de Surgeres, one of the maids of honour to the queen. Intending, afterwards, to publish a collection of love poems, he begged Dupenon to make a preface, and in that preface to let the world know that his love for the young lady had been strictly virtuous. Dupenon replied, "There is no sort of need of a preface, my dear friend; by only putting the picture of your charmer as the frontispiece of your book, you will sufficiently convince the world that your passion has ever been perfectly innocent."

II.

Boileau, as an apology to the ladies for the liberty he had taken in his Satire on Woman, offers the following address to them—"All the pictures which I have drawn are so genteel, that instead of being afraid of making the ladies offended with me, I ground my greatest hopes of success on their approbation and curiosity.—For one thing, at least, they will, I am sure commend me; that is, for having found out a way of treating a very delicate affair in such a manner,

as not to give the least offence to modesty by any indelicate expressions. I hope, therefore, I shall easily obtain my pardon; I hope too, that the ladies will not be more shocked at my preaching against their faults in *this* satire, than at the satires which are every day levelled against them from the pulpit."

III.

Congreve in his Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to his Double Dealer, apologizes for the liberties which he took with his satirical pen, in the following words—"There is one at which I am more concerned than all the false criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, some of the ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it, for I declare I would rather disoblige all the critics in the world than one of the fair sex. They are concerned that I have represented some women vicious, and affected: how can I help it?—It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices and follies of human kind, and there are two sexes, male and female, men and women, who have a title to humanity; and if I leave one half of them out, the work will be imperfect. I should be very glad of an opportunity to make my compliment to those ladies who are offended; but they can no more expect it in a comedy, than to be tickled by a surgeon when he is letting them blood. They who are virtuous or discreet should not be offended, for such characters as these distinguish *them*, and make their beauties more shining and observed.—And they who are of the other kind, may, nevertheless, pass for such, by seeming not to be displeased or touched with the satire of this comedy. Thus have they also wrongfully accused me of doing them a prejudice, when I have in reality done them a service."

IV.

Shakespeare's images are not mere addresses to the fancy; they do not play about the surface of an object; they carry us into its essence. As where the mother of Hamlet endeavours to excuse his extravagance—

This

—This is mere madness,
And thus awhile the fit will work on him :
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
Ere that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Had the poet commanded at one view
the whole circle of nature, he could
not have selected such another contrast
to madness. It is the most perfect im-
age of a patient, innocent, and mo-
dest silence, that ever sprung from hu-
man invention.

WEST.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF GABRIELLA
D'ETREES, Dutchess of Beau-
fort.

Mistress to Henry the Great of France.

[A Woman as different from the Coun-
tess du Barry, as Henry the Fourth
was from Lewis the Fifteenth.]

By a LADY.

IT has been asserted by the enemies
of our sex, that it is the fear of
shame which keeps many women vir-
tuous. Had those detractors lived in
an age when vice ceased to incur
blame in proportion as it appeared in
splendour, when riches procured guilt
the distinction due to virtue, and in-
digence drew on virtue, the contempt
merited by guilt; when licentiousness
of conduct was the road to grandeur,
and every courtesan expected to be a
peeress, they would be forced to con-
fess that she who in such corrupt times
preserved a purity of manners, was
virtuous upon principle, since shame
was no longer to be dreaded as the
attendant on vice.

To such of my fair readers as love
virtue for her own sake, I present the
history of the Dutchess of Beaufort,
mistress to Henry IV. of France.
Here they will see grandeur purchased
by crimes, and possessed with anxiety;
schemes of ambition carried far into
futurity, suddenly defeated by an im-
mature and horrible death; and hence
they may learn to rejoice in that in-
nocence which is at once their merit,

and their reward. The amours of
Henry the Great have been recorded
by many writers, who, although they
indeed abound with facts, yet are
they adorned and embellished with so
many circumstances, as have the ap-
pearance of being imaginary, that the
whole seems either a tale invented to
amuse, than a real and interesting nar-
rative.

To avoid being misled by those
lively authors, I shall extract the his-
tory of the Dutchess of Beaufort from
the Memoirs of the Duke de Sul-
ly, prime minister to King Henry
the Great, one of the wisest and most
virtuous men of his age; and the read-
er will have the pleasure to see many
passages in the words of that admir-
able writer.

Gabriella D'Etrees, afterwards so
famous under the name of Dutchess of
Beaufort, was descended from an anti-
ent family in Picardy, to which the
honourable post of grand-master of the
artillery had been in a manner here-
ditary.

This young lady was so exquisitely
beautiful, that she obtained the sur-
name of Fair, to express the pre-
eminence of her charms, over all those
of her sex and time. Henry IV. who
was born a hero, and who at the most
early age was called by fortune to the
exertion of those qualities which so
deservedly procured him the epithet
of Great, had also the weakness of
passion, that alloy in his character, o-
therwise so truly noble, which serves
to shew us, that nothing is perfect
here below. Glory was not more his
passion than love; and if on certain
occasions he was capable of sacrificing
his tenderness to his fame, on others
he made no scruple to hazard his fame
to gratify his tenderness. At the
time that Henry fell in love with
Mademoiselle D'Etrees, he was at war
with his own subjects: rebellion, sanc-
tified by the name of religion, had
given rise to the league, in which all
the princes and great men of France
were engaged.

The design of this formidable party
was to exclude him from the succession,
on

on account of his being a protestant, and Henry III. his immediate predecessor, lost his life by the hands of an assassin, for maintaining the rights of his injured kinsman. Henry, when fighting for a kingdom, found love a stronger passion than ambition. An accidental sight of Mademoiselle D'Etrees inspired him with so violent a passion for her, that he often risked his crown, his honour, and his life, for the satisfaction of talking to her a few moments. Once in particular, when he was in a manner besieged in his camp by the Duke of Parma, he disguised himself in the habit of a peasant, and passed through the enemy's guards to make her a short visit.

It is not certain whether the fair Gabriella repaid that excessive tenderness with equal sincerity. In such attachments few women separate the lover from the king. Mademoiselle D'Etrees had not understanding enough to be capable of the refinements of a delicate passion. She was interested, vain, and ambitious; she raised her hopes to the throne, and not only practised upon the weakness of Henry for this purpose, but formed cabals and intrigues to secure the success of her designs, which would, in all probability, have reduced her royal lover once more to the condition of an exile: yet she had the address to persuade him that she really loved him; or rather this thought was so necessary to his happiness, that he assisted the crafty mistress in deceiving himself.

The Duke de Sully mentions a sum of money which she lent the king in his distresses. How great those distresses were the reader may conceive, by the humourous representation which Henry himself gave of them in the following billet to the Duke of Sully.

"I am very near my enemies, and scarcely a horse to carry me into the battle, nor a complete suit of armour to put on; my shirts are all ragged, my doublet out at elbow, my kettle is seldom on the fire, and these two last days I have been obliged to dine

where I could, for my purveyors have informed me, that they have not wherewithal to furnish my table."

The king's passion for Mademoiselle D'Etrees, was at first so far discountenanced by her parents, that they kept her in a severe confinement; and although Henry, in his impatience to be with her, would sometimes neglect to reap the fruits of a dear bought victory, and quitting the pursuit of the enemy, turn aside to the road that led to her house, yet a distant sight of her was all he could obtain. Monsieur D'Etrees, supposing his daughter would be more secure from the king's attempts when she was married, peremptorily insisted upon her giving her hand to Nicholas D'Amerval, lord of Liancourt.

Gabriella continued obstinate in her disobedience, till the king, who had made sure of Monsieur de Liancourt, sent her word to comply, as the only means of her freeing herself from her present constraint.

It was certainly no proof of Henry's understanding, though a great one of that blind passion which tyrannized over his heart, that he so securely relied upon the honour of a man, who to serve his designs, could consent to be a nominal husband; and upon the fidelity of a woman who entered into the most solemn engagement, with a fixed purpose to break through it: however, an accident happened which awakened his suspicions. It is thus related by the Duke of Sully.

"His majesty having sent Alibour, his first physician, to visit Madam de Liancourt, who was indisposed (this was the beginning of his addresses to that lady) at his return, he told the king that she was indeed a little disordered, but that he need not be uneasy, for the consequence would be very good. "But will you not bleed and purge her?" said the king to him. I shall be very careful of doing that, replied the old man, with the same simplicity, before she has gone half her time. How! interrupted the king, astonished, and disordered to the last degree; what is it you say, friend, surely

ly you rave, and are not in your right senses.

“Alibour supported his assertion with good proofs, which the king thought he should destroy, by telling him upon what terms he was with the lady. I know not what you have done, or what you have not done, replied the old physician, with great composure, and for a complete proof referred him to six or seven months from that time. The king quitted Alibour in great rage, and went immediately to reproach the sick fair one, who, no doubt, knew well enough how to new dress all the good man had ignorantly said; for it was not perceived that any misunderstanding happened between the king and his mistress.

“It is certain, however, that the event was exactly conformable to Alibour’s prediction; but it was thought that Henry, after a more strict examination, was brought to believe that he had been mistaken in his reckoning, since, instead of disowning the child that Madam de Liancourt lay in of at Coucy, during the siege of Laon, he acknowledged it openly, and had it baptised by the name of Cæsar.”

Gabriella found it no difficulty to persuade the king, that she loved him alone, she affected the tender solicitude of a wife for his person and safety, when he left her to put himself at the head of his army; tears, swoonings, and passionate complaints, expressed her strong apprehensions of his danger. She continued to lend him money in his exigencies; and we find in Sully’s Memoirs, an order to him from the king to repay Madam de Liancourt four thousand crowns he had borrowed from her. It may easily be imagined that Henry was reduced to great straits, when he consented to receive this assistance from his mistress.

Henry, while the affairs of his kingdom were still in the utmost confusion, and while several of the chiefs of the league were in arms against him, some of whom he was endeavouring to bring over to his party, by negotia-

tions, and reducing others by force, found leisure for the soft anxieties of love.

He was in Picardy, where, finding himself unable to support the absence of Madam de Liancourt, he went to his faithful friend, the Duke of Sully, then Marquis of Rosny, to conduct that lady to him.

In this journey the fair Gabriella was in imminent danger of her life. The Duke of Sully gives a particular account of it, which I shall transcribe, for the sake of the observation he makes at the end of it.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIAL of the MAID of ORLEANS.

Extracted from the Archives of Normandy, by John Nagerel, Canon and Arch-deacon of the Church of Notre Dame at Rouen.

IN the year on thousand four hundred and twenty nine, a young girl named Jane Taré, of the Duchy of Lorrain, declared she had frequent revelations from heaven. She was the daughter of a common labourer, and her whole life had been employed in tending cattle. God commanded her, she said, to go to Charles the Seventh, king of France, in order to advise and assist him in the recovery of his dominions, then possessed by the English.

She was brought before the governor of Vancoleurs, who looked upon her as disordered in her mind, and dismissed her. She insisted, however, so strongly, and persevered so much in her resolutions to go and offer her services to Charles, that the governor at last consented to have her conducted to Chinon, where the king resided.

Her behaviour there did not shew the least embarrassment of a country girl, but the unaffected politeness and ceremony of a courtier: She immediately distinguished her royal master from among the croud of his attendants, and said to him, that she came in compliance with the Almighty’s orders to

raise the siege of Orleans, and to recover the kingdom from English usurpation; desired him not to be apprehensive of his enemies, that she would attack them wherever she met them; that she made no doubt of succeeding in her attempts, and that his majesty should be soon peaceably established upon the throne of his ancestors. Charles ordered this extraordinary young woman to be examined in matters of religion, and asked her several questions relative to the art of war, and other curious subjects.

Her answers were so pertinent and so just, that the king, the prelates, and the other clergy, who were present, were very much amazed. It was revealed to her, she said, that in a neighbouring church was hid a sword, on which five flower de luces, the arms of France, were engraved.

The sword was searched for, and found among some old iron in the church she had mentioned. The king presented it to her, and she was soon accoutred in a warlike dress. Every thing seemed familiar to her mind; her activity and address were equal to those of the most accomplished warriors.

When she was admitted to his majesty's council to advise on the exigency of affairs, she spoke with so much knowledge, with so much prudence and wisdom, that her opinion was often followed, and that of the more experienced generals laid aside.

But what was more astonishing, when a council was held in her absence, she knew every thing that was proposed and concluded there. However, his majesty thought proper to desire the maid to give him some unquestionable proofs of her being the messenger of God, as he might then entirely confide in her advice, and follow her instructions.

Jane answered, "Sire, if I can discover to you your thoughts, which you confided to God alone, will you firmly believe that I am his messenger?"

Charles said he would: she then

asked him, if he remembered, that some months before, in the chapel of his castle of Loches, he privately and alone humbly begged three things from heaven?

The king remembered very well his having made requests to God, which he had not since revealed, even to his confessor, and said, that he would no longer doubt of Jane's divine legation, if she could tell him what those intreaties were.

"Your first suit was then, replied Jane, that if you were not the true heir to the crown of France, God would please to deprive you of the courage and desire of continuing a war, in order to possess it, which had already caused so much bloodshed and misery throughout the kingdom. Your second prayer was, that if the great troubles and misfortunes which the poor inhabitants of France have lately underwent, were the punishment of any sins by you committed, that he would please to relieve the people of France, that you might alone be punished, and make expiation, either by death, or any torment he would please to inflict. Your third desire was, that if the sins of the people were the cause of their sufferings, he would be pleased in his divine mercy to grant them pardon, and deliver them from the pains and miseries which they have been labouring under already above twelve years."

Charles, knowing the truth of all she said, was now firmly persuaded that she was a divine messenger, and placed great hopes in her assistance towards the recovery of his kingdom. Soon after, assisted by Jane, he raised the siege of Orleans, and retook possession of Gian, Gorgueau, Meur, Baugenis, and many other places; and afterwards, by her persuasion, he ventured through the country of Champaign, though in the hands of the English, and went to Rheims, where he was anointed and crowned.

Jane carried the royal standard at this ceremony, and in a little time,

con-

contributed very much to the recovery of several towns and castles. Her reputation was at a great height: Charles always succeeded in every thing which she proposed and undertook; and in gratitude, Jane had the credit of every thing that did succeed.

This brought upon her the hatred and envy of several of the commanders and chieftains of the French army, and at last proved fatal to her; for, in the year one thousand four hundred and thirty one, the maid of Orleans, being informed that the Duke of Burgundy, with some English, had laid siege to the town of Compiègne, immediately departed, at the head of a few troops, to strengthen and support the feeble garrison that defended it.

A day or two after her arrival, some of the French lords proposed to fall out against the enemy; and tho' Jane did not think it advisable, yet, lest she should be suspected of cowardice or backwardness, she consented, unfortunately for her, to be one of the number.

While she was supporting her country's cause with valour and intrepidity, some Frenchmen gave the signal for retreat, on which every body hastened to get back to the gates, where there was so great a throng, that before she could enter, she was taken by some of the troops of John of Luxemburgh, who was at the siege with the Duke of Burgundy.

Luxemburgh ordered her to be conducted to the castle of Beaurevois, where she was strictly guarded, as he was apprehensive she would endeavour to escape by magic art, or some other subtle means. The king of England, fearing that Luxemburgh would give her back to the French for a considerable ransom, was very anxious to have her in his own custody: but Luxemburgh absolutely refused to deliver his prisoner, so that Henry was obliged to have recourse to the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she had been taken, intreating him to demand her as a person strongly suspected of heresy and witchcraft, and therefore liable to be examined and tried by him, ac-

cording to the laws of proceeding against heretics.

The bishop, after some deliberation, consented to demand the suspected Jane from Luxemburgh, on paying him a reasonable ransom, if the assembly of divines of the university of Paris would advise him to do so.

The assembly not only were of opinion that he could and ought to do it, but also, in complaisance to the king of England, wrote to John de Luxemburgh, in the name of the university, praying him to send his prisoner to the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she was still in custody, and who alone had the right of trying her for the crimes of which she stood accused.

This letter had the desired effect, and Jane was delivered up to the bishop, who immediately put her into the hands of the English, by whom she was carried to Rouen, and there kept in strong and close confinement. Soon after, the king of England sent the following order to the magistrates of Rouen, to deliver Jane to be examined and tried by the Bishop of Beauvais.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Was puzzled for some years how to get rid of the cramp, which often tormented me to a very violent degree, so that I could not recover from my fatigue. I found last April entire relief from it, and have been free from it ever since, by putting into my bed, towards the feet, two or three sprigs of green rosemary, and when I could get no green, I used dried rosemary, which I stripped off from the stalks, and filled two little bags like scent bags, which I put every night into my bed, and can say, that in seven months I have not had a real fit of the cramp: when the cramp has begun, it has always been driven away in a minute or two, by gently tying one of these bags with a soft

garter to the part affected, commonly by putting the rosemary bag only to the part, without tying it, the tendency to a fit of the cramp ceases. I have not had the beginning of an attack of the cramp six times in seven months, and my life is now easy from that dreadful disorder, for so it was to me.

An Enigmatical List of Towns and VILLAGES in MIDDLESEX.

1. Three fourths of a part of the human frame, and a deep place, leaving out a letter.
2. A serpentine letter, the half of a trade, and a common.
3. A beast, changing a letter, and a passage over a river.
4. Part of an instrument, the reverse of peace, and a vowel.
5. Two sixths of a commission in the army, and an inclosed piece of ground.
6. A farmer's utensil.
7. A consonant, to tear, and a character in the Merry Wives of Windsor.
8. A favourable dish, a serpentine letter, a fashionable liquid, and a consonant.
9. Three fourths of a wound, and a house of entertainment for travellers, changing a letter.
10. A consonant, two fifths of a root, and a Spanish title.
11. Four fifths of a dog, a consonant, and the reverse to high.
12. A steep place, the reverse of out, the seventh letter in the alphabet, two thirds of an animal, and a consonant.

An Enigmatical List of Part of the Fleet, under the command of Sir Charles Hardy.

1. A fowl, leaving out a letter, and the initial of a serpentine fish.
2. A title, changing a letter, and two thirds of a number.

3. Two sevenths of a woman's christian name, and what enigmas are inserted for.

4. Two thirds of a wine, and one half of a fish.

5. Two sevenths of a month, a vowel, and two thirds of an industrious insect.

6. Three fourths of what we all have, and two thirds of what is very convenient at a tea-table.

7. Two thirds of a place for the convenience of travellers, one third of a town in Brecknockshire, and three fourths of a liquid measure, changing a letter.

8. One half of a four fruit, and two thirds of to run a risk.

9. Three eighths of a precious stone, three fourths of the produce of America, and a vowel.

10. Three eighths of a perfume, and half of a town in Gloucestershire.

11. Half of a mischievous animal, and four tenths of a bishop's deputy.

12. Three fifths of a prickly bush, three sevenths of a drinking vessel, one half of a number, and one third of a malt liquor.

13. Half of a musical instrument, changing a letter, three eighths of a shell fish, and a consonant.

14. Five sevenths of a town in Sussex, one half of a colour, and one third of a tree.

An Enigmatical List of Books.

1. Two fifths of the reverse of small, a conjunction, myself, and a pledge of matrimony.
2. Half of a rule in arithmetic, a serpentine letter, and the reverse of off.
3. What we must all feel, a preposition, and a serpentine name.
4. An appellation for Elizabeth, and what we are in a careless mood.
5. An appellation for a young lady, the reverse of none, a consonant, and a wicked person, adding a letter.
6. A relation of events, a preposition, and an island.
7. Half a whimsical animal, and the three last letters of one who reproaches.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ON SATIRE and PANEGRIC.

JUSTICE directs my undissembling page,
 As in a mirror, to reflect the age;
 That each may see their beauties and defects,
 View their own frailties, and supine neglects;
 Mine be the task to probe the gangrene heart,
 Trace the disease, and medicine impart;
 Mine be the task, in free and artless lays,
 To give to merit its deserved praise;
 Applause or censure yield as proves most due,
 And paint fair Virtue in her brightest hue.
 In vain shall Folly and her venal tribe
 Attempt to silence, palliate, or bribe;
 Depravity with zeal I will rebuke,
 Tho' shewn conspicuous in an earl or duke:
 Titled or not, say what avails it me?
 A Briton born, I glory that I'm free!
 Satire corrects, and wakes lethargic minds,
 Which luxury in silken fetters binds:
 Corruption needs its strong deterfive aid
 To cleanse the heart deluded and betray'd:
 Its shafts, well-pointed, strike the callous heart

With force resistless, like the barbed dart:
 Where precepts fail its pow'r will oft succeed,
 Shame the licentious act, and wicked deed;
 Restrains the bold, th' unruly keeps in awe,
 And tames apostates to fair Virtue's law.
 Whilst panegyric, like a faithless friend,
 Encreases evils which it scorns to mend;
 The friend of Vanity, and nurse of Pride,
 Too oft to Guilt and Treachery allied;
 In glaring colours of compounded hue
 False images creates and holds to view;
 Deformity it hides, perplexes Truth,
 And gives to age vivacity of youth;
 By false impressions fortifies the weak,
 And causes evils which I blush to speak.
 Thus reason dictates, yet the human mind
 Is deaf to counsel, and to tokens blind;
 Mocks and derides celestial Virtue's voice,
 And yields to Fallacy's deluded choice:
 Let Justice by her balance weigh the whole,
 And fix her standard on th' immortal soul;
 Let Modesty and Grace be still our guide,
 To steer us clear from ignorance and pride.
 What pains men take to gain illustrious fame,
 And thirst insatiate for an empty name!
 What wrong pursuits they follow to acquire
 This vain chimera, with intense desire!
 Blinded by passion, or by int'rest sway'd,
 By false appearances are hence betray'd.
 Mark but the means to gain the promis'd end,
 To all their movements seriously attend;
 Each forms a scheme, and has a diff'rent aim,
 The consequence they seek in all the same;

A mighty name the goal to which they tend,
 The source of all their toils, as well as end.
 The voice of fools is censure, not applause,
 And what they deem perfections often flaws;
 Their praise reproach, their condemnation
 praise, [raise!
 And in their buildings pull down what they
 Mere men of bus'ness all their notions draw
 From the cramp confines of their day-book's
 law!

Dogs, cards, and dice, with vanity refin'd,
 Form the grand climax of the coxcomb's mind;
 The learned these pursuits with scorn despise,
 Their sole ambition to be great and wise;
 The miser's frozen heart absorb'd in self,
 Adores his idol, which consists in pelf.
 These things premis'd, now view the female
 kind,

And stem the vortex of their changing mind.
 In vanity Spadilla born and bred,
 Is no grammarian, nor has ever read;
 Disdains philosophers and tuneful bards,
 Yielding her time to foppery and cards.
 Letitia hates the very name of thought,
 And prizes trifles which are dearly bought;
 Her vain amusement is external show,
 A chatt'ring monkey, or a gaudy beau.
 Frailinda trembles at the thought of death,
 And cries, "How transient is our vital breath!
 What pity 'tis so little here we stay!
 Our whole existence scarce exceeds a day!"
 Pomposia talks in high heroic strains,
 To prove her learning, and superfluous pains;
 Yet shews to others what she means to hide,
 Alone distinguish'd by conceit and pride.
 Who can but laugh at such a motley scene,
 And not desire to keep the golden mean?
 Who can but censure such mistaken elves?
 Yet who will trace the failings in themselves?
 The scourge of satire shall such fools pursue,
 And panegyric praise the diff'rent view;
 When faults and beauties blend unite their
 force,

And stem Depravity's tempestuous course;
 The even tide in gentle streams shall flow,
 And all mankind their genuine graces know!

MENTORIA.

* * * The above is by the author of *Mentoria*, a work calculated for the improvement of the sex, from which we have published an extract in our collection. As we are honoured with this essay by a friend of the author's, we hope the insertion of it will not offend her.

AN EPISTLE from a GENTLEMAN in London to his FRIEND in the Country.

MY old companion, trusty Peg,
 ——— I pray now stir a leg;
 Not that I wish for you to prance
 Up, no, nor frisk, nor skip, nor dance,
 But only go a mod'rate rate,
 (You cannot say I'm over weight)
 For which I promise to reward you,
 And never, while I live, discard you.
 Having thus quieted my horse
 Sans the dire rhetoric of spurs,
 Whate'er worth note is forward going,
 And in this grand emporium doing,
 To thee, O Pylades, I send,
 Thou worthy the great name of friend.
 The hopping Attic bard, they say,
 Has late produc'd another play;
 He christen'd it the *Trip to Calais*,
 But thro' the spitefulness or malice
 O th' Chamberlain it was refus'd
 His licence, cause he had abus'd
 Some one, I ween ycleped *Great*
 In pocket, I ke, tho' not in pate.
 But mark the flyness of our poet,
 Because they would not let him shew it
 In his own way, he for to match 'em,
 And, spite of all their cunning, catch 'em,
 Has an old play reviv'd, d'ye see,
 Will suit his purpose to a T:
 The Funeral the same is hight.
 Y-penn'd by Steel, ingenious wight.
 The widow made up of deceit,
 Such as, I hope, we seldom meet,
 Is what this genius has found out
 My Lady Bigamy to rout.
 You can't forget his leg of cork,
 'Bout which he makes such mighty work;
 His genuine wit, his sterling humour,
 Better not Roscius can assume e'er.
 I saw him late—the piece the Minor—
 I th' world dramatic a great shiner—
 His imitation of old L—g—d
 Will make you laugh tho' you shou'd hang
 for't;
 And eke the Whitfieldite old Cole
 Must sure delight you to the soul.
 I've lately clapt on old Bandello,
 Who is a very clever fellow:
 You, doubtless, know our Shakespeare took
 His Romeo from this very book;
 He copy'd has exact the story,
 But for the rest deserves much glory.
 I sometimes take a walk to Vauxhall,
 Where bucks and heroes kick and box all,
 For which they surely ought to be put in
 the stocks all.
 I long to visit it with you,
 The humours of the place to view;
 To see my lord with glance oblique
 Some new inamorata seek;
 Or turning on the other side,
 The great dramatist is espy'd,
 Who by his roll and turtle belly,
 And goggling eyes, is known for Kelly.

What consequence is on his brow!
 What genius—but conceit I trow!
 O fatal hour when first the tape
 He quitted, to commit a rape
 On Thalia, envying *young Cape*!
 And with him may be fair B—d—y,
 How charming, lovely, and how silly!
 And sometimes lovely Ab——n,
 That quintessence of mirth and fun.
 But let us now regale our eyes
 With what we both so highly prize,
 And view the gentlemen compliat,
 A character we seldom meet,
 Yet all who know him grant that H—ll
 Deserves that title to the full;
 Nay, what is more, he as full can
 An higher boast, “an honest man.”
 What is the matter, good now Peg?
 As sure as gun you 'gin to lag:
 Well, if you're tir'd I will take pity,
 And strait concude this dismal ditty.
 I do insist you send an answer,
 As I am well-assur'd you can Sir,
 In lines superior far to these,
 Which you may surely do with ease.

A CORRESPONDENT.

VERSES addressed to Mrs. TH——N, on the
 Death of an amiable and beloved Son.

CEASE, cease, fond mother, dry those
 constant tears, [forgue;
 Each sigh, each murmur, and each grief
 For Robert dwells above all earthly fears,
 He lives to joy, nor ever dreams of woe.

Call in religion, ask her friendly aid,
 For she can teach thy heart the path of peace;
 Calm resignation, gentle heav'n-born maid,
 Shall bid each sigh, and every sorrow cease.

Death is no tyrant, but if view'd aright,
 The only passport to eternal bliss;
 He leads the way to heav'nly realms of light,
 Gives the next world, and ends the cares
 of this.

Then where lies hid, the dreaded sting of death,
 Or, where the victory, a grave can give;
 'Tis sin that forms the tyrant's baneful breath,
 Through Christ we conquer, and through
 Christ we live.

Each virtue dwelt in that lamented youth,
 Each noble sentiment inspir'd his heart;
 The love of honour, and the love of truth,
 Claim'd his whole soul, and each an equal
 part.

Heaven then will bless a heart so nobly just,
 A soul to honour, and to truth inclin'd;
 In great omnipotence, he plac'd his trust,
 And heav'n will cherish the believing mind.

Then

The Lily.

The Words by the Author of the Ungrateful Bee, set to Music by Mr. HUDSON.

Recitative.

In vale re-tir'd, close by the brook, A li-ly chafte, from pride quite

free, Is seen to bloom, as if forlook She na-ture all but ri-ver Lea.

Slow.

Sym.

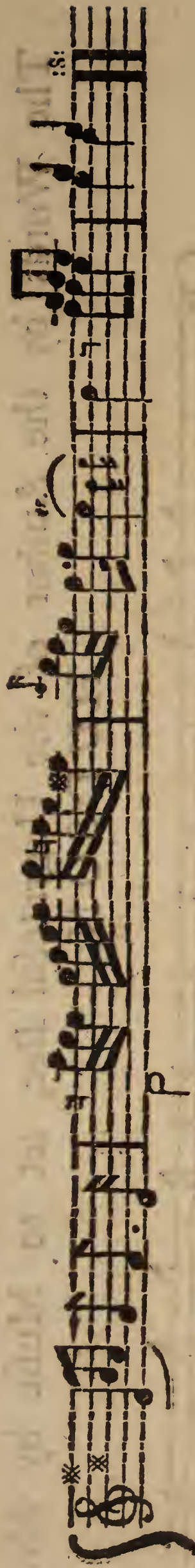
The wa-ters 'midst the

peb—bles play, *Sym.*

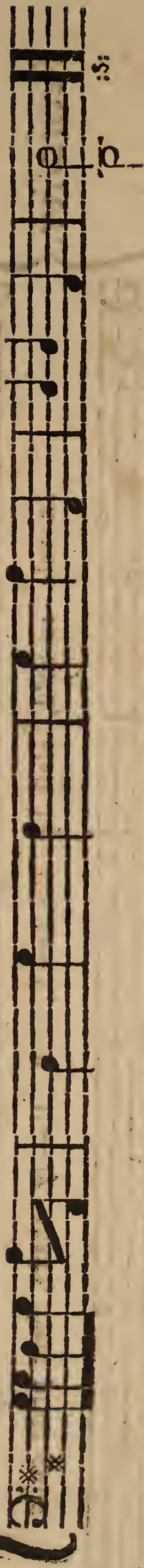
In woo—ing mur—murs

as they glide, *Sym.*

Forget the counfe they have to flray, Her foot to



kiss they rise their tide. *Sym.*



III.

The garden gay can't tempt the fair
To hazard her dear charms so pure;
Of flatt'ring bees and wasps beware,
Who rob, destroy all those they lure.

IV.

She rather chuses there to live,
Where peace and safety both conspire
All happiness and joy to give,
While tempted not by fierce desire.



V.

Thus maids, content in calm retreat,
Are free from danger and disgrace;
While belles, ambitious to be great,
Expose themselves to pain's embrace.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Madrid, Nov. 17.

THE archbishop of Toledo sent a few days ago two deputies from his Chapter, charged with a commission to make an offer to his majesty of the revenues of his Archbishoprick, which is one of the most considerable in the kingdom, for the service of the present war.

Madrid, Nov. 24. The king assists at all the councils of war held here, which are very frequent; after which, couriers are dispatched to the allied powers, particularly to the court of Versailles. They begin to feel at Cadiz the dire effects of the war, by the failure of two wealthy mercantile houses, from each of which a loss of 360,000 piastres is sustained.

Trieste, Dec. 3. The Armenian nation established here by permission of the Empress Queen, hath received letters from Petersburg, by which we learn that 16,000 Armenian catholics, who were persecuted at Constantinople by the Turks, having reclaimed the protection of the Empress of Russia, have, from the munificence of that sovereign, obtained a town in the district bordering upon Crimea, gained by conquest last war; to which place that tribe are gone, and have given the town the name of Nackaciwan: the Empress has further ordered the town to be repaired and put in order, at her expence, and has exempted the inhabitants from taxes for 30 years. The archbishop of this tribe of Armenians has been at Petersburg to confer about the means to render the above-mentioned establishment permanent, where he was most graciously received, and had the court carriages allotted for his service, and often dined with the Empress: after which he returned to Crimea, loaded with presents and instructions, capable of consoling the corps of Armenians for ever.

Constantinople, Dec. 3. Since the last fourteen days some fresh symptoms of the plague have appeared in this capital.

St. Maloe's, Dec. 9. Upwards of 700 English prisoners have been sent from hence in three vessels to England since the cartel has been settled; there are 3000 still here and at Dinant, and we hear there are more coming from Brest to fill up their places. As this port is fixed upon embarkation of prisoners now in confinement throughout this kingdom, all that are now at Brest are to come here as ours go away.

Madrid, Dec. 13. The seizure of the Dutch vessels takes up much of the attention of the publick. The sentiments of the court on that subject are already known, and the Count de Rechteren, extraordinary envoy of the United

Provinces, having presented another memorial to the Count Florida Blanca, relative to the Dutch ship called the Hope, that minister of state sent him the following answer:

“ Sir, I perfectly understand the contents of your memorial of the 4th of this month, in which you insist upon the release of the Dutch vessel the Hope, and found your request upon the customs which you think prevail at present with the English admiralty in similar circumstances. Notwithstanding the examples which you cite, the king knows that there are more than one instance in which a quite contrary conduct has been observed, as several vessels laden with Spanish merchandizes, which were nor contraband, have been taken by English ships of war and privateers, and have been declared lawful prizes; for which reason, so long as we are not assured that the English do not respect neutral vessels, laden with Spanish merchandizes, the king will not make any change in the method he has adopted relative to vessels taken from the English, and which are under the same circumstances of the ship in question, called the Hope; so that it is not in my power to satisfy you.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Dec. 7, 1779.

(Signed) COUNT FLORIDA BLANCA.”

Cadiz, Dec. 14. Nothing interesting has passed lately at Gibraltar, nor at the camp of St. Roch. The fire of the batteries of the former has gradually abated, and at length entirely ceased. The Spanish lines have not begun to fire, nor do we perceive, although they are quite finished, any disposition which announces a speedy and formal commencement of a siege.

Berlin, Dec. 14. The king having received frequent complaints concerning the abuse of his authority in various parts of his dominions, has resolved, out of his regard for justice, to put an end to those grievances, and to establish an example for all those to whom his majesty shall confide the distribution of justice towards his people; he has, in consequence, formed a precedent-book himself, respecting the three counsellors belonging to the chambers of justice at Friedell, Graun, and Ransleben.

Paris, Dec. 16. Mr. Adams, from the congress in America, arrived here two days since, by a vessel to Brest, in 21 days. He put up at the Hotel D’Espagne, and in less than an hour after his arrival waited on Dr. Franklin. It is said he is going in a ministerial capacity to one of the Northern powers. Mr. Laurens is shortly expected here, who is also, after receiving

his instructions from the doctor, to be employed in the same business as Mr. Adams.

Hague, Dec. 17. The French ambassador has found means to prolong the stay of Paul Jones at the Texel, till he received a commission from the king of France, which leaves him at liberty to go or to stay, just as he pleases. Thus the duke de la Vauguion has eluded the last resolution of the States, and the injunction of the Prince Stadholder, for the immediate departure of Jones.

Trieste, Dec. 22. By accounts from Peterburgh we find, that the Turks are beginning to make great warlike preparations on their Frontiers, without the motive being known. It is said, that some differences have arisen between them and the Russians relative to the Frontiers, which were not perfectly settled at the conclusion of last war.

Paris, Dec. 23. Yesterday morning Count D'Estaing arrived at Versailles, and went immediately to the minister of the Marine, where he staid two hours. M. de Sartine conducted him to the king, who received him in the most flattering manner, telling him he highly approved his conduct.

Messrs. de Vaudreuil and de Bougainville, both captains of ships in Count D'Estaing's fleet, have been created admirals.

Paris, Dec. 24. By a treaty of commerce signed the 18th of September, between his majesty and the duke of Mecklenbourg-Schwerin, the subjects of that prince will enjoy in France the same liberty, with respect to commerce and navigation, which the inhabitants of the city of Hambourg enjoy.

Leghorn, Dec. 28. The two English privateers, which were in this port, sailed from hence last Friday to cruise in the Levant Seas. Our merchants are much concerned at the news they have received of the Spaniards having seized 27 neutral ships, the greatest part of which were destined for this port, and laden with flax, cloth, sugar and other commodities; and this is done under a supposition that the ships and their cargoes belong to the English.

Madrid Gazette, Dec. 31. By a Courier extraordinary dispatched from Ferrol we learn, that on the 21st instant, his majesty's courier frigate, the Cortes, arrived there from the Havannah, from whence she sailed on the 15th of November, with the packets for the service of the king and the public correspondence. On board this frigate is arrived Don Joseph Valiere, a reformed officer of his Most Christian Majesty's troops, who hath brought from New Orleans several colours taken from the English, in an expedition which Brigadier D. Bernardo de Galvez, governor of Louisiana, happily planned and executed against the settlements and forts possessed by the English on the borders of the river Mississippi, where he rendered himself master of three forts, from whence he dislodged them entirely, and made a great number of prisoners.

As there were no more English posts or settle-

ments to reduce on the Mississippi, D. Bernardo de Galvez finished his expedition with as much success as glory to the arms of his majesty, having reduced to his obedience a country of 430 leagues, the most fertile of those which are watered by that river; and where the best settlements are, the natives being occupied in the fur trade.

We know not the loss of English, as their whole attention was employed to conceal it; on the side of the Spaniards only one man was killed and two wounded.

In short, we have taken the three forts of Manonack, Baton-rouge, and de Painmoore or Panmure of the Natchez, with all their artillery and ammunition, even the provisions and other effects belonging to his Britannic majesty; the first by assault, the second by capitulation, and the third by evacuation.

We have made about 550 regular troops prisoners, including 28 officers, viz. one lieutenant-colonel, five captains, ten lieutenants, five sub-lieutenants, one quarter-master, two commissioners, one storehouse keeper; three surgeon majors; eight boats laden with provisions, and several barks, with upwards of 50 sailors.

Paris, Jan. 2. Except the Tonant, all the vessels of Count d'Estaing's squadron are arrived in the different ports of France.

Paris, Jan. 9. They write from Versailles, that such orders are given, and dispositions making, as that the operations of next campaign may begin very soon. It is added, that the Counts de Vaux and de Chabot have been sent for to confer with the ministry; and that as the English are sending 12,000 men to America, we are preparing to send the same number with 12 ships. They have now more than we have at the Antilles, under the command of Messrs. Parker and Rowley; for there are only seven of ours at Martinico, under M. de Grasse, and four at St. Domingo, commanded by de la Motte Piquet. It is imagined that M. de Sade's squadron is gone to America.

Hague, Jan. 11. The States General published an ordinance the 31st of last month, by which their High Mightinesses forbid and prohibit all the subjects and inhabitants of this republic from sailing towards Gibraltar, or to carry, or cause to be carried, any ammunition or provisions into that fortress, on any pretence whatever, during the siege of that place, or to keep up any correspondence with the besieged, on pain of incurring the displeasure of their High Mightinesses, and a forfeiture of 10,000 florins, to be paid by the captain of any vessel, who, after having knowledge of this ordinance, shall be known to have entered the port of Gibraltar during the siege, or by his own consent to permit his vessel to be taken by any men of war or privateers, with an intention by that means, under pretence of being taken, to carry his cargo into that place, and the vessels which may be in this predicament are to be answerable for the payment of the above forfeiture, and as such are liable to be sold for that purpose.

H O M E N E W S.

L O N D O N.

Harwich, Dec. 23.

ON Monday arrived the Dolphin packet, Capt. Flynn, with a mail from Holland, in which came passenger a gentleman, who was 33 days on his journey from St. Peterburgh; he declared as a matter of fact that there were 21 sail of line of battle ships, and nine frigates, fitting out with all possible expedition, by order of the Empress of Russia, to be ready to put to sea the beginning of next spring, to join with Great Britain to repel her enemies, France and Spain.

Dublin, Dec. 26. On account of the royal assent being given to the bills for granting this kingdom a free trade, that happy event was on Tuesday night celebrated here with every demonstration of joy. The Castle, the Royal Exchange, the College, the Barrack, and all the houses throughout the city and liberties, shone forth a blaze or illumination unparelled on any former occasion. The front of the new Post-Office, Mr Ryder's house in Temple-lane, and the Exchange, were ornamented with coloured lights and the most elegant transparent paintings, emblematical of the present joyful occasion. In the new Post-Office were figures of his majesty on the throne, extending this Magna Charta of commercial freedom to Hibernia kneeling—Fame, flying with a free trade over the Ocean to Africa, Europe, and America—St. George and St. Patrick giving the pledge of friendship and peace, by an embrace, and treading on venomous reptiles, while the daemon of Discord skulks behind. Mr. Ryder had the whole front of his house hung with coloured lamps on the outside, and the inside illuminated with candles; three of his windows were supplied with, 1st, a transparent painting of Britannia and Hibernia closing hands, and jointly treading on the arms and family compact of France and Spain, a sea and shipping in the back-ground, and a cherub pouring the contents of a horn of plenty between both the figures, and over all "Ireland's prosperity, a free trade." 2d, an ornamental ribband flowing in a sky, on which was written, in large characters, "The disinterested and upright administration of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and the glorious 23d of December, 1779." 3d, A like ribband and ornaments, with the label "The theatre of Dublin, free while the public please, and mine be the lot to please the public."—Bon-fires were dispersed up and down the different streets, and every testimony was given which could mark this period the most glorious

ous that a fortunate chain of circumstances could produce for the prosperity of a nation.

30. The last letters from Quebec mention, that the fortifications of that place have been greatly enlarged; and those at Montreal greatly augmented, as has also the garrison of the place; and every thing remained in a perfect state of tranquillity throughout the whole province.

31. The last advices received from General Elliot, governor of Gibraltar, are of a satisfactory nature: independent of his request to government for an additional number of troops, his advices contain the fullest assurances of the good health that prevails in the garrison, and that they are plentifully supplied with provisions from the coast of Barbary, notwithstanding all the vigilance of the Spaniards to intercept them.

Admiralty-Office, Jan. 3. Capt. Marshall, of his majesty's ship Emerald, arrived late last night from Capt. Fielding, with an account of his having fallen in with a fleet of Dutch merchant ships, under convoy of the Admiral Count Byland, with a squadron of five ships and frigates of war.

Capt. Fielding desired permission to visit the merchant ships, which was refused. Upon sending his boats to visit them, they were fired at, upon which he fired a shot a-head of the Dutch admiral, who returned a broad-side; Capt. Fielding did the like; and then the Dutch immediately struck their colours. Such of the merchant ships as have naval stores on board were stopt; and the Dutch admiral was told that he was at liberty to hoist his colours, and prosecute his voyage. He accepted the former and saluted, but declined the latter, and is coming, with the ships that were under his convoy, to Spit-head.

Jan. 7. The last letters from New York mention, that his majesty's forces, including the provincials, consist of 30,000 men, and that every thing remained peaceable and quiet in that province.

8. Advice is received that two Danish sloops, with cargoes of great value on board, have been taken by a Spanish man of war in the West Indies, and carried into Porto Bello.

10. Four new corps of light dragoons have been raised by subscription in the several parts of England within the last year.

The three men of war of 74 guns each, which are getting ready, by order of the East-India company, for the service of government, will be ready to join the grand fleet early in the spring.

The following is an accurate account of the state of the British navy: in commission, three first rates of 100 guns, 13 second ditto, 73 third ditto, 20 fourth ditto, 49 fifth ditto, 63 sixth ditto, 57 sloops, 22 cutters, 6 bombs, 17 fireships, besides armed ships, whose number is not easy to be obtained. In all 89 ships of the line, 131 from 50 to 28 guns, 57 sloops, &c. Out of commission, 27 ships of the line, four 50 gun ships, and 6 frigates; building, one first rate, two second ditto, 22 third ditto, and 38 from 50 to 20 guns; so that the whole naval force of Great-Britain may be set down at 141 ships of the line, 227 from 50 to 16 guns, making in the whole 368 sail of vessels.

The *Protecteur*, a French man of war of 74 guns (on board of which were a great number of English prisoners) is safely arrived at St. Rochelle, after a tedious passage, from St. Domingo. A violent hurricane obliged the captain to throw overboard most of his guns, her fore-mast went by the board, and she arrived off the Isle of Rhé a mere wreck. The English passengers were two lieutenants of the royal artillery, and most of the officers of the 48th regiment, who were taken at Grenada, from whence, after Count D'Estaing had suffered his people to strip them even of their wearing apparel, they were sent to St. Domingo, and kept in close confinement till they embarked in the above man of war. On their arrival at Rochelle, the inhabitants treated them with the utmost politeness and hospitality. Most of the above officers have received passports from the Court of Versailles, and are daily expected home by way of Ostend.

11. Four new corps lately raised, among which are those of the Duke of Ancaster and Lord Harrington, are ordered for immediate embarkation.

Admiralty-Office Jan. 11. Capt. Clerke, of his majesty's ship the *Resolution*, in a letter to Mr. Stephens, dated the 8th of June, 1779, in the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul. Km fchatka, which was received yesterday, gives the melancholy account of the celebrated Captain Cook, late commander of that sloop, with four of his private mariners, having been killed, on the 14th of February last, at the island of O'why'he, one of a groupe of new discovered islands, in the 22d degree of north latitude, in an affray with a numerous and tumultuous body of the natives.

Capt. Clerke adds, that he had received every friendly supply from the Russian government; and that as the companies of the *Resolution*, and her consort the *Discovery*, were in perfect health, and the two sloops had twelve month stores and provisions on board, he was preparing to make another attempt to explore a northern passage to Europe.

[The above new discovered island in the South Seas lies in 22 N. lat. and 200 E. long.

from Greenwich. The captain and crew were at first treated as deities, but upon their revisiting that island some proved inimical, hostilities ensued, and the above melancholy scene was the consequence.]

Copies of the journals of the two ships, together with many valuable drawings, were left with the governor, to be forwarded to England; and he has politely engaged to accompany them as far as Petersburg.

12. Two forts are ordered to be built immediately; one at Folkestone, the other near Rye, in Sussex, for the better defence of the sea-coast in that part.

Extract of a letter from Portsmouth, Jan. 12.

It is not at present apparent that the Dutch vessels lately brought in here, will be condemned at last, though their cargoes are such sort of stores as we ought to prevent our enemies from being supplied with: the Dutch officers are almost continually on shore; they one and all agree, that upwards of thirty sail of ships of the same convoy escaped our fleet, among which was Paul Jones.

13. Yesterday the new elected members of the Common-council took the usual oaths for their qualification at the sessions at Guildhall, and immediately afterwards a court of Common-Council was held, when the committee appointed to enquire into the right of the members of that court to be Governors of the Royal Hospitals, reported a state of their proceedings, and the measures taken by their opponents: and the committee were empowered to defend the right of the corporation in such manner as they should be advised, and to draw upon the chamber for the necessary expences.

14. Orders were sent down to Portsmouth for three frigates, (which the admiral is to appoint) to sail immediately to cruize off Dunkirk, to prevent the privateers coming out, or their carrying any prizes into that port.

Extract of a letter from New York, Nov. 16.

"By a prize arrived here from the Squadron cruising off the Capes of Virginia, we are informed they have taken five large French ships deeply laden with rich cargoes — A short time since, two of the frigates went up the Rappahannock river, and took two French privateers, another got by them, and made her escape.

15. The following is an authentic state of the Dutch navy.

1 ship of 74, 2 of 70, 14 of 60, 5 of 50, 6 of 40, 10 of 36, and 8 of 24; of which there are not more than ten of the line which could be got ready for sea in three months. The Middleburgh Squadron is so rotten that not a ship of it could proceed to sea.

18. Government have received undoubted intelligence, that the Spanish Squadron, that lay before Gibraltar, under the command of Don Cordova, have raised the siege, and run into Cadiz. This intelligence is confirmed by the captain of a Venetian vessel, who was detained nineteen days in Cadiz, and saw the above

bove Squadron enter that port, to the astonishment of the whole garrison.

Sir George Rodney, on finding the Spanish fleet gone off, parted company with Sir John Lockhart Ross two days after their arrival in the gut of Gibraltar, taking with him the whole West-India fleet, under convoy of seven sail of the line, and four frigates.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Clerke, at Kamschatka, to a friend in England.

"After a short stay at the Cape of Good Hope, Capt. Cook steered his course for the southern coast of New Holland, and though he was driven very far northward by a violent tempest, he succeeded in discovering the land he was in search of, and coasted for the length of 400 leagues N. N. W. making several discoveries in his way; among others, he found a small island covered with nutmegs, and could have loaded a boat with them; he, however, took a very small quantity, but carefully inclosed 12 of the young trees, which he afterwards caused to be planted in Otaheite.

"From the coast of New Holland he passed by a part of New Guinea, till then unknown, and by that means was able to ascertain exactly the form of that great island. He then pursued his way to Otaheite, where he landed Omiah, who was received by his countrymen with such acclamations and expressions of joy and surprise intermingled, as plainly shewed that these islanders had scarce any expectation of seeing him again; but their astonishment was so great on beholding a horse and mare, with a bull and cow, come out of the ark of this modern Noah, that it appeared almost like adoration. Omiah explained to them the nature and use of these animals, and many other things which he had learnt in England; he seemed delighted to find himself again among his countrymen; and they, on their parts, did not discover the least jealousy at him, so rich, so much instructed, and superior to them. Capt. Cook remained at this island, which he had a partiality for, about two months, at the end of which time he made a voyage to the north-west, which lasted seven months, but was not able to find the passage he sought for. From thence directing his course for Kamschatka, he passed an infinite number of islands of various sizes, among the rest that of O'why'hee, where he met with his death."

When Capt. Clerke sent his dispatches to government, he was preparing to return to Otaheite, and intended to bring Omiah back with him to England, if he expressed any desire of returning, after he had made another attempt for discovering the north west passage.

The above was read, among other articles concerning Capt. Cook, before the Royal Society.

His majesty, who had always the highest opinion of Capt. Cook, has ordered a pension of 300l. a year for his widow.

18. Orders were sent to Plymouth for several frigates to put to sea immediately. It is said

they are going in quest of Paul Jones, who is said to be cruising with his Squadron about the Land's-end.

19. Orders are given for two regiments to be in readiness to embark for the coast of Africa, to retake Senegal, and all the settlements the French are in possession of on that coast.

Two floating batteries are ordered at the mouth of the Humber, in the same form and force as those at Sheerness, viz. one of 10 twelves, and another of 12 eighteens.

Four regiments have been embarked since Wednesday last at Portsmouth, which have not been able to sail yet on account of the contrary winds. Their destination is kept such a secret, that none of their officers can even surmise at it.

21. Yesterday morning arrived at her moorings at Blackwell, the Hillsborough East-Indiamen, Capt. Collet, from China. She sailed on her voyage from the Downs the 2d of January, 1778. This is the last of nine ships which arrived lately from the East-Indies at Spithead.

This day the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor held a Wardmote at Ironmonger's-hall, in Fenchurch-street, for the election of an alderman for Aldgate Ward, in the room of William Lee, Esq; resigned, when William Burnell, Esq; was chosen without opposition. A motion was made by Mr. deputy Partridge, for the thanks of the Ward to be given to William Lee, Esq; late alderman, which was carried by a majority of twelve.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Jan. 22.

Admiralty-Office, Jan. 22, 1780.

Rear-Admiral Parker, commander in chief of his majesty's ships at the leeward-lands, in his letter to Mr. Stephens, dated at Barbadoes the 16th of October last, has transmitted a list of the prizes that had been taken by the Squadron under his command, of which the following is a copy. And Captain Keeler of the *Actæon*, (one of the rear-admirals Squadron) in a letter to Mr. Stephens, dated at St. Lucia the 29th of October, relates, that being a few days before, with the *Cornwall*, on a cruise off the island of Martinique, they saw two sail, the one in chase of the other, the latter of which, by signal from the former, was known to be an enemy; that they stood athwart her in order to cut her off from the island, and that soon afterwards she struck to the *Proterpine* of 28 guns (the frigate that was in pursuit of her) and proved to be the *Alemene*, one of Count d'Estaing's Squadron, of 30 guns and 220 men, without a gun being fired on either side.

An Account of Prizes taken by the ships and vessels employed at Barbadoes and the Leeward-Islands, under the command of Hyde Parker, Esq; Rear Admiral of the Red.

1779. August 30. French Flute *Le Compas*, bound from Martinique, laden with sugar, 20 guns, 140 men.

Sept.

September 22 and 23. French ship *Le Préfident Le Berthun*, from Bourdeaux to Cape Francois, with provisions, &c. 550 tons, 30 guns, 160 men.

Ditto. French ship *La Menagere*, from Bourdeaux to Cape Francois, with provisions, &c. 600 tons, 30 guns, 160 men.

Ditto. French ship *L'Hercule*, from Bourdeaux to Cape Francois, with provisions, &c. 550 tons, 30 guns, 160 men.

Ditto. French ship *Le Marechal de Brissac*, from Bourdeaux to Cape Francois, with provisions, &c. 400 tons, 22 guns, 150 men.

Ditto. French ship *Le Juste*, from Bourdeaux to Cape Francois, with provisions, &c. 200 tons, 10 guns, 35 men.

Ditto. French ship *La Cherie*, from Bourdeaux to Cape Francois, with provisions, &c. 180 tons, 8 guns, 35 men.

Ditto. French ship *La Jeanne Henriette*, from Bourdeaux to Cape Francois, with merchandize, 160 tons, 2 guns, 30 men.

Sept. 14. French Polacca *Catharine*, from Marseilles to Martinique, with wine, oil, candles, &c. 4 guns, 30 men.

Sept. 22 and 23. French schooner *La Lezarde*, from Martinique to Bourdeaux, with sugar, cocoa and coffee, 50 tons, 12 men.

Ditto. American schooner *Count D'Estaing*, from New London to Martinique, with lumber, &c. 90 tons, 22 men.

Sept. 25. French ship *Chauvigny*, from Cayenne to Cape Francois, with fire-wood, brick, &c. 550 tons, 18 guns, 52 men.

Ditto. French ship *St. Jacques*, from Cayenne to Cape Francois, with fire-wood, brick, &c. 250 tons, 18 guns, 40 men.

September 8. American schooner *Sally*, from Marblehead to Guadaloupe, with lumber, 60 tons, 6 men.

September 16. American schooner *Nancy*, from Salem to Guadaloupe, with fish and lumber, 40 tons, 5 men.

September 29. American brig *Fair*, from Charles Town to St. Martin's, with rice and tobacco, 120 tons, 15 men.

Amiralty Office, Jan. 22. 1780.

Rear Admiral Gambier, in his letter to Mr. Stephens, dated at Plymouth, the 19th instant, gives an account of the arrival of Mr. William Jones, master's mate of the *Pearl*, in the *Amilla* Spanish prize, by whom he learns, that on the 7th instant Admiral Sir George Rodney with the fleet under his command, in lat. 42° 9' long. 12° 28', fell in with a Spanish fleet of nineteen transports from Bilboa, bound to Cadiz, laden with provisions and navel stores, under convoy of a 64 gun ship and five frigates; the whole of which, excepting one transport, he took; that they are now on their way to England, under proper convoy; that the vessel which he has brought in has cables of 24 inches, and all sorts of cordage on board, and that the frigates also are chiefly laden with cordage.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Goodall, of His Majesty's ship Valiant, to Mr. Stephens, dated at St. Helen's, Jan 19, 1780.

The Scaford arrived here last night, and brought in with her the two following Dutch galliots, burthen about one hundred and eighty tons each, first from Hamburgh, and last from the Texel, for Brest.

De Jaffow Anna, Gaiben Ages, master, laden with ships knees, standards, &c. and 15,886 lb. of copper in sheets, for sheathing.

Le Vrow Catherine, Peter Hansen, master, from the same place to Brest, and with a similar cargo. They are both sent into Spithead.

Yesterday the court of directors of the East-India company came to a resolution to take up the following ships in addition to 12 already taken up, for their service this year.

<i>Ships Names.</i>	<i>Captains.</i>
Lord North,	Hambly.
Earl Mansfield,	Frazer.
New Ship,	Young.
Glation,	Doveton.
Rochford,	Beard.
New Ship,	Gamage.
Grosvenor,	Coxen.
Lord Holland,	Lawson.
Royal George,	Foxall.
Royal Admiral,	Huddart.
Godfrey,	Reed.
Hil sborough,	Collett.
Garton,	Chisholme.

Extract of a Letter from Plymouth, Jan 21.

"The Prize Master, who is arrived here with one of the Spanish transports from Cape Finisterre, one of the fleet taken by Sir George Rodney's Squadron, says, that there were upwards of 3000 Spanish seamen on board their fleet, but no soldiers. Several of the transports mounted guns, and some of them were 800 tons burthen. He heard that more than half of them were built for frigates, and were to be employed as such when they were got to the Havannah, whither they were bound. No guns were fired, but those that brought them to."

Admiral Rodney has manned the Spanish ship of the line and frigate with seamen from his fleet, and has appointed lieutenants to the command of them, which together with the *America* and *Terrible* form a tolerable strong convoy. The men will return to their ships by the next fleet, as will the *America* and *Terrible*, to join the admiral.

There are various letters in town, from France, which declare that official advice has been received in that kingdom of Grenada being taken by the British arms.

All the men belonging to the late *Quebec* have signed a memorial to the admiralty which they intend to present as soon as Lieutenant Roberts's trial is over, praying that if that brave man is appointed to the command of a ship, they may have liberty to serve under him.

This

This proof of affection to their officer will no doubt have its due weight with the board; and we may venture to assert, that a request so modest will not be denied. They fought together, escaped death in the same miraculous manner, and as they wish not to be separated, it would be a pity to divide them.

26. The thirty-seven men belonging to the Quebec frigate, who were taken up by the French, have been exchanged the first, in the last cartel, and were all at the Navy office last Saturday.

Lord North's taxes have been as follow :

1776.	£.
Wheel carriages, — —	17,000
Stage coaches, — —	2,000
Stamps, — — —	30,000
Newspapers, — — —	18 000
Cards and dice, — — —	6,000
1777.	
Servants, — — —	100,000
Additional stamps, — — —	45,000
Ditto copyholds, — — —	10 000
Glass, — — —	45,000
Auctions, — — —	37,500
1778.	
Addition on customs and excise, — — —	314,518
Posting, — — —	164,250
Licence for lottery offices, — — —	3,200
Houses, — — —	300,000
Taken for — — —	1,092,468,

B I R T H S.

The lady of Sir William Smith, of a son and heir, at Hill-hall, in Essex.

The lady of the Hon. Archibald Douglas, of a daughter, at their seat in Scotland.

Jan. 1. The lady of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Galloway, of a daughter, at their house in Hill-street, Berkeley-square.

5. The lady of the late Sir Roger Twissden, Bart. of Bradbourne, in Kent, of a daughter.

8. The lady of Chaloner Atcedekne, Esq; of a son, in Upper Harley street.

12. The lady of Richard Lovelace, Esq; of a daughter at his house in Queen Ann-street, West, Cavendish-square.

19. The lady of the Hon. Mr. Fane, of a daughter, at his house in Berner's-street.

M A R R I A G E S.

Capt. Sanders, in the East India Company's service to Miss Hughs, daughter of John Hughs, Esq; of Tremawr, in Carmarthen, Wales.

James Dalbiac, jun. Esq; of Spital square to Miss Barnard, of Birdlet's Buildings.

David Fife, Esq; of Jamaica, to Miss Hunter, daughter of the late David Hunter, Esq; of Buroside, in Scotland.

William Girling, Esq; of Twyford Lodge, in Norfolk, to Miss Barber, of Hindolveston.

Sparry Peshall, Esq; at Hinley, Staffordshire, brother to Sir John Peshall, Bart. to Miss Anna Maria Homer, with a fortune of 20,000l.

Jan. 3. Richard Purvis, Esq; a captain in the navy, to Miss Leman, of Melton, Cambridgeshire.

6. Robert Willings, Esq; of North Audley-street, to Miss Elizabeth Harbourn, of New Bond-street.

8. Mr. Thomas Lashbrooke, of Mile-end, Ship's-husband, to Miss Staker, sister of Edward Staker, Esq; of Binstead, Essex.

10. Mr Samuel Hinton, to Miss Margaret Rennald, daughter of Alexander Rennald, Esq; of Clarges-street.

12. James Errington, Esq; of the county of Berks, to Miss Maria Cooke, of Oxford-street.

13. Major James Susanna Patton, Esq; at Litchfield, of the 87th regiment of foot, to Miss Docksey, niece to the late David Garrick, Esq.

The Rev. Mr Henry Helyard, of Bishop-Aukland, to Miss Phillis Anne Westgarth, daughter of John Westgarth, of Unthank, near Stanhope and Newcastle, Esq.

18. The Rev. Mr. Collingson, at Hurton, in Somersetshire, Rector of Kingweston, in that county, to Mrs. Brent, relict of the late Rev. Mr. Coopey Brent.

23. William Robinson, Esq; of Witham, in Essex, to Miss Susannah Powell, of Thames-street.

24. John Cowper, of Catcombe, in Wilts, Esq; to Miss Cope, sister to Sir Charles Cope, Bart.

25. Timothy Topping, jun. Esq; of Chislehurst, in Kent, to Miss Remnant, of the same place.

D E A T H S.

John Kilpatrick, Esq; in Dominick street, Dublin, a member of the Irish parliament.

The Rev. Thomas Kingsman, Rector of Botley, in Hampshire.

Mrs. Bevan, at Langharn, in Carmarthen-shire, widow of Arthur Bevan, Esq; some time member for Carmarthen.

Mrs. Mary Comyn, widow of Valens Comyn, Esq; in Bedford-row.

Lady Tancred, relict of the late Sir Thomas Tancred, Bart. of Newby, in Yorkshire.

Mr. Hugh Whishaw, attorney at law, and seal keeper of the county palatine of Cheshire.

The Hon. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Stanley, brother to the Earl of Derby, and member of Parliament for the county of Lancaster.

Robert More, Esq; F. R. S. and one of the governors of Guy's hospital, at Llan y, in Shropshire.

Lieutenant John Anderson, in the East Indies.

William Hislop, Esq; Lieutenant Colonel of the third battalion of the royal regiment of artillery at Woolwich.

Lady Cust, widow and relict of the late Sir Richard Cust, Bart. and mother of the late Sir John Cust, speaker of the House of Commons, and only sister of the late Sir John Brownlow, Viscount Tyrconnel.

John Banks, Esq; at Hornsey, in Middlesex.
James Davis, Esq; at Chepstow, in Monmouthshire.

The Right Hon. Lady Diana Middleton, in Nicholson street, Edinburgh, widow of the late George Middleton, Esq; of Seaton.

Cadwallader Coker, Esq; in Old street.

Lieutenant B. S. Bate, Aid de Camp to Brigadier General Braithwaite, of the Madras establishment in India, on his passage to England with the colours of Fort Mahe.

Timo by M'Namara, Esq; of Londonderry.

Jan. 1. Capt. William Parsons, belonging to the royal navy, at his house on Black-heath.

2. Matthew Gardiner, Esq; at his apartments in Pall-mall.

3. Philip Grenville Esq; at Barnet.

Edward Oram, Esq; at Richmond.

4. Capt. James Brown, in Upper Seymour-street, a captain in the army upon half pay.

Arthur Jones, Esq; one of his majesty's justices of peace for the county of Middlesex.

6. Walter Hutton, Esq; at his house in Mount-street, Grosvenor square.

7 Mrs. Hanway, relict of Thomas Hanway, Esq, formerly first commissioner of Chatham Dock-yard.

The Dowager lady Blois, relict of the late Sir Ralph Blois, Bart. and wife of Osborne Fuller, Esq; of Carlton, in Suffolk.

8. Charles Hill, Esq; at Chelsea.

9. Benjamin Branfil, Esq; in Essex-street, a director of the Bank, and of the Sun Fire-office.

10. William Manby Nolte, Esq; of Holte Hall, in Montgomeryshire.

John Harcourt, Esq; at St. Alban's.

Samuel Lowther, Esq; a merchant of Newcastle upon Tyne.

The Rev. Mr. Page, Rector of Compton, in Somersetshire.

George Limbley, Esq; at Barnes, in Surry.

Sir Nathaniel Wombwell, knight, at his seat near Epsom.

11. Joseph Bateman, Esq; in Burlington-street, formerly high sheriff for the county of Buckingham.

John Whittle, Esq; major of the East Essex regiment of militia, at Yarmouth.

Alexander Rutherford, Esq; at Wandsworth.

Christopher Blake, Esq; one of the brothers of Sir Patrick Blake, Bart. at Langham, near Bury, Suffolk.

12. Bowater Vernon, Esq; late captain of the 59th regiment of foot.

13. The Right Hon. Hans Stanley, member for the town and county of Southampton, Officer of his majesty's household, Governor of

the Isle of Wight, and Trustee of the British Museum.

Hugh Tilsley, Esq; in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

14. Mr. John Carlin, one of his majesty's messengers in ordinary.

15. David Lloyd Doulsen, Esq; gentleman commoner of Jesus College, Oxford.

16. Mr. William Lewis, merchant, of Salisbury-court, Fleet-street.

Richard Kent, Esq; major of the Northamptonshire militia.

The lady of Sir James Hereford, at Sutton, in Herefordshire.

Sir Archibald M'Donaldson, knight, in Grosvenor-square.

Thomas Berington, Esq; of Stock, in Essex.

17. John Fulford, Esq; of Great Fulford, in the county of Devon.

18. Mr. — Dean, one of the yeomen of his majesty's body guards.

19. The lady of Richard Garth, Esq; at his house in Albemarle-street.

Joseph Leavington, Esq; of Norwich, in Bloomsbury-square.

20. William Exley, Esq; first Clerk in the Auditor's Office of Excise.

Sir John Henry More, Bart. at lady More's, Taplow, Bucks.

John Widdrington, Esq; at his seat at Hauxley, Northumberland, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for that county.

Miss Frances Mackworth, eldest daughter of Sir Herbert Mackworth, Bart. at the Gnoll, in Glamorganshire.

Colonel Skinner, in Cavendish-square.

Gilbert Ochterlong, Esq;

Christopher Spiller, Esq; in Hatton street.

Lady Head, dowager of the late Rev. Sir John Head, Archdeacon of Canterbury.

John Reeves, Esq; formerly an officer in the dragoon guards, at Richmond, in Surry.

Mr. — Hemmings, at his house at Liffengreen, Paddington, first clerk in the Hawkers and Pedlar's-office, Gray's-inn.

20. Sir Henry Wilkinson, knight, of Uxbridge, formerly member of parliament for the county of Cumberland.

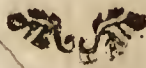
21. Mrs. Theobald, in Dover-street, relict of the late Peter Theobald, Esq; of Kew.

23. Thomas Adington, Esq; in Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

The Rev. James Trehearn, A. M. fellow of Worcester College.

Sir Arthur Molineux, Knt. at his house in Mount street, Grosvenor-square.

24. Samuel Langham, Esq; formerly a Hamburg merchant, at his apartments in Fenchurch-street.



T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For F E B R U A R Y, 1780.

This N U M B E R contains

1 The Fortunate Sequel, or the Adventures of Ella Worthy	59	15 Lady Francis Melville to Lady Saville	89
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12 Letter to the Matron	81	26 Marriages	ibid
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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. An elegant Pattern for working a Gown or Apron. 2. A beautiful Representation of the principal Scene in Harlequin Every Where; and, 3. A new Song, the Words and Music by Mr. Hawkins.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

WE are sorry that *Mr. Hudson*, our musical composer, begs us to make his apology to the author of the *Ungrateful Bee*, lately published in score, for his having mislaid the words to *The Blushing Rose*, and to request him to favour us with another copy, as the music is ready for publication.

Henrietta R— may perceive that her *treasury* is exhausted ; we hope she will not *make a motion against us for extravagant expenditure*, but send us a recruit more agreeable to us than the revenues of *Indostan*, or the income of the *Dewanee*.

The translator of *Rousseau's Emilie* will excuse us for repeating the complaints of a numerous groupe of correspondents, on account of the intermission of her translation ; and as we cannot much longer bear the clamours of our friends on that account, she will excuse us if we should snatch the inactive pen out of her ink-stand, and employ it in compleating what she is in honour bound to complete.

Tired almost in apologising and vindicating our own conduct, how loath must we be to deliver our sentiments on the letter transmitted by our elaborate correspondents *J. L—g, Eliza. L—g, &c. &c. &c.*—But after a short pause—we must intimate, that anger may sometimes be a castle in the air, that is, without foundation : “ The continuation of the *Treacherous Husband*,” we were going to solicit, in our address to our correspondents, and we may safely say, that we have published every syllable of that tale that ever came into our hands. As this is truth, we must now call upon our angry friend to send us the *continuation*, that our readers may not be disappointed ; and he may not lay under the slander of not performing the obligation he has entered into with respect to the public. He will find us excused by seeing in print some of the pieces, which he complains of our not printing. His and his friends encomiums, from persons within the narrow circle of a narrow town, should neither be supposed to intimidate or seduce us to the least degree of partiality towards him or his friends. The sex at large are our patronesses, we have no occasion, no grounds for predilection, and while it is both our duty and our interest to oblige *all*, it would be the highest absurdity to reserve our favours only for *one*. Although the *warmth* of our correspondent has made us *more warm* than we would wish to be, we must acknowledge, that a continuance of his correspondence will be agreeable, and that the duty of obliging should always be reciprocal between us. The profusion of *Enigmatical Lists* transmitted to us, is so great, that we should not be *hyperbolical*, were we to say, that they amount to more than a *chaldron* in measure ; as then it is impracticable to publish *all*, why can any person be angry with us for not printing his *favorite*, the child of his own brain. The repeated desire of publishing the books mentioned, on our covers, is what we cannot comply with, as they are all charged at the Stamp-Office ; but if our friend would remit *Mr. Robinson*, the editor, the money he always charges for those advertisements, he will find him ready to oblige him, and to show him any favour in his power.

Juvenis's attention paid to *Eliza L—g's* remonstrance, and his solution of some of her *Queries* is at present under consideration. Several of our constant readers will find their wishes complied with in the present collection. Amidst other favours in prose, we are to acknowledge—*Anecdotes of W. Crotch, the Musical Child ; The learned German Infant, Christian Henseiken ; and the Memoirs of M. Schurman. The Good-Wife*, a new translation from the French of *Marmon- tel*, by a *Young Lady*. We are obliged to *Antonio* for an *Enigmatical List of Beauties who attend the Assembly at Worcester*. For a *List of Plays*, by *J. R.* Of *Womens Names*, by *C. G—w*, whom we thank for her hint respecting the originality of the *School for Wives* in a former Number. *List of Authors*, by *B—, &c.*

In the poetic department we are honoured with *Emma of Shrewsbury, a Fragment*, and *Verses to a Friend*, by *Miss W.* On the Death of *Mr. S.* by *Clara*. To *Miss A.* on her Departure from *Stoke Newington*, by *J. C.* *Origin of the Ladies Fan*, by *Miss W.* *Extempore to Miss Indiana B.* by *C— F—y, &c.*

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For FEBRUARY, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

By a LADY.

"Be good, let heaven answer for the rest."

(Continued from Page 8.)

L E T T E R II.

The Hon. Mrs. ASKEW to Lord FITZ-
WILLIAM.

I Was extremely happy in hearing from your lordship, not from having before believed myself forgotten, but from having nourished a thousand fears, which raised an idea of your being incapacitated by sickness from writing to your friends.

In youth we look on every thing in the brightest point of view; but at a certain age behold them through the orbs of darkness.

My affection to you is more than maternal; to the tenderness of a mother is united the attentions of a friend disinterestedly attached to you; not because you happen to be the only surviving branch of my family, but because you are deserving that attachment.

I thank you, dear nephew, for the compliment you pay me in attributing your merit to my instructions; but permit me to say, that though the latter might confirm you in your good dispositions, the former was innate.

From the earliest infancy, Orlando Askew discovered principles of humanity and virtue. The divine emanation was by me cultivated with an assiduous hand. I took care to remove far from you every object that might tend to eradicate them, and tho' often opposed by fashionable prejudices, you grew up in the established maxim, "that whatever is good, is laudable."

I have had the satisfaction to observe you superior to the false pride of being ranked among the world as a *man of pleasure*, and return from your travels as perfectly averse to the vices which form that modern character, as when you first set sail from your native shore. Yet I have the felicity to find you not destitute of any of those *agréments* which must render you the respect of one sex, and the admiration of the other. In a word, I wish you only to be what you now are: continue to be such, and my advice or admonition will be equally inessential.

I have perused and re-perused your letter, yet cannot discover any sentiments derogatory from my Orlando's wonted goodness: the heart which fears not to confess its feelings, can harbour no ideas unfavourable to vir-

tue. I doubt not but the honest husbandman would have experienced equal proofs of your humanity, had his grandchild been less lovely.

You set out on your ramble with a determination to distribute justice, and though you might experience the most pleasing sensations on beholding the pretty Ella, your bounty was not confined to her alone.

It is but natural to pay tribute to beauty, whatever the rank of the possessor might be: were we by chance to see a fine auricula amongst some nettles, we should exclaim, "Ah! how beautiful!" Its variegated tints would appear more lovely when contrasted by the humble cowslip; and though the gay parterre might produce others far more radiant, they would be viewed with less delight when planted by the hand of art.

You were affected by her tears!—He must be a savage who was not. A female, destitute of every personal attraction, might have expected such a tribute to her sensibility. Assure yourself, Orlando, that, though partial to your merits, I love you too well to be indulgent to your foibles. Could I discover any, I would, with unwearied application, endeavour either to reason or laugh you out of them. A skilful gardener will never suffer weeds to thrive among flowers.

I am happy to hear that Lord Moreton and the ladies intend visiting the Abbey: tell them the best wishes of an old woman attend them thither: her company would but ill agree with the gaiety of their disposition. Assure Lady Bab, that though I cannot laugh with her, I shall esteem myself peculiarly distinguished if she will sometimes favour me with her sprightly letters from her descriptive pen: a drawing of your ancient seat would be doubly entertaining, for I am sensible she will not have been with you eight and forty hours, before her catalogue of the furniture is as compleat as her favourite dean's. Lady Alderton and Mr. Monroe called on me this morning: their best respects attend you at Fern Abbey.

Adieu, my dear nephew; when inclination or leisure permit you to address me, your letters will be acceptable to

Your affectionate friend,
CORDELIA ASKEW.

LETTER III.

Miss TASTY to Miss BETSY EVERGREEN.

SUCH changes, Betsy! The whole village is turned topside-turvey! New kings, they say, make new laws, and we fully experience the truth of that ancient proverb.

Lord Fitzwilliam begins his reign on a plan of œconomy, and the first proof of it was the dismissal of cousin Henley from his stewardship.—The next step was raising papa's rent from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, because, forsooth, his daughters were more drestly than their neighbours.

But, thank heaven! we are not the only ones; for Farmer Homespun and his brother Ploughshare (whose girls have even envied us our finery) have also been considerably raised: and, in short, the whole neighbourhood has undergone a total metamorphose. Yet many speak of the goodness and probity of their landlord. They say he is perfectly versed in all the polite arts, and equally skilled in *agriculture*, (by which I suppose they mean *farming*.) If that is the case, no wonder he chuses to be his *own* steward; but it had been better for us, I know, had he confined himself to other studies. For my part, I see no use in gentlemen of fortune being taught to *calculate*; it is quite *sufficient* if they are able to read a receipt, and sign their name to their marriage articles.

What do you think, Betsy, was the cause of poor Henley's being discharged?—Why, because he favoured his friends, and suffered his relations to enjoy their farms on reasonable terms; besides the *atrocious* crime of accepting a *little poultry*, and a *few* hogheads of cyder every year from those whose in-

come

come would ill afford the tribute.—Now all these, to a disinterested person, are really capital offences; but, for my part, I think it would have been mere idiotism to have favoured strangers, and raised tribute on his relations.

After all, I do not think we shall be much hurt, for even at the rent we now pay, my mamma says it is a very advantageous bargain, and in one respect we shall be more happy, for his lordship proposes residing here great part of the year, and what with his family, and the company which will be continually resorting to it, the place will ever be gay and lively.

The poor old abbey, which, at present, appears like the ruins of some ancient fort, is going to be entirely new modelled, and the late neglected gardens will shortly bloom another Eden.

Ah! Betsey, what will become of the delightful walk through which (in the Whitsun-holidays) we so oft have strayed with Corydon and Thyrsis!—Its friendly shades will no longer shelter us from the eye of watchful sisters; the venerable branches must yield obedience to the cruel axe: but no matter: patience, they tell us is a virtue. When the country rust wears off, (from the society of our betters) we shall not have any occasion to seek such gloomy walks; and our mammas, when they see it is the fashion at the Abbey, will no longer chide at beholding us leaning on the arm of a favourite youth. What do they send us to school for? What teach us French cotillons and embroidery?—Not to come home and tend the sheep, or spoil our hands in making butter. For me, I am determined never to disgrace my education. It was bestowed on me that I might know how to make the best of myself, and the world shall find the gift is not abused.

Lord! Betsey, what a sweet man is Mr. Quaver, my sister's music-master! and if I am not mistaken, the sly wretch thinks a certain friend of your's as pretty. It seems our wise neighbours have taken umbrage at my mamma's sending me to a London boarding-school; and to mortify them still more, she keeps

Fanny at home, and puts herself to the expence of masters to attend her.

I wish I could change places with the stupid girl!—Positively, child, she is quite insensible to the happiness of receiving lessons from one of the sweetest fellows in the three kingdoms.

I must conclude my letter, Betsey, for I am told there is company at the Abbey, and make no doubt but they will be at church to-morrow, so must hurry myself to change the robins of my jacket, and take the pink ribbon off my cap, that I may shew my *taste* by decorating it with the modern brown. O that I were a duchess! to have the pleasure of adopting whatever colour best suited my complexion!

After all, it is folly to give us *taste*, unless they could as freely give us money. I would have a cap for every day, a feather for every cap, and my gown should vary as often as the season: but when afraid to put on a thing because it is one's best, and, "You know, Kitty," cries papa, "I shall not think of buying you another till the next yearly ball." Oh! it is mortifying beyond description! and makes me wish for the days of our grannam Eve, that I might boast a wardrobe equal to my neighbours. Besides, I should not then have the trouble of turning gowns to jackets, aprons to handkerchiefs, and, in short, of appropriating every wearable to double purposes. But I think here is quite enough, after telling you before I had finished my epistle.

My mamma has half a mind not to let me return any more to school: do, dear Betsey, endeavour to prevail on your's to be of the same opinion. I am sure one year in Queen's-Square is quite enough, after being four in our own country; and I am so bent on staying at home, now we have a new family at the Abbey, that I should learn nothing were they to insist upon my going. Write to me—no living without the correspondence of a female friend. Clarissa and Miss How shall not be outdone by Betsey Evergreen and her faithful

KITTY TASTE.

(To be continued.)

The

*The FAVOURITE SCENE in HARLE-
QUIN EVERY WHERE.*

*[Taken on the Spot by an eminent Artist.
Explained for the Benefit of our young-
er, and unclassical Correspondents.]*

WE have in a former Magazine suggested the propriety of our entertaining our correspondents with the most striking scenes of dramatic performances by an elegant drawing; the many thanks we have received from our fair correspondents, situated in the most distant countries, on account of the scene in Albina, has encouraged us to employ an eminent hand to favour our patronesses with a scene in the celebrated pantomime of *Harlequin Every Where*.

As the subject is the punishments of the most famous, perhaps we should have said the most notorious convicts in the infernal shades, a word or two by way of explanation may not be thought unseasonable, or superfluous.

We must however premise that all the figures in this scene are animated, and express by their attitudes, the horrors with which their torments are attended.

Amidst the first of the tortured, we must mention Tityus, the son of Jupiter and Elara, born in a subterraneous cave, in which Jupiter concealed his mother to screen her from the anger of Juno his wife. Her offspring was of such an enormous size, that the earth was rent to give him a passage out of the cave: and on that account he was reported to be *the son of the earth*. Juno afterwards persuaded him to accuse Latona of adultery, on which account Jupiter struck him with thunder, and in the infernal regions, he is described stretched out, covering nine acres, and attended by a vulture that continually gnaws his liver, which grows again every month.

The next sufferer is Phlegyas, king of the Lapithæ in Thessaly, who was the father of Coronis. When he was told that Apollo had violated his daughter's chastity, he was so much

incensed, that he fired the temple of Apollo at Delphi; on which the exasperated deity shot him through the body with an arrow, and sentenced him to this punishment: A great stone hangs over his head, which he imagines every moment will fall down and crush him to pieces. Thus he is situated, perpetually fearing what will never happen.

Ixion, the son of this monarch, killed his own sister, and obtained the pardon of the gods, who advanced him to heaven. His exaltation making him rather wanton, he attempted the honour of Juno. This outrage was discovered to Jupiter, who cast him into the infernal regions, and fixed him to a wheel, which was continually turning round.

Sisyphus, was a notorious robber, killed by Theseus. He was condemned to roll a great and unwieldy stone to the top of a mountain, which, as soon as it touches the summit, rolls down again.

Tantalus is another remarkable criminal. The mythologists tell us, that he was the son of Jupiter by Plota; that he invited all the gods to a feast, to prove the reality of their divinity: and for that purpose quartered his own son Pelops, boiled and set the joints before them. For a punishment of his horrid crime, he is tormented with eternal hunger and thirst in the midst of plenty. He stands in water up to his lips, but cannot taste the retreating fluid; and food from the loaded tree is placed within his reach, which he cannot take hold of. He is likewise said to have this addition to his punishment, that of a heavy stone hanging over his head, which he expects, with the greatest horror, to fall upon him every moment.

These variegated punishments are elegantly described in Virgil, and in Ovid; from the former we have taken leave to transcribe some passages from Dryden's

Dryden's translation, which are sub-joined for the entertainment of our readers.

Description of the Infernal Regions, and remarkable punishments, from Dryden's Virgil, book vi. line 384, &c.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell;
And pale diseases and repining age,
Want, fear and famine's unresisted rage:
Here toils and death, and death's half brother,
sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their entry keep;
With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind:
The fories iron beds, and strife that shakes.
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.
Of various forms, unnumber'd spectres more,
Centaur's and double shapes besiege the door.
Before the passage horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus, with all his hundred hands:
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.

There Charon stands, who rules the dreary
coast,
A sordid God; down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, un-
clean:
His eyes, like hollow furnaces, on fire:
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene
attire.

He look'd in years, yet in his years were seen,
A youthful vigour and autumnal green.

No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian ground,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
The hero, looking on the left, espy'd
A lofty tow'r, and strong on every side;
With treble walls, which Phlegethon fur-
rounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire
bounds;
And press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellow-
ing noise resounds.

Wide is the fronting gate, and rais'd on high,
With adamantine columns, threatens the sky,
Vain is the force of man, and heav'n's, as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd,
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward.
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward
way;
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts,
the pains
Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.

Then, of itself, unfolds the eternal door,
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.

You see before the gate what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what centry keeps the
post:

More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin;
The gaping gulph low to the center lies,
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the
skies.

The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here sing'd with light'ning, roll within th' un-
fathom'd space.

Here lie th' Alcean twins, (I saw them both)
Enormous bodies of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the thund'rer to defy,
Affect his heaven, and drive him from the sky.
Salmonæus, suff'ring cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze
Of pointed light'nings, and their fork'y rays.

There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful
earth;

Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space;
A rav'nous vulture in his open'd side
Her crooked beak, and cruel talons try'd;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
The growing liver still supply'd the feast:
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains,
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food
remains.

Ixion and Pirithous I cou'd name,
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame,
High o'er their heads a mould'ring rock is
plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.

These are nothing but the effusions
of puerility. How much superior are
the thoughts of our English Homer,
either to those of Virgil, or to the
Grecian father of epic poetry!

The description of the regions of
torment in Milton are elegantly sub-
lime; but those of the Grecian and La-
tin poet sink below him, because they
had not his advantages; they had not
the illumination from him who made
the heavens, and who confined his re-
bellious subjects to those dark regions
of unutterable woe, where the cause of
the fall of our first parents and his crew
are now tortured. Who is not elevated
when he reads the subsequent descrip-
tion? Who is not apprised of the ad-
vantages which revelation has added to
the light of nature? But we are talk-
ing of Milton, and let Milton be heard.

—At once, as far as angels ken,
He views the situation waste and wild,

A den-

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those
flames

No light, but rather *darkness visible*
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
In utter *darkness*, and their portion set
As far-remov'd from God, and light of
heaven,

As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
O! how unlike the place from whence they
fell!"

We cannot but beg our readers to
make a *pause* here; and to desire them
to attend to the notes with which Dr.
Pearce, the late learned bishop of
Rochester, Mr. Thyers, and the pre-
sent bishop of Bristol, have enriched
the edition of the latter.

With respect to the term *darkness*
visible, the bishop of Rochester re-
marks, "that Milton seems to have
used these words to signify *gloom*:
absolute *darkness*; strictly speaking, is,
invisible; but where there is a *gloom*
only, there is so much light remain-
ing as serves to shew that there are ob-
jects, and yet that those objects cannot
be distinctly seen: in this sense Mil-
ton seems to use the strong and bold
expression *darkness visible*."

The present bishop of Bristol sub-
joins the following remarks: "Seneca
has a like expression, speaking of the
grotto of Paufilypo, epist. lvii. And,
as Voltaire observes, Antonio de Solis,
in his excellent History of Mexico,
hath ventured on the same thought,
when speaking of the place wherein
Montezuma was wont to consult his
deities, "'Twas a dark or subterra-
neous Vault," says he, "where some
dismal tapers afforded just light enough
to *see* the obscurity." See his Essay
on Epic Poetry. Euripides too ex-
presses himself in the same manner,
Bac. 150.—There is much the same
image in Spenser's, but not so bold,

Fairy Queen, book. I. cant. i.
stan. 14.

"A little glooming light much like a shade."

Or, after all, the author might per-
haps take the hint from himself in his
Il Penseroso,

"Where glowing embers thro' the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

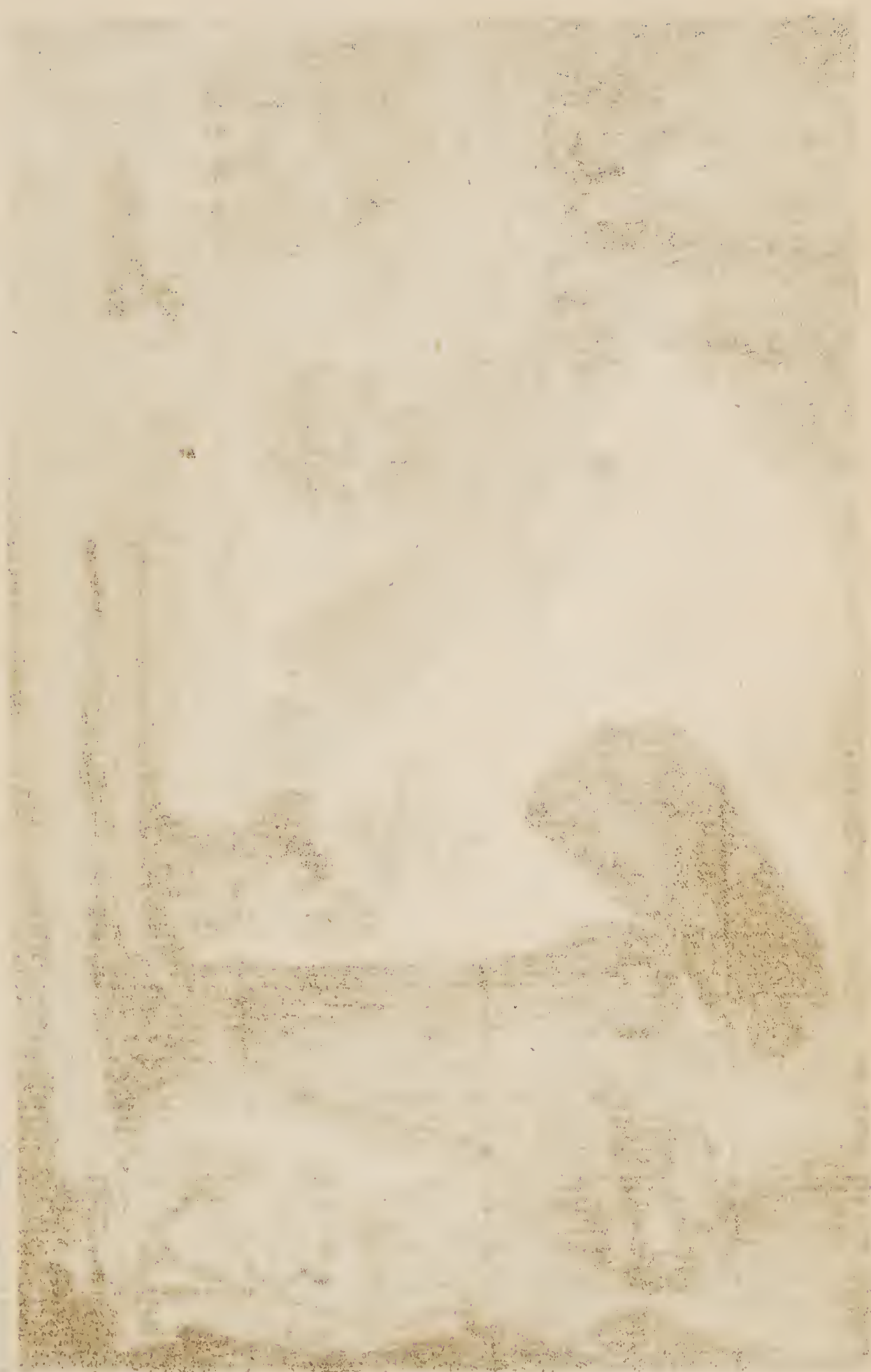
We cannot leave the critical ground,
without adverting to what the present
bishop of Bristol says with respect to the
line, "As from the center twice to
th' utmost pole." Virgil makes it *twice*
as far; and Milton *thrice* as far; but
Homer "as far beneath the deepest pit
of earth, as heaven is above the earth."
As if these three great poets had
stretched their utmost genius, and
vied with each other, who should ex-
tend his idea of hell the farthest:
But Milton's whole description as
much exceeds theirs, as in this single
circumstance of the depth of it. And
how cool and unassuming are the de-
scriptions of Homer and Virgil in
comparison of this description by Mil-
ton concluding with that artful con-
trast,

"Oh how unlike the place from whence they
fell!"

Let this suffice for the remarks on
the passages already produced: we
may now advance towards the finish-
ing stroke of this horridly elegant
description of these regions of woe.

"Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and
wild,

The seat of desolation, void of light;
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful! Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there."





Painted by Cipriani and Richards.

Engraved by Bonnor

The PRINCIPAL SCENE in Harlequin every where.

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Concluded from Page 33.)

LETTER IX.

Miss WILLIS to Miss ELIZA WILLIS.

Percy-Place.

I AM much obliged to my dear Eliza for her letters; they are always charming, but her last was particularly so, as it informed me my dear father was quite recovered from his gout. We spend our time here in the most delightful way in the world; sometimes we read, at other times ride or walk out, and in these little parties Miss Wallis often makes one, whenever she can be spared from her parents, who are very fond of her: indeed it is impossible for any body to see and hear her and be otherwise.

Yesterday we, that is, Capt. Percy, Mr. Gordon, Louisa, Miss Wallis, and myself, went to drink tea at a farm-house near Percy-Place, it is a pretty rural situation. The door is covered on each side with woodbines and jessamines intermixed with each other. The old clean looking woman waited on us at tea, and some time after we had raspberries and cream, which, when we had finished eating, we took a walk in the garden, which, though small, is very pretty, and kept nicely. The flowers are ranged with good taste, for the country people are most of them fond of gardens. Our gentlemen bought us each a nosegay, not for the sake of the flowers, because those we could have in plenty at home, but that the old woman might put some money in her own pocket.

Captain Percy presented me with one in a very gallant speech, but as it was to myself I shall not repeat it. You will think me vain if I tell you.

Mr. Gordon gave Louisa and Miss Wallis theirs; but as they were at the other end of the walk, I could not hear what fine speech he might make to them.

VOL. XI.

Captain Percy thought Louisa would take cold if we staid too late, and we proposed going then home. The moon was not risen when we set out, but before we reached Percy-Place it shone with great resplendency.

Mr. Gordon being so constantly mentioned in my letters, and as you have never seen him, a description of his person you may wish to know.

In the first place, he is above the middle size, and finely made; his face is oval, his eyes blue and piercing, his features beautifully regular, and his teeth very white and even. Now, do you not think him a handsome man?—There is a phaeton driving up to the door, and it being near tea-time, I suppose they intend drinking it here.—Adieu for the present.

When I went into the parlour, I found it was Sir William and lady Harcourt; they came to request the favour of our company to a ball at their house for all the genteel families in the neighbourhood. I hear there are many smart fellows about this agreeable place: it will most likely be very brilliant; but adieu,

Dear Eliza,

Your affectionate sister,

HARRIOT WILLIS.

*(To be continued.)**On the Practice of GAMING among LADIES of QUALITY.*

WOMAN was intended by the Great Creator as the most amiable of terrestrial beings: with beauty little inferior to that of angels, with sensation equal to the brightest son of reason; and invested with the rose of modesty to give an additional lustre to all her actions. Without the possession of this delectable associate, man had roved comfortless even through the perennial groves of Paradise, without the solace and pleasing endearments of woman; he had been no

K

more

more than a rational brute, unconscious of love, insensible of joy. But for the promotion of his felicity woman was created; for his comfort the Divine Author of nature formed woman from the loins of man, and infused into her nostrils the breath of life, principally to contribute to his happiness.

Upon the consideration it has been asserted that if Providence intended woman only for the service of man, that same Providence ought to secure her from danger, because

“ If weak woman go astray,
Their stars are more in fault than they.”

If the first woman deprived her husband of Paradise by her indiscretion, her descendants are not more inculpable in other respects, which I could prove by innumerable examples from the days of Helen and Delilah to those of Catherine de Medicis and Isabella of Farnese; but as this would be altogether immaterial to my present design, I shall confine myself to the prevailing vice and folly of the present day, so ardently pursued by the British ladies at routs, masquerades, and assemblies; all tending to the abolition of connubial happiness, the misery of every indulgent husband, and the destruction of whole families.

Gaming, as it is now encouraged, is productive of every calamity that can involve ladies in those inextricable snares which are perpetually ambushed for the captivity of virtue. The smile of beauty is wasted on an inanimate card, or distorted into all the hideous features of a fury.

When the decision of a stake of four or five hundred guineas is dependent upon a single card, surely it must be attended with the utmost anxiety. If the event be fortunate, it is only the parent of extravagance; but if unsuccessful the mother of necessity.

Debts of gaming are called debts of honour, and must be satisfied: a gaming husband indeed may do it by mortgaging his estate; but a wife, when her pin-money is exhausted, may

be obliged to gratify an importunate dun with something more valuable than pelf.

I would have ladies to consider that *gaming* is not only destructive to the estate of their husbands, but is equally to their own beauty, which cannot continue long under the disadvantage of those hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, perpetually attendant on the intemperate hours of female gamesters; and what a race of warriors, patriots, and Britons is *poor Britain* to expect will be brought into the world from the wombs of such dissolute mothers?

A living Character worthy of Imitation.

“ Go thou and do likewise.”

SOBERINA, the daughter of an eminent merchant deceased, being possessed of a genteel fortune (not less than six thousand pounds) on the death of her father and grandfather, took no small pains to lay herself out to be useful, exemplary, and benevolent in the neighbourhood in which she lived, and among those with whom she was more immediately connected. Being taught by her religious parents the principles and practice of true Christians, and animated to imitate their virtuous precepts by their pious example, she thought it her indispensable duty to follow their steps, and attend to their affectionate admonitions.

In her twenty-fourth year she married an amiable young gentleman, whose highest ambition consists in going hand-in-hand with her in the paths of virtue, piety, and benevolence: by him she has had several children, and it is her daily and pleasing employ to superintend the nursery, while it is her constant endeavour to instruct the young and tender minds of their infant offspring in the truths of religion, and the love of God, by the most engaging and successful methods, mature experience, and parental affection can dictate and premise.

Naturally

Naturally averse to the vain amusements of the age, the uninteresting conversation of gay company, and the fashionable follies of the times, she, contrary to the greatest part of her sex, avoids the acquaintance of the polite world, and secludes herself from the fatiguing formalities of visiting and drefs in a prudent attendance on the management of her little family, and the devotional retirements of her closet, free from the superstitious sentiments of fanatic methodism on the one hand, and a careless indifference respecting religious duties on the other.

Her husband, the happy partner of her best affections, thanks heaven daily for the gift of so much excellence and worth, while God himself looks down with complacency and delight on their mutual felicity and connubial blifs.

But is Soberina without her troubles? No, the loss of her eldest daughter, an engaging child, together with her own declining health, are the source of no little uneasiness to both her and her much-loved Theron; while anxiety, fear, and concern alternately take place in each other's breast, to prove the impossibility of perfect happiness on earth, and teach them to aspire after a state of uninterrupted, compleat, and eternal blifs in heaven.

"All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance"

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hampstead, Jan. 20,
1780.

G. W.

HISTOIRE D'EMILIE.

(Continued from Vol. X. Page 620.)

ON aura, sans doute, été surpris de le voir reparoitre subitement chez lui; mais qu'on fasse attention à la haine, qu'il portoit à Frémonville, & on ne sera plus étonné de ce qu'elle lui suggéra. Pendant qu'il étoit à Paris, il étoit retournée à sa demeure, dans l'intention de se defaire de lui par les voies les plus lâches. Mais ayant appris son depart, il prit sur le champ

la resolution de revenir en secret dans sa terre, d'y passer quelques jours sans se montrer, & d'attendre l'occasion de l'attaquer avec avantage, l'orsqu'il feroit comme il n'en doutoit pas une visite à sa femme. Il le fit epier avec soin, par le domestique dont nous avons parlé, afin d'être instruit du temps où il seroit dans sa maison; & des qu'il sçut qu'il étoit auprès de sa femme, il s'introduisit par un escalier dérobé dans la chambre voisine, d'ou il sortit tout-à-coup pour executer son projet.

La jalousie qui le transportoit ne lui permit pas d'attendre plus long temps, & il se presenta de la manière que nous l'avons dit.

Après avoir éclairci cette apparition, dont le lecteur n'auroit pas été au fait sans cela, il ne nous reste plus qu'à continuer le recit des égaremens de cet homme barbare, & en même-temps les malheurs de sa déplorable épouse.

Des qu'il eut arrangé dans son esprit le plan de vie qu'il se proposoit de mener, il mit en vente tous les biens qu'il possédoit.

Les representations de sa propre famille, & de celle d'Emilie, ne purent le détourner d'une resolution qui alloit consommer sa ruine: le jour des encheres fut indiqué, & il en auroit tiré un prix très médiocre, si le père de Frémonville n'eut encore développé dans cette occasion, tout sa generosité, en se servant d'un nom emprunté pour faire monter cette vent à un prix convenable, il se rendit, par ce moyen, le maître de tout ce qui avoit appartenu au Marquis, & il eut l'attention, par ménagement pour ses parens, de cacher avec soin qu'il en fut devenu le propriétaire.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

BEING a constant reader of your Lady's Magazine, have seen several serviceable receipts for different complaints; I therefore beg leave to

request of some of your kind correspondents a cure for damp hands, which will confer a great obligation on their and your

Humble servant,
M—— H——.

Account of the new Comedy called THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM, performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, for the first Time, on Tuesday, February 22.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Doricourt,	—	Mr. Lewis.
Sir George Touch-	}	Mr. Wroughton.
wood,		
Saville,	—	Mr. Aickin.
Mr. Hardy,	—	Mr. Quick.
Villars,	—	Mr. Whitefield.
Courtall,	—	Mr. Robson.
Silver Tongue,	—	Mr. Edwin.
Flutter,	—	Mr. Lee Lewes.
Miss Hardy,	—	Miss Younge.
Lady Frances	}	Mrs. Hartley.
Touchwood,		
Miss Ogle,	—	Mrs. Morton.
Kitty Willis,	—	Miss Stewart.
Mrs. Racket,	—	Mrs. Mattocks.

THIS piece, which is the avowed production of Mrs. Cowley, author of the comedy of the *Runaway*, the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* and the tragedy of *Albina*, was honoured with strong marks of applause by a very crowded audience in the course of its representation, and at the conclusion of it was stamped with as loud and as general a seal of approbation as has been bestowed on any one comedy, presented of late years, from either of our stages.

The story of it is full of incident, bustle, and situation. It is too long, however, and has too many turns in it for us to attempt a regular tracing of it scene by scene, in the small leisure that can be dedicated to this account. The agents of the fable are many different characters, and the catastrophe is worked up by more than one plot.

The hero and the heroine are Doricourt and Letitia Hardy. The latter, a sensible, sprightly girl, contracted in her infancy to the former, but studiously kept from his sight by her father (who is drawn as possessing the wonderful faculty of *foreseeing* every event which must of necessity happen) till his return from travel, from an idea, that had her face been familiar to him before his tour, her beauty would have lost its hold on his heart by the sight of the variety of *belles* he was likely to meet with abroad.

Doricourt is an accomplished young man of fashion and fortune, just returned from the continent, and on the point of fulfilling the contract with Letitia, but vexed to death at the idea of wedding a mere Englishwoman, whose modesty, virtue, and fortune are her chief recommendations, and who possesses but little of that vivacity and freedom of manner which distinguish the ladies of France and Italy.

Letitia, though she doats on Doricourt, is mortified at his coldness to her, and determines to make him like her less, by assuming the character of an idiot, in hopes of provoking him to a regard for her; a scheme she adopts from a conviction, that it is more easy to change a sentiment into its opposite, than to convert indifference into love. With this view, when Mr. Doricourt visits her, with a determination to fulfil the contract, she appears, from her conversation and manners, to be a mixture of ignorance and ill-breeding, and leaves him equally astonished and disgusted with her. He instantly feels himself in dread of an union with such a spouse, and begins to deliberate on the best means of giving his negative to the match, determining to forfeit his half of an immense property (settled upon them by his deceased father, on the express condition of his wedding Letitia) rather than render himself miserable for life.

At a masquerade at the Pantheon, Letitia, in the habit of an opera-dancer, engages his attention, and enchants him with her dancing and singing. He ad-

addresses and earnestly urges her to shew her face, and inform him of her name and place of abode, vowing eternal love, and swearing to marry no other woman. She leaves him in uncertainty, but promises to visit him the next day at that hour when he shall least expect her. Eager to know who this charming *incognita* can be, Doricourt enquires of his friend Flutter.—Flutter, who is one of those mischievous triflers who affect universal knowledge of the world, and all who live in it, confidently asserts that he knows her intimately, that she lives with Sir George Jennet, and is the cast-off mistress of a Lord George——. Doricourt is enraged at this discovery, feeling an impulse much superior to the pursuit of a common woman, but at any rate determines to avoid the marriage with Letitia, shamming lunacy as the means of escaping it.

In the mean time, old Hardy and his daughter are contriving how to win Doricourt's affection, and secure his hand. On the proposal of Mrs. Racket, a widow, and a family friend of the Hardys, the old man consents to affect extreme illness, to pretend he is at the point of death, and to declare he cannot die happy unless he sees Doricourt and his daughter married. Doricourt is suddenly sent for, and this artifice is played off upon him. Not able to withstand the well-acted distress of the family, he espouses Letitia, and returns from the ceremony full of grief and vexation. He is worked upon by several of the other characters, who have been previously made acquainted with his pretended madness, and the cause of it. When wrought up to a rage, the masquerade *incognita* is introduced to him with her mask on. He complains of the barbarity of her visit at such a crisis, but earnestly begs her to let him see the face of her, with whom alone he could be happy, and to whom he would have given his hand, but for the circumstance of her being the companion of Sir George Jennet. The lady is astonished: an éclaircissement ensues as to that point, and Flutter is roughly

handled for his imposition. At length Letitia unmask, and the dissatisfaction of Doricourt is converted into an ecstasy of rapture, to find his own wife the charming and all-accomplished *belle* of the masquerade.

The rest of the fable turns upon the peculiar humour of Sir George Touchwood, and the passions of the other characters. The baronet having the most violent affection for his wife, Lady Frances, whom he has married in the country, and now for the first time brought to town, is jealous of every man who is civil to her, and afraid of trusting her out of his sight for a moment. She appears to be a most amiable female, and being enticed by Mrs. Racket and the Miss Ogles to an auction, is there seen and addressed by Courtall, a man of intrigue, who determines to attempt the possession of her person. He hears she is to be at the masquerade, and discovering what is to be her dress, and that of her husband, procures the exact copy of the latter for himself, and follows her.—Saville, the admirer of Lady Frances previous to her marriage, having, at a drinking-bout with Courtall, learnt enough to guess his plan, determines to save Lady Frances from the danger, and therefore, after learning what is to be her intended habit, dresses up Kitty Willis, a woman of the town, in a similar one, and just as Courtall, at the masquerade, is on the point of carrying off Lady Frances, who mistakes him for her husband, contrives to put Kitty into his arms. Saville then collects a number of his acquaintance, who repair with him to Courtall's house, before he has had time to profit by his supposed success. Courtall is disturbed by such a *mal-a-propos* visit, but puts the best face on it, and after he has boasted of his adventure, Saville and his companions mortify him exceedingly, by obliging the lady to unmask, and convince her ravisher that instead of a virtuous woman of rank, he has ran off with a courtesan.

This comedy affords much ground for commendation: it does great credit to the fertility of the author's genius.

nus. The incidents are, in general, contrived very plausibly, and the business of the plot, though it is obviously matter of invention, connects well, and excites curiosity, while it affords satisfaction.

The characters are for the most part well drawn and well sustained, and though not originals, are so used that they acquire the merit of originality from their exercise and employment. Lady Frances is by much the best portrait in the groupe; her figure is correctly designed, and coloured with great delicacy and truth. The character of Letitia is bodily drawn and finished in a very high style. Sir George exhibits a warm picture of a man rendered uneasy from the excess of his love for the object in his possession, and Old Hardy's humour is very pleasantly managed. Flutter affords much entertainment, and Saville interests the heart in his favour.

In many of the scenes there is a strength and shrewdness of observation, a pleasantry of turn, a propriety and a prettiness of diction, and some strokes of wit and humour that would do honour to any dramatist. The piece interests the spectator early.

We forbear to point out the many obvious resemblances in the characters, situations, and incidents of the *Belle's Stratagem* to those of preceding comedies, because we are aware of the great difficulty of creating a drama perfectly original in all its parts; and, if the manner in which a resemblance to what has before been seen on the stage, be new, and produce a good effect, we think the author's ingenuity ought, at least, to be admitted as a protection from censure, if not considered as a warrantable claim to applause.

Upon the whole, this play affords great entertainment in the theatre, and it will afford still more, the more it is represented.

Few comedies have been so uniformly well acted. Miss Younge acquired an increase of fame from her performance of Letitia; not that we mean to say she will hereafter be

deemed the Heinel, or the Le Brun of the modern stage, or that she came up to what we conceive to have been the author's design. Were Venus and Minerva to make a descent to the earth for the purpose, their united talents would be barely equal to a perfect exhibition of such a character. Mrs. Hartley did Lady Frances the amplest justice; the graceful and modest style of her speaking and demeanour were nicely suited to the part. Mrs. Mattocks played Mrs. Racket with great ease and propriety. Mr. Quick deserves every possible praise for his truly comic representation of Old Hardy. He hit the happy medium, and was sufficiently pleasant without being farcical. We know not an actor of either theatre who could have given the part of Sir George Touchwood so ably as Mr. Wroughton. Mr. Lewis took great pains, and very successfully, with Doricourt. Mr. Lee Lewes at the same time merits his share of praise for the humorous manner in which he hit off Flutter's character; nor ought Mr. Ackin to pass unnoticed for his performance of Saville.

The dresses were new, and for the most part proper to the characters.

The prologue was delivered by Mr. Edwin. Miss Younge did the epilogue justice. It turned upon the idea that all the world wore masks, the players only excepted.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IT has been a contested point for some time past, whether the all bountiful Creator has been more liberal to the male than the female part of the human race, in bestowing on the former a larger share of mental endowments than the latter naturally possess, and it having been suggested by many ladies that they should like to participate in a public discussion of this grand question, the only means of affording the public an opportunity to judge of the merits of their case that occurred

occurred on a consultation was, to be favoured with a moderate space in the Lady's Magazine, not doubting but the conductors of that publication, ever ready to oblige the ladies, would cheerfully acquiesce.—Though ever so unqualified then for the task, rather than that the subject should remain dormant, I am induced to make a beginning, by way of stimulating others more capable, and better calculated for such an undertaking, to stand forth in support of the mental endowments of our sex.

That the men in general, even in this and in every other age, have had the superiority in literary productions, and that there have been a greater number of learned men than women is readily granted: it will be sufficient however for us to shew, that this advantage has been acquired by study and application, and by the different modes and length of education, rather than by any natural or innate advantage which it is vainly contended they have.

Can the gentlemen, who take every occasion to acknowledge and declare, that the Almighty has been so lavish in our favour as to frame us, in every respect, to their wishes, and thereby rendered us the objects of their ardent desires, be so inconsistent, so irreligious as to charge, in the same breath, the all-wise Creator with being deficient to us in forming our minds incapable of as much improvement and cultivation as their own?—In the midst of their professions of admiration and regard, will they deprive us of the honour of possessing the most essential requisite to make us in any respect deserving their esteem? I trust they will not be able, with all their boasted natural, or even improved mental faculties, to reconcile so gross an absurdity.

It would, however, be presumptuous in me to enter fully into the question at present. I mean to reserve a full discussion till I have been honoured, through this channel, with the sentiments of some more able advocate, which will, I flatter myself, from

the good conception I form of the justice of our case, enable us to bid defiance to opposition, by convincing the public that were our education equal to that of the men, our mental qualifications would not be inferior. In full expectation of being favoured with the opinions of some of your readers on this question in the Lady's Magazine for March,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Lothbury.

SUKEY FORESIGHT.

To the EDITORS of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

LADIES and GENTS—*Both or either.*

If, upon perusal, you find the *inclosed* (I should say *under-written*) worthy a place in your entertaining Magazine, I wish you to insert it; but if you find it trifling, condemn it to the flames.—I would sooner choose it should undergo that fate than be laughed at with contempt. This I will assure you, it is founded on facts; and as it is now *leap-year*, it seems very applicable. It consists of letters that passed between a gentleman and lady—and what happened after.

“S I R,

I HOPE you will pardon the liberty I take; I will allow it is not common, yet I hope not unpardonable. According to an old adage, “*This is the year when females may speak their mind.*” I am going to claim that privilege—and you, amongst all my acquaintance, seem to be most agreeable to my inclinations. From your sensible conversation, I imagine you to be possessed with sentiments similar to my own; and it is to be expected, that happiness is most likely to proceed from an union of minds. You will think me odd, that I don't disclose my name—but that cannot be till I am from your own hand acquainted whether

ther your heart is engaged. If it is, I would not for the world invade another's right—nor, for any satisfaction to myself, give one pang to another: therefore, dear Sir, let candour be your motto, as it is mine. Direct your's to

CELIA."

Strephon returned the following answer.

"Whether the letter be real or fictitious—pardon, dear madam, my doubts: 'till I can ascertain the author of it, I'll suppose it to be real, and, as such, answer it with the freedom and sincerity it merits.

The privilege you now claim ought, in my opinion, always to be granted to your sex.—It would be a means of more happy marriages than there are; because parents would not then have the sole disposal of a female, who, rather than offend in her duty, condescends to be miserable. But to return to the point in question: I thank you for your good opinion of me, and declare with sincerity that my affections are yet unengaged, and I have a heart, though at present free from the powerful emotions of love, yet I flatter myself it is susceptible of the tenderest feelings.

My future happiness, in marriage, will entirely depend on her whom I make my partner for life. I cannot receive happiness unless I can confer it; therefore consider again, my dear madam, whether you think me capable of making you happy. No other motive can influence me.

As my own fortune renders it needless for me to wish for a lady of money, I only want a domestic wife, a fair one whose tender assiduities and love for me can make her sensible to my perfections, and blind to my failings. With such a one, I think, I should be blest.—Now, my dear madam, as I have been so open to you, answer me with the same sincerity; say when and where I shall fly to behold the candid Celia.

Your's, &c.

STREPHON."

She returned the following answer:

"Thank you Sir, for your candid acknowledgments. I find them pleasing; but, Oh Sir! can you, will you not think me bold, and wanting in decorum? I am terrified when I reflect that I have been guilty of an impropriety—(though no otherwise so than custom has made it.) When I would say who I am, my pen refuses the office. I must only say a very short time may favour an interview, though by you not known—then if your eyes should make a choice in my favour, I hope it will end in our mutual happiness: if not, I shall call reason to my aid, and very sincerely wish you happy in the wife of your choice.

Your's,

CELIA."

Thus far the epistolary correspondence—.

Strephon and Celia both lived in the country, and sometimes met at a neighbouring assembly. Some time passed before they met—Strephon came late, and Celia was luckily disengaged, and was attending her mother to the card room. It happened Strephon retired thither—He was struck at the native modesty which appeared on her blushing cheek. He asked the favour of her hand to dance, which was not denied. From her obliging, free, and perfectly consistent behaviour, he was induced to form an acquaintance, which ended in an happy union; before which she let him know it was she that claimed the privilege: this was an addition to his happiness, as it convinced him of the sincerity of her love, and I have the pleasure to inform the readers there are not any happier than Strephon and Celia.

A FRIEND.

* * We shall be glad to hear from this Correspondent as often as it may suit.

CHA-

CHARACTER of the Right Hon. the
LADY MARGARET MAINARD.

(Continued from Page 16.)

AMidst all her pains and sicknesses which were sharp and many, who ever saw her shew any one symptom of impatience! So far was she from it, that she laments when she reflects, *how apt we are to abuse prosperity; demands where our conformity is to the great captain of our salvation, if we have no sufferings; professes that God, by permitting our conditions to be uneasy, by that gentle way, invites us to higher satisfactions than are to be met with here; and with a prostrate spirit acknowledges, that God was most righteous in all that had befallen her, and that there had been so much mercy mixed with his chastising, that she had been but too happy.* Thus humble, thus content, thus thankful was she amidst her very afflictions. Her soul always rested on God's paternal mercy, and on all his exceeding great and precious promises, as on a sure and stedfast anchor, which she knew would secure her in the most tempestuous calamities: to his blessed will she hourly offered up her own, and knew it was as much her duty to suffer his fatherly inflictions as to obey his commands. Her charity made her sympathize with all in misery; and besides her private alms, wherein her left hand was not conscious to her right, she was a common patroness to the poor and needy, and a common physician to her sick neighbours; and would often with her own hands dress their sores, and sometimes keep them in her family, and would give them both diet and lodging till they were cured, and then cloath them and send them home to give God thanks for their recovery; and if they died, her charity accompanied them sometimes to the very grave, and she took care even of their burial. She would by no mean endure, *that by the care of plentifully providing for her children, the wants and necessities of any poor Christian should be overlooked; and desired it might be remembered, that alms and the poor's*

prayer will bring a greater blessing to them than thousands a year.

To corporal alms, as often as she saw occasion, she joined spiritual; and she had a singular talent in dispensing that alms to souls: she had a masculine reason to persuade; a steady wisdom to advise; a perspicuity both of thought and language to instruct; a mildness that endeared reproof, and could comfort the afflicted from her own manifold experience of the divine goodness, and with so condoling a tenderness, that she seemed to translate their anguish on herself.

And happy was it for others that her charity was so comprehensive, for she often met with objects so deplorable as to want relief in all these capacities; so that she was fain to become their benefactress, their physician, and their divine all together; or, if need were, she bid them *shew themselves to the priest*, or else took care to send the priest to them. Thus was it visibly her constant endeavour to be, in all respects, *merciful, as her Father in heaven is merciful.*

She could bear long, and most easily forgive; and no one ever injured her but she would heap coals of fire on his head to melt him into a charitable temper, and would often repay the injury with a kindness so surprising, that if the injurious person were not wholly obdurate and brutish, must needs affect him. But if any one did her the least good office, none could be more grateful; she would, if possible, return it a hundred fold; if she could not in kind, she would at least do it in her prayers to God, that out of his inexhaustible goodness he would reward him.

Her soul seemed to possess a continued serenity; at peace with herself, at peace with God, and at peace with all the world: her study was to give all their due, and she was exactly sincere and faithful to all her obligations; she kept her heart always with all diligence, was watchful against all temptations, and naturally considerate in all her actions; her disposition was

peaceful and inoffensive; she looked always pleased rather than chearful; her converse was even and serious, but yet easy and affable; her interpretations of what others did or said were always candid and charitable; you should never see her indecently angry or out of humour; never hear her give an ill character, or pass an hard censure, or speak an idle word; but *she opened her mouth in wisdom, and on her tongue was the law of kindness.*

If you look on her in her several relations; in her childhood (her father, the right honourable the Earl of Dy-zart, being banished for his loyalty) she was under the breeding of the excellent lady her mother, to whom she was, in all respects, so dutiful a child, that she protested her daughter had never in any one instance offended her. By that time the young lady was about eleven or twelve years old, God was pleased to take her good mother to himself; and from that time to her marriage she lived with a discretion so much above her years, with so conspicuous a virtue, and so constant a wariness, that she always *retained honour*; such an *honour*, as never had the least mote in it: and to her *honour* be it spoken, that in an age when the generality of the nation *were like children tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine*, she still continued steadfast in the communion of the church of England; and when the priests and service of God were driven into corners, she daily resorted, though with great difficulty, to the public prayers, and was remarkably charitable to all the suffering royalists, whom she visited, relieved, clothed, and consoled, with a zeal like that which the ancient Christians shewed to the primitive martyrs.

The silenced, plundered, and persecuted clergy she thought worthy of double honour; and did vow a certain sum yearly out of her income, which she laid aside only to succour them.—The congregations where she then usually communicated, were those of the reverend and pious Dr. Thruscross and Dr. Mossom, both now in heaven; and that of the then Mr. Cuning, the

then most worthy bishop of Ely, for whom she ever after had a peculiar veneration.

But I must by no means pass by the Right Reverend Father in God Bishop Duppa, then of Salisbury, afterwards of Winchester, but now with God, who was then put out of all, and an exemplary confessor for the king and the church: this holy man, when she resided in the country, lived in the neighbourhood, and she often visited him; and he seemed to be designed on purpose, by God's most gracious direction, to be her spiritual guide, to confirm her in all her holy resolutions, to satisfy all those scruples, to becalm all those fears, and regulate all those fervours which are incident to an early and tender piety; and God's goodness rendered him so successful, that she retained the happy influence of his ghostly advice to her dying day.

Before the age of twenty she was married to the right honourable William lord Mainard, to whom, in her letters, she often gives the most affectionate thanks imaginable for *his invaluable and unparalleled kindness towards her*, as she herself terms it; and most fervently prays, *that the Lord Jesus Christ would be his exceeding great reward, and his portion for ever.* But I forbear to offer violence to the modesty of the survivor, and will content myself to say only in general, that when she was a wife she still retained her accustomed devotion which she practised when a virgin; and her greatest concern was *for the things of the Lord how she might please the Lord; how, in a marriage honourable, and a bed undefiled, she might be holy both in body and spirit, and attend upon the Lord without distraction.* And since, as Solomon affirms, *a prudent wife is from the Lord*, she was certainly the immediate gift of God, and sent by propitious heaven for a good angel as well as for a wife.

As a mother, she was unspeakably tender and careful of the two children with which God had blessed her; but her zeal for their eternal welfare was predominant, and she made it her dying request, that in their education their

their piety should be principally regarded, or, to speak her own words, *that the chief care should be to make them pious Christians, which would be the best provision that could be made for them.*

In reference to her son, it was her express desire that he should be good rather than either rich or great; *that he should be bred in the strictest principles of sobriety, piety, and charity, of temperance and innocency of life that could be; that he should never be indulged in the least sin; that he should never be that which these corrupt days call a wit or a fine gentleman; but an honest and sincere Christian she desired he might be.*

She professed, *there was nothing hard to be parted with but her lord and her dear children; but though her passion for them was as intense as can well be imagined, yet for the sake of God, whom she loved infinitely better, she was willing to part with them also; had long foreseen the parting, and prepared for it, and humbly begged of her Heavenly Father to take them into his protection: she took care of their souls even after her death, in letters she left behind; and comforted herself with an entire acquiescence in the good pleasure of her beloved, with hopes that she should still pray for them in heaven, and that she should, e're long, meet them there; and this consideration of meeting above put her into a transport, which makes her in one of her letters cry out, O how joyful shall we be to meet at Christ's right-hand, if we may be admitted into that elect number!*

In her family she always united Martha and Mary together, took a due care of all her domestic affairs, and managed them with a wise frugality, with a constant deference to God's merciful providence, and without either covetous fears or a restless anxiety; but withal, *she sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his word; and of the two, was still more intent on the better part.*

She studiously endeavoured, by private, particular, and warm applications, to make all that attended her more God's servants than her own;

and treated them with a meekness, indulgence, and condescension, like one who was always mindful *that she herself had a Master in heaven.*

Her near relations, and all that were blessed with her friendship, had a daily share in her intercessions; all their concerns, all their afflictions were really her own; her chief kindness was for their souls, and she loved them with a charity like that which the blessed shew to one another in heaven, in their reciprocal complacency at each other's happiness, and mutual incitements to devotion.

In respect of the public, which she often laid sadly to her heart, *her eyes ran down in secret* for all our national provocations, and she had a particular office on fasting days for that purpose, which shews how importunate she was at the throne of grace, to avert God's judgments, and to implore his blessing on the land.

And now after all these great truths which I have said of this excellent lady, one grace I must add greater than all I have hitherto mentioned, and that is her humility: she was so little given to talk, and had that art to conceal her goodness, that it did not appear at first sight; but after some time, her virtue would break out whether she would or no. She seemed to be wholly ignorant of her own graces, and had as mean an opinion of herself as if she had had no excellence at all; like Moses, *her face shined and she did not know it*; others she esteemed so much the better, and had that abasing sense of her own infirmities, and that profound awe of the Divine Majesty, that though she was great in God's eyes, she was always little in her own.

After the Whitsun-week was over, she removed from Whitehall to Easton-Lodge in Essex, not out of any hopes of recovery, but only that she might have some little present relief from the air, or that she might die in a place which she loved, in which God had made her an instrument of so great good to the country, and which was near her grave; and you may easily imagine that after a life so holy, the death of

this *gracious woman* must needs be signally happy; and so it was, not but that during her pains she had often doubts and fears that afflicted her, with which in her health she was unmolested, and which did manifestly arise from her distemper, and did cease as that intermitted; but the day before she died God was pleased to vouchsafe her some clearer manifestations of his mercy, which, in the tenderness of his compassion, he sent her as preparatives of her last conflicts, and as earnest of heaven, whither he intended the day following to translate her.

How she behaved herself in her sickness, I cannot better express than by saying that she *prayed continually*; and when the prayers of the church were read by her, or the hour of her own private prayer came, though she was not able to stand, or to help herself, she would yet be placed on her knees, and when her knees were no longer able to support her, she would be put into the humblest posture she could possibly endure; not being satisfied unless she gave God his entire oblation, and *glorified him in her body as well as in her spirit, which were both God's own by purchase here, and were both to be united in bliss hereafter.*

On Whitsunday she received her *viaticum*, the most holy body and blood of her Saviour, and had received it again had not her death surprised us; yet, in the strength of that immortal food, she was enabled to go out her journey, and seemed to have a new transfusion of grace from it, insomuch, that though her limbs were all convulsed, her pains great, and without intermission, her strength quite exhausted, and her head disturbed with a perpetual drowsiness, yet above and beyond all seeming possibility, she would use force to herself to keep herself waking, to offer God her customary sacrifice to the full, to recollect her thoughts, and to lodge them in heaven, where her heart and her treasure was, as if she had already taken possession of her mansion there, or as if she was teaching her soul to act inde-

pendently from the body, and practising before hand the state of separation, into which she in a short time happily launched; for all the bands of union being untied, her soul was set at liberty, and on the wings of angels took a direct and vigorous flight to its native country, heaven, from whence it first flew down.

There then we must leave her, in the bosom of her heavenly bridegroom; where, how radiant her crown is, how ecstatic her joy, how high exalted she is in degrees of glory, is impossible to be described; for *neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things which God hath prepared for those that love him*, of all which she is now partaker.

She died in June 1682, and was buried the 30th of the same month at Little Easton in Essex.

LETTERS of AZA.

(Concluded from Page 23.)

But not by the Author of THE OLD ENGLISH BARON.

LETTER XXIX.

To K A N H U I S C A P.

ACCUSE no one, my friend, for my silence but Zilia. I have seen her; I have seen nothing but her; do not think that I can paint my transports; the raptures which I enjoyed the moment in which she presented her hand to my sight; to obtain an adequate idea, you must love Zilia as ardently as I love her. Can some unknown torment intervene to disturb so pure a happiness?

There is but a short interval from the bosom of pleasures to the abyss of grief. After so many delights, a thousand wounds pierce my heart!—My tenderness appears odious to me, and when I strive not to love, I feel all the fury of that passion!

I could have sustained the grief for the loss of Zilia; but I am not able to support that which I have in view!—She did not love me!—O insupportable thought!—When I appeared in her sight,

light, love poured pleasures into my heart with one hand, and grief with the other. In the first transports of joy, of which I cannot express the sweetness of the recollection, Zilia slipped from my arms to read a letter, which a young woman who introduced me gave to her. Restless, confused, melted, the tears which she had just paid to joy, she shed now only to grief: she deluged the letter. Her tears made me apprehensive that she had received some bad news. The ingrate enjoyed pleasure: the sorrow of which I had participated was the triumph of my rival. Deterville, the deliverer, whose letters Zilia had spoken of with so much advantage, had sent *this*. The most ardent passion had dictated it when he parted with her: after he had restored her to his rival, he put the finishing stroke to his generosity, and to Zilia's grief.—She explained to me, with a remarkable warmth, expressions beyond the expressions of gratitude. She made me advert to those virtues which at that very instant were almost death to me. Then my grief borrowed aid from an unshaken coldness. I soon tore myself from Zilia. Filled with despair, nothing could now deliver me from it. Every reflection I make causes a new wound. She has robbed me of hope, of happiness. I have lost the heart of Zilia! that heart!—I cannot support the idea that my rival should be happy!—Alas! it is too much to know that he ought to be so!

Horrid jealousy! thy serpents have glided into my heart!—A thousand fears—black suspicions Zilia, her virtues, her tenderness, her beauty, perhaps my own injustice, all conspire to agitate, to torment, to ruin me! My grief is concealed in vain under a seeming tranquillity. I am eager to speak, to break out in reproaches, and at last am silent. What could I say to Zilia? Could I reproach her for the love with which she inspires Deterville, when it is consistent with virtue?—She does not answer his tenderness.—But why so lavish in his praises?—Why should she incessantly repeat his *eulogium*?—Love, thou

source of my pleasures, must thou likewise be the source of griefs?

LETTER XXX.

To K A N H U I S C A P.

WHERE am I, Kanhuiscap?—What misfortunes do I drag after me! My heart is surrounded by the most cruel fury. Zilia, the perfidious Zilia, pale, restless, sighs for my rival! Deterville wins the victory by flight! Heavens! upon whom shall my rage fall!—He is beloved, Kanhuiscap—every thing tells me so!—The cruel creature does not attempt to conceal her infidelity!—Sweet remains of innocence! Though she is conscious of her crime, she detests hypocrisy!—I read her perjury in her eyes—her own mouth dares avow it by incessantly repeating that name which I abhor.—When I am in Zilia's presence, I endure excruciating torments; but when absent from her I die!

When seduced by the sweetness of her looks, she diffuses for some moments some degree of tranquility in my soul, I believe that I am loved.—This pleasure plunges me into an ecstasy which robs me of my senses. I strive to speak—I begin—I interrupt myself, and am silent. The sentiments which succeed each other alternately in my heart confuse, distract me!—A fatal recollection of Deterville, a sigh from Zilia, revive the transports which I endeavour to suppress in vain!—Even the shades of night cannot screen me from their violence. If I sink for a moment into the arms of sleep, the perfidious Zilia soon awakes me. I see Deterville prostrate at her feet, and her listening to him with pleasure. The horrid slumber avoids me. The light presents me with new sorrows. Always abandoned to the fury of jealousy, its fire has dried up my tears. Zilia, Zilia, what misfortunes originate from so much love! I adore thee—I offend thee—ye heavens I lose thee!

LETTER XXXI.

To KANHUISCAP.

ZILIA! Love! Deterville! Fatal jealousy! What ravings!—A mist obscures the words I am tracing, Kanhuiscap.—I am a stranger to myself! Absorbed by the rage of the blackest jealousy, I have armed myself with those shafts with which I wounded the heart of Zilia. She wrote to Deterville: her letter was then in her hands. A dreadful moment disturbed my reason.—I formed the most unworthy project—My promise, the religion I had embraced, every thing conspired. The most frivolous pretexts appeared equitable with respect to renouncing Zilia. I pronounced her sentence with cruelty! Ye barbarous deities—what moment?—Was I able?—Yes, Kanhuiscap, I have fled from Zilia!—Zilia prostrate at my feet, sobbing—my own tears ready to mingle with her's: Deterville—What an idea!—In rage I fled from her arms!—But soon after, persisting in vain, I wished to see her again!—Every thing opposed it! I durst not resist—Ye gods! what have I done!—How overwhelming is the shame!—How dreadful the remorse!

LETTER XXXII.

To KANHUISCAP.

NO longer be astonished at my silence. It was impossible for the situation of my soul to suffer me to give you any intimation of my lot. Do not think that, when distracted by remorse, I still reproach myself with groundless suspicions. It is Zilia, it is her perfidious heart, and not mine which they ought to prey upon. Yes, Kanhuiscap, her sighs, her tears, and her cries were nothing but the effects of shame; some traces that virtue still resides in the heart!—To efface them the cruel woman refused to see me again. Her obduracy forced me to leave her.

Retired to the extremity of the same town, a stranger to every one, entirely absorbed in my grief and misfortunes, I strove to forget the *ingrate* whom I

adore.—Fruitless attempt!—Love slides into our hearts whether we will or not, and takes up its residence there in spite of us. In vain I strive to expel him from thence. Jealousy cherishes him. If I wish to banish jealousy from thence, love retains him. The deplorable sport of both these passions, my soul is divided between tenderness and rage. Sometimes I blame myself for my suspicions, and at others for my love. Can I adore an *ingrate*? Can I forget her whom I adore? But whatever my attachment for her may be, nothing can excuse her. Why has not she hated me? We can forgive hatred, but not perfidy.

The researches and friendship of Alonzo at last discovered the retreat, whither grief and all the misfortunes destructive of our lives had driven me. Zulmira loads me with reproaches; for she has written to me lately. I am, in her eyes, an ungrateful wretch, which neither my promise, nor her tears can recall. “I snatched her from the arms of death, to give her up to more cruel tortures. She is, as she informs me, coming to France, to make her anger and my perfidy notorious, to revenge her father and her love.” Every word of her letter pierces me to the heart. I am too sensible of the force of despair not to dread its effects. Zilia is the unhappy object of her rage. She wishes to appear to me bathed in her blood. Ye deities, avengers of sin, do you leave the punishment of it to crimes?

Stop Zulmira, exhaust all your vengeance upon me: suffer the *ingrate* to enjoy a life, of which remorse will be the punishment. Thus thou canst signalize both thy revenge and my own. But, Oh ye deities! in the arms of a rival.—I shudder, unhappy wretch, and I tremble for her, though she betrays me. Restrained by the misfortunes which overwhelm me, my body sinks under its weakness; while the perfidious woman, triumphing even in her remorse, recalls my rival. Wretched!—I am—I am still alive! What a misfortune is it for him to exist, who respire only by his grief!

LET

LETTER XXXIII.

To KANHUISCAP.

WHAT can I say! What horror surrounds me! Kanhuiscap, recognise my shame, and my remorse previous to my crime. Odious in my own eyes, I shall soon be so in your's. Cease to lament my misfortunes. Raise them to the highest pitch by thy hatred.

Zilia is not culpable. The very mention of it is an outrage to her. Thou knowest my suspicions; the injustice of them will teach thee my sufferings. They are never exhausted, unforeseen ones are continually succeeding. After the perfidy of Zilia, couldst thou have thought that heaven could have reserved new tortures for me? Could thou have imagined that what ought to have constituted my happiness, thy innocence was the source of my bitterest evils?

To what distraction did I then abandon myself? What clouds obscure my reason! Zilia was able to betray me; I was able to think so. She would not see me: the remembrance of me was odious; she loved me too much, to hate me. Overwhelmed by my dreadful misfortune, friendship, confidence, nothing could alleviate my torments. I poisoned thy heart with their bitterness, though mine is not comforted.

Zulmira, recovering from her rage, informs me, in vain, that she sacrificed to my repose and happiness. Retired to a house dedicated to the Virgin, she consecrates her life and the bloom of youth to her Creator and my felicity.

Zulmira, generous Zulmira, dost thou renounce thy vengeance? Alas, that of thy heart were barbarous; that it were satisfied with my cruel sufferings!

At present it is only to myself, to the baseness of my sentiments, that I owe the calamities which I endure. Nothing was wanting to fill up the cup of my afflictions, than that I should be myself the cause of them.—I am so.

Zilia loved me; I saw it; my happiness was certain. Ought her tenderness, her sentiments, my felicity, to be sacrificed to base suspicions? O desperate thought! I fled from Zilia. It was I—Generous friend, canst thou conceive the condition I am in? Can I conceive it myself? Regret, love, despair, dispute which shall devour my heart.

LETTER XXXIV.

To ZILIA.

THE fear of displeasing thee still retains under my hands the knots I am forming; those knots which formed thy consolation, thy pleasures, Zilia, are now knit only by grief and despair.

Do not think that I would hide my crimes from thy sight. Distracted with the repentance for having thought thee faithless, how can I justify myself on that head? But have I not been punished enough for it? What remorse!—The remorse of a lover, who adores thee. Alas! canst thou hate me? Have I not merited thy contempt rather than thy hatred?

Recal, for one moment, all my sufferings. The barbarous enemy tore thee from my heart, at the instant in which its happiness was going to be complete. Armed in thy defence, I groaned under their disgraceful chains. Conducted to their country, the seas which conveyed me thither, indeed, supported my hopes for some time. My heart failed with thee. I lived only by the hopes which they flattered me with. Thy shipwrecked robbers plunged me in the most cruel mistake. The annihilation in which I thought thou wast absorbed could not destroy my tenderness. Grief augmented love—I would have died to follow thee—I lived only to avenge thee. I attempted every thing; I was ready to renounce even my vows, in a word to unite myself, in spite of remorse, to a Spanish lady, that I might purchase my liberty and my revenge at that price; when, on a sudden, unhoped-for happiness, I received.

ceived intelligence that thou wast still living, thou didst still love me. Sweet idea! I fled to thee, to the most pure, the most enrapturing happiness. — Vain hope! Cruel reverse! Scarcely had I felt the transports occasioned by the sight of thee, when a fatal poison, of which thy pure heart has no idea of the contagion, jealousy insinuated itself into my soul. Its cruel serpents have preyed upon my heart, a heart that was formed only to love thee.

Gratitude, the most amiable virtue, has been the object of my suspicions. What thou owest Deterville I thought he had obtained, and that thy virtue might have commixed with thy love, I thought —. These are the fatal ideas which trouble our first pleasures. Thou couldst not forget love in the bosom of friendship. In that circumstance I lost sight of virtue. The praise of Deterville, his letter, the sentiments it expressed, the trouble with which it affected thee, the grief which thou didst discover for the loss of thy deliverer, I ascribed them all to the sentiment which I then experienced, which I experience at this moment—to love.

I concealed the fires in my heart, with which it was consumed. How rapid were their progress? From suspicions, I soon passed to a certainty of perfidy. I thought of punishment. Reproach which hurried me away too much to suffer me to make use of it, I did not find thee worthy of. I will not dissemble my crimes, truth is as dear to me as my love.

I intended to return to Spain to perform a promise from which my first vows disengaged me: this regret soon followed the transport which indicated my crime. I strove to disabuse thee with respect to a resolution, which love crushed in the birth. Thy obstinacy in not seeing me lighted my fury a second time. Abandoned again to jealousy, I left thee; but instead of going to Madrid to perpetrate a crime, at which my heart revolted, as thou hast been informed, to efface me from thine, sinking under the load of my misfortunes, I sought in retirement, in avoiding all

social intercourse, a peace which could originate only from sincerity of heart. Borne down by my grief, my body was over-whelmed by the weight of my misfortunes. Long separated from thee in spite of myself, I will confess, Zilia, that I had not power to offend thee. I saw thee, satisfied with my flight, recall my rival. I saw thee — Alas! thou knowest my offence. But thou knowest not the punishment of it; it surpasses my crime. Ah, Zilia, if excess of love can efface it, I am not criminal. Do not think that I strive to excite thy pity for me; that is too little for my tenderness. Restore me thy heart, Zilia, or else grant me nothing.

Listen to the whispers of love, which ought still to speak in thy heart, suffer me to revive the fires, which thy just anger endeavours to smother. From the embers of love, which thou cherishest for Aza, I know how to recover some sparks.

Zilia, Zilia, pronounce my sentence, I have confessed my crime. If thy pardon cannot obliterate it, it ought to be punished. My death shall be the atonement: and I shall think myself, if thou provest cruel, too happy to expire at thy feet.

LETTER XXXV.

And Last.

To K A N H U I S C A P.

WHILE I strike thee with surprise, I wish I could transplant into thy heart that joy which is so conspicuous in mine. What happiness! What extacy! Kanhuiscap, Zilia, restores me her heart. She loves me. Intoxicated with the raptures of tenderness, I bathe her feet with the tears of affection. Her sighs, her looks, her raptures are the only interpreters of our loves and our felicity.

Figure to thyself, if possible, our pleasures this instant present to my eyes, this instant —. But I am not able to describe so much love, and emotion, and pleasure.

Her eyes, her glowing cheek paint her love, her anger, my shame——. She grows pale, speechless, languid, and sinks into my arms; but like the flames agitated by the wind, my heart agitated by fear, burns with redoubled vigour. Kanhuiscap thou can'st not conceive our felicity. Come and be a witness of it. Nothing ought to be wanting to my happiness. The Frenchman who will deliver this, will be assisted in conducting thee hither. My happiness increases every minute. The recital of our pleasures, as well as our misfortunes (may they no more pester us) has reached the throne. The generous monarch of the French nation has commanded that the fleet, which is going on an expedition against the Spaniards in our seas, should convey us to Guitto. We are going to our country again, those unfortunate regions so dear to our wishes, those regions, Zilia, which saw our pleasures in their infancy, as well as both our sighs. May they witness, celebrate and augment, if possible, our happiness for ever. Let us deliver them, Kanhuiscap——But I must run to Zilia.

My friend, love has not made me forget friendship, but friendship separates me too long from love. Ye sweet transports which enrapture my soul; it is in your extacy that I am restored to life!—Zilia is restored, she waits for me, I fly to her arms to be intoxicated with the supreme delight of pure and virtuous affection.

D——.

For the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

To Mrs. GREY.

MADAM,

I Have read your Matron for many months past in the Lady's Magazine with much pleasure, and I hope profit too, little thinking I should ever have occasion to address you myself as the object of pity, as well as almost despair; but so it is, and your advice will now be not only acceptable, but accounted an unspeakable obligation.

VOL. XI.

by one whom you know nothing worse of than what I am going to inform you, which is bad enough, God knows—

I am the daughter of a gentleman who held a considerable post under government in America, a few years ago; my father and mother are both dead, and left five children behind them, two sons and three daughters, of the latter of which I am the second. A captain in the militia became acquainted in our family in the year 1775, and taking a great liking to me, as it appeared by his behaviour, sought every opportunity to ingratiate himself in my favour, and gain my esteem, which to my unhappiness he too easily succeeded in. After making the most solemn protestations of a sincere regard, and promising to marry me, I gave him my company as often as I could, without our family suspecting there was any thing more intended than a common friendship: however, by artifice, he one evening took the advantage of my credulity, and ruined my reputation: after this he prevailed on me to leave my friends, and live with him in the country as his wife, which tho' I was not then, (for several reasons which he said unavoidably prevented him making me so) yet he told me he really designed it should take place as soon as his affairs were settled. Accordingly I have been with him near upon three years and a half, and have two children by him. About six months ago he was ordered about sixty miles from town with his regiment to be quartered at a sea-port town, and has since that time wrote me word that he designs to have no further connections with me, nor will he send me any more money either for myself or the little ones: What must I do? We are now almost starved: my friends will not see me, and my character being gone, no one else will take pity on me. For heaven's sake give me, kind madam, your advice in this my distressed situation, and you will greatly oblige

Your's, &c.

M. MACLANE.

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The

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(Translated from the French.)

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 31.)

Madame NORTON to the Countess de SOLMES.

THE surgeon, who was a man of great experience in his profession, went to the young gentleman's place; and as I followed all their motions with my eye, I perceived the stranger pulled out a large purse, which I was told afterwards contained one hundred and fifty *louis*, and forced the surgeon to take it, telling him that it was only an *earnest* of his gratitude, if he would promise not to leave the patient; in order that he might be at hand to remedy all accidents that might happen. The Baron and I went into the next room, and I asked whether he knew any thing of the cause of an event which was above my comprehension?

"You know almost as much of it as I do myself," answered the Baron.— "When I went out of my daughter's chamber, I never suspected the terrible scene which was going to be presented to my sight. My valet de chambre had contrived to tell me that my sister was ill, to conceal, if possible, this dreadful accident. While I was upon the stairs he said to me, 'For heaven's sake, dear Sir, be not affrighted!—They have just brought young Mr. Northon all over bloody to our *hotel*. He is accompanied by a stranger, that seems to be more dead than alive, who has begged me to go for a surgeon. As the gentleman who bled Madame Northon was in the antichamber with the physician, I ordered the door of your sister's room to be opened, and the wounded to be carried thither, who was followed by those gentlemen.'"

"See that the door at the entrance be fastened," said I; and I immediate-

ly came here, where I found the surgeon employed in stopping the blood. Northon was quite sensible; he was going to speak to me, when he was enjoined silence, which seemed to hurt him very much. He then contented himself in speaking with his eyes, which asked my forgiveness in the most expressive manner; and the marks of the tender solicitude which I paid to his condition, seemed to quiet him very much.

"The first thing he did at his entrance, was to order his man to fetch a clergyman, who came a few minutes after me. As a piece of a sword remained in his thigh, and as the incisions that must be made to extract it might occasion an *hemorrhage*, he insisted upon confessing before the operation. Going out to leave him at liberty, I addressed myself to the stranger, and said, 'Inform me, Sir, what was the cause of the accident which has befallen M. Northon, and from what motive you seem to interest yourself in his recovery?'

"If you are the young gentleman's father," he replied, "how can you forgive me the condition he is in, of which I am innocently the cause. He has saved my life at the expence of his own. For it was not probable that we should escape those who assassinated us: and what adds the finishing stroke to this heroic action is, that he defended *my* life on the very spot I had come to on purpose to endanger his. The repugnance with which I had answered his challenge does not justify me."

"Are you really the Marquis de V——?" said I to him very briskly.

"I know I run a great risk in confessing it to you," he answered; "nevertheless, I cannot be so mean as to conceal my name. I am the man whom you have so much reason to hate; for your son, when he desired me to have him conveyed hither, told me he had informed you of our intended duel, and the steps which led us to it."

"We learnt it by another channel, Sir, together with the reluctance you had for this unhappy engagement, which

which instead of prejudicing us against you, recommended you to our esteem. But how—" I perceived the Marquis began to totter—" Are you wounded, Sir?" said I to him with some eagerness.

" I believe I am," replied he, sitting down, " but very slightly."

" I called the surgeon immediately, who found a wound in his arm, and another in his thigh: it was only in the fleshy part, and he refused to go to bed, as I had requested him to do. He would be present at the operation, which was very painful, and which Northon underwent with a firmness uncommon in one of his age. It was the quantity of blood which he had lost on this occasion, which caused the fainting he was in when you came in; and the Marquis has not ever since left his bed, so that I could not learn the history of this unhappy affair. It is our intention to conceal it from his father and my daughter, which I imagine we may do without any difficulty. We are here, in a manner, in two houses: M. Northon is not accustomed to come to your apartment: you shall keep in mine with Eliza, and I will take a part of my friend's bed.— But how shall we prevent his going to St. Germain, where he expects to find his son?"

This difficulty kept us some time in suspense: at length the Baron undertook to write a line to my brother, wherein he informed him that his sister finding herself dangerously ill, it was impossible for him to return home, and therefore begged him to postpone his journey till the next day, because he had a bill of exchange which must be presented that day, and which he could not trust to any body but him; that he might send a letter to his son, which he would further by one of his servants; that he depended on his care of Eliza; and that he would do his endeavour to see us about four in the evening.

I approved of these arrangements, and I was glad it was in my power to conceal this misfortune from my brother, at least till the change of the first

dreßing. Alas! my lady, it was decreed that all our precautions should be to no effect, and to render the blow more sensible which we endeavoured to ward off from him. As I intended to take the first opportunity of speaking to my nephew, I went out previously to satisfy myself in what condition Eliza might be; and when I entered her chamber, my brother asked me how I found Madame D'Erlac, because he had not yet received the billet. I told him that I durst not go to her without advising with the Baron; that I was going to dress myself while I staid for him, and would not come back for fear of waking Eliza, who was in a sound sleep. " But," added I, " I cannot leave you unless you promise not to leave her chamber, as I shall be very uneasy if I should find her left to the care of servants: besides, if any thing should happen amiss during my absence, you must give me your word that you will send me notice of it immediately."

" Indeed, indeed I will," replied my brother. " Do you think I stand in need of your requests to stay here? You may go, and be easy: this sweet sleep does not announce a bad awakening."

The tears which I restrained with difficulty had like to have betrayed me. " Poor father!" said I to myself, " thou dost not foresee the blow which threatens thee!—Thou hopest for a calm, and perhaps thou art on the point of losing all hopes of ever being the father of this charming girl?"

I hurried away, and entering into my nephew's room, I perceived an air of consternation upon every one's countenance, which froze the blood in my veins. I resigned the dear lad to the Lord. But it seldom happens, in cases of this nature, that some flattery does not mix itself with offerings that appear to be sincere.

" He is somewhat feverish," said the Baron: " but it is what might be expected after what he has undergone."

I approached the bed without making any reply, and Northon having

made a sign with his eyes, I sat down in the place which the Marquis had left.

“My dear aunt,” said he, “I find myself very ill: I have two favours to request of you: the first, that I may receive the sacrament as soon as possible; the second, that I may not die without receiving the blessing and pardon of my father. Does he know the condition I am in? Does he think me too culpable to extend one look of pity upon me?”

“He knows nothing of your present condition, my dear, and out of a regard for his sensibility, we have forbore informing him: every thing is so perfectly forgotten, that he is preparing to meet and to accompany you in the voyage you have announced to him.—Assure yourself, my dear friend, that if there were any danger of our losing you, I should have taken care of not robbing you of his blessing: till such an event shall happen, give us leave to take every measure that may spare him that distress, which would serve only to render your situation more painful. Your situation is not desperate: however, I approve of your desire to receive the sacrament: instead of increasing your danger, it will diminish it, by placing your soul in a state of tranquillity and peace, which will have some influence on the body.”

At the same instant I called the servant, who had not left him all this while, and informed him of the patient's desire.—When I mentioned this, the Marquis shewed all the signs of the deepest despair, and uttered lamentations that melted our hearts, tho' our sensibility ought to have been exhausted upon ourselves.

Northon, offering him his hand, said to him with an air of composure and tranquillity, “My dear friend, do not add to my sufferings, for my heart cannot refuse you that tender appellation, after all the marks you have given me of the goodness of your's.—I have lived two months too long. God is just: he ought to shew an example of his justice to the world: but I have a strong confidence that he will accept

of this premature death as an expiation for my crimes.”

They would not suffer him to say any more on the subject, and the Baron pressed me to return to his daughter's chamber, to give my brother an opportunity of going to his banker; as he lived at the other end of Paris, the awful and sacred ceremony might be performed before his return. I wished very much to have been present on the occasion, but was obliged to stay with Eliza; and if she should chance to awake, it was easy to engage her attention, that she might not hear the noise of the people; besides, there were so many strangers which lodged in the hôtel, that there might be some of them sick, though we should not have been apprized of it.

My brother shewed me the Baron's letter, which he had just then received, and I told him that he thought it not proper that I should leave the hôtel.—I delivered my commission, and as the Baron had anticipated it, the carriage was ready in four minutes. I was extremely pleased that I had avoided the discovery of our misfortune to M. Northon: in spite of all the wretched prognostics of the superstitious, I was inspired with a large fund of hope from heaven, without doubt to put me into a condition to support the character of tranquillity in the presence of Eliza.

While my brother was dressing, I stepped again for a moment to my nephew's apartment.—The physicians thought him worse, and the clergyman more composed. I hurried away, and by that means avoided a spectacle which drew tears from the eyes of every one then present.

My brother set out, and on the Pont Saint Michael met with such a stop of coaches, that he could not proceed. Amongst those that were waiting as well as himself, till the passage was open, he espied the banker's carriage whom he was going to, and alighting to speak with him, the gentleman begged to return to the hôtel, because an important affair obliged him to stay in the city, but promised to bring him the cash within four hours.

My

My brother drove back as fast as possible, and about ten paces from the hôtel he perceived them carrying the host in procession. He was immediately seized with a melancholy *presentiment*, from an apprehension that Eliza had relapsed, and jumping out of the carriage, he pushed thro' the crowd, and was comforted on seeing it cross the court-yard. His compassion obliged him to go up with the rest.— Judge what was his terror, when he found that they stopped at the door of my chamber, and discovered all my domestics kneeling in the anti-chamber. His valet discovering him in the crowd, crossed him in his way, to prevent him from going any further; but could not effect his intention, for he pushed away every one that opposed his passage, and made his way into the chamber. At the sight of his son he was no longer master of himself, and by his cries forced the curate to suspend the service, to inform himself who it was that had been guilty of so much indecorum. He was informed that the person whom he had taken for a mad-man was the father of the dying patient, and that chance alone had acquainted him with his son's misfortune.

The curate placed the sacred elements on the table, then leading my brother towards it, he addressed him in so pathetic and affecting a discourse, that he was interrupted more than once by the sobs of the company. The confession which Northon made to his father raised fresh tears; but I pass by those which were shed by the Marquis and the Baron while they embraced this dejected, but resigned parent. I have already tried the sensibility of your heart too much; and yet I am afraid I have weakened the idea you ought to conceive of so moving a scene, by painting it with too imperfect a pencil.

I knew not what was doing in the room, which was a great happiness.— Who knows whether I should have been mistress of myself, and whether my emotions would not have discovered that secret which we did our utmost

endeavours to conceal from her. She slept very quietly, dear girl, and waked without any fever, wherefore the physician assured us that she was absolutely out of danger.

She was surprised at not seeing my brother. “Is he gone without taking leave of me?” said she. “Why did not you awake me?” The Baron, who had just joined us, and did his utmost to appear composed, said to her with an air of humour, “He has shown his respect more to you, in anticipating some hours in carrying his pardon to his son, than he would have done by retarding it in bidding you adieu.”

My dear friend, I must now make a pause: my hand cannot hold the pen any longer, and the post is just going out. This first *volume* shall be followed by another less melancholy, for I have nothing but fortunate events to entertain you with. This recital will support your impatience; I am certain you will have a more lively one than you told me you had felt one day to see the *dénouement* of a dramatic piece, whose hero had gained your heart, and was such that the pearly drops covered your face through impatience. I am certain that you will like that of our piece; and as for the heroine, she has had the happiness of interesting you in her favour for a long time.— Could you ever have suspected that she has been threatened with such misfortunes?

(To be continued.)

MILITARY DISTRESS;

O R,

D A M I N V I L L E.

An ANECDOTE.

(Continued from Page 26.)

DAMINVILLE recovered, as he lay extended on the shore, and before he opened his eyes, he found himself devoured with kisses, and drowned with tears. But fixing his eyes, “Is it thee, my son, my dear Eugene! Art thou still alive! dost thou

thou hold me in thy arms ! Ah Felicia, Felicia, thou never didst enjoy so sweet a sight !"—“ My friend,” added he, addressing himself to the negro, and holding his hands between his own, “ how can I make amends to thee for this service ? I have nothing but a heart, a heart penetrated with thy benevolence : ask my life, I wish it were sufficient to express my gratitude !” The negro was melted into tears.—“ But where are we ? What will become of us ? O heavens ! our ship is out of sight. Has the Supreme Being saved us from the waves, to make us feel the horrors of famine ?”

Whilst Daminville was indulging these just apprehensions, and was endeavouring to find where he was, a small boat rowed to the shore, and landed a number of armed men : they perceived the three distressed persons wandering on the coasts, ran up to them, seized them, tied their hands, and hurried away with them to their skiff. One of these wretches, who understood French, informed him that he was now amongst Corsairs ; the miserable father immediately exclaimed, “ Let me not be separated from my child, and I will do any thing you shall command me ; if you deprive me of my child, my life is at an end, you will have nothing but a corpse to dispose of.”

Daminville, Eugene, and the negro were sold to the barbarians, and to the same master. The two men were employed in the most fatiguing works, and loaded with stripes. The negro resented his ill treatment more than his companion, he was rather languid. “ Do not beat him, said the latter, to these barbarians, I will undertake to do his task myself. Alas ! he is my benefactor ; I am under the greatest obligation to him ; I am obliged to him for saving the life of my son ;” and indeed Daminville consoled the unhappy Azor to the utmost of his power. “ My friend, said he, while my regards are attached to Eugene, I answer with a supernatural courage.”

In reality the child deserved the tenderness of his father ; he already displayed all the susceptibility of Feli-

cia ; he was incessantly running into his father's arms, continually near the author of his days, he presented him with the food which was sent for the slaves, wiping off the painful sweat which dropped from his face, and blending these attentions with innocent kisses, so affecting to a parent : infomuch that Daminville smiled under the load of his chains, and in the midst of the most fatiguing employments. A single caress, a word, a look from Eugene, enabled him to support so calamitous a lot with resignation.

The negro expressing his surprize on this account : “ Azor thou art not a father ; thou knowest not how fond this sentiment makes me of life, and supplies both strength and firmness. Dost thou imagine, that were it not for my child, I should not have followed a wife whom I adored, to the grave ? Alas ! I live only for my child ; I have long been dead to myself. Believe me, my friend, there are troubles which are not capable of consolation : should I be master of the whole world, and deprived of my son, I should think myself more to be pitied than any one besides.”

Many other slaves of different nations were companions with the unfortunate father of Eugene and Azor in their captivity. The love of liberty is perhaps the last passion which is extinguished in the human heart : all the captives were moved by this powerful spring. A bark, whose crew, to all appearance had been lost, was driven on these coasts. The slaves immediately conceived the venturesome design to go on board it, and trust themselves to the sea, chusing rather to perish and be buried in the waves, than to drag any longer a chain which grew heavier every day. A plot was formed, there remained nothing but to put it in execution. The day, the hour, the minute was appointed. They seized on a favourable opportunity to escape from those who had the charge of them and entered the bark, the negro being the only one that remained behind. He was descending from a neighbouring eminence to join his comrades, when they

they perceived several soldiers behind him running as fast as they could to intercept the fugitives, who immediately pushed into the middle of the sea. Azor made a most hideous shriek on seeing the soldiers following him: he increased his pace, stretched out his suppliant hands to his companions, and made the shore echo with his lamentations. Daminville wanting them to stop the bark to take him in; "What, replied they, do not you see the danger that threatens us, yourself, and your child!" The negro continued with a loud voice to excite the pity of his friends; he jumped into the water, but the barbarians fetched him back again.

Daminville, embracing the feet of his comrades, "He is my deliverer, he is my deliverer, cried he, he has saved my son's life; stop! stay—only a minute, a single minute—give him time to reach the skiff." They were deaf to his intreaties. Some of the overseers shewing great impatience to reach the bark, and seize on it, they rowed off as fast again as they had done before. At that instant Daminville experienced the most dreadful stroke that ever he could feel, after that which had robbed him of his Felicia. He figured to himself the unhappy Azor wounded before his eyes in a thousand places, cut in pieces by those cannibals, who were as eager as tygers after their prey, turning his eyes to the last towards him, and imploring his assistance.

We shall pass over numberless incidents of a similar kind in silence: let it suffice to add, that the father of Eugene underwent the most difficult and most humiliating trials of adverse fortune: he experienced at once all the torturing shafts of misery, as well as that infamy, which is so difficult to support, and which generally attends it: in a word Daminville experienced all the inhumanity of one who unjustly arrogates a superiority over the rest of his fellow creatures. There was no condition so mean, but what he was not a victim to. When the remembrance of what he had formerly been, when a becoming pride prevented him

from descending to measures which were in some respects ignominious, he sighed, cast a look towards Eugene, and all his ferocity vanished.

Daminville offering himself as a servant to one of those unnatural rich persons who have never opened their hearts to the least impression of sensibility, the brute immediately asked whose child that was, which he was leading?—"He is—he is, Sir, mine, and his maintenance shall be no expence to you; I only beg leave to have him with me." "Must beggars get children and importune such as I am for their sakes! I never will keep a servant that has got a child; if you are obliged to live on *charity*, you should send him to the workhouse."

"To the workhouse! cried Daminville, melting in tears. Barbarous!—Sir—I was not made—"

"You are made to get away as fast as you can, or else I shall give orders to have you driven away: what, shall such a fellow as you speak to me with so much assurance! such vermin as you are good for nothing else but to begget beggars, to the disgrace of society. Go your ways, I shall be able to get *otherguess* servants than you are."

We shall dwell no longer on so shocking a circumstance, which is at the same time so probable, to the disgrace of humanity, only to give some idea of the mortifications which pierced the heart of this unhappy man. His long disgrace, his fatigues, his slavery, a dreadful fall conspired to render him unable to discharge the meanest offices, if any can be such to a man who ought to blush only for those cruel persons whose barbarity abandoned him to this excess of misfortune.

Nature is not injured with impunity. Monforin, though satiated with riches, began to feel a vacuity at the bottom of his heart, a craving which he could not satisfy. Amidst all those false enjoyments, which, in some respect, conspired to overwhelm him, the yearnings of a father began to be mutinous, and call for the return of a son, a son who did not take the place of a nephew. But what contributed most to this

this return of paternal affection, was the ingratitude which the old man experienced from a couple of villains, who both appeared in their true light, and betrayed one another; such were Daligni and the perfidious Darnicourt. Where is the mortal who does not wish to be beloved! Monforin had already discovered that the only motive for Daligny's conduct was to secure to himself the succession: he could doubt it no longer, and we must repeat it with that luxurious pleasure attached to truth, who could take place of a father? who could take place of a son?

The financier was arrived at that period wherein the eye is fixed on the grave: the *lust* of gain, as we have observed, was fatiated. He carried every where a dreadful vacuity; he made researches every where, but could not find his only child. Religion presented herself to him under a more faithful image. He was better acquainted with the devoirs she prescribed in conjunction with nature. The opulent brute was civilized, and became a father.

Monforin at last opened his eyes; he beheld Daligni and Darnicourt in their true light. He would frequently exclaim, "Ah! Daminville! Daminville! have I lost thee for ever?—I find, alas! that thou art wanting to my heart—to my sad old age! A nephew is not a son!—I know it too well! The former is attached only to my fortune; and Darnicourt is the wretch that has robbed me of my son."

The old man intercepted a letter from these villains, wherein they confirmed the aversion they had for him; their impatience of seeing him in his shroud, and the measures they ought to take to secure to themselves as soon as possible the possession of such immense riches. What a discovery was this for Daminville's father? The bandage of illusion dropped off. Transported with rage, he loaded both the sharpers with the most bitter reproaches, drove them both from his presence, and forbade them for ever from darkening his doors again.

The man, though formerly so obdurate, began to feel that he had a heart, and at last the necessity of finding another in which he might unbosom himself. This necessity made him recollect honest Beranger, the man who was inspired with the spirit of religion, who was not attached to him from any interested views, and who had acted the part of an impartial mediator between the father and his son; for all the ideas of Monforin turned upon this object solely, especially after the dismissal of his nephew and his worthy instigator.

He spared no pains, no researches to find out Beranger. At last he reaped some fruit from his enquiries. The brutal Darnicourt had, in concert with his pupil, laid a plot of the blackest nature: they had found means to render him criminal in the eyes of government, and had, without his knowledge, taken advantage of the credit of Monforin to ruin, in his name, an honest man, who excited their enmity and apprehensions, and were in fear every moment lest he should open the old man's eyes. What a discovery was it for the latter, when he was apprized of the destiny of Beranger, and the intrigue which had deprived him of his liberty?—Monforin redoubled his zeal and activity: the innocence of Beranger was confirmed, his irons were knocked off, and his calumniators, in their turn, stood a chance of being punished for their infamous *manceuvre*.

Thus Beranger owed the termination of his misfortune to the pains of Monforin, and his first steps led him to the house of his benefactor. He cried, "Sir, I am indebted to you for my liberty, for my life, for I should have sunk under my chagrin at the very moment in which you opened the doors of my prison. And by what miracle have you condescended to interest yourself in behalf of one, who had lost your confidence?"

The old man gave him a detail of all the perfidies and villainies of his nephew and Darnicourt. He informed him in what manner his blindness was cured.

cured. Beranger was acquainted at last how the authors of his unjust detention had pressed his inhuman creditor, to arm the severity or rather the barbarity of the laws against him.

"Yes, said Monforin to him, I have found out the truth, but rather too late. I am delivered from those rapacious monsters, who put the finishing stroke to their atrociousness by exciting my resentment against my poor son. Ah, Beranger! had I followed your advice I should not have been robbed of my son; he would have smoothed my path to the grave; the fatal instant approaches wherein all my riches will be useless, and you and my son might have closed my eyelids! Believe me, Beranger, wealth will not make us happy: I find it to be too true, and a rich man has very few real friends. These wretches wished only for my wealth; it is from you, from you alone that I expect all the satisfaction which I may be permitted to taste in this world. To be short, if Daminville be not restored to me, we will talk of him, we will shed tears to his memory; my dear friend let us unite our pains, our researches—Beranger, restore me my son."

Beranger entered into a detail of the distresses of Daminville: he expatiated upon the virtues, the prudence of Felicia, the deep misery in which they were immersed, and the grief which they both felt on not being able to move an inexorable parent: at every sentence the old man sighed, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and interrupting him,

"Beranger, said he, be so good as not to leave me; you shall be witness to my last moments; I cancel the will which disinherited Daminville. I will make another which shall restore him to his rights, for I cannot believe that we ought to lament him as if he were lost: but if it is decided that I must support that cruel loss, you, my friend, shall be my heir. I am convinced of your probity; you shall be my steward, my almoner, to distribute what I have, and to give it, in the name of my unhappy son, unto those unfortu-

nate creatures, which revive the idea of him in our minds."

Beranger was now the only consolation of Monforin. The former, who felt so much the religious sentiments which he professed, employed his interest with his friends, and had the happiness of rescuing Daligni and Darnicourt from a rigorous punishment, who begged that they might be permitted to throw themselves at his feet.

"I will not see them, said Beranger; I free them from every obligation; I heartily forgive them; I have only done my duty in doing them a kindness. We may pardon bad men, but we ought not to live with them."

Daminville's father was not discouraged on account of the ill success of his pains to acquire some intelligence of his son; he had dispatched letters all over France, and even in foreign parts: sometimes he perceived a glimpse of light, indulged the sweetness of hope; but the flattering prospect soon vanished!

(To be continued.)

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Continued from Vol. X. Page 539, and concluded.)

LETTER X.

Lady FRANCES MELVILLE to Lady SAVILLE.

YOU will perceive, dear madam, that very little of my story remains untold; but you demand particulars.

My poor Mr. Scudamore lived only three days after the pathetic scene I have related. In that time I never left him. Lord Melville paid him frequent visits: his behaviour to me, in so delicate a situation, was every thing that the strictest propriety could dictate; and Mr. S— was so infinitely tender and affectionate, that my esteem and pity for him operated so powerfully on my mind, as to suppress those lively emotions lord M's presence was wont to inspire me with. My whole attention was so centered in my husband's

band's melancholy situation, and the solemnity of a death-bed scene, that I was incapable of feeling any of those delicate confusions that might have been expected from my seeing lord M. after all that had passed.

The hour was now arrived that was to release Mr. S — from the tortures he endured, which were so violent as sometimes to deprive him of his senses. They returned for a few minutes—he opened his eyes, fixed them tenderly on me, seized lord M—'s hand, (who knelt on the other side of the bed) and joining it with mine, pressed them feebly, breathed a sigh, and expired.

It was more than I could bear : I uttered a scream, and fell senseless by him. They conveyed me to my own apartment. For two days I continued in faintings ; but when I became capable of reflexion, and of meditating on my condition, I determined on secluding myself from the world for a time. With some difficulty I prevailed on my father to consent to my wishes, and in consequence of them I removed to a convent of note, at a short distance, the fourth day of my widowhood.

Julia de Sancerre, second daughter to the lady I had been with, was a boarder there ; she was a most amiable girl, had great vivacity of disposition, tempered with strong sense and judgment. In her society I passed many delightful hours of calm content, after the storms I had encountered. In the mean time my dear father and lord M— accompanied my unhappy Scudamore's remains to England, and saw them deposited at Bellerne. By his will I found myself mistress of an immense fortune : he left rings of considerable value to my father, lord M. and lady Ophelia.

After I had resided two months in the convent, I received pressing letters from all my friends (except lord M.) beseeching me to return to them. I had in this time recovered my serenity in some measure. The shock I had received by Mr. S's death daily wore off. I was charmed with the converse of Julia, who was become my constant companion, and I felt a calm content,

which would not suffer me to bear the thoughts of quitting my retreat. You will suppose by this that I no longer experienced any of those soft emotions that lord M. had once so fatally excited in me ; far otherwise, I had never ceased to love him, in spite of all my endeavours for it ; and the hourly increase of my esteem for him was another, nay, I may say the first reason, for my resisting the reiterated intreaties of all my friends, and determined me to continue yet some time in the convent.

It was about the sixth month of my residence there, that I was confined for some days by a violent cold to my apartment ; during my confinement, Julia told me that our society was increased by a lady, who had declared her intention of passing the remainder of her days there : adding, that the lady Abbess had hopes of prevailing upon her to take the veil, “ though (said Julia) she appears so ill, and distressed in mind, that I am sure she has not half the time necessary for her probation to remain in this world.”

So soon as I left my chamber I desired Julia to introduce me to this unfortunate woman, who was entirely confined to her's. We went together, she was seated in an arm-chair, pale, emaciated, and grief and despair legibly written in her countenance ; but judge for me if you can, what was my surprise, when in that face I traced the features of the late lady Belvidere. My presence shocked her infinitely, yet, when a little recovered, she declared herself pleased “ that I should witness her repentance and death, which she was sure was at hand. She mourned her fall from virtue, which she hoped had been sufficiently punished in this life, by the brutal behaviour of her seducer, which had driven her at last from the world. She owned that she married lord Belvidere merely for his wealth and title, that Mr. O'Conner was an old admirer ; but that she knew her uncle would never consent to her marrying him : she likewise said, that she conceived an aversion for me, and had medi-

meditated a scheme to destroy my happiness, which she was prevented in, by Sir Charles Bolton's more successful villainy. She asked my pardon in the most affecting manner, and begged I would not deny her my company whilst she lived."

I heartily forgave and pitied her: she would not suffer me to write for any of her relations; she could not bear the sight of them. My dress informed her I was a widow. "Lord Melville, said she, has always loved you, you are now both free, you deserve each other, may you meet and be happy!" She survived only a fortnight after our first meeting, and at the end of that time expired.

This whole occurrence shocked me exceedingly: she left letters to lord Melville and lord Clarendon, which I dispatched, with the news of her death. The latter came over immediately on the sad, but pious errand, of attending his unhappy sister's remains to England.

Our meeting was a melancholy one, he shed tears over her. He brought me letters from my dear Ophelia, which tended all to persuade my return with him; but they, with all his rhetoric, were unavailing; I had resolved to spend my year of mourning there, at least, and my purpose was not to be changed.

I am afraid you will think me capricious and petulant, but I will own to you, that I suffered many uneasy moments, from the idea which would sometimes intrude that I was no longer dear to lord M—. Methought he might have done more, than have sent me the common remembrance, due to any indifferent person, in his sister's letters; and yet, perhaps, had he presumed to have written to me himself, I had accused him of a forwardness, that had displeased me, so ready are we to torment ourselves with fancied evils.

But now the time drew near when I was to know an end of all my troubles. The year of my mourning was expiring, I was now to be relieved

from all my doubts of lord M's constancy; I dreaded the event.

The very morning after the year was accomplished, a lay-sister told me I was asked for in the parlour, I went hastily, agitated I knew not why, and with a tremor, for which I could not account, drew aside the curtain, which was drawn by the grate; but what were my feelings, at the sight of my dear Ophelia? Our joy at first did not admit of words, and it was long ere we were composed enough to hold any discourse; at last she found utterance to tell me; "that she and Mr. Nugent had undertaken the journey on purpose to restore me to my friends. I had now no plea to prolong my stay."

I took an affectionate leave of my friend Julia, and accompanied lady Ophelia to the hotel. Only general enquiries had passed between us, of our friends in England, on our way to the hotel.

We were no sooner arrived there, than she led me into a saloon, where the first objects that struck my astonished sight, was my father, who advancing to me with lord M. in his hand; embraced me eagerly, saying, "I bring you your constant lover, and destined husband, and I expect you will reward him, without delay, for the respect he has maintained towards you; in suffering you to dedicate this last year to solitude."

What could I say to this indulgent parent, to these dear friends? I was speechless, I raised my father's hand; I gave mine voluntarily, and my whole heart with it to lord M.

Words cannot do justice to this scene, Mr. Nugent, with lord and lady Clarendon, who were likewise of the party, blessed me with their sincere congratulations.

The following week we were united in the English Ambassador's chapel, and returned immediately after to England. We proceeded directly to Castle Melville, where my mother-in-law received me with the most affectionate joy.

You have now the END of my STORY, dear Madam; my life is now as happy as my heart can wish. Blessed with the best of husbands, children, sisters, and friends, what have I more to ask but a continuance of happiness, in the welfare of each individual! Adieu.

Dear Madam,

Ever your's

FRANCES MELVILLE.

* * We hope our kind Correspondent, though she has wound up the thread of her narrative, will not deprive the rest of the sex of the pleasure of her *future* favours, nor let her pen suffer an *inglorious* inactivity in her ink-stand.

THE GOVERNESSES.

(Continued from Page 36.)

MRS. Clover, to do her justice, was the most inoffensive, as she appeared to be satisfied with every thing that was done to make something of her daughter, and freely confessed her own ignorance; adding, that she should know better when she had learnt a little of Molly, to whom she actually looked up as the summit of all perfection. I found it, however, the most difficult matter in the world to make Miss Mary comprehend a single thing I was desirous of teaching her; and when, by dint of intense application, and unwearied attention, I made her take in something, she exhibited her acquisitions in a most ungraceful manner, though it was sufficient to induce her father and mother to think highly of *her* parts, as well as of *my* talents, and mode of instruction. Nothing was heard in the house but Polly's prodigious improvements. Her mother asked her questions from morning to night, but she could not answer one in ten of them. Her father was continually saying, "Ay, ay, let our Poll alone, I'll warrant she can tell us; she is as sharp as a needle, and knows a hawk from a buzzard: dost not, Moll?"—Then condescending to

compliment *me* for having instructed her, he would add—"But I must confess she has learnt a great deal of Miss Haywood here, who is as knowing a young woman as any in our parish, ay, or within forty miles around; and it would be no disparagement even to the doctor himself to hold a discourse with her at any time."

Praises of this kind, tho' delivered in so homely a style, as they were uttered with the greatest sincerity, could not be unpleasing; they were, indeed, very strong proofs of the satisfaction which I gave, and really made me happy in a situation, that would, otherwise, have been extremely undesirable. My endeavours to be useful in my station were by no means unsuccessful; and a first cousin of Miss Clover's, a young man who was left an orphan at an early age, and who had been taken, in his infancy, by her father, and brought up in his business, became very desirous of profiting by the books which I read to my young pupil, and by the instructions with which I accompanied my lectures; and as he did not want understanding, he made a rapid progress in all the little knowledge it was in my power to impart to him: in consequence of his eager thirst after intellectual attainments, he spent every leisure moment in reading, or in making observations on what was read to him, and his remarks would have done honour to a man of a much more enlarged capacity, and in a much higher sphere. In fact, he very soon outstripped his cousin in the literary race, and became, in a short time, exceedingly conversible, being of a more sociable turn than Miss Clover, who discovered rather a dislike to Henry's improvements.—At first I imagined there might be a little jealousy in her bosom, and that she was apprehensive of her father's being displeased at her not being so forward in her *learning*, as he called it, as his nephew: but I soon found this was not the case: former Clover was, indeed, so certain that his own children were superior to all others, male or female, that he thought Henry, with all his acquired knowledge,

ledge, a mere *ignoramus* compared to *her*: he, therefore, paid very little attention to him.

This young man having the fairest opportunities to improve both his person and his mind, now began to appear more neat in his dress: he turned up his hair, which used to flow carelessly on his shoulders, into a round curl, rubbed it up before, brushed his hat, and cocked it smartly; these *attentions*, as he had a pleasing person, gave him a genteel air; yet he never discovered the slightest symptoms of a coxcomb: there never was a young fellow more free from affectation.

This change in his nephew's appearance could not but strike the farmer, as well as the rest of the family. Mr. Clover said, one day, "Why, lookee here now, see how our Henry has dressed himself!—Why, I believe as how he has a month's mind to recommend himself to some great lady or other. Well said, boy, (continued he, laughing, and clapping him on the back) if thou canst make thy fortune, so much the better for thee, lad."

The young man looked, I thought, somewhat abashed at this sally of his uncle's, but replied, with a respectful bow, that as he had the happiness to learn from Miss Hayward, that we ought to live for others still more than for ourselves, he should be the most ungrateful of men if he did not *attempt*, at least, to do every thing in his power to make himself agreeable.

The gallantry of this speech, I confess, not a little surprised me: yet I did not imagine that it required an answer. As it was much too refined for Mr. Clover's comprehension, he only replied, with a broad grin, "Ay, ay, I believe the lad will do: what dost think, Moll?" turning to his daughter, and giving her a shake. In consequence of this verbal address, and manual salute, her neck and face glowed like scarlet; she, therefore, drew her handkerchief immediately out of her pocket to conceal her emotions, and soon afterwards left the room. I followed her directly, but took no notice

of what had past to any body, though I had seen more than I approved of.

Finding my young lady melancholy, I strove, by every method in my power, to amuse her, and turn her thoughts to different subjects: the next day she became a little more chearful, and her chearfulness soon increased while we were taking a walk together, from being overtaken by Henry, who desired permission to accompany us.—I saw her countenance brighten up in an instant at his approach, and she immediately offered him her hand as a mark of her approbation. He took it with a smile of civility, but letting it go directly, turned to me, and began a conversation upon the beauty of the setting sun, and the delightful freshness of the evening. I made but a short reply, imagining that such a one would be most agreeable to Miss Clover, and endeavoured, by referring him to *her* for an answer, to oblige him to address himself to *her* again.—I could not, however, succeed; he continued to attach himself to *me*; I found means, therefore to shorten our walk, and as soon as I came home, I retired to my own apartment. From that day, however, he seemed to make it his business to seek opportunities to see me, to walk with me: to give me pleasure, he brought me every day the finest nosegays and the choicest fruit, and frequently presented curious plants to me, which he procured from a neighbouring gardener.—In vain I begged him not to trouble himself: he still persisted; and when I offered any of his presents to his cousin, seemed hurt by seeing the civilities he paid to *me* transferred to another: while she, on her part, would not accept of them, declaring they were not designed for *her*.

We all went on in this train for some time, in a style which occasioned me no small uneasiness, as I dreaded an *eclaircissement* from Henry, and did not dare to take any steps to produce one. It was perfectly plain to me that Mary was both fond of her cousin, and jealous of the visible preference he gave

to me; yet as I could not tell whether her father would approve of her partiality in Henry's favour, I thought I could not be justified in the promotion of it. Thus situated, I imagined it was my duty to discourage the young man, as much as possible, from supposing that his solicitude to please me gave me any satisfaction. In consequence of this way of thinking, I availed myself of every opportunity to divert him from his assiduities on my account; but my efforts were not successful: instead of rendering him disposed to slacken his *attentions*, they drove him to the very explanations which I had long expected, but which I wished not to hear.

(To be continued.)

THE MATRON.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER LXXX.

AS I was, a few mornings ago, sitting at my writing table, arranging my ideas in order to make them fit to appear in public, my niece Partlet came in, accompanied with her trusty Fidget. After having told me that she would, if it was agreeable to me, partake of my family dinner, she added, "You will be surprized, Madam, and perhaps think I keep very bad hours, when I assure you I did not rise to day till past twelve. I have, indeed, but just huddled on my things, and eat a bit of breakfast: to say the truth, I was at a dance last night, and did not get home till four this morning. Imagining that the humours of the evening might not only afford you amusement, Madam, but furnish out, under the correction of your *elegant* pen, a paper of instruction to all future schemers of balls, and to those who assemble together in consequence of their designs, I made all possible haste to give you the necessary information."

Here she ceased speaking, while Fidget made *his* compliments in a wheezing kind of grunt, as he, from

the unwholesome indulgence of his mistress, grows frightfully fat. I confess I had been thinking to express my disapprobation of Pen's joining in a dance at *her* time of life, had not her little stroke of adulation (who is there among the best and wisest of us always proof against flattery) softened me: I therefore asked her at whose house she had mixed with so lively a party?

She replied, "At a capital lace-merchant's in the city; who, from the fortune he has already acquired, and from his extensive trade, can well afford to make entertainments, and to put himself upon a footing with some people of birth, who are too high to follow business, and who are reckoned to have no fortunes at all: but such people must certainly have something, or they could not be able to make any appearance. The son and two daughters of a neighbour, who follows no business, and whom I shall, to render my narrative more intelligible, call Proudlove, and the two sons and daughter of a gentleman who has a place in one of the public offices, whom I shall call Clerkson, were part of the company: with these were mixed the families of some reputable shopkeepers, and a number of haberdashers and milliners also, with whom Mr. Minionet, the lace-dealer, was connected in the way of trade. Mrs. Minionet, probably foreseeing that some difficulties might arise with regard to the change of partners, thought it necessary, in order to prevent disputes, to fix them herself. After having paired some couples with a proper degree of judgment, she unfortunately overlooked Miss Charlotte Proudlove, and Mr. Thomas Clerkson, and was, therefore, obliged, when she had disposed of her genteel parties, to give the former to young Skain, the haberdasher, desiring the latter, at the same time, to take Miss Blond, an apprentice to a milliner, whose father, however, had been a very respectable clergyman in the north of England, but having only a small living, which prevented him from saving any thing for his children, the young lady was placed in a very sober family, where she

He is much esteemed for her application to business, and the general propriety of her conduct. Miss Blond is, indeed, a very pretty girl, yet the young coxcomb in office hardly deigned to pay her the politeness necessary upon such occasions: he was continually leaving her to pay his court to the Miss Proudloves, the younger of whom turned up her nose at the measurer of tapes, and would seldom condescend to give him her hand, obliging him to call upon her every moment, and to desire her to attend to what she was about. During one of these attempts to make her attentive to the *business* of the night, she turned to the Clerksons, and said, in a loud whisper, "I am sure I am egregiously *out of place* in being matched with this tagger of laces." The young tradesman's gallantry was not, you may be sure, quickened by this speech, which he could not help hearing, and he, of course, neglected her in his turn, paying all his attention to the pretty Blond, who was treated with an insolent *hauteur* by Tom Clerkson, whom she had in no shape offended; but the *mistress of the ceremonies* had made her sufficiently disagreeable to her partner, by matching a *milliner's apprentice* with the son of a *gentleman*. Miss Blond modestly returned Skain's civilities, and he took an opportunity to observe that some of the set were very ill-matched; saying, that those dances were, he thought, best performed, where the gentlemen chose for themselves. "It might be so," replied Charlotte Proudlove, with a very pert air, "if *real* gentlemen were to chuse; but one would be exceedingly sorry to be taken out by a tradesman: if one has the misfortune to dance with such a wretch, there is, however, some consolation in knowing that our partner is *forced* upon us."—"Why then, Madam," answered Skain, "rather than have a *low-bred tradesman* for your partner, (speaking in a spirited manner) you would, I suppose, chuse to be left out of the set, and have no partner at all."—"There would be no fear of *that*, I believe," replied she, reddening, "if some people were left to themselves, and not

pre-engaged against their inclinations, I fancy they would have a large choice of the genteelst men in the company: those, therefore, who are so improperly suited, have nothing to do but to let the whole room see that they could not help it."—"Upon my honour, Madam," replied Skain, "were it not out of respect to Mrs. Minionet, I would most willingly resign your fair hand to any *gentleman* happy enough to be the man of your choice."—"I take you at your word," cried Thomas Clerkson, "and will change my partner for yours."—"Does the lady consent?" said Skain.—"The lady, Sir," returned he, "will not think proper to object to it, for I believe she found me rather unsuitable."—"I shall act," said the modest Blond, "as Mrs. Minionet thinks proper," advancing to her. She, at the same time, reproached Clerkson for his want of gallantry, telling him that every female, especially a handsome one, always claimed the attention of every gentleman; whatever her situation in life might be; and that had not Miss Blond's present conduct merited praise, her being the daughter of a worthy clergyman both demanded and deserved respect. She then gave her hand to Skain, while Clerkson capered up to Charlotte Proudlove, who had scarce time to exult in her taking place of all the trades people's daughters, when a gentleman, who had been knighted on some public occasion, and who had become acquainted with Mr. Minionet when he was purchasing lace at Valenciennes, entered the ball-room. "Sir Robert, Sir Robert," now echoed from every quarter: the Miss Proudloves and Miss Clerkson longed to have the honour of dancing with him: Charlotte, in particular, lamented her ill-luck in not having kept the haberdasher till the knight arrived, as she might then, she thought, have stood a chance of being the very top of all the set. To provoke her still more, Mr. Skain happened to be sent for home, on his father's being taken suddenly ill, and Sir Robert asked Miss Blond for the favour of her hand, who gave it

it to the man of title with the same unaffected good humour with which she had before given it to the man of trade. Sir Robert was so struck with her beauty, and the modesty of her behaviour, that the greatest part of the company were led to suppose she had made a deep and lasting impression upon his heart, to the extreme mortification of the young ladies of *family* present, especially Miss Charlotte Proudlove, who, declaring she had never joined a more unsuitable set, and had never been so much *out of luck* before, so disgusted her new partner, Tom Clerkson, that he began to treat her with an indifference which bordered upon rudeness: and she, finding that she could not with all her arts, attract the knight's attention, began to think she should have been better off with the little lively lace-tagger; being conscious that he discovered no want of civility to her till she gave him the most provoking occasion.—Thus you see, Madam," continued Pen, "the pleasure of the evening was disturbed by the improper *assortment* of the company, to speak in a language adapted to the subject."

"Say, rather," replied I, "by the improper pride of people, whose situations in life would not, by any means, warrant the liberties they took."

"But surely, my dear Madam," said Pen, "you cannot approve of such a barbarous mixture of people, for I cannot call them company, as their different styles of life necessarily throw them into different modes of thinking?"

"Indeed but I do," answered I.—"At any public assembly, or private party, (if it be a large one) it is next to impossible to select a number of persons who shall be all perfectly upon a level with regard to birth, fortune, character, and manners.—Besides, where is the necessity of such a strict equality? If your partner behaves with a proper politeness, if he conducts himself like a gentleman, and is a good dancer into the bargain, what does it signify whether he is a man of business, or a mere idle man of fortune?"

"Aye," replied she; "but one should be vastly hurt, after having danced with a mercer, an haberdasher, or a linnen-draper, to go to his shop, to find him recollecting one, and to hear him mention what had passed between us; to make an attempt, indeed, to renew the acquaintance. I am sure I know some ladies who would be so shocked at such a rencontre, that I actually believe they would run faster out of the shop than they came in, to avoid *consequences*."

"Why really, Pen," said I, "*your* ladies, to make use of an old saying, are more nice than wise. I would have women take care not to give way to a false delicacy."

"But, my dear Madam, could any woman of birth and family demean herself so much as to give encouragement to a man who stands behind a counter?"

"Why, Pen," said I, "I can name several women of birth, ay, and refined in their manners too, who have not only been glad to accept of a man from behind a counter, but have thought themselves happy in the opportunity of *standing there* themselves, attending some reputable and profitable business."

"Bless me!" cried Miss Partlet, "well, I could not have thought that *you*, Madam, would have approved of such a mixture."

Here Fidget, as if he was of the same opinion with his mistress, half snarled at me, while I stretched out my hand to give the poor old beast a friendly stroke on his head. Pen was, indeed, too much agitated by the subject of our conversation to attend to *him*, or I am sure she would have corrected him herself. Seeing her so agitated, I told her, in order to make her more calm and composed, that the most refined lady might dance with equal propriety either with a duke or a dancing-master, provided she kept up a modest reserve, which would always secure her a due degree of respect.—

"Have you never heard, my dear Pen," continued I, "of intruders being *arwed* into distance and decorum? Those ladies above-mentioned, who felt

felt themselves hurt by mixing with people whom they believed to be their inferiors, should not have accepted of invitations from persons in business, if they were above being civil to the company they might meet at their houses. At the same time I must be *free to say*, that tradesmen should not attempt to put themselves on a footing with people who despise them, by giving themselves the trouble of making expensive entertainments for them; for people who, while they *condescend* to be *treated* by them, are very liberal of their ridicule when they are out of their sight. Now, were it not for the violent operation of *vanity* on one side, and of *meanness* on the other, these absurdities could never happen: and so, my dear Partlet, let us go to dinner with a good appetite, as I dare venture to say that neither you nor I shall have it damped by making entertainments for which nobody will thank us."

(To be continued.)

REPENTANCE may be TOO LATE.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

TO compensate, in some degree, for the injurious contempt with which, for many years, I treated the man I now most esteem, is one motive for troubling you with the present:—the other is, from my mistake, to warn the gay and thoughtless of my own sex not to prefer the gaudy trappings of the fop of fortune, to the solid and lasting pleasures enjoyed in being the partner of a man of sense, nor wish what is not to be found, a junction of both characters.

I intend, Mr. Editor, to be very candid in what I have to relate, and as little to intrude on your more useful labour, as I wish not to take place of the production of a more able pen: it is not from novelty, but experience, I ask attention.

I am now verging on that state in which the poet says, "Man delights

us not, nor woman neither," and when the virgin stalk no longer supports the bloom of spring.

My parents, by application and industry in a genteel business, acquired what in this country is called a pretty fortune. I was the youngest of several children, and, as it is often the case, had a little more attention paid to my education, but was brought to understand the business in common with the others. In person I am of a middling stature; my features were soft and agreeable, but not striking. As a strict œconomy was the domestic rule, it was not often that I frequented fashionable amusements; but when I made one of a party, it was with my superiors in fortune, whom I was fond of imitating. I was not so vain as to give myself airs of consequence on my dependancies, yet I entertained hopes that I should, one day, make some advantage beyond what might naturally be expected. To this delusion I owe my present contrition, and hence the origin of more than a momentary repentance.

At that period, when by the laws of our country, the authority of parents and masters cease to influence, I received the addresses of a person whom I ought not to have rejected, and whose person and manners I shall impartially describe. I have now nothing to hope for from flattery, and have long given place to sacred truths and serious occupations.

In his person he is a little above the middling stature, his deportment is genteel and easy, and in his gait active to admiration. His features are regular, with an agreeable symmetry, and a composed cheerfulness, the emblem of his mind. As to his fortune, it was such as could make me (and he offered) legal and honourable concessions. So far you will pronounce him unexceptionable, and me inexcusable; but when I describe his mental abilities, I shall greatly add to the number of his admirers, and hope not to diminish the few friends (though I must confess they are not many) that console my misfortune.

In the early part of life, his friends had not the advantage to give, nor he the happiness to receive a liberal education; but his business gave him sufficient leisure to acquire, by a pleasing application, what the schools, under the severest discipline, do not always attain. Those moments which others, from the study of the dead languages, bestow on worse than trifling amusements, were from business with him devoted to the pursuit of a more useful science, the knowledge of mankind, their manners, and opinions. That œconomy which makes such use of moments, did not fail to lay out the pence to the best advantage; and what others expended on their idle pleasures, he appropriated to the pleasures of the mind. Polite literature, a taste for the sciences, with a knowledge of the human heart, which is not always imparted from the schools, in these he made considerable progress. Natural sense and abilities are not confined to particular advantages. A man of good sense is often a rigid moralist; and a man of learning is at least an honest man, whatever may be his failings. In him speculative study has eradicated every vice and meanness: his failings I leave to them (if there be any) that know him better.

Disappointment in the tender passions sometimes determines in the extreme: in him all other passions are subsided but the improvement of the mind, and the love of mankind. Philanthropy is now his ruling passion.—Those advantages which constitute the enjoyment of life, are with him carried to the highest perfection; health and tranquility seem to be a natural production; an unaffected temperance, with relays of exercise, contribute to establish the former, and a tranquil peace of mind can spring from no other source but virtue. Was happiness to be found on earth, I could not be presented with a fairer prospect.

I have often seen, and now prove by experience, how fatal is the advice of friends, and how short sighted is human prudence! For many years (more

than I am willing to acknowledge) I treated his pretensions with the greatest contempt. My father advised and approved my conduct, and even went so far as to insult his understanding.—Had any other man given such cause, he would not have escaped unpunished. I often wished to insult him, but it was not often that I had it in my power, as he saw and eluded my design. I was very sensible of the warmth of his affection, and did what was in my power to turn it into ridicule; but that steady countenance which is the characteristic of a great mind, almost drove me to madness to find that my severest frowns were received with a pleasing smile: he once retaliated, and it was followed by repentance.

My mother, who never pretended to influence my affection, left me to my own choice, but sometimes thought I acted with cruelty; and when I would exclaim against “the fellow’s impertinence, for pretending to one so much his superior in every respect, as I was,” would check my towering thoughts, and mortify my ambitious views, by telling me, “there was but one family of nobility, and that was the family of good-sense; all others were but pretenders; and though the herald might blazon, the utmost effort of his art could not bestow on them a single ray of virtue.”

After a long and tedious pursuit, he gave up all hopes of getting the better of my prejudice: with reluctance he renounced me, and with me all thoughts of womankind. What is very singular in his conduct is, he never blamed nor censured mine, and always in company evaded every thing on the subject.—He was once heard to say, “She will certainly be sorry for it when it is too late.”

He is now near his grand climacterick, with all the cheerfulness and activity of youth, and the greatest flow of health and spirits; happy in the enjoyment of a few friends, and his friends more happy in the enjoyment of him.

This, Sir, I must confess, is not my only misfortune, for one rarely comes alone.

alone. Some years past my father died and left me in possession of part of my fortune; as I did not choose to go into business I put it out, with the advice of some friends, on what they thought good security; (this was at a time when he entertained hopes of being one day possessed of what he valued much more than my fortune) he often blamed them for giving me such advice, and would tell them the principle of the fund was not permanent, nor the structure secure, but must in a few years, if attended with any misfortune or accident, tumble into ruins. His assertion has been verified, and I have lost it to a trifle; and they now admire him whom before they thought a visionary.

What we sometimes think a disappointment, time often reverses to an advantage. My father at his death put a great part of his fortune in possession of my mother, she survived him several years, and at her decease made an equitable distribution. I have been much more cautious of this, and have taken better security, but with less interest; however, with œconomy, it affords me a genteel maintenance. My leisure hours are now devoted to serious study, which sometimes gives place to your entertaining amusements, after regretting that I have added to the number of those that divest themselves of prejudice, and acquire experience when it is too late.

A—ON.

Character of Louis the Ninth, or St. Louis. Translated from p. 14.

ST. Louis (says father Daniel) has been one of the greatest, and one of the most singular men that ever lived. In effect this prince, of an experienced valour, never shewed his courage but on great occasions.—Some very powerful object was required to rouse it: justice, or the love of his people, would stir up his soul, which otherwise appeared weak, simple, and timid. It was this which made him give examples of the greatest bravery,

when he opposed the rebels, the enemies of his state, or infidels. It was this which made him, all pious as he was, know how to resist the attacks of the popes and bishops, when he was apprehensive that they were stirring up commotions in his kingdom. It was this that made him, in the administration of justice, observe an exactness worthy admiration; but when he retired from public affairs, and was no more than a private man, then his domestics became his masters; his mother ruled him, (so mild was his disposition) and the practice of the most simple and pure devotion employed his days; and indeed all his actions were ennobled by the most solid virtues, which formed his character.

An Arabian historian has thus drawn his portrait.

This prince was a fine figure; he had sense, resolution, and religion: his amiable qualities attracted the veneration of all christians, who placed in him the most unlimited confidence.

Bristol, Feb. 12.

GERTRUDE.

* * * We are honoured likewise with another translation from Harriet Sabrina, which we have taken the liberty to incorporate with this.

Solution to E. W—n's enigmatical Feast in Nov. 1779, Page 574.

I am sorry to find so little attention has been paid to E. W—n's very genteel feast, as I could have wished a more able hand than mine had undertaken it.

WE were first served with tea, bread and butter, coffee and rusks. After the necessary form of that regale was over, each gentleman took his partner into the ball-room, in which was placed an excellent band of music, when myself, with the rest of E. W—n's friends, joined agreeably in country dancing; during which we were plentifully regaled with lemonade and negus.

After having sufficiently tired ourselves with that amusement, we were reconducted again to the parlour, where we met with an elegant cold collation,

part of which is as follows: ham, fowles, pigeon-pye, fallad, tarts, custards, jellies, whipped syllabubs, with different sorts of shell fish.

There were some few more dishes, which stood near the bottom of the table at which I was not placed, that were so genteelly disguised that I could not discern of what they consisted. We all partook of the bread, oil and salt, with the rest of the necessary ingredients at table.

For liquors, beer, port, Champaign, punch and cyder.

MARIA.

Solution to the NAMES of the WISBICH LADIES, Cambridgeshire, Page 604, Vol. X,

1. Gwynn. 2. Offwin. 3. Cross.
4. Life. 5. Southwell. 6. Hews.
7. Clarkson. 8. Meer. 9. Barnes.

Solution to the LADY'S NAMES of Peterborough, Northamptonshire, Vol. X. Page 660.

1. Pinkney. 2. Beharrell. 3. Blake.
4. Goodman. 5. Bowker. 6. Bourn.
7. Bayley. 8. Butcher. 9. Mirehouse.
10. Kirby. 11. Stevens. 12. Vinter.

Solution to the LIST of FLOWERS in the Supplement, Page 716.

1. Hyacinth. 2. Violet. 3. Everlasting pea.
4. Ranunculus. 5. Omitted. 6. Primrose. 7. Turkecap.

E. AITON.

* * * B. C—, of Streatham, Surry, makes No. 5. *African*, No. 6. *Mfrose*. Abbrook and Fisher, at Mrs. Harris's school, Uxbridge, make No. 5. *African* likewise.

Solution to the TOWNS and VILLAGES in Middlesex.

1. Hanwell. 2. Stanmore. 3. Uxbridge.
4. Edgware. 5. Enfield.

6. Harrow. 7. Brentford. 8. Hampstead. 9. Ealing. 10. London. 11. Hounslow. 12. Hillingdon.

E. AITON.

* * I. M. of V—e Street, and S. T—ml—y, make No. 9. *Stains*, the former omitting No. 12. but I. M. agrees in that with the above. Maria makes No. 2. *Kingland*, No. 9. *Gassen*, No. 12. *Islington*. Amant makes No. 2. *Stains*, No. 4. *Hampton*; agrees with E. Aiton in No. 9. and No. 12.

Solution to some of the BOOKS, p. 44.

1. Grandison. 2. Addison. 4. Betsy Thoughtless. 5. Miss Somerville. 6. History of England.

An Enigmatical List of YOUNG LADIES at Isleworth, Middlesex.

1. Five sixths of a month, the second letter of it inverted.
2. An unfortunate queen of a neighbouring kingdom, and a shire in that kingdom.
3. Three fourths of an offensive herb.
4. Three fourths of a word for gloomy weather, and two thirds of a measure.
5. The christian name of a notorious rebel.
6. An ancient patriot, changing a letter.
7. A man's christian name, and a consonant.
8. To go by, and six tenths of an adjacent county.
9. Two thirds of an industrious insect, the second letter repeated, three sevenths of where cattle feed, what birds do, and the leg of a hog.
10. A double letter, and what all folks ought to do.
11. One fourth of a county, and when the sun's absent.
12. Three sixths of a carriage, three fourths of merriment, and an occasional vowel.

I—W—.

POETI.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

On MORTALITY.

Memento Mori.

SEE wing'd time, my friends, rolls on apace,
With swiftest speed we run out mortal race;
Weeks, months, and years, ah! how they glide away!
And hurry us on to that tremendous day,
When a long adieu to all our worldly mirth,
We heave the last sad sigh, and quit the earth!
To them who swim in mirth and jollity,
I'll whisper this dread motto, *you must die!*
To all alike Death's fatal dart is shot,
Sons of dust, mortality is your lot!
The king, the prince, the peasant, and the slave,
Must bow to Death, and kiss the sordid grave!
Consider this, O man! and learn from hence
'Twixt rich and poor death makes no difference!
Thy sin, O Adam! wrought this fatal woe,
And bred the griefs we mortals undergo;
Death, baleful death was first incurr'd by thee,
Which thou entail'st to all posterity!
A little while, my friends, how short our date!
And we bid farewell to our earthly state!
So frail our bodies are! how time doth fly
To bring to us, alas! mortality!
Count well then, thy precious hours, O man!
Thoughtless away how many years have ran!
Improve the fleeting minutes, nor live in vain,
At last 'twill be thy greatest, greatest gain!
In the pale tomb thy body soon must lie,
Thy soul will soon launch to eternity;
Unknown to thee when this dread change may come,
Therefore prepared be for thy last home;
Death doth not always send his summons first,
Be not, therefore, in worldly cares immerst:
Sudden and unexpected many fall
Into the grisly king's dark doleful hall!
In midst of blooming health how many die!
We all are victims to mortality!
And is it so? then let us ready be
To fly to the regions of eternity!

HEBE M—

On the DEATH of a lovely BOY.

MY plaintive muse awakes the trembling string,
Of cruel Death's despotic pow'r to sing,
Who heeds not Wisdom's lore, nor Beauty's suit,
No eloquence subdues th' insatiate mute!

A lovely boy, possess'd of ev'ry charm,
Could not the tyrant's fatal dart disarm:
Engaging sweetness met the destin'd blow,
And bid farewell to every human woe:
His spotless soul now to his God restor'd
Bliss inconceivable's his rich reward.
Then cease, afflicted parents, to deplore
The loss of him who lives for evermore
In happier regions, and a calmer state
Than e'er terrestrial joys could yet create.
Such the All-sapient Deity's decree,
That in this vale of human life we see
None from adversity exempt can be.
Then happy, happy child! my soul no more
Shall, lost in pungent grief, thy flight deplore;
But humbly hope, thro' an almighty grace,
One day to fold thee in a sweet embrace,
On heav'nly plains, where cherubs, seraphs
twine
Celestial wreaths, to crown such worth as thine.

CLARA.

On CHRISTMAS DAY.

Composed as waking in the Morn.

A WAKE, my soul, from sleep, 'tis morn,
Awake, arise, and sing,
For on this day to you was born
A Saviour, Lord, and King.

Welcome this day, this day of fame,
With angels seem to join
In hymns of praise unto his name
And majesty divine.

To him who on this blessed day
Was born of virgin pure,
That we thro' him might find the way
To endless bliss secure.

He came of David's promis'd line,
To humble birth resign'd;
Contented, tho' a God divine,
To dwell with human kind.

To pass a life both meek and low,
Oppress'd with pain and grief,
His doctrine on us to bestow,
Example for belief.

Submissive and resign'd did he
Refuse not e'en to die,
A sacrifice for us that we
Might live with him on high.

What

Oh! such a trick, with all your gasconade,
No French monsieur, or Spaniard ever play'd."

But whilst for valour's crown great nations
fight,
And wild ambition takes the name of right,
Ambiguous states, each diff'rent pow'r to
fleece,
Equal suspend the scale of war and peace;
Abjure all principle but that they've lent,
And know no interest but cent. per cent.
Rous'd by her wrongs, the genius of this land
In self collected might more firm shall stand:
Hibernia's cause and Britain's now made
one,
We boast a fam'ly compact of our own,
Defy the treach'rous compact of Bourbon,
Whilst Justice, as a flaming ægis, throws
Confusion and dismay on England's foes;
Her thunders to the world shall speak again,
She reigns th' unshaken sov'reign of the main.

Æ N I G M A.

BREVITY revers'd, and a fallhood, com-
prise
(The latter transpos'd) the lady I prize.

D—— N——.

D I S A P P O I N T M E N T.

An E L E G Y.

Addressed to Miss ——, of Paddington.

Written by Mr. HAWKINS.

"Of all the various wretches that's accurs'd
"By men of sense, coquettes are deem'd the
worst."

ANON.

I.

HENCE, cruel love! nor more distract my
brain,
No more immerge me with thy torpid care!
Hence passion strong which gives my bosom
pain!
And hence delusions of my dark despair!

II.

Blest is the man, unknown to love-sick strife,
Whose heart ne'er felt the force of fallhood's
smiles,
But, free from sorrow, spends his little life
Unheeding woman, faithless woman's wiles.

III.

Ah! would to heaven that this had been my
fate,
'Mid sylvan scenes reclin'd at ease to lay,
Content and happy in an humble state,
Enjoying sweet serenity each day.

IV.

But, O reverse! Eliza's face I saw,
And instant love subdu'd my peaceful mind;
By raging passion, and by sacred awe,
I soon, too soon, her willing slave resign'd.

V.

Her gentle manners won my easy heart,
And joy incessant glow'd within my breast,
'Till, false as Satan's self, she aim'd a dart
That pierc'd my soul, and marr'd my slum-
b'ring rest.

VI.

Tho' oft in extacy she round me hung,
Vowing to me she ne'er wou'd prove untrue,
And when in soothing strains her charms I
sung, [with you!"
She cried, "My swain, I'll live and die

VII.

Stedfast to stamp the pureness of her plea,
Letter after letter to me wou'd she send,
Containing words—"I e'er will think on thee,
Thou art my love, my life, and faithful
friend!"

VIII.

But mark the treacherous, the perjur'd maid!
'Twas all untruth, nor was one word sin-
cere!
Fain, fain would she by artifice persuade,
And seem to drop the soft suffusive tear.

IX.

'Till oh! too late, her vile alluring snare
Immers'd my soul in misery and woe;
I soon became a victim of despair,
And for a time could not one transport
know.

X.

She spurn'd me for the love to her I bore,
Despis'd me too regardless at her will,
Exclaim'd in threats she ne'er would see me
more,
Because she chose to treat her lover ill.

XI.

Ye gentle youths, unknown to her deceit,
Be warn'd by me, nor trust the faithless fair;
Tho' she should woo ye with allurement sweet
Avoid the treachery that's lurking there.

XII.

Beneath her smiles inconstancy resides,
Like direful winds when Boreas blust'ring
blows,
Fiercer than swelling waves, or flowing tides,
Which fill the mariner with fears and woes.

XIII.

Thus like the softest gale she first appears,
That tempts the pilot with his ship to sea;
When unsuspected storms obstruct his steers,
And rudely wrecks him, as her frowns
wreck'd me!

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Sym. For.

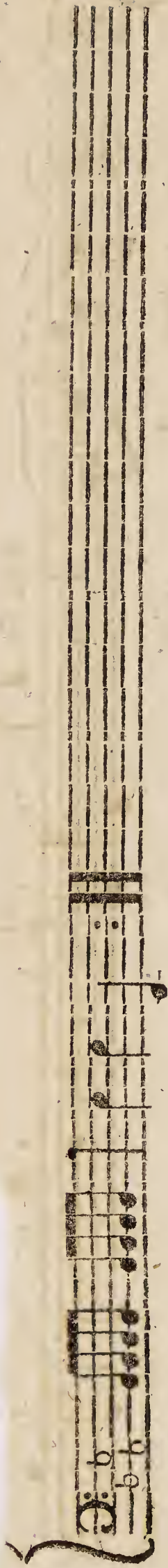
fuch a theme I raise.

Sym. For.

Sym. For.

Sweet as Sa-be-a's fra-grant vale, Or flow'rets to the

Sym. For.



II.

Without their fond engaging smiles
What mortal man is blest?

With dreary discontent he toils,
Unknown to balmy rest.

Oh! then to cure corroding strife,
Their aid I'll e'er implore,
And while I breathe the breath of life
Dear women I'll adore!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Stockholm, Jan. 2.

THIS court was applied to, some months ago, to permit the merchants of Sweden to supply the French navy with navel stores of several kinds, the major part of them to be the growth of this country, particularly oak in great quantities, that wood here being found excellent for ship-building; but though the merchants were willing to contract, the king would not permit them, saying, however clandestinely it might be done, it was contrary to the treaty subsisting between him and the king of Great-Britain, which forbids the sending of navel stores to his enemies by Swedish ships. The French, he added, might load whatever they pleased, but his subjects should not be the carriers.

Petersbourg, Jan. 4. Advice is received here, that since the death of Kerim-Kan, regent, or rather king, of Persia, almost all the governors of the provinces, and Cities of that kingdom as well as the chiefs of the Hords, have revolted against Abolfat Kan, who, supported by a body of 10,000 trusty troops, had caused himself to be declared regent of Persia, after the death of Kerim-Khan, his father. In order to prevent the consequences of these troubles, and to secure the frontiers of this empire against the incursions which may be made by the troops of each party, the Empress hath thought proper to take some precautions on the occasion; and we are assured that ten thousand troops, at present stationed in the governments of Casan, Astracan, and Asow, are to be collected together, and march to form a line on the frontiers of Persia, under the command of Lieutenant-General Souworoff. It is also said that orders have been dispatched to Astracan, for some ships to be equipped there, to be employed in case of emergency in the Caspian Sea.

From the Camp of St. Roch, Jan. 6.

Although the enemy still keep up their usual fire against us, yet they have not done us any damage; some fugitives from the place assures us, that the garrison is in want of wood, and some other necessaries. Notwithstanding these reports, we perceive the enemy still continue their works with the same activity, and ours go on as usual; add to which, we have received a convoy with provisions from the Mediterranean.

Paris, Jan. 6. According to letters from our ports, the arrival of Comte D'Estaing has occasioned several alterations to be made in

the plans for the next campaign. It seems as if the court had, in consequence of the report made by this commander, resolved to augment considerably the number of ships and troops that are to be sent either to our colonies, or to North America; and in regard to the operations in the Channel, the plan heretofore announced of collecting a considerable number of forces into one body, is begun to be put into execution.

Madrid, Jan. 14. Courier upon courier have lately been passing and repassing to and from hence to Versailles, with dispatches relative to a very consequential misunderstanding that has arisen between the two courts. The idea of taking Gibraltar is entirely laid aside, and a peace with England is the ardent wish of the mercantile world. The mob in the city has been very riotous, and a few evenings since burnt the French admiral, the Count d'Estaing, in effigy. Warlike preparations still continue in the ports of Spain to be carried on with the utmost alacrity, but the people in general are displeased at being dragged into a war by the artifices of the French ministry.

Petersburgh, Jan. 14. There is no longer any doubt but our court has resolved to assist Great-Britain against her revolted colonies in America, with a certain number of ships and troops, which will be ready in a short time. As the abovementioned war is very prejudicial to our traders in many respects, the merchants of this empire are extremely well satisfied that our government hath determined to assist Great-Britain in putting an end to it, particularly as we are so very strongly connected in commerce with that power. This affair, however, has met with great opposition, and it was not till after the most mature deliberation, that the Empress determined to conclude any such resolution: however, the very high esteem the English minister, residing here, has found means to acquire, did not a little contribute towards determining our august sovereign in the party she has taken. It is said, that the squadron destined for the above purpose will consist of 21 sail of the line and nine frigates, and will sail in the spring.

Paris, Jan. 15. Letters received from the Isle of France, by the king's Corvette les Amis, dispatched from that island the 30th of September last, and arrived the 18th of Jan. at port L'Orient, advise, that the king's ship L'Orient, of 74 guns, Capt. Tho. D'Orves, the Severe, of 64, Capt. De Palliere, and the ships L'Hercule and Bons Amis, were arrived

in good condition at Port Louis, in the Isle of France, and had landed there the troops, with the ammunition and provisions they were laden with for that colony.

Madrid, Jan. 17. A supplement of the Gazette of this city, of the 14th of this month, contains a fresh account of the loss sustained by the English of their possessions on the borders of the Mississippi in the course of the month of September last, which, besides giving a more particular detail than that published in the Gazette of the 31st of December, adds, that if Don Bernardo De Galvez was pushing on his enterprizes with the greatest success, our arms, in the mean time, had not been less fortunate in other latitudes of the same province. Another success may possibly have the most happy consequences, and has caused the greatest joy; Don Joseph Boidore, deputed by the governor to endeavour to conciliate the friendship of the nations that inhabit the environs of Louisiana, has succeeded among the Chactaws, neighbours of the English settlements, and the most warlike among the people inhabiting East Florida. That insinuating commissary is returned to New Orleans, with 17 caciques and 480 warriors, who have sworn, in the name of their countrymen, a loyal and sincere attachment to the Spanish nation; they afterwards returned home extremely satisfied with the honours shewn them, and the kind treatment they met with.

Berlin, Jan. 25. Since the decision which his majesty pronounced in the well-known affair of the Miller Arnold, a great number of petitions have been daily presented to him, complaining of abuses, real or imaginary, in the administration of justice. Sometimes the king himself receives them, and talks with the complainants, who are mostly country people: at other times they are taken by two persons of the court, appointed by the king for that purpose, and sent to the Grand Chancellor, who examines into the complaints immediately.

Our monarch, whose departure for Potsdam is fixed for to-morrow, has again given a considerable sum of money for the relief of indigent families and poor sick persons in this city, which was distributed among them last week, according to a list which Mr. Phillippi, president of our regency, had presented to his majesty.

Amsterdam, Jan. 26. By the last letters from Spain we find, that the affairs of our navigation remain in the same state they were, that all our ships carried into the Spanish ports are still detained, notwithstanding the different representations made to the court of Madrid on that subject, and that several of our vessels have been declared lawful prizes.

Hague, Jan. 29. By advices from Sallee, in the dominions of the king of Morocco, we have the following account of a most dangerous revolt which has happened for some time, and is ascribed to the following accidental

circumstance: Muley Abderahman, one of the sons of the king, seeing at Fez one of his domestics engaged in a contest with another belonging to the governor of Mequizez, gave the latter a stroke with his sabre, which wounded him dangerously on the head. The governor, highly offended at the prince's action, threatened to expose him to the resentment of his father, and immediately dispatched an express to inform him of the fact. Unhappily before the courier arrived, they had sent some persons to Fez, to execute his orders, and cut off the hands and feet of one of his dependants. The young prince having enquired the reason of their coming, they answered, in a vague manner, that he would know it presently; which expression terrified him to such a degree, that he immediately fled with his best effects towards the mountains, where he put himself at the head of a party of mutineers.

Paris, Jan. 30. It is quite certain, that Count D'Estain will have no command in the approaching campaign. His wounds and fatigues require rest, and he will drink the waters next spring.

Letters from Brest, of the 26th inst. mention the speedy departure of the squadron destined for the Antilles. All the ships are in the road, and wait only for a favourable wind to put to sea. This squadron, under the command of M. de Guichen, will take on board between 6000 and 7000 troops for debarkation.

We are assured, that the plan for a grand reform in the king's household is agreed on, and will be carried into execution in a few days.

Paris, Feb. 4. A vessel arrived from Martinico, which place she left on Dec. 4, brings advice, that all the convoy that sailed in August from Port L'Orient, Rochfort, and Bourdeaux, were arrived at Port Royal without any accident; and that M. de Bouille had sent provisions and fresh troops to Grenada, which island is now out of danger.

Notwithstanding the strong squadrons sent out, and those that are yet to sail for different destinations, we shall still have this year in the Channel a fleet of thirty-six ships of the line, among which are several three-deckers.

Hague, Feb. 8. Some merchants of Amsterdam have presented a request to the States of Holland, relative to some of the ships which were taken by the English men of war, and which are the property of those merchants, who set forth, in their request, that they had loaded several ships of which they were in whole or in part owners, with hemp and iron, and had sent them to different ports of France, under convoy of several men of war of this republick; that they had with the greatest surprise found that their ships had been met by some English men of war, which had taken and carried them into an English port; that although the proceedings of the British ministry had already induced the greatest part

part of the merchants of this republick to make representations to their High Mightinesses, yet they could never have imagined that power would have gone so far as to attack any vessels under the declared protection of these States. They further beg their High Mightinesses to use all their power to obtain an immediate release of the ships and cargoes in question, and to grant a respectable and unlimited protection to the trade of these provinces.

Hague, Feb. 16. We have accounts from Paris, that Dr. Franklin, the American Plenipotentiary to that court, has asked and obtained his dismissal, and that he will soon set out for Philadelphia. The true motive of his asking to be re-called is not known; some think it is because he and the members of Congress have disagreed in some material points, whilst others say it is, that, as he is very far advanced in years, he wishes to retire, and pass the rest of his days in peace. It is not absolutely certain who will succeed him, but it is imagined it will be Mr. Adams, who arrived lately at Paris, as deputy from the Congress.

Mr. Du Chaffault is appointed to the com-

mand of the grand fleet of France this year, and is gone to Brest to take the command of the ships which are ready in that port. Since the beginning of this month, several convoys of ship-building timber, masts and navel stores of all kinds, have arrived at Brest, insomuch that there are at present 400 sail of vessels in that port, laden with the abovementioned articles.

Hague, Feb. 17. The king of Spain has demanded an immediate succour from his whole numerous body of religious. The whole kingdom is in the greatest consternation on account of the naval successes of the English; and several private vessels of war, which were fitting out, have of a sudden declined all preparation for the sea.

Paris, Feb. 18. The new resolutions relative to the reformation in the expences of the court, to be made by Mr. Neckar, occasions great murmuring among those by whom it will be mostly felt. Certainly many who were brought up to nothing but court service, will be greatly distressed, and Mr. Neckar will probably be completely hated, which may, one time or other, prove fatal to him.

H O M E N E W S.

L O N D O N.

Dublin, Jan. 25.

IT must give pleasure to all the lovers of this country, to observe the progress made in the principal articles of manufacture, which used to draw such immense sums to Manchester, &c. velverets, bombazeens, morea cottons, leopard jeans, &c. are now made in the Liberty in the highest perfection, not to mention the improvements in the silk tabinet, poplin, stuff, and woollen manufactures; and no doubt remains, but under the auspicious encouragement of public favour, trade and the arts will rise in a short time to a footing with the surrounding nations.

Orders are given from the Admiralty office for all the small ships of war and schooners, now lying in the different dock-yards, to be fitted out with all expedition for sea, to be employed as cruizers, and for carrying dispatches to the different ports.

On Wednesday last a French cartel ship arrived in Torbay, from St. Maloes, having on board general Garth (who was taken prisoner in the Experiment man of war, by the Count D'Estaing) and 316 sailors, who had been con-

finied prisoners at Dinant and Fougaret. She sailed on the 9th instant, when there remained four other vessels to transport the remainder of the prisoners for England, whence they are to carry back an equal number of French sailors, in return. On the arrival of the above vessel in Torbay, the sailors being anxious to get ashore, about forty got into a boat, which, by some accident, overset, and, notwithstanding all possible assistance was given them, one or two and twenty were drowned. The above accident was partly owing to the captain of the Nimble cutter firing upon one of the boats that came off shore, in order to land the people.

Portsmouth, Jan. 26. A fleet of five ships of the line, and three frigates, are ordered to sail from hence as soon as they are ready; four of the line, and two frigates, to form the above squadron, are now at Spithead, and will wait for a line of battle ship, and another frigate, which are to go out of harbour tomorrow.

Last night's Gazette contains an address of the high sheriff and grand jury of the county of Dublin, which was transmitted by his excellency the earl of Buckinghamshire, lord lieutenant of Ireland, to the earl of Hillsborough, one of his majesty's principal secretaries.

of state, has been by him presented to his majesty, and very graciously received.

27. The judges met in lord chief justice Mansfield's chambers, Westminster hall, and chose their respective circuits for the ensuing lent assizes, viz.

Northern—lord chief justice Mansfield, justice Willes.

Norfolk—lord chief justice De Grey, justice Blackston.

Midland—baron Skynner, baron Eyre.

Home—justice Gould, justice Ashurst.

Oxford—justice Nares, justice Buller.

Western—baron Hotham, baron Perryn.

Plymouth, Jan. 30. This day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, sailed out of the Sound for the West-Indies, or America, a large convoy of transports, with troops on board, viz. the 86th, 87th, and 91st regiment from this place, and a regiment from Portsmouth. Their destination was not known by the commanding officer when they sailed. The Intrepid man of war of 64 guns, Capt. St. John, the Milford frigate, Sir William Burnaby, with two or three other ships of force, had the care of them.

Feb. 1. A court of aldermen was held at Guildhall, and the new-elected alderman of Aldgate Ward, John Burnell, Esq; was sworn into his office, in the room of William Lee, Esq; resigned; after the usual ceremonies of declaring the election were over, the alderman made a short speech, and the bells of St. Lawrence's Church immediately rung him into his new office.

A commission passed the Great Seal, authorizing Sir Henry Clinton, and Marriot Arbuthnot, Esq; or either of them, or in case of their death, or removal, to the commander in chief in America, and the Admiral on that station, to grant full and free pardon to any person or persons, or collective bodies of men; which form of pardon is inserted in the commission, and is as full as words can make it.

At the court at St. James's, the 2d of Feb. 1780. Present, the king's most excellent majesty in council.

SHERIFFS appointed by his majesty in council for the year 1780.

Berksh. John Grant, of White Waltham, Esq;

Bedfordsh. W. Thomson Astell, of Everton, Esq;

Bucks. Isaac Eeles, of Amerham, Esq;

Cumb' Henry Aglionby, of Nunnery, Esq;

Cbes. Samuel Barrow, of Shippenhall, Esq;

Camb' and Hunt' T. R. Hall, of Hildersham, Esq;

Cornwall. F. Gregor, of Trewarthenick, Esq;

Devonsh. Th. Winsloe, of Collepriest, Esq;

Dorsetsh. Peter Beckford, of Stepleton, Esq;

Derbysh. Nigeil Bowyer Gresley, of Drakelow, Esq;

Essex. Henry Hinde Pelly, of Upton, Esq;

Gloucestersh. Sir Onesiphorus Paul, Bart.

Hertfordsh. J. Hunter, of North Mimms, Esq;

Herefordsh. Bell Lloyd, of Presteign, Esq;

Kent. Robert Burrow, of Holwood Hill, Esq;

Leicestersh. Sir Thomas Cave, of Stamford, Bart.

Lincolnsh. Sir Charles Buck, of Hanby, Bart.

Monmouthsh. T. Hooper, of Panty Goytre, Esq;

Northumb' A. R. Bowes, of Benwell, Esq.

Northamp. B. Kidney, of Knufton, Esq.

Norfolk. Sir Thomas Beauchamp Procter, of Langley, Esq.

Nottinghamsh. C. V. Dashwood, of Stanford, Esq.

Oxfordsh. Rob. Langford, of Ensham, Esq;

Rutlandsh. Ned. Cheshelden, of Manton, Esq;

Shropsh. Edw. Horne, of Hales Owen, Esq;

Somersetsh. Edw. Elton, of Long Ashton, Esq;

Staffordsh. Ralph Floyer, of Hiats, Esq;

Suffolk. Samuel Rush, of Benhall, Esq;

County of Southampton. Thomas South, of Bosington, Esq;

Surry. Charles Eyre, of Clapham, Esq;

Suffex. Sir John Bridger, of Coomb, Knt.

Warwicksh. Henry Wise, of the Priory, Esq;

Worcestersh. Rich. Amphlett, of Hadzor, Esq;

Wiltshire. Paul Cobb Methuen, of Cumbeswell, Esq;

Yorkshire. Wm. Bethell, of Rise, Esq;

W A L E S.

Brecon. Philip Williams, of Llangattoch, Esq;

Glamorgan. Peter Birt, of Wenvoe castle, Esq;

Radnor. Thomas Cooke, of Knighton, Esq;

Anglesea. Hol. Griffith, of Carregwyd, Esq;

Carnarvon. Robert Lloyd, of Gwnnis, Esq;

Denbigh. W. Thomas, of Bryn-kardig, Esq;

Flint. David Roberts, of Kinnel, Esq;

Merioneth. L. de Saumaize, of Botalog, Esq;

Montgomery. R. Howell Vaughan, of Ystim.

Carmarthen. Thomas Howell, of Fynnon Velin, Esq;

Pembroke. James Lloyd, of Kilruch, Esq;

Cardigan. Henry Jones, of Tuglyn, Esq;

2. General Prescott is arrived at lord George Germaine's office, with dispatches for government from New-York. He brings certain advice, that Sir Henry Clinton and lord Cornwallis were about to embark with ten thousand men, on board the transports, which were lying ready, at Sandy-hook, to take them on board for the southward. Colonel Innis, and other officers, came to town on Monday, who were passengers in the same fleet of 100 sail, which are all come up safe to Corke.

3. The proprietors of East India stock having met, pursuant to advertisement, to consider of the agreement intended to be made with government, respecting the renewal of their charter, Sir William James acquainted them, that from an oversight they had appointed the same day for holding a general court to take the ballot on the question relative to building ships at Bombay, which ballot was now going on in the adjoining room, and that they could not therefore hold another general court as was proposed. Sir William however caused the propositions which have been sent up to government to be read, after which a conversation took place among the proprietors, the result of which was, that the propositions should be immediately printed, and circulated among the proprietors, for their consideration against the general court to be held on that subject. As the

the plan consists of above twenty different heads, we cannot venture to give a particular account of it, only that it proceeds upon a renewal of the charter for ten years, upon a loan of one million sterling, without interest; the company to be enabled to raise it by issuing bonds; an equal partition between the public and the company of all profits above 16 per cent. the company to be at liberty, after certain contingencies, to raise their dividend from the present rate of 8 to 10 per cent.

The question respecting the building ships at Bombay, for military and commercial purposes, was carried in the negative.

For the question	—	165
Against it,	—	327

Majority,	—	162
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10. A court of common-council was held at Guildhall, when, after a deal of altercation, the vacancies in the several committees were filled up agreeable to the list of the previous meeting, except in the addition of one name. The grand business of an address to parliament was then entered upon by Mr. Hurford, who moved for petitioning the House of Commons to enquire into the expenditure of the publick money, and the encroaching influence of the crown, in support of which he said, that the citizens of London being most heavily burthened with taxes, had a greater right to know how those imposts were applied; he paid many compliments to the county petitions, and was assisted by Mr. alderman Kirkman, who spoke in behalf of the motion.

Mr. Merry opposed the motion, and ridiculed the professions of a certain member of the House of Commons, (Mr. Fox) by contrasting one of his speeches, when in a certain office, with his popular effusions now against administration.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge, Mr. alderman Townsend, and Mr. Hurford answered the objections. They said that the abilities of the right honourable commoner were so great; as to become well worthy the encouragement of administration; and the exercise of them in defence of the people most demonstratively evinced the integrity of that gentleman's public line of conduct. The motion was put and carried. A committee of eight aldermen and 16 commoners was appointed to draw up the petition, which was agreed upon, and the sheriffs, with the remembrancer, are to present the same to the house.

This committee was desired to correspond with the committees of the several counties.

11. Yesterday morning, pursuant to an order of the court of King's Bench, on Saturday last, Messrs. Stratton, Brooke, Floyer and Mackay, were brought up to the bar of that court, to receive sentence, having been found guilty of removing lord Pigot from the presidency of Madras, and imprisoning him for nine months, which was said to be the cause of his death.

Mr. justice Ashurst being the judge appointed to pass sentence, before he pronounced it, went through the heads of the evidence, both for the prosecution and the defence.

He made several remarks as he went through it, in which he observed, that if Fort St. George had belonged to the crown, the depriving lord Pigot of the presidency would have been high treason; but, as it was under the East-India company, it was only a misdemeanor. He took notice that the defendants had imprisoned lord Pigot for dismissing several members from the council, yet they themselves had done the like in three instances; but he could say, that, while they held the reigns of government, every thing succeeded, both in trade and in the army; and that the presidency of Bengal, to whom the whole of the business was referred, gave an opinion in their favour. He then proceeded to the sentence, as follows:

“ Messrs. Stratton, Brooke, Floyer, and Mackay,

“ Gentlemen,

“ You are now called upon to receive sentence for an offence which you have committed, and been found guilty of; but, as there is no distinction in your cases, but are guilty alike, you are sentenced, each of you, to pay a fine to his majesty of 1000*l.* and to be imprisoned until that sum is paid.” The fines being immediately paid in the court, they were of course discharged.

Admiralty Office, Feb. 12, 1780.

Captain Thomson, of his majesty's ship the *America*, arrived last night with a letter from admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney to Mr. Stephens, of which the following is a copy.

Sandwich, at sea, January 9, 1780, Latitude 41, 44. Longitude 14. 25. Cape Finisferre E. N. E. 76 Leagues.

S I R,

Yesterday, at day-light, the squadron of his majesty's ships under my command descried twenty-two sail in the north-east quarter; we immediately gave chase, and in a few hours the whole were taken.

They prove to be a Spanish convoy which sailed from St. Sebastian's the 1st of January, and were under the protection of seven ships and vessels of war belonging to the royal company of Caraccas, viz.

The Guipuscoano, of 64 guns and 550 men.

The San Carlos, of 32 guns and 200 men,

The San Rafael, of 30 guns and 155 men.

The Santa Teresa, of 28 guns and 150 men.

The San Bruno, of 26 guns and 140 men.

The Corbetta San Fermin, of 16 guns and 60 men.

The San V cente, of 10 guns and 40 men.

Part of the convoy was loaded with naval stores and provisions for the Spanish ships of war at Cadiz; the rest with bale goods belonging to the royal company.

Those

Those loaded with naval stores and bale goods I shall immediately dispatch for England; under the convoy of his majesty's ships the *America* and *Pearl*; those loaded with provisions I shall carry to Gibraltar, for which place I am now steering; and have not a doubt, but the service I am sent upon there will be speedily effected.

You will likewise please to acquaint their lordships, that as I thought it highly necessary to send a 64 gun ship to protect so valuable a convoy, I have commissioned, officered and manned the Spanish ship of war of the same rate, and named her the *Prince William*, in respect to his royal highness, in whose presence she had the honour to be taken. She has been launched only six months, is in every respect completely fitted for war, and much larger than the *Bienfaisant*, Capt. Macbride, to whom she struck.

I beg leave to congratulate their lordships on this event, which must greatly distress the enemy, who I am well informed are in much want of provisions and naval stores.

I have honour to be, &c.

G. B. RODNEY.

List of Merchant Ships, under Convoy of the armed Ships mentioned in the foregoing Letter.

Nuestra Señora de L'Ores, laden with flour.

San Francisco, with ditto.

La Conceptione, with ditto and wheat

San Nicholas, with wheat.

San Jeronemo, with ditto

Divina Providentia, with flour.

San Gibilan, with ditto.

San Pacora, with ditto.

San Lauren, with French wheat.

La Providentia, with flour and wheat.

La Belonia, with flour.

Esperanza, with French ditto.

Le Cidada de Mercia, with naval stores.

Le Armistad, with ditto.

San Michael, with anchors and cables.

La Fregatte de Bilboa, with tobacco.

St. James's, Feb. 12. Letters received this day from Mr. Fitzherbert, his majesty's resident at Brussels, bring a confirmation of the signal success of his majesty's fleet under the command of Admiral Sir George Rodney, on the 16th of last month, near the Straits mouth.

The Spanish squadron, commanded by Don Juan de Langara, made a running-fight, the circumstances of which are not yet particularly known. The squadron consisted of eleven sail of the line, three of which, the *St. Genaro*, *St. Justo*, and *Monarca*, separated before the engagement; the *San Juliano*, *San Eugenio*, *San Augustino*, and *San Lorenzo*, are arrived at Cadiz in a very shattered condition; the *San Domingo* blew up during the action; and the *Phoenix*, *Princesa*, and *Diligent*, were taken. The *Phoenix* is an eighty gun ship; all the others seventy.

15. Some dispatches were brought to Lord Hillsborough's office, from his majesty's resident at the court of Brussels, which brought advice of the safe arrival of Admiral Rodney, at Gibraltar, with his squadron and his Spanish prizes.

18. A strong fleet is preparing with the utmost dispatch possible, and it is said will be commanded by Admiral Barrington: the destination is for channel service, to prevent, if possible, the French sending any further force to the West-Indies or America, or a future junction with the Spaniards.

This day arrived the mails from France and Flanders; by the former of which there is advice, that an English squadron, in the Grand Road of Martinico, attacked that of M. de la Mothe Piquet, who had under convoy a number of merchant ships, 12 of which got into Martinico, 4 were burnt after saving their cargoes, and 10 fell into the hands of the enemy. This affair happened the 18th and 19th of December. The French Gazette, as usual, says their sailors performed prodigies of valour, and that M. de Piquet, in his own ship, engaged no less than three of ours, and got off safe.

22. By a letter from the Cape of Good Hope, dated Oct. 28, we are informed of Sir Edward Hughes being there, with the whole fleet, except the following ships: the *Worcester*, *Cook*; *Ganges*, *Richardson*; *Alfred*, *Browne*; and *General Barker*, *Todd*; but no account when they would leave it.

Letters from St. Kitt's, which were brought over in the *Carnatic*, which is put into Gaway by stress of weather, confirm Monsieur Piquet's fleet having been severely handled and having suffered greatly by admiral Parker's fleet.

Extract of a letter from an Officer of the Albol Highlanders, dated Head Quarters, Charles Fort, Kinsale, Jan. 29.

"On Sunday last was wrecked at Castletownsend, the Catherine transport from New York, and the *Philia*, of and for Waterford for Lisbon, with wine and fruit, both dashed to pieces. Same day was sunk at Crookhaven, in a hard gale of wind, the Spanish frigate *la Solidada*, prize to some Liverpool privateers, which they sent in there; and on the 14th inst. was lost to the westward of Corke, a vessel from Dublin to Waterford, with merchant goods, together with the cargo and crew, except the master,

"You cannot conceive what havock has lately been among the shipping off this coast. What I have inclosed are but few, several being sunk in sight of the harbour, and no account could possibly be given of them; the inhabitants impute this to a strong easterly wind, which has continued longer than remembered by them. The New York transport carried 24 guns, and 200 persons perished on board of her."

A M E R I C A.

Philadelphia, Sept. 20. Last Tuesday afternoon arrived in this city from France, by way of Boston, his excellency the Chavalier De la Luzerne, the new Minister Plenipotentiary from our august ally his Most Christian Majesty, to these United States, and M. Marbois, the secretary to the commission. They were met at some distance from the city, and escorted by the militia light horse, and their arrival was announced by the ringing of the bells and firing of cannon.

New-York, Dec. 1. The rebel general assembly have lately passed a law, whereby all persons who have ever been deemed inimical to their present constitution, are to make good all robberies that may be committed in the county or precinct where they reside, no matter who the perpetrators are.

Trenton, Dec. 1. Congress, we learn, have recommended it to the several legislatures of the United States to pass regulating acts, to take place on the first day of February next; and that they have negotiated a loan with the court of France and the States of Holland to a very considerable amount. The good effects of these important strokes of policy will, we flatter ourselves, soon be felt, as they will doubtless put our finances and our army upon a very respectable footing.

The legislature of this state have agreed to raise a tax of nine millions of dollars, to be collected in two payments, one by the first day of May, and the other by the first day of September next.

B I R T H S.

Feb. 1. The lady of John Sinclair, of Ulster, Esq; of a daughter, at their seat near Thurso, in Caithness.

4. The lady of the Rev. Sir Harry Trelawny, Bart. of a son and heir, at the family seat of Trelawny, Cornwall.

6. The lady of the Right Hon. Thomas Townshend, jun. member for Whitechurch, Hants, of a son, in Cleveland-row.

8. The lady of Edmund Cradock Hartopp, Esq; of a daughter, at Byne's house, near Exeter.

9. The lady of Matthew Lewis, Esq; of Harley-street, of a daughter.

The lady of Godfrey Hennill, Esq; of a son, at his house in Great Marlborough-street.

14. The Duchess of Beaufort of a son, at his Grace's house, in Grosvenor-square.

The Hon. lady Bagot, of a daughter, at her house in Upper Brook-street.

21. The lady of lord Viscount Mahon, of a daughter, in Harley-street.

M A R R I A G E S.

James Gray, Esq; of the navy, to Miss Frances Elizabeth Sutton Prince, eldest daughter

of John Prince, Esq; a commander in the East-India company's service.

Jan. 27. Mr. Richard Mead, of Wood-street, to Miss Holland, of St. Paul's Church-yard.

Feb. 2. John Edwards, Esq; of Old court, in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, to Miss Charlotte Wright, daughter of John Wright, Esq; of Nottingham.

3. John Bettefworth, Esq; of Lincoln's-inn, to Miss Tomkins, of Oxendon-street.

5. Mr. — Haines, of Great Russell-street, to Miss Borradaile, daughter of the late Jasper Arris Borradaile, Esq; of St. Albans.

7. The Rev. Carrington Garrick, Vicar of Hendon, Middlesex, to Miss Elizabeth Battilcombe, of Half Moon-street, Piccadilly.

8. Robert Sayer, Esq; of Richmond, to Miss Longfield, of the same place.

9. William Franks, Esq; of Lincoln's-inn, to Miss Gauslen, daughter of Peter Gauslen, Esq; of Great St. Helens.

10. Lieut. Allen, of the 72d regiment to Miss Bennet, of Aldermanbury.

12. Mr. — Sealy, of Austin-friars, to Miss Bellett, sister of Mess. Bellett, of St. Mary axé.

John Hody Chichester, Esq; of Stoke-lane, Somerset, to Miss Cowpland, daughter of Mr. William Cowpland, merchant, in Cannon-street.

14. — Mun, Esq; at Mary-le-bone Church, to Miss Mary Lovel, of Avely, in Essex.

15. William Pembroke, Esq; of the liberty of the Rolls, to Miss Hodges, of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

Mr. — Frazer, of Brewer-street, at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Miss Macleod, niece to Alexander Macleod, Esq; of Theobalds, Herts.

20. Gustavus Brander, Esq; of the Priory, near Salisbury, to Mrs. Lloyd, relict of the late John Lloyd, Esq; Vice-Admiral of the Blue.

21. Mr. Fischer, to Miss Gainsborough, eldest daughter of Thomas Gainsborough, Esq; of Pall mall.

22. The Rev. N. Hill, of London, to Miss Greene, of Chelmsford.

D E A T H S.

Mr. William Barry, brother to the late Spranger Barry, Esq; at Liverpool.

James Bosom, Esq; mayor of Harwich and commander of the Prince of Wales packet.

Her Royal Highness Louisa Amelia of Brunswick, Princess Dowager of Prussia, and mother to the Hereditary Prince of Prussia, and to the spouse of the Prince Stadtholder.

Robert Douglas, Esq; at St. Christopher's, Governor of all his Majesty's forts and fortifications in that island.

John Vaughan, Esq; of Courtfield, in Monmouthshire.

John Abbott, Esq; merchant, at Newington, in the county of York.

The

The Rev. Mr. John Frank, at Bath, one of the governors of the General Hospital there.

The Hon. lady Foulis, relict of the late Sir William Foulis, Bart. of Ingleby manor, Yorkshire.

Samuel Egerton, Esq; knight of the shire for the county of Chester.

The Right Hon. Thomas Waite, Secretary and one of his Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council, at Dublin castle.

The lady of Sir Alexander Gilmour, Bart. at Alnwick.

Sir William Sharp, Bart. in Great Titchfield-street, major general in the Portuguese service, and governor of the province of Minho.

Lady Davers, mother of the countess of Bristol.

Henry Barclay, Esq; advocate, at Coltness, in Scotland.

Mr. Peter Fairborne, oil merchant, in Tower-street.

Jan. 26. Capt. James Morrison, formerly a commander in the royal navy, at Greenwich.

Archibald Stewart, Esq; at Bath, late a merchant in London.

Henry Coles, Esq; at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire.

Alexander Hepburn, Esq; at Edinburgh.

27. Mr. George Hawkins, treasurer and warehouse-keeper to the company of stationers.

28. George Periot, Esq; at Pershore, in Worcestershire, late one of the barons of the Exchequer.

The Right Hon. Lady Jane Boyle, at Parson's Green, sister to the late Richard Earl of Burlington, and the last of that noble family.

29. Peter Standly, Esq; in Berners-street, Oxford-street.

Leonard Crawley, Esq; of Hill-house, in Bucks, formerly in the commission of the peace for that county.

Charles Cæsar, Esq; in Cleveland-court, St. James's.

Richard Combes, Esq; in Gloucester-street.

Mr. — Baker, one of the Yeomen of his Majesty's Body Guards, at Hammersmith.

Isaac Pignett, Esq; on College-green, Bristol, one of the members of that corporation.

30. Richard Worsdale, Esq; at his house at Newington, Middlesex, formerly a Lisbon merchant.

31. Robert Royds, Esq; merchant, in Walbrook.

Feb. 1. Daniel Morfe, Esq; West-India merchant, in Sermon-lane, Bishopsgate street.

2. Thomas Bladen, Esq; at Low Layton, Essex, father to the Countess of Essex, and Mrs. St. John, lady of the late governor of Maryland.

3. Frederick Vander Meulen, Esq; at St. Albans.

Charles Parflow, Esq; at Knightsbridge, formerly a Portugal merchant.

4. Thomas Hirst, Esq; of Bedford-row, Gray's-inn.

Sir William Harding, Knight, near Porton, in Bedfordshire.

Captain Watson, of the Northumberland militia, at Bridlington, in Yorkshire, and son of Stephen Watson, Esq; of North Sea, in Northumberland.

5. Lady Lambard, at her house near Seven Oaks, in Kent, widow of the late Sir Multon Lambard.

James Osgood Esq; in Chesterfield-street, May-Fair, an officer in the train of artillery.

Charles Hudson, Esq; of Staples-inn.

Henry Cruger, Esq; in St James's-square, Bristol, father of Henry Cruger, Esq; one of the representatives in parliament for that city.

6. G. Areton, Esq; at Dartford.

7. John Wood, Esq; of Rabley, in Hertfordshire.

The Rev. Mr. James Tomlinson, M. A. at Hammersmith.

Mrs. — Smith, wife of William Smith, Esq; of Ashling, near Chichester, in Sussex.

8. John Browning, Esq; at Chelsea, one of the masters in chancery.

9. Herman Theodore Khrante, Esq; late a Hamburgh merchant, at Hampstead.

Capt. Samuel Farlow, in Ormond-street, formerly a commander in the royal navy.

Mrs. Fairfax, at York, relict of Mr. T. Fairfax, Esq; of Newton, in that county.

11. Austin Wainwright, Esq; at Putney.

12. George Ogle, Esq; in Hart-street, Bloomsbury.

Mrs. Willes, wife of John Willes, Esq; eldest son of the late Lord Chief Justice Willes.

Mrs. Tooker, relict of the late Tooker Tooker, Esq; of Moorgate, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire.

George Skeene, Esq; at his seat of Carriston, in Scotland.

13. Lewis Lenoir, Esq; of Hoxton, formerly a capital merchant in the Portugal trade.

14. Sir William Blackstone, Knt. one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Lady Lucy Douglas, wife of the Hon. Mr. Douglas, of Douglas, and daughter of their graces the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, at Bothwell Castle, in Scotland.

Edward Rye, Esq; a lieutenant in the navy, at Bath, and son of Dr. Rye, of that city.

20. The Dowager Lady Kildare, mother of the Countess of Hillsborough.

Samuel Whitshard, Esq; at Bustall, in Yorkshire, aged 100 years.

Samuel Steward, Esq; near Abingdon, in Berkshire, formerly member of parliament for Bowick.



T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For M A R C H, 1780.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. A new and elegant Pattern for Ladies Shoes. 2. A beautiful historical Picture of Pedro and Segovia: and 3. A new Song, set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRIETTA R—— has disappointed our readers and ourselves with respect to the continuation of *Vie d'Epaminondas*.

The writer of the memoirs of *Captain Nugent* is desired, as soon as domestic cares will permit, to wind up the thread of that entertaining series of letters.

We are much obliged to our elaborate correspondent **J. L—g** for the continuation of *The Treacherous Husband*, and for the first of an intended *Series of Letters from the Dead to the Living*, and must inform him that they did not reach us time enough for insertion this month; one arriving March 22, and the other March 25, whereas our time of remitting copy to the press is on the fifteenth of each month at the latest.

Amidst an elegant variety of other pieces in the *prose* department, we are to acknowledge the receipt of a *Letter from a Mother to a Son after a Visit paid him in D——shire*, by *Delia V——*. *Letter to E. M.* by *F. W—gg*. *Very pretty Felloes*, by *Narcissus Maiden*. *To the Mistresses of Day-Schools*, by *E. T.* *Petition of Hackney Coachmen*, by a *Driver*. *The Moralist*, No. I. *Translation of the Character of Louis IX.* by *T. C. Jun.* *A Novel, in a Series of Letters*, the first being from *Miss Egerton to Miss Selwyn*, is likewise come to hand; but we must intimate that we cannot safely publish such periodical pieces till we have the whole series before us, and that no one would purchase a house from being shewn a single brick as a sample. Among other pieces in the same line, we have received an *Enigmatical List of Fruit*, &c.

In the poetic department we are favoured with *Verses written on the Death of the late Richard Morris, Esq;* by *Hawkweed*. *Epistle to a Friend, giving an Account of a Journey to Lewes, in August 1777.* *On Writing, and two Rebusses*, by *Mariamne C*****r*. *To the Author of Disappointment, an Elegy, in the Magazine for February, 1780*, by *J. C.* *Answer to the Enigmatical List of Young Ladies in our last*, by *J. B.* *Advertisement. On Marriage*, by *H. L—ne*. *Verses to Miss C. T. of Hammersmith*, by *R. F. H.* *The Choice*, by *Elizabeth W—d—n*. *Eliza*, by *Zephalinda*. *On Miss Louisa R—*, by *Fanny B—y*. *Epitaph on Mrs. E—re*, by *N. D.* *A Wish*, by *Amator C—d*. *To Mrs. Cowley, on the Comedy of the Belle's Stratagem*, by *T. F—d*. *On the Birth of a little Boy, by the Mother, from Delia*. *Anna's Shade. Valentine's Morning, addressed to Miss M. M.* by *A.* *Answer to the Rebus signed M. Rudd, page 607*, by *Justana*. *Spring*, by *Castalio*. *Verses to Miss Betsy S—d*, by *J. T—n*, with a long list of other favours, both in prose and verse, the titles of which it would be tedious to enumerate, though it will always be our pleasure to acknowledge.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For M A R C H, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

By a LADY.

“Be good, let heaven answer for the rest.”

(Continued from Page 61.)

LETTER IV.

Lady BAB HARDWICK to the Hon. Mrs. ASKEW.

“**N**O teizing, my lord; I am never to be laughed out of my intentions.”——Would you think it, Madam? After assigning me the peculiar honour of your correspondence, the whimsical mortal has the insolence to deny me the use of materials for writing? He pleads that wit is a dangerous weapon, and that a female who possesses it ought never to be intrusted with a pen. Now as I am not one of those unfortunate women, what cause is there for the prohibition of ink and crow-quills?——I imagine his lordship is doubtful that the animated description I shall send you of Fern-Abbey will not permit you to defer your visit till the return of spring, (when he proposes shining forth in modern elegance :) but I know Mrs. Askew de-

lights in originals, and if this be not one, never more set me down as a connoisseur.

I would tell you that the Abbey is a fine large free-stone building, ornamented with huge turrets, and tremendous battlements; but perhaps in that I might be guilty of an error. I shall therefore content myself with saying, that length of time has rendered it impossible to discern whether it was built with brick or freestone. But no matter which, as nature with her hand profuse has covered it on every side. Roses, eglantine, and jessamine (blending their various sweets) creep luxuriantly over the mouldering walls.—The windows (enriched with all the colours of the rainbow, and beautified with subjects worthy the painter's art) afford, from their numerous emblems, all the entertainment one could wish for on a rainy day; and from the inconsiderable light they throw on the apartments give a thorough sanction to gloom and indolence.

The wainscots are of the brownest Norway oak, the floors similar, and the moveables as unwieldy as the structure.

I have this moment been taking an inventory of the room in which I am writing, which, thanks to my scissars, admits two-thirds more light than any in the Abbey.

The morning after our arrival, I discovered that lopping was absolutely

necessary, and with merciless hand clipped every sprig of verdure that came within my reach. The effect was wonderful!—I could see to dress myself without light; and thinking I might still admit a few more rays, I ordered Sally to mount a chair, and try if the casements were not to be disincumbered from their mass of paint. The attempt was unsuccessful; but as some amends for the useless task, they shone with double splendor, and I had the satisfaction of discovering that the artist had been neither destitute of taste or knowledge.

Telemachus and Mentor, wrecked on the island of Calypso, was the first subject that attracted my attention.—It was nobly executed, and my eyes dwelt with pleasure on the features of the youthful hero, and with reverence on his heavenly guide. From them I turned to view the exulting goddess—At that moment a ring-dove flying from the ivy which environed the window, forced a passage through the casement. The room echoed with the wreck—Goddesses and hero fell shivering at my feet—and my poor Shock receiving a cut from the falling glass, flew to revenge himself on the panting bird. By the aid of coaxing, I restored liberty to the one, and good-humour to the other; but for the shattered window, it was past the skill of woman.

A glazier was sent for. He owned his inability to remedy the disaster, but said his daughter had learnt to paint watch-papers, and, he durst say, would be able to replace *Calamachus* and the rest of the figures. We thanked him for his zeal, but as the original was destroyed, told him plain glass would do perfectly as well; and to this lucky accident do I owe the pleasure of numerous conveniences before unknown.

The few rays of light that shone up on my chamber were before quite insufficient to give me an opportunity of examining the beauties of its antique furniture; but I have since made many discoveries that may be beneficial to the British Museum, if their present

proprietor is enough of the virtuoso to discern their inestimable value.

The table before me is, for instance, the most curious piece of workmanship that can possibly be produced. The top is ebony inlaid with cedar; the subject Hercules erecting his funeral pile. Though made upon the same construction as those called the pillar and claw, it boasts an infinite number of advantages denied to them, for in the shape of three leopards which support the base, are contained a variety of recesses for books, china, or any thing else you think proper to inclose in them.

The second curiosity in my catalogue is a Persian cabinet, in the shape of a Muscovy cat. The third a counterpane of yellow satin, on which is wrought in silks the history of the flood. The regular procession of Noah and his family to the ark, and, among the rest (inimitably beautiful) Kerenhapuch carrying her favourite carnation. In short there are such a variety of dressing-boxes, work-bags, fire-screens, toilets, and a thousand other proofs of female industry, that the next who has the honour of being lady of the mansion, may for seven years prohibit the use of needles, yet always find amusement in gazing on the work already done.

I forgot to mention that the grand hall, and several other apartments, are ornamented with statues large as life, some of them coloured, and so naturally formed, that they frequently are looked upon by strangers as living figures.

I was myself, a few days ago, thrown into a very disagreeable situation by one of them. Happening to be rather in a studious mood, I left Lady Mary, Lord Fitzwilliam, and my brother to finish a party at tredille, and tripping up the stair-case, was bending my steps towards the study, in pursuit of a book I had left there in the morning: as I was crossing a picture gallery, which is of itself sufficient to inspire a gloom, I beheld a gipsy woman, with a child at her back, seemingly returning from one of the dressing-rooms, which fancy

immediately suggested to me she had been pillaging. I remained immovable through fright; fear magnified the object; I thought I beheld in her hand a weapon of intended cruelty.—Speech was denied me; but stamping loudly on the floor, I was in a moment surrounded by the servants. They perceived I had been frightened, but not suspecting the cause, teized me with a thousand interrogatories. Putting my finger on my mouth, as a mandate of silence, I pointed to the woman, who, to my utter astonishment, had made not the least attempt towards effecting her escape. But how was I mortified to see their faces instantly distorted by the grin of laughter?—“Lackaday!” cried the butler, “sure your ladyship was not frightened at the poor harmless gipsy woman?—She has stood by that door these sixty years, and neither harmed man, maid, or child. I now perceived that the object of my fears was, in reality, nothing more than a simple statue; and, divested of my terrors, walked into the study for my book, leaving the honest domestics to enjoy their mirth.

When I went down, I related the adventure, and his lordship taking the affair in a serious light, ordered the old Egyptian to the servant’s hall, a spot, he observed, far better adapted to mendicants than a lady’s dressing-room.

In a short time, I imagine, all these inanimate gentry will be appointed a different sphere; a precaution I think highly necessary, if his lordship proposes entertaining female visitors; for to nerves too delicately strung, the sight of some of them might produce the most distressing consequences.

If a person has an inclination to indulge their taste in the statuary way, surely there are subjects enough in the historic and poetic page, without burdening their houses with objects, that would, in their proper sphere, excite only disgust, perhaps contempt. But there is no just criterion in taste; it varies as much as disposition; yet all have their peculiar sentiments:

“Each man his whim, and his opinion;
Some like an apple, some an onion.”

Rather an inelegant quotation; but no matter; it is Hudibrasian, and you will excuse it. You are not, dear Madam, unacquainted with the oddity of your correspondent, and therefore will be surprised at nothing you may happen to meet with in the course of her letters.

We are to have a rural ball the latter end of the week, which is to consist only of ourselves and the sons and daughters of the neighbouring farmers. It is at the request of my brother, who is fond of dancing, and, I believe, wishes to contemplate on beauty in its native form. That we may not intimidate the rustic throng by the gaiety of our cloaths, both myself and sister propose dressing ourselves as much as possible in the village style; and to encourage them the more, intend making the several invitations in a morning ramble.

I will do myself the honour of addressing you again in a few days, in the mean time have the happiness to subscribe myself,

Dear Madam,

Your devoted friend,

And most obedient,

B. HARDWICK.

LETTER V.

Miss TASTY to Miss BETSY EVERGREEN.

OH! was you but with me at this critical juncture!—The dear, sweet man!—He gives a ball to-morrow evening, Bessy, and has given invitations to all us country lasses.—Mamma is quite beside herself with joy. Who knows, as she says, but that a good education may be the making of her girl’s fortune? I am determined, however, never to throw myself away upon a clownish boor, who will rail at dress, and preach up housewifery.—No, if I cannot captivate some titled swain, may I never change the name of Tasty.

The

The ladies at the Abbey were so condescending, as to come themselves to ask us, and Fanny and I have been busied ever since, in making preparations for the important day. I intend wearing my blue striped jacket and pale pink ribbons. Now my sister declares, that white ones are more becoming; but she has no taste, Bessy; for yesterday evening as I was coming from Farmer Denham's, who should overtake me but Lord Moreton (one of my lord's visitors). I was just going to scramble over a stile, but, on observing him, made a stop, in hopes he would get over first—for the thoughts of his seeing me, brought all the colour into my cheeks.

"Give me leave to assist you, Madam," says his lordship, (how polite Betsy!) and holding out his hand, he helped me to step over it. I blushed and stumbled—stumbled and blushed; for to speak truth, the thoughts of being taken notice of by so fine a gentleman, hardly permitted me to walk at all.

"You appear tired, Miss; do accept of my arm." I stammered out a refusal, for I thought, Bessy, that would be appearing too forward; so we walked on side by side. Was I to tell you all the fine things he said to me, you would be astonished; but one I can't omit: he declared, "'till he saw your friend, he knew not how inimitably becoming were pale pink ribbons, but he made no doubt, such a lovely face would give charms to every colour, add grace to every hue."

Now was not all this very flattering? I am sure it shall for the future be my favourite colour, let Fanny say what she will against it. I begged him not to go quite home with me, (least it should raise my sister's envy,) but I did not tell him that was my reason. I forget now what excuse I made, but it was such a one as satisfied him, and I have never spoke a word about it to any body but you. The secrets of the heart, you know, are to be intrusted only to the bosom of a friend, and I feel mine not quite quiet on this occasion.

If Lord Moreton should ask me to be his partner to-morrow, what a surprise they will all be in! I declare I should enjoy it much; what a buzz it would make through the vill! none of the country bumpkins would afterwards dare solicit the honour of Miss Tasty's hand. Well, after all, I do wish heartily, Betsy, that you were with me, we should be so happy, so *enjoûé* as Mademoiselle de Fourneau (our French teacher) used to say, that none would equal us in glee.

Excuse more, I will write to you again after the day of days, and believe me your's as firmly as your heart can wish,

K. TASTY.

(*To be continued.*)

The Man of Pleasure nonplust.

Man is by nature false as woman's fair,
And when he courts us 'tis but to ensnare.

THE gay, thoughtless and dissipated Florimond, the only son of a rich merchant in the city, happened one evening, in his usual rambles, to be introduced to a poor distressed and hapless female, (one of those miserable outcasts of humanity called *prostitutes*) who from a sense of guilt, the loss of innocence, and pressure of accumulated woes, was mourning over her forlorn situation all pensive and alone. On his entering the chamber she addressed him, with some warmth, in the following terms, "Pray what may you want, Sir?" He answered, "Pleasure, my dear madam," and was going to take her by the hand, when she, overwhelmed with grief on past reflections, replied, "Then I believe, Sir, you are mistaken in the lady you designed to honour with your company." I am not the happy object you intended to pass away your time with; no Sir—so far from it, that I'm nothing but the wretched subject of misery and despair.—Florimond stood astonished while she proceeded—"What pleasure can you expect to find in the company or embraces of an abandoned harlot, who while, it may be, she smiles

Engrav'd for the Lady's Magazine.



Pedro & Segovia.

smiles on you, hates you and all your sex, for the sake of him who first debauched and ruined her? Be assured, Sir, our fondness is all hypocrisy, and our yielding to your vicious desires is only to procure a pecuniary supply to our wants, for we are utter strangers to the enjoyment of a virtuous passion."

Meeting with so unexpected a reception, addressed in such unusual terms, and pity excited by her tears, so far prevailed on the youthful debauchee, as to prevent him making use of any arguments to persuade her to comply with his vicious inclinations, and taking a guinea out of his pocket, he desired her to accept of it, adding, on his going out of the room, "I wish I had always met with such a reception, and address with such language, especially on my *first* connections with your sex, for then I should not have been the man I am."

However the merits of the sufferer may neither demand our relief, or deserve our compassion, yet the tear of humanity cannot but flow on the recital of aggravated and unforeseen misfortunes; would to heaven there were more true penitents of *both* sexes, for I am certain there is too much cause for penitence and reformation in the *Lords* as well as *Ladies* of Creation; and let all the people say amen.

BOB. SHORT, Jun.

PEDRO AND SEGOVIA.

Embellished with an elegant Copper-plate from a Spanish Original, by an eminent Artist.

THE Spanish sheep are celebrated on account of the fineness of their wool; the monarchs of Spain were formerly proprietors of the greatest part of the flocks, but Philip I. was forced to sell the last fourteen thousand to defray the expences of war. In the summer they graze on the mountains of Leon, and during the winter are removed to the temperate plains of Andalusia. Prior to the pride of the

present Spanish nobility—as in the time of the ancient Jews, the flocks were watched by persons of the highest rank, and even princes have assumed the sheep hook before they were called to wield the sceptre.—Though the simplicity of ancient times was corrupted by national opulence, it was not entirely superseded: Pedro therefore, though descended from kings, kept his own sheep.

One morning as he was watching his fleecy care, and musing on their undissembled innocence, two female forms passed him at a distance; one of which, dressed in black, was named Donna Garcia, and the other wearing a viel, was called Donna Segovia.

They were not sisters, but were educated under the same roof, and were taught to call the same person their father. The similarity of their manners formed the most inviolable friendship; and in the vicinage, when the neighbours wished for an extraordinary degree of attachment, they wished that it might resemble that of Donna Garcia and Segovia.

Pedro, whose heart was hitherto free from the ardors of love, found himself moved by the appearance of two such amiable, such elegant forms. He turned himself to contemplate them, and being perceived by Donna Garcia, she whispered to her friend that they were noticed by the shepherd. On this Donna Segovia drew aside her viel, and gazing at Pedro, thought him something more than handsome. She communicated her sentiments to her friend, who warned her against giving way to a first impression, lest the character of the stranger might prove either unworthy of her, or dangerous to her virtue.

During this admonition the eyes of Segovia were fixed on Pedro, who admired those charms, which had been concealed by the viel; and though she could not but listen to the voice of friendship, she still was biased to follow that of love.

"I disclaim the censorious disposition which reigns too much amidst my sex. I never suspect till trial. The coun-

countenance is an index to the mind, that of Pedro is open and full of frankness. If he be insidious he wears a mask; but I cannot trace the lineaments of falsehood in him. Not that I would fix my esteem 'till I have made trial of his fidelity, and find that his virtues render him more amiable than his person."

"You will not *fix* your esteem! re-echoed Garcia, my dear, your heart deceives you; you have already formed an attachment, or else you would not do now what you never did before, reject my friendly admonitions. If the shepherd has qualities which may render him respectable, it will be no more than common justice to respect him; but your present conduct resembles that of one who pays money to a person, and afterwards asks for his bill."

"This affair, replied Donna Segovia seems to chagrine you—is it owing to any predilection that you have conceived yourself? I will give up all my pretensions, and would rather be unhappy myself than make you uneasy?"

Donna Garcia was alarmed at this retort; but finding that her friend was already too firmly attached to be reasoned into prudence, she declared that Segovia's suspicions were groundless, and referred her to her former resolution of taking the veil, as a proof of her sincerity.

During this conversation they had insensibly lost sight of Pedro, who felt sentiments, which before he had been an entire stranger to. Uneasy amidst his flock, uneasy even during the shades of night, he determined to find out the fair one who had disturbed his repose, and sigh his feelings in her ears. The soft contagion was reciprocal, Segovia wished for the application he intended, and still more, as she suspected the ingenuousness of her friend; and was apprehensive of her supplanting her.

During the moments of uninterrupted friendship, she had always admired the gracefulness of her person, the brilliancy of her wit, and the modesty of her conduct. But now she thought that

the gracefulness of her person was inferior to her own; the brilliancy of her wit was impertinence; and, what she once took for modesty, was sheepishness. Following the emotions of self-conscious superiority, she no longer behaved to her with that cordial affection which she formerly showed her, and the ties of friendship were cut by the hands of envy.

Donna Garcia perceived this alteration in her behaviour, but knowing from whence it originated, looked down upon it with that nobleness of soul which dignifies the sex, and formed the heroic resolution to preserve her friendship, amidst the greatest provocations she should meet with.

Segovia in her cooler hours, could not help blaming herself for the slights which he had paid her friend, and calling her heart to account, determined at least to dissemble her suspicions.—This change in her behaviour endeared her more strongly to Garcia, who was resolved to watch the motions of a passion which she could not smother, and to put the virtue of Pedro to a trial.

Pedro proved successful in his enquiries after Segovia; he prevailed on a friend to introduce him to her father's, and was blessed with passing an hour in her company. The accomplishments of her mind, which surpassed those of her exterior, confirmed his attachment. He sought every means of enjoying her company alone, but Garcia was so watchful over the motions of her friend, that he found it impracticable. One day as he was professing his attachment to Segovia, Garcia interrupted him, by saying, "that the fidelity of his sex required proof: it was the character of the men to speak largely only to ensnare; and that her sex owed their ruin to implicit faith and weak credulity."

Pedro started back on hearing her rebuke, and professed the most ingenuous sincerity: Garcia interrupted him again, "that trial was the only touchstone of sincerity, as fire is the only purifier of metals."

(To be continued.)

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(Translated from the French.)

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 89.)

Madame NORTHON to the Countess de SOLMES, in continuation.

I Am continuing, or rather am about winding up the thread of our misfortunes, with that joy which we feel when they are at an end. My nephew was about eight and twenty hours in the greatest danger, and if the rencounter was not sufficient to prove his courage, the intrepidity with which he beheld his approaching end, would have forced the most incredulous to own that it could not be owing to cowardice, that he had declined the duel. In a word, when we waited for a crisis, which the physicians said would carry him off, the fever abated so considerably, that they thought he might announce it was going, and this prognostic was afterwards verified by the event. The wounds appeared so fine the next day, that they did not doubt of a speedy cure; and indeed it was time even that he should have pity upon us: I could no longer sustain the part I assumed with respect to Eliza, and it was owing to her uncommon prudence, that I enjoyed those moments of tranquility, which were procured me by her silence. I employed them in prayer; and in these communications with heaven I experienced new recruits of strength, and a courage which could originate only from thence.

This charming girl had got a faint glimpse of the secret which we endeavoured to conceal from her. She sometimes saw me with my eyes swimming in tears; and as she plainly perceived, that I strove to smother them in her presence, she pretended not to discover them, as well as the deep sorrow in which her father was buried.

At last, unable to support this situation any longer, she said to me on the

close of the second day. "My dear friend, do you think that I have not courage enough to support your sorrow? Friendship is a stranger to these reserves; and I have reason to complain of your's. My aunt's illness certainly cannot affect you in this manner. Something bad has surely happened either to Mr. Northon or his son."

In order to pacify her, my brother wrote us a letter, my laziness induces me to send it to you, rather than give myself the trouble to transcribe it.

LETTER LIII.

Mad. NORTHON to the Baron de M—.

"YOU have so sincerely sympathised with me in my afflictions, my dear friend, that I could not be too early in giving you a share in my joy. I found in my son all those sentiments which so much endeared him to me, and I am in hopes that the eclipse which his virtue suffered at Paris, will serve to establish him in wisdom as long as he lives. A thousand tender compliments on my part, and that of my prodigal to all your family. I have travelled much, which obliges me to shorten my letter, though in despite of myself."

Mad. NORTHON, in continuation.

"THIS letter disconcerted the ideas of Eliza, who was apprehensive of the health of the father, and the dispositions of the son; and we succeeded in our endeavours of persuading her that our melancholy was caused only by the indisposition of her aunt, and the languid condition in which she had been so long. Her father and I alternately engaged not to leave her a moment by herself; and discoursing, with outabruptness, on the necessity of submitting to the awards of heaven, we endeavoured to reconcile her to the loss which we were apprehensive of."

The baron was in my nephew's apartment, when the physicians began to give no groundless hopes, from the

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abate-

abatement of his fever. He staid only to pay his compliments to my brother and the marquis: and unable to *speak* to them, his transport was so great, he ran to our apartment, fully determined to conceal the *whole* from us. What force have the passions on the human frame! That joy which he thought he had dissembled so well, had made such a visible change in his countenance, that he could deceive no body.

“Dear Sir, said Eliza in transport, you have received some good news, pray tell them as fast as you can.”

“I came back again for that purpose, said her father, but you must be mistress of your emotions, before I know how to communicate mine. I would choose to lead you gradually to the knowledge of an event, a happy event, which I could not have expected; I have betrayed myself, I would repair my fault by keeping you in suspense, ’till your emotion should subside. We may die with joy as well as grief.”

“Do not people die with *impatience*? replied Eliza with some warmth (I should have said so myself). In these circumstances I must tell you that my life is not safe.”

“You beg a favour of me, and at the same time threaten me, my dear girl, said the baron; you deserve to be punished by me in my being silent. But as I am a good-natured father, I will not keep you in suspense any longer. Let me then tell you, that our prodigal son has given such proofs of his courage, that his voyage to Malta is absolutely necessary, and he may very well return home; this depends on some circumstances, that may take so favourable a turn, that we may *rationaly* flatter ourselves to see him again soon.”

Eliza was roused on hearing this; and the baron intending to make a salutary diversion to impressions rather too lively, added, “I do not know how to answer the letter, which announces these happy vicissitudes: I am asked whether Northon ought to aspire to the honour of your hand?

and if I may judge from your countenance, I may imagine that you have no resentment against him: speak freely whether you have any dislike to my friend’s son; I would never put the least restraint upon your inclinations.”

Instead of replying Eliza bowed upon her father’s hand, which she kissed a thousand times, without uttering a word; joy, surprise, and new sentiments, which ingrossed her, had so overwhelmed her.

“How dost thou play with me! said the baron; but this will not do, let us come to the point: I will be answerable for your obedience on *this* occasion, if you will give me the least ray of hope; my orders are, that you get well, to entertain none but pleasing ideas, to suspend your curiosity with respect to the arrangement of the incidents, which have turned out so happily for us; that you ought to be contented to find that heaven has rewarded your resignation; and at least nothing but unforeseen accidents, accidents which we ought not to foresee, can prevent our seeing Northon in this very room within a fortnight.”

I could not help interrupting him, no longer able to support the constraint I had been under ever since the baron had entered the room. I fell on his neck, I bathed his cheeks with my tears; in a word I was guilty of excesses, which proved salutary to Eliza; for the astonishment which they gave rise to suspended every other idea. I had at night left my nephew in a desperate condition; I could not comprehend how it was possible for a single night to have effected so considerable a change, and so strong an assurance, as that of the baron seemed to be. I was immediately fired with a desire to satisfy myself with my own eyes, but was obliged to repress it; Eliza was not in a condition to be left by herself, and my absence would have discovered what we endeavoured to conceal from her.

“I do not know what to think, said she to me; that profound sorrow in which you was immersed for these two days, that joy so sudden, so extra-

extraordinary, announce events of a very singular nature, which you may inform me of whenever you please: but is it not something cruel to keep me in this suspense?"

"This is true *femality*, said the Baron, the curiosity of the sex is insatiable: we have scarcely satisfied them in one particular before they start another; and for my part I assure you, if you tease me in this manner, I shall cancel all that I have said, and insist that the whole was a falsehood. I shall nevertheless be guilty of a fiction, but at the same time shall satiate my revenge." Do not punish the innocent with the guilty, said I to the Baron: I am not over curious, therefore do not preclude the good news from me.

"I imagine that I might easily forbear any questions, if I were in your place, said Eliza to me; you certainly know more of this matter than I do. I find myself sufficiently recovered to get up: to day is Sunday, may I be permitted to go to church?"

"This will depend entirely on the answer of the physician," said the Baron. While I was waiting for the physician's coming, I advised Mad. Northon to go to church; supposing we should find you in a condition to go out, the apprehension of your meeting with some accident will have too great an impression upon her.

I know not how much I am obliged to the Baron for his discretion in this point: it was not because I doubted of the reality of his hopes; I was only apprehensive that he had exaggerated, and spoke what he wished. Every face I met confirmed the good news, and the servants ran to salute me, they were so much beside themselves with joy. But this was nothing in comparison with the behaviour of the Marquis; my brother's transport was cold to his.

Northon was in a sweet and gentle sleep, which made me intreat my brother and the amiable stranger to take some hours rest: for the latter, notwithstanding his wounds, could not be persuaded to quit my nephew's bed for a moment. The surgeon second-

ed my motion, and assured them so positively that there was no fear, that he complied with our requests. And after he had repeatedly assured me, that unless something unforeseen should happen, there was no danger of a relapse, I began to indulge myself with the consolation of hope. How great were my acknowledgments to heaven, for the double cure that was operated as well upon the soul, as the body of the dear patient: you will have the goodness, my lady, to believe them to be beyond description: all I can say of them is, that amidst the transports of my gratitude, I had pronounced the sentence of his death, if it should happen that he relapsed into vice: but I had an absolute confidence that the cure of his soul was more in advance than that of his body. I lay too much weight on these circumstances; they are rather disagreeable to those who are disinterested in them; but I am certain you would not have been much obliged to me, if I had omitted a single one.—

I have received two letters from you, but as they are directed to be left at the post-house, the affliction in which we were involved prevented me from sending for them: an inadvertence which I am assured you will forgive.

L E T T E R. LIV.

From the Countess de SOLMES, in reply to the first Letter of Mad. NORTHON.

HOW much am I obliged to you, dear friend, for writing to me in circumstances which pleaded your excuse: it is impossible to conceive the uneasiness I felt since the departure of my express; I wished him wings, and would have paid for them with all I am worth. You must be convinced of this when you recollect the friendship I have for your family, which is become mine, and what I ought to apprehend after reading the Marquis's letter. Let it not offend you, that I should be so much interested in the fate of the latter. His letter shewed him a real honest man, and I have a great predilection for persons of that descrip-

tion, because they are very uncommon. I conceived great hopes of him at first sight ; I thought he would rid you of Miss d'Erlac, and I was overjoyed with the thought ; but notwithstanding I could not help pitying him if he should be married to such a girl, I will not say that I die with impatience of hearing the result of their affairs ; if I durst, I would have gone before my express ; and a fever never happened more unluckily than his. I cannot conceive how your troubles should so happily end, and I think I can discover, on reading your letter, that you was not entirely a stranger to the plot : therefore I count the minutes, and they seem longer than so many hours.—I beg you therefore to be as minute as possible in your details.

(To be continued.)

HISTOIRE D'EMILIE.

(Continued from Page 67.)

LE Marquis fut au comble de sa joie, de se voir en possession d'une somme assez considerable pour fournir quelques temps au plaisirs, qu'il songeoit à se procurer, il ne pensa plus après avoir payé les dettes qu'il avoit contractée, qu'à s'éloigner de son épouse, en emportant toute la somme avec lui. Son cœur barbare, sans s'inquiéter de ce qu'elle pourroit devenir, laissa à ses parens le soin de lui chercher une retraite. Qu'on se figure, si l'on peut, le triste état où le plongea. Ce dernier trait d'inhumanité, sa vertu au milieu de tout ces coups accablants ne l'abandonna pourtant pas. Elle lui suggéra la resolution la plus capable de mettre en évidence toute la force de son ame, & toute la pureté de ses sentimens.

Son mari ne l'eût pas plutôt abandonnée, qu'elle conjura sa famille qui comprit, mais trop tard, combien elle l'avoit cruellement sacrifiée, de lui permettre de se retirer dans un cloître, où elle pût achever à l'ombre de la retraite, des jours déjà traversés par tant de funestes catastrophes.

Elle lui confia le soin d'une fille qui étoit le seul fruit qui lui restoit de l'union malheureuse qu'elle avoit contractée avec tant de repugnance. Mais on ne doit pas laisser ignorer les motifs qui la portèrent, malgré les efforts qu'on fit pour la retenir, à choisir une retraite qui l'éloignoit de la maison paternelle, où les retours de tendresse d'un père & d'une mère auroient pu lui procurer quelque consolation. Elle sentit qu'après la fuite de son mari, elle se verroit exposée plus que jamais aux assiduités de Fremonville, d'ont le père s'étoit racommodé par la bonté d'ame avec le Baron.

Elle prévint que les occasion de le voir qu'elle ne pouvoit, sans ingratitude, lui refuser renouveler les impressions de tendresse qu'elle avoit toujours eu pour lui. Elle savoit que les sentimens, que cet aimable jeune homme conservoit pour elle, étoient un obstacle à son établissement. Contente d'être la seule malheureuse, elle vouloit lui ôter la vue d'un objet qui pouvoit l'empêcher de faire un autre choix, & elle ne trouve pas de moyen plus sûr de le mettre dans le cas de l'oublier, qu'en s'éloignant de sa présence, & en lui ôtant tout espoir de le revoir jamais.

Elle se trompa dans cette attente. Fremonville persista toujours dans la resolution de ne se prêter à aucun projet de mariage. Il se livra plus que jamais aux devoirs de l'état, qu'il avoit embrassé, & ses succès qui allèrent toujours en augmentant ajoutèrent dans la suite, un nouvel éclat à sa fortune, & à la consideration qu'on avoit pour lui.

Le Marquis de Rochebrute prit un chemin tout opposé. L'argent qu'il avoit emporté, fournit d'abord à son goût pour la debauché, & les plus honteuses voluptés, quelques années se passerent sans lui faire sentir le besoin ; mais des sommes modiques & mal administrées, ne purent durer long temps à remplir tous les goûtes d'un caractère comme le sien.

Le jeu, les plaisirs de la table, & surtout le commerce de ces femmes perdus, pour qui le renversement des fortunes est un ouvrage de peu de durée,

rée, lorsqu'on se laisse conduire par leurs inspirations & leurs caprices, épuissèrent toutes ses ressources. L'indigence où il se vit prêt de tomber n'arrêta pas l'impétuosité de sa libertinage. Tout l'impression qu'elle fit sur lui, fut de l'engager à chercher de nouveaux moyens pour se soutenir dans le même état de licence & de dissipation. Il n'en trouva pas de meilleur que de déclarer un procès à son beau père.

(To be continued.)

Answer to Miss FORESIGHT, and Hint to the Public.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AGREEABLE to Miss Foresight's desire, page 70, I presume to intreat your leisure for a moment, submitting to your opinion for publication. Miss, I wish to have it proved that we are as capable of oratory and writing as the male sex. To me there appears not a shadow of a doubt, as we have many instances to prove it; and I was delighted with the idea of *La Belle Assemblée*. I thought there we might shine, and prove incontestibly that we had a right to a share of praise. I went the second evening, and was much pleased with hearing my friends speak sensibly to the question. But upon farther enquiry I found they were paid for it, that their speeches were learnt, and each had studied her action. I own I was mortified. I thought we were to speak from our own feelings, and not from those of others. Instead of raising us in the esteem of the men, it must rather lower us, by endeavouring to aim at what we could not go through. It may be urged that they must be women of uncommon assurance to be able to speak at all; and perhaps it may be so: but yet a little time, and a candid hearing from the men might have tended to have made us equal to the disputers of Carlisle-House or Coachmaker's-Hall. I hope Miss Foresight will not deprive us of the pleasure of her farther correspond-

ence, and not leave, as she says modestly, to abler pens. Let her propose her question in the same manner as those assemblies I have mentioned: let those that chuse it answer it. Perhaps the thoughts of some may serve to fill up a spare corner in the Magazine.— But I bar the male creatures: they positively shall have no hand in it. Or let any one (a lady I mean) propose a question to be inserted in one month, answered in the next. If the scheme is agreeable to the compilers of this useful work, pursue it: none wishes more to see your labours shine, than does

A FRIEND.

A PANEGYRIC on the FAIR SEX.

By the celebrated BISHOP TAYLOR.

I Believe some wives have been the best friends in the world; and few stories can outdo the nobleness and piety of that lady that sucked the poisonous matter from the wound of the brave prince in the Holy-Land, when an assassin had pierced him with a venomous arrow; and if it be told that women cannot retain counsel, and therefore can be no true friends, I can best confute them by the story of Portia, who being fearful of the weakness of her sex, stabbed herself in the thigh to try how she could bear pain; and finding herself constant enough to that sufferance, gently chid her Brutus for not trusting her, since now she perceived that no torment could wrest that secret from her, which she hoped might be entrusted to her. I cannot say that women are capable of all those excellencies by which men can oblige the world, and therefore a female friend, in some cases, is not so good a counselor as a wise man, and cannot so well defend my honour, nor afford it relief and assistance, if she be under the power of another; but a woman can love us passionately, and converse as pleasantly, and retain a secret as faithfully, and be useful in her proper ministries, and she can die for her friend as well as the bravest Roman knight. A man is the best friend in trouble, but

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a woman may be equal to him in the days of joy ; a woman can as well increase his comfort, but cannot so well lessen his sorrows, and therefore we do not carry women with us when we go to fight; but in peaceful cities and times, women are the beauties of society, and the prettinesses of friendship ; and when we consider that few persons in the world have all those excellencies by which friendship can be useful and illustrious, we may as well allow women as men to be friends, since they have all that can be necessary and essential to friendships, and those cannot have all by which friendships can be accidentally improved.

Considerations on the DEATHS of LUCRETIA and VIRGINIA.

THE force of prejudice appears in nothing more strongly than in the encomiums which have been lavished upon Lucretia, for laying violent hands upon herself, and Virginus, for killing his own daughter. These actions seem to derive all their glory from the revolutions to which they gave rise, as the former occasioned the abolition of monarchy among the Romans, and the latter put an end to the arbitrary power of the Decemviri.— But if we lay aside our prepossessions for antiquity, and examine these actions without prejudice, we cannot but acknowledge that they are rather the effects of human weakness and obstinacy, than of resolution and magnanimity. Lucretia, for fear of worldly censure, chose rather to submit to the lewd desires of Tarquin, than have it thought that she had been stabbed in the embraces of a slave ; which sufficiently proves that all her boasted virtue was founded upon vanity, and too high a value for the opinion of mankind. The younger Pliny, with great reason, prefers to this famed action that of a woman of low birth, whose husband being seized with an incurable distemper, chose rather to perish with him than to survive him. The action of Arria is likewise much more noble, whose husband Pætus being

condemned to death, plunged a dagger in her breast, and told him, with a dying voice, “ Pætus it is not painful.” But the death of Lucretia gave rise to a revolution, and is therefore become illustrious.

Virginus, in killing his daughter to preserve her from falling a victim to the lust of the Decemvir Claudius, was guilty of the highest rashness, since he might certainly have gained the people, already irritated against the tyrant, without embruing his hands in his own blood. This action may, indeed, be extenuated, as Virginus slew his daughter from a false principle of honour, and did it to preserve her from what both he and she thought worse than death, namely, to preserve her from violation : but though it may, in some measure, be excused, it should not certainly be praised or admired.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Take the liberty to send you a remarkable epitaph, because I think it will make a very respectable figure in the Lady's Magazine. It contains the uncommon character of a woman of quality in France, whose exemplary conduct many of our ladies of fashion might imitate with considerable credit to themselves, and by such an imitation render their names immortal. The following inscription is taken from the monument of the princess of Conti, in the church of St. Genevieve at Paris ; I shall only add that this lady was niece to Cardinal Mazarine, and this information seems to throw light on that part of it marked with an asterisk.

J— H—,

A la gloire de Dieu,
Et a la memoire eternelle
D'ANNE MARIA MARTINOZZI,
Princesse de Conti.

Qui detrempée de monde de l'age de xix ans, vendit ses pierreries pour nourrir pendant le famine de 1662, les pauvres de Berri, de Champagne, & de Picardie ; pratiqua tous les austerites

que sa santé peut souffrir ; demeure veuve a l'âge de xxix ans ; consacra les restes de ses jours, a elever en princes Chrétiens, les princes ses enfans, & à maintenir les loix civiles & ecclésiastiques, en toutes ses terres ; se réduisit à une depense très modeste ; [*restitua toutes les biens d'ont l'acquisition lui fut suspecte, jusqu'à la somme de 800,000 livres ** ;] distribua tout son epargne au pauvres dans ses terres, & dans toutes les parties de monde ; & passa soudainement à l'éternité, après 16 ans de perseverance, Fev. 1672, âgé 35 ans.

Priez pour elle.

Louis Armand de Bourbon, prince de Conti, & Francis Louis de Bourbon, prince de la Roche sur Yonne, ses enfans, ont posé cet monument.

To the glory of God,
And the everlasting memory of
ANNE MARY MARTINOZZI,
Princess of Conti,

Who retiring from the world in the nineteenth year of her age, sold all her jewels for the support of the poor of the provinces of Berri, Champagne, and Picardy, during the famine in the year 1662 ; practised all the austerities which her constitution would bear ; remained a widow from the twenty-ninth year of her age, in order to bestow a Christian and virtuous education on the princes her sons, and to maintain justice and religion through all her estates ; confined herself to a very moderate expence ; [*restored all the effects, the acquisition of which seemed doubtful to her, to the value of 800,000 livres ** ;] distributed all the overplus of her fortune to the needy in her own lands, and all other parts of the world ; and suddenly passed from life to eternity, after sixteen years perseverance, in Feb. 1672, in the 36th year of her age.

Pray for her.

Louis Armand de Bourbon, prince of Conti, and Francis Louis de Bourbon, prince of Roche sur Yonne, her children, have erected this monument.

* Query if this was not the whole ministerial fortune left her by her uncle ?

From the LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Admiralty office, Feb. 28, 1779.

CAPTAIN Edward Thompson, of his majesty's ship *Hyæna*, arrived early this morning from Gibraltar, with dispatches from Admiral Sir George Bridges Rodney, of which the following are copies and extracts.

Sandwich, Gibraltar Bay,
January 27, 1780.

S I R,

It is with the highest satisfaction I can congratulate their lordships on a signal victory obtained by his majesty's ships under my command, over the Spanish Squadron commanded by Don Juan Langara, wherein the Spanish admiral and the greatest part of his Squadron were either taken or destroyed.

Having received repeated intelligence of a Spanish Squadron, said to consist of fourteen sail of the line, cruising off Cape St. Vincent, I gave notice to all the captains, upon my approaching the said Cape, to prepare for battle ; and having passed it on the 16th in the morning with the whole convoy, at one P. M. the Cape then bearing north four leagues, the Bedford made the signal for seeing a fleet in the S. E. quarter ; I immediately made a signal for the line of battle abreast, and bore down upon them ; but before that could be well effected, I perceived the enemy were endeavouring to form a line of battle a-head upon the starboard tack ; and as the day was far advanced, and unwilling to delay the action, at two P. M. I hauled down the signal for the line of battle a breast, and made the signal for a general chase, to engage as the ships came up by Rotation, and to take the Lee-gage in order to prevent the enemy's retreat into their own ports.

At four P. M. perceiving the headmost ships very near the enemy, I made the general signal to engage and close ; in a few minutes the four headmost ships began the action, which was returned with great briskness by the enemy. At forty minutes past four, one of the enemy's line of battle ships blew up with a dreadful explosion ; every person perished. At six P. M. one of the Spanish ships struck. The action and pursuit continued with a constant fire 'till two o'clock in the morning, at which time the *Monarca*, the headmost of all the enemy's ships, having struck to the Sandwich, after receiving one broadside, and all firing having ceased, I made the signal and brought-to.

The weather during the night, was at times very tempestuous, with a great sea, which rendered it difficult to take possession of, and shift the prisoners of those ships that had surrendered to his majesty's arms. It continued very bad weather the next day, when the Royal George, Prince George, Sandwich, and several other ships, were in great danger, and under the necessity of making sail to avoid the shoals

Shoals off St. Lucar; nor did they get into deep water till the next morning, when, having joined the convoy, and made Cape Spartel, I dispatched two frigates to Tangier, to acquaint his majesty's consul with our success, that Great Britain was again mistress of the Straits, and desiring him to hasten a supply of fresh provisions for the garrison. At sunset we entered the Gut.

The gallant behaviour of the admirals, captains, officers, and men, I had the honour to command, was remarkably conspicuous: they seemed actuated with the same spirit, and were anxiously eager to exert themselves with the utmost zeal to serve his majesty, and to humble the pride of his enemies.

I may venture to affirm, though the enemy made a gallant defence, that had the weather proved but even moderate, or had the action happened in the day, not one of their squadron had escaped.

Inclosed I send a list of the Spanish squadron, as likewise of his majesty's ships, with the damage they received.

I have the honour to be, with great regard,

Sir,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

GEO. BRIDGES RODNEY.

Philip Stevens, Esq.

A List of the Spanish Fleet under the Command of Don Juan de Langara.

Phoenix—Don Juan de Langara, admiral, Don Francisco Melgarefo, captain, 80 guns, 700 men, taken and brought into Gibraltar.

San Augustin—Don Vicente Dos, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, escaped.

San Genaro—Don Felix Terada, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, escaped.

San Justo—Don Josef, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, escaped, very much damaged.

San Lorenzo—Don Juan Araoz, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, escaped, very much damaged.

Jan Julian—Marques de Medina, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, taken, the officers shifted, and a lieutenant with 70 seamen put on board, afterwards went on shore.

San Eugenio—Don Antonio Dumonte, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, taken, the officers shifted, but drove ashore on the breakers, and lost.

Monarca—Don Antonio Oyarvide, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, taken and brought into Gibraltar.

Princessa—Don Manuel de Leon, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, taken and brought into Gibraltar.

Diligente—Don Antonio Abornoz, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, taken and brought into Gibraltar.

San Domingo—Don Ignacio Mendezabel, commander, 70 guns, 600 men, blown up in action.

St. Gertrudie—Don Anibal Cassoni, commander, 26 guns, 250 men, escaped.

St. Rosalia—Don Antonio Ortega, commander, 28 guns, 250 men, escaped.

G. B. RODNEY.

Return of the Killed and Wounded, &c.

Ships Names.	Kill.	Wound.	Other damages received.
Sandwich	—	—	None.
Prince George	1	3	
Royal George	—	—	
Resolution	—	—	
Bedford	3	9	
Montague	—	—	
Marlborough	—	—	
Ajax	—	6	Fore-top-mast shot away, four guns dismounted.
Alfred	—	—	None.
Defence	10	21	Masts and yards much damaged.
Edgar	6	20	None.
Cumberland	—	1	
Culloden	—	—	
Invincible	3	4	
Monarch	3	26	Fore-top-mast shot away.
Terrible	6	12	Main-top-gallant-mast shot away.
Alcide	—	—	Main-top-mast shot away.
Bienfaisant	—	—	Mizen-top-mast shot away.
	32	102	

Return of Officers killed.

Lieutenant Charles Henry Strachan, mariner, Edgar.

Return of Officers wounded.

Lieutenant Forrest, Ajax, since dead.

Lieutenant Forbes, Edgar.

Master of the Terrible.

G. B. RODNEY.

Extract of a Letter from Sir George Brydges Rodney to the Earl of Sandwich, dated Gibraltar Bay, Feb. 7, 1780.

I Have the sincere satisfaction to assure your lordship, that the five Spanish men of war are as fine ships as ever swam; they are now completely refitted, manned, and put in the line of battle, and, I will answer for them, will do their duty as English men of war, should the enemy give them an opportunity.

St. James's, Feb. 28.

The Right Hon. General Elliot, governor of Gibraltar, in a letter to the earl of Hillsborough, dated January 28, 1780, and received early this morning, gives an account, that the additional regiment, together with the several stores of provisions, ammunition, and money, convoyed by the fleet under the command of Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, were then landing with all expedition; by which the garrison will be completely relieved, and that Fortress put in a state of perfect security from the enemy.

The History of the DUCHESS of BEAUFORT.*(Continued from Page 41.)*

“ **A**T Maubuisson I met Madame de Liancourt, with whom I took the road to Clermont. I rode seven or eight hundred paces before the litter in which this lady was, and which was followed at some distance by a great unwieldy coach that carried her women; before and behind this coach marched several mules loaded with baggage.

“ About a league from Clermont, where the road was very narrow, a steep hill on one side, and a hanging valley on the other, leaving only room enough for two carriages to go a-breast, the coachman alighting on some occasion or other, one of the mules passing near the side of the coach after it stopped, by its neighing, and the sound of its bells, so terrified the horses, which unfortunately were young and skittish, that, taking the bit between their teeth, they drew the coach with such rapidity, that meeting with two other mules, they overturned them in their course.

“ The women within, seeing a thousand abysses opened under their feet, apprehended their danger, and sent forth the most lamentable cries.

“ The coachmen and muleteers endeavoured in vain to stop the horses; they were already within fifty paces of the litter, when Madame Liancourt, alarmed by the noise, looked out, and screamed aloud. I also turned back, and trembling at the danger in which I saw this lady and her attendants, without being able to assist them, on account of the distance I was at—“ Ah! friend,” said I to La Font, “ the women will be dashed in pieces!—What will become of us?—And what will the king say?”—While I was thus speaking, I pushed my horse forwards with all my strength; but this was useless, and I should have arrived too late.

“ By one of those lucky chances, and which almost amount to a miracle, when the danger was greatest, the axle-

tree of the litter-wheels coming out of the nave by a violent shock which broke the pegs, the two wheels fell on each side, and the coach to the ground, and there stopped: one of the hindmost horses was thrown down by the shock, and kept in the other. The fore-horses broke their traces, and passed so close to the litter, which was already at the extremity of the precipice, that it is plain, if they had drawn the coach along with it, it would have been thrown over it.

“ I stopped them, and gave them to my domestics to hold, after which I flew to relieve Madame de Liancourt, who was half dead with fear. I went next to the coach, and assisted the women to get out of it: they were for having the coachman hanged, and I was complaisant enough to give him two or three strokes with my cane.—At length their terrors being entirely dissipated and the carriage refitted, we resumed our journey, and till we arrived at Clermont, I continued to ride close to Madame de Liancourt’s litter.

“ The king had set out from this place to meet his mistress, and arrived there a quarter of an hour after us. I did not fail to inform him immediately of what had happened; and while I was relating this adventure, I observed him attentively, and saw him grow pale and tremble. By these emotions, which I never saw in him in the greatest dangers, it was easy to guess the violence of his passion for this lady.

“ In the year 1596, the king created his mistress Marchioness of Monceaux; his passion for her increased to such a degree, that he suffered no one to be ignorant of it. He passed thro’ Paris with this lady by his side, and by the tenderness which he took pleasure to shew her in public, he seemed to invite the adorations of his courtiers to this idol, who made her influence be universally felt.

“ Gabriella, under the appearance of a disinterested love for the king’s person, concealed a boundless ambition, which made her not scruple to sacrifice the honour of her royal lover to any prospect of aggrandizing herself.

She contracted her son Cæsar, whom she had by the king, to the opulent heiress of the house of Moncœur.

The duke of Moncœur, who was then in arms against his sovereign, found himself by this alliance restored to his favour without suffering the least diminution of his honours and estates: and Henry, anxious only to please his mistress, condescended to treat upon almost equal terms with a rebel subject, whom he had it in his power to crush at a blow.

The Duke of Sully did not fail to make very lively remonstrances to his master upon this occasion; but the whole affair was concluded before he had been made acquainted with it.

The ceremony of the contract was performed at Angers with the same magnificence as if the little Cæsar had been a son of France born in marriage. He was then but four years old, and his betrothed wife but six.

The birth of a second son drew from the king an increase of tenderness and honours. Gabriella now quitted the title of Marchioness of Monceaux, for that of Duchess of Beaufort. As she had for a long time set no bounds to her ambition, she aspired at nothing less than being declared queen of France; and Henry's passion for her, which increased every day, gave her hopes of accomplishing her designs.

When she was informed that the king's agents at Rome were commissioned to solicit the dissolution of his marriage with Margaret of Valois, and that his majesty was upon the point of sending the Duke of Luxemburg to that court with the title of ambassador, to hasten the conclusion of it, she looked upon this to be a favourable opportunity; but apprehensive that those agents and the new ambassador would not enter into her views, she resolved to get Sillery, then minister of state, and who was already deep in her interests, to be nominated for this embassy. As she well knew what was most likely to tempt him, she promised him the seals at his return from Rome, and the post of chancellor when it became vacant.

At this price Sillery engaged, with all the oaths she exacted of him, to neglect nothing that might prevail upon the pope to legitimate the two children which she had by Henry, and to dissolve his marriage with Margaret.

This first step taken, few obstacles remained to hinder her advancement to the throne. She easily found reasons to make the king approve of the ambassador she had chosen. The Duke of Luxemburg was only suffered to set out, to be recalled as soon as Sillery should be in a condition to take his place.

The Duchess assisted, herself, in preparing his equipages, and prevailed upon the king to give the necessary orders for Sillery's appearance with all the pomp and magnificence by which the success of his negociation might be secured.

To prepare the French, at the same time, for the change which she meditated for her children, she prevailed upon the king, who had no less tenderness for them than the mother, to let the ceremony of her second son's baptism be performed at St. Germain, where the king then was, with the same magnificence and honours which in this ceremony are only observed to the children of France.

"Although I could pardon this lady," says the Duke of Sully, "for an intoxication in which she was kept by the servile respect the courtiers expressed for the children, and the adorations they offered to herself, yet I could not have the same indulgence for Henry, who was so far from taking any measures to undeceive her with regard to the extravagant hopes she had entertained, that he gave orders for the baptism of this child with a readiness which shewed how agreeable the request was to him.

"I declared my sentiments," pursues the duke, "of this conduct with great freedom; I endeavoured publicly to oppose the inferences which the courtiers would make in favour of these children's pretensions to the crown.—The king himself, when the ceremony

was

was over, became sensible that his orders had been exceeded; and this I had no difficulty to believe.

“ The child was named Alexander, as the eldest had been Cæsar, and the court-flatterers, by a kind of second baptism, gave him the title of *Monsieur*, which, in France, no one is permitted to bear but the king’s only brother, or the presumptive heir to the crown.

“ The mistress did not stop here; she began to assume all the airs of a queen; not, indeed, so much of her own accord, for I think she knew herself well enough not to have ventured on any such notion, but driven on to take that step by the continual solicitations of her creatures and relations.

(To be continued.)

The TRIAL of the MAID of ORLEANS.

(Continued from Page 43.)

“ **H**ENRY, by the grace of God, king of France and England, to our magistrates of Rouen, greeting. It is publicly known that for some time past a woman who calls herself Jane the Maiden, laying aside the dress and habit of her sex, which is against the law of God, and prohibited as an abominable practice by every law, and taking the dress and manner of man, has been guilty of many cruel homicides; and, in order to abuse the weak minds of the people, has made them understand that she was a messenger from God, and was privy to his divine secrets, and has entertained several other opinions contrary to our catholic faith, and scandalous and dangerous to our mother-church. That while she was in hostile act against us and our people, she was taken before the walls of Compiègne by some of our loyal subjects, and brought prisoner to our town of Rouen. And whereas she has been strongly and universally suspected of superstition, false doctrine, and other crimes against our holy church, we have been earnestly solicited by the reverend father in God, and faithful counsellor, the bishop of Beauvais, right

ecclesiastical judge of the said Jane, as taken in his diocese, and also intreated by our dearest and most beloved daughter, the university of Paris, to give up and deliver our said prisoner to be examined and tried by the said bishop for the crimes of which she stands suspected and accused, and to proceed against her according to the ordinances and dispositions of the divine and canon laws, in that case made and provided. And as we are willing, in reverence and honour to God, the defence and dignity of our holy church and catholic faith, devoutly to obey, as a true and humble son of the holy church, the desires and demands of our daughter the University of Paris, we order and desire by these presents our magistrates and officers of Rouen, to deliver up, and bring before the reverend father in God the bishop of Beauvais, the said Jane Taré, to be tried and proceeded against, according to God, to reason, and to the divine and holy canons. Given at Rouen this third day of January, year of grace, one thousand four hundred and thirty-one, and of our reign the third.”

The Bishop, empowered by this warrant, and having communicated the accusation to the inquisitor-general of the faith, assembled in the royal chapel of the castle of Rouen, Giles abbot of Feschamp, Jean Beaupère, John de Chatiffon, James le Tiffier, Nicholas Midy, Guerard Fertilet, William Hecton, Thomas de Courselles, and Richard Protty, to assist him in the trial of the said Jane.

John Estivet, named proctor for this trial by the Bishop, moved his lordship that the prisoner should be brought into court, and examined according to law, which was granted: and the prisoner having desired leave to hear mass, his lordship said, that he had taken advice on that head from several persons of learning and wisdom, whose opinion it was, that, considering the great crimes of which she stood suspected, and having infamously put on man’s apparel, her request ought not to be granted; and that therefore he overruled it.

His lordship then acquainted Jane, that she being taken prisoner in his diocese, and being publicly accused of several crimes which were against the faith, not only in France, but in every other kingdom, she was delivered up to him to be tried in matters of faith: after which the proctor moved that the prisoner should be sworn to answer the truth to all such questions as he should ask her, which was agreed to by the bishop and his assistants.

His lordship then addressing himself to Jane in a mild and gentle manner, begged she would make true and faithful answers to every particular, as well to shorten the trial, as for the discharge of her own conscience, without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever.

To which Jane answered—"I do not know what questions you intend to ask me; perhaps you may ask some that I will not chuse to answer."

The bishop said she must answer every question relative to the catholic faith, and every thing else she knew.

Jane replied, that she was willing to communicate to the court every circumstance she knew about her birth, her parentage, and her arrival in France, as also every thing she did since; but as to the revelations she had from God, that she never told them but to Charles, whom she called her king; and that she would never disclose them to any other, though her silence would cost her her head.

She added, that she was ordered from heaven to keep these revelations secret; but that in eight days she would be able to determine whether she could declare the purport of them.

The Bishop then exhorted her to tell truth in matters of faith; Jane then kneeling, placed both her hands on the mass-book, and swore that she would declare the truth in every thing relative to her faith, but would not disclose what God had revealed to her to any person whatsoever.

The same day the court asked her several questions relative to her parents, the place of her birth, and her age.

On her next appearance in court, she complained that irons had been put on her legs; on which the Bishop reminded her that she often attempted to escape from prison; so that the jailor was obliged to keep her in irons and close confinement.

Jane owned that some time before she *did* strive to get away, as it was natural and lawful for every prisoner to do; and added, that even if she had made her escape, she could not be accused of a breach of promise therein, as she had made none to any body.

Upon this answer the Bishop immediately ordered John Ris, John Bernet, and William Talbot, in whose hands she was then entrusted, to watch her narrowly, and not allow any body to speak to her, without a special order signed by him.

She was then asked, if she had ever learned any art or trade?

She answered, that her mother had taught her to sew, and she added, that she did not believe there was a woman in the city of Rouen who could teach her any thing. She said that she had left her parent's house partly through fear of the Duke of Burgundy's army; that she went to Neufchatel with a woman named La Rouse, where she remained a fortnight; that she was there in quality of maid-servant, and did not go to the fields to take care of sheep or other cattle during that time.

Being asked if she *confessed* every year?

She answered, she did to her parish priest, except when she happened to be busy, and then she confessed to another priest with his leave; that she had confessed two or three times to a mendicant friar, and that she received the body of our Saviour every year at Easter.

Being asked whether she received the body of our Saviour at other festivals besides Easter?

She made no answer, but said, that from the age of thirteen she heard the voice of our Saviour, which directed her how to behave; that the first time she heard the voice she was in a very great fear; that she heard it about mid-

mid-day, in summer time, in her father's garden, it being that day a fast; that the voice seemed to come from the right, where the neighbouring church was situated; that she perceived a certain brightness which accompanied the voice; that when she had heard it the third time, she knew it to be a heavenly voice; that it has taken care of her since that time.

Being asked what information she received from the voice for the safety of her soul?

She answered, that it shewed how to conduct herself in life; that it recommended it to her to frequent church and other devout exercises; afterwards it told her it was necessary she should go to France, which it repeated twice or thrice a week till she departed: it desired her to make haste, and go away unknown to her parents; that she was to raise the siege of Orleans; that she should go to Robert de Baudricourt, who would give her guides to conduct her; that she then said to the voice, that she was but a poor country-girl, and entirely ignorant of the art of war; that she went soon after to her uncle's house, where she staid a week; that her uncle carried her to Robert de Baudricourt; that the voice had taught her to distinguish this gentleman, tho' she had never seen him before; that he twice refused to grant her desire, but at last he was prevailed on to have her conducted to France; that she then assumed man's apparel, and wore a sword which Robert de Baudricourt gave her a little before she departed; that she was accompanied by a knight and four other men; that she often heard the voice on the road to France.

Being asked who advised her to put on man's apparel?

She answered that the voice instructed her so to do, and that she accused no other person of it; that on her departure from Robert de Baudricourt, he said to her, "You may depart, let what will happen." She also added, that it was absolutely necessary she should change her dress. Some time

after she said that she was sure the Duke of Orleans was much beloved by God; that there was not a man in France, except the king, of whom she had so many revelations, as of the Duke of Orleans.

Being asked what letters she sent to the English, and what was the purport of them?

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

I Shall think myself infinitely obliged to you to communicate, thro' the channel of your most esteemed Magazine (of which I am very happily sensible) an answer to the following question, which, though to appearance can be no enigma, yet puzzles me. It is this—"Why should butter melted in a saucepan, (accompanied with flour, to which I own myself an enemy) be always melted properly, if shook about, or turned (call it which you please) the same way, make it what it should be?—Or why, if you turn the butter from right hand to left (or reverse it) oil it, and make it what it should not be?"—Your answer will not only be acceptable to myself, but to all as great lovers of good melted butter, as,

Dear Madam,

Your sincere friend,

BESSY BLUNT.

P. S. As you see I have expressed my dislike of flour, pray can butter be melted un-oiled without it?—This is an additional request, and the answer to it will be an additional favour.—I do not doubt, dear Madam, but you will consider our sex's natural impatience under suspense: as such, I have no fears of your speedy answer to my queries: indeed I must fairly tell you that I shall not touch melted butter till I receive it.

M D.

MILITARY DISTRESS;

O R,

D A M I N V I L L E.

*An ANECDOTE.**(Continued from Page 89.)*

THE old man frequently walked the streets alone, absorbed in the profoundest grief, and always meditating on the unhappy mortal, of whose distress he accused himself in secret as the author. As he was crossing, one day, a dark street, a young child came up to him. Monforin found that he was begging alms, though the child could only lispen some words which he could not understand. He thought that he discovered a kind of boldness which is inconsistent with the character of a mendicant. The old man was struck with his countenance, and found himself interested in a manner he could not account for. He took some money out of his pocket, and giving it to the child, who seemed to receive it with a blush,

“Child,” says he, “you have some parents?”

“I have a father, Sir—He tells me often that we were not born to beg;” and as he uttered the last sentence, the little creature shed tears.

Monforin, overcome by his emotions, ran to him, and embracing him, “Do not cry, child,” said he; “do not cry, child, I will take care of thee. But where is thy father?”

“He is there, Sir; he can hardly walk, he is so weak. Ah! he is always sighing: it is he, Sir, who stands in great need of your succour.”

The old man listening to the child with compassion, went forward a few steps, and discovered at a distance a man with his head bowed down, who seemed to be overwhelmed with grief. Led, in some measure, by the child, to whom he had given his hand, he approached him. He thought he knew him. He advanced some steps farther, stepped back in surprise, and returning fell into the arms of the poor man, crying out, “My son!”

“Ah! my father! it is you! it is you! Yes, you see your unhappy son!”

The old man recovering his senses, and shedding a torrent of tears, could not help repeating, “My son! my son!”—after which he cast himself again into the arms of Daminville, and heaved many a sigh. He pressed Daminville and Eugene alternately to his bosom, and smothered them with his kisses and his tears.

“My son obliged to ask charity!—and thou canst scarcely support thyself!”

“This is owing to my misfortunes. My strength is exhausted—I drag on the remains of life—”

“Say no more; say no more,” interrupted Monforin: “O heavens! I have been the cause of all thy misfortunes! I will do all I can to compensate them! But what is become of thy wife?”

“My wife!” replied Daminville, shedding tears; “My wife, the only object of my love, is no more!—Our misfortunes—”

“Stop! I see, I feel that I am the most wicked, the most unhappy man in the world!—I have found Daminville!—I have found my son again!—But in what a situation!—I can walk no farther: lead me to some carriage. My dear children! my dear children!” and as he uttered these words, he shed tears, and embraced them again.

When they came home, the servants manifested their surprise at seeing their master return accompanied with two persons whose appearance announced the extremity of indigence.

“These poor things!—Ah! poor things! they are my children.”—Beranger ran in on hearing a noise.—“There is my son Daminville!”—He was silent for a moment, and repeated, “This is my son, whom I have killed! He is scarcely alive! Beranger, he has lost his wife! She is dead!”

The old man could scarcely sustain the shock of such a variety of agitations. Beranger unremittingly looked at Daminville and little Eugene, clasped them in his arms, and gave himself up to all the effusions of sensibility.—He returned thanks to heaven for so happy

happy an event! he likewise recognized the goodness of Providence, which almost always exerts itself in behalf of the distressed.

Monforin recovering himself, began to strip Daminville of his cloaths—"Take these wretched garments out of my sight!—They reproach me too much! and go and fetch the best that I have.—My son was in want of necessities, when I was overburthened with plenty."

Monforin's orders were obeyed. He dressed his son himself, at the same time deluging him with his tears. "No," said the old man, sobbing, "it is impossible to expiate such heinous injuries! They are irreparable!—Infamous Darnicourt!—detestable Daligni!" Then turning himself to Beranger, "Ah! my friend, you know what nature and religion is:—you always spoke to me in favour of this dear child. Daminville, can you be so generous as to forgive me? For my part, I shall never forgive myself—no, never."—The reply Daminville made was by kissing his father's hands, and bedewing them with his tears.

When he began to give a recital of his misfortunes, with what tortures was the soul of Monforin distracted! He interrupted his son every moment, to accuse and condemn himself aloud. He repeated incessantly, "I am his assassin! the unhappy assassin of his wife!"

Daminville shewed himself worthy of his new situation. He did not resemble those, who, when they have passed adversity, forget it as a disagreeable dream, and give themselves up to the infatuation and obduracy of fortune. The son of Monforin always remembered that he had been poor, and he made Eugene recollect it too, of whose education he had the direction.

"I see with concern," said he to Beranger, "parents confide the care of their children's education to another, as if cultivated reason was not real life. Who can instil the precepts of humanity, the regard due to the distressed, the obligations of comfort-

ing, of relieving them, better than myself?"

The man, really virtuous, did not confine himself to barren lectures.—Whenever he met a poor man, he said to Eugene, "My friend, run and carry some succour to this afflicted creature. We ourselves have been sufferers, begged our bread: this is the picture of ourselves." He went farther; he went in quest of such instructing objects; he informed himself of families who were oppressed by misfortunes, and went, attended by his son, to the fifth story, to assist the distressed, who united with his necessities the shame of wretchedness. This was the school in which Eugene learned to be a man.

That pleasure which attends upon good actions, the affecting discourses of Beranger, the marks of tenderness with which he was loaded by Monforin, that robust health of which his age was still susceptible, could not restore the gaiety of Daminville. He dragged on his melancholy wherever he went, and was incessantly preyed upon by it.

One of his apartments was furnished with several portraits of his wife, in the various stages of their distresses; amidst other pieces in this collection, was one of himself and his son in mean attire, soliciting the compassion of the public. The painter, thinking to flatter Daminville, endeavoured to soften this scene, but the son of Monforin forced him to retouch it.

"Why, this false delicacy is inconsistent with truth. I was once a mendicant. I would have my son fix his eyes always on this picture, and let all the world know that I have known the humiliations of want, that I have begged a morsel of bread, steeped in my tears, from the pity of men so hard to be moved, so barbarous."—At last, turning towards his son, "Eugene," said he, "learn from me to mourn for your mother: she is presented to your view in these various scenes of woe, which ought never to be effaced from your memory. Dear son, contemplate her on her death-bed:

bed : there she raised you in her arms ; there she recommended you and your unhappy father to the divine protection : there she expired ! I shall never see again my dearest Felicia, the companion of my troubles, my friend, my only friend !—She will never be restored to us again !—Alas ! she has been a partaker of our misfortunes only ?”

Beranger, always inspired by an ingenuous friendship, was indefatigable in laying before Daminville fresh motives of consolation. We have already observed that his endeavours were ineffectual, and that nothing could rescue the afflicted husband from the gloomy melancholy with which he was consumed. The name of his wife was the only word which escaped him ; he was greedily fond of solitude ; he was found in the mournful retreat, pouring forth a libation of tears to the memory of Felicia, by his friend, who without any preface addressed him thus :

“ You have frequently mentioned a creditor whom you remember with pleasure.”—“ What, Robert ?” replied Daminville.—“ The very man.”—“ Ah !” interrupted Daminville, “ this was one of the wounds occasioned by my misfortunes, that I could not discover what was become of this respectable domestic, and I was in his debt.” “ You should then pay him,” replied Beranger, smiling ; “ I imagine, nevertheless, that he is more eager to see you again, than to solicit the payment of what you owe him.”—He added, “ Come in, dear Robert.”

Daminville, overjoyed at seeing the honest domestic, ran to meet him, and embracing him, “ Heaven seems to be reconciled : it gives me an opportunity of testifying my gratitude to a man (addressing Beranger) who was worthy of being entrusted by you. I can never express the excess of my feelings to him : but by what fatality, my friend, did I lose you ?”

Robert kept his eyes fixed upon the son of Monforin ; he strove to speak, but burst into tears : it was visible that he was scarcely able to recognize

Daminville, he was so much altered by his grief.

“ Robert, you find I am very much altered ? Don’t you ?—Ah ! Robert, I have lost Felicia !—I have lost my wife ! She is no more !”—And immediately he was silent. After some moments, he broke the fullen silence, and added, with some warmth, “ My friend, I ought to pay my debts ; I have been a long time your debtor.” Daminville called one of his domestics, and speaking to him in a whisper, the man went out, and came in again immediately with a bag of money. The son of Monforin resumed—“ Robert, this is what you so generously lent me ;” and then adding a hundred *louis* to that sum, “ this is the debt of the heart ; I beg you would receive it in part of what I design to pay you. I shall never forget that you have likewise been my benefactor. You shall spend your days with us ; you shall be remembered in my will. Robert, you will not wait long ; I shall soon meet with Felicia again ; but pray let me know the reason of my never hearing from you after our parting ?”

Robert satisfied the request of Daminville with the greatest minuteness. Darnicourt was not contented in ruining the master by a most detestable plot, but fearing lest his servant should be able to gain some intelligence of a treachery so deeply laid, he had him apprehended and sent to the islands, as one of those malefactors which state policy rids society from. The good behaviour of this valuable man, opened to him a way to return to his native country. He had just come on shore, and his first step was to go to Monforin’s, where he made enquiries about his son.

Daminville ordered the tomb to be opened : he descended into it with a secret satisfaction, looking on it as the end of a career already too long :—grief is generally permanent. While he was in this dreary place, Raymond, an old servant, who had been attached to him from his infancy, was entrusted to take a walk with Eugene. The man,

man, on seeing Daminville, discovered some degree of uneasiness.—“ Sir, we have met with a very singular adventure. I attended your son according to your orders: a woman meanly dressed passed him several times, and turning her head towards him, some sighs seemed to escape her. She concealed her face in her hood. At last she came to me, saying, “ Sir, Sir, will you give me leave to come nearer to look at that young gentleman—he recalls to my mind—” On saying this she was silent. I thought I ought not to refuse her the favour which she asked. At last she drew nearer and nearer; on a sudden she caught the child in her arms, clasped him to her bosom, and overwhelmed him with a flood of tears. As I was endeavouring to take him away from her, “ Pray, Sir!” said she, “ pray, Sir, do not! Only one minute—a single minute!—I have not yet embraced him enough! If you knew—He ought to be dear to me!—Shall I not see him any more!” Then her caresses and sighs were redoubled. I was, notwithstanding, determined to take your son away from her. She resisted my efforts: but when she found him in my hands, she fell down senseless, crying out, “ He is my child!”

(To be continued.)

THE
EXTRAORDINARY WIFE.

From MARMONTEL*.

A new Translation.

By LOUISA D'ARGENT.

“ ENJOY all the conveniencies of your house, perform the honours, and increase the delights of it,

* The author gives us this account of the reason for composing this piece in his preface to Vol. III. “ Nothing can be more happy for a weak husband than the a cendency of a virtuous and a discreet wife. The example I have drawn in *La Femme comme il y en a peu*, is uncommon as the title shews, but yet it may be useful, it may be encouraging.

without taking an active part in the management,” said the haughty Melidor to his wife for almost eight years after his marriage. This advice was agreeable to follow, and the young and gay Acilia had followed it very punctually. But reason was introduced by age, and the kind of infatuation, in which she had been, dissipated.

Melidor had the misfortune to be born rich. Educated amidst the young *noblesse* of his country, invested on his entrance into the world with a considerable post, master of his fortune before the age of reason, it proved to him the age of folly. His predominant humour, however ridiculous, was to live like a man of quality. He kept company with the great, studied their manners industriously, and as the noble and unaffected graces of a true courtier are not easily imitated, he attached himself to the airs of the second rate nobility, as so many true models for his imitation.

It made very much against him that he could not say, “ My manors—my vassals;” he therefore purchased lands with the best part of the money he had in the funds, of which the revenues were very trifling, though their privileges were great.

He had been told that the greater nobles had *intendants* who robbed them, creditors whom they never paid, and mistresses who proved faithless; he therefore thought it beneath him to examine his accompts, to pay his debts, and to be nice in his amours.

His eldest son was scarcely arrived at his eighth year, when he took care to provide him with a governor, who was both a coxcomb and a blockhead, and had no other recommendation than that he made a graceful bow.

This tutor was patronised by one of Melidor’s sycophants, named Duranfon, a man of insolence and baseness, a kind of a cur that barks at all passengers, and is kind only to his master.—His character was that of a misanthrope, full of arrogance and spite.—Rich, but at the same time avaricious, he found it very convenient to meet with a good house which was not his

own, and pleasures of all kinds which another was to pay for. A silent observer of every thing that passed, he would frequently take the chair, decide every thing by some cutting observation, and arrogate the character of a domestic censor. Woe be to the man of wealth, who has not an object of fear!—He would tear him to pieces without mercy, if his air should have displeased him ever so little.

Melidor mistook Duranson's humour for wisdom. He knew very well that he was his hero; and the incense of a man of his character was to him the most delicious perfume. This rough flatterer had not the precaution to prevent his exposing himself. If he applauded Melidor in public, it was only by a look, or a complaisant smile: he kept his praise for a *tête-à-tête*: but then he gave him enough of it. Melidor could scarcely believe that he possessed so much merit; but it was certain that he was *somewhat*, for his friend Duranson, who assured him he was, was far from being a flatterer.

It was not enough for Duranson to please the husband: he flattered himself that he might likewise seduce his young wife. He began with speaking to her of her merits alone, but at the same time ran down all others of her age and rank. But she was as little affected by his satires as his commendations. He suspected that he was disregarded, and therefore endeavoured to make himself feared, and by malicious hints and intimations he made her sensible that it was in his power to be wicked at her expence.—This proved equally unsuccessful.

“I may have my foibles,” said she to him, “and I give any one leave to attack them, but, if you please, that must be at a distance. At home a constant censorer would disgust me as much as a servile complaisance.”

From the resolute air which she assumed, Duranson was convinced that he must take a more oblique method to reduce her. “Let us do our endeavours to make her stand in need of me; let us afflict her, in order to console her; and when her wounded vanity

shall give her up defenceless, I will seize the moment of vexation.—He who is the confidant of a woman's troubles, is frequently the happy avenger of them.”

“I pity you, Madam,” said he to her, “and I ought no longer to dissemble what sensibly afflicts me. Melidor lives a disorderly life; he is full of weakness; and if he continues so, he will have no more need of such a friend as I.”

Whether through levity, or dissimulation towards a man whom she did not esteem, Acilia received this intimation without appearing affected by it. He persisted, made a parade of his zeal, declaimed against the caprices and irregularities of married men in the present age, said he had made Melidor blush at them, and contrasting the charms of Acilia with those whose allurements had made impressions on her husband; he raised himself to so high a pitch, that he forgot, and at last betrayed himself. She smiled with disdain at the awkwardness of the wretch.—“You are a true friend,” said she, “and none of those vile sycophants which vice keeps in her pay to flatter and serve her. I am pretty certain, for example, that you have told Melidor to his face all that you have just now said to me.”—“Yes, Madam, and more too.”—“You will then have the courage to accuse him of his wrongs before me, and to confound him?”—“Before you, Madam! Pray take care you make no noise about it: it would send him from you for ever. He is passionate, and would be affronted to be put to the blush in your presence. He would look upon me as a treacherous friend; and who knows to what secret motive he would ascribe our intelligence?”—“Be that as it may, I am determined to convince him, and confront him with a witness which he cannot object to in you.”—“No, Madam, no; you will be ruined. A woman reigns by dissimulation; your conduct, gentleness, and charms have great advantages over us; complaints and reproaches only exasperate us; and of all the methods of

of reforming, the worst is that of making us ashamed."

He was right, but to no effect. Acilia would not be convinced. — "I know," said she, "what risque I run: but if a rupture must be the consequence, I will not be an accomplice in my husband's ruin by a servile silence."

It was in vain for him to endeavour to dissuade her. He was at last obliged to ask her pardon, and beg her not to punish him for the indiscretion of his zeal. — "Is this then," said Acilia, "that bold frankness that nothing could intimidate? I shall shew myself more discreet than you. But remember, Duranson, never to say any thing of your friends which you would not have them hear themselves. As for my part, whatever fault my husband may be guilty of, I enjoin you never to tell me of it."

Duranson, enraged at his reception, vowed the ruin of Acilia, but resolved at first to involve her in her husband's ruin.

No one has more friends at Paris than a rich and extravagant man. Those of Melidor never failed of praising him to his face at his entertainments: they had the goodness to stay till they quitted his table to ridicule him. — His creditors, who daily increased in number, were not so complaisant; but his friend Duranson sent them away in crowds. However, as they were not all equally timorous, they were frequently obliged to have recourse to expedients to appease the most noisy, and Duranson, under a feigned name, coming to the relief of his friend, lent him money on security at an enormous interest.

The more Melidor's affairs were deranged, the less he would bear to have them spoken of. — "Write," said he to his Intendant, "I will sign, but let me be quiet." — At last the intendant came to tell him that he did not know which way to turn himself, and that his goods were going to be seized. — Melidor fell upon him, and called him a blockhead. "You may call me what you please," replied the intendant, not

in the least discomposed: "but you are in debt; you must pay, and if you do not you will be arrested."

Melidor sent for his faithful friend Duranson, and asked him if there were no resource? "You have a very good one: your lady need only pass her word." — "That is true: but will she consent?" — "Certainly: can she hesitate a moment when your honour is at stake? — In the mean while do not alarm her: make light of it, and represent it to her only as a mere matter of form, which she cannot help complying with."

Melidor embraced his friend, and went to his wife.

Acilia being totally engrossed with her amusements, knew nothing of what was in agitation. But happily heaven had blessed her with an excellent understanding, and a firmness of soul. — "I have just come, Madam," said he, "from seeing your new coach: it will be delicious. Your new horses are come: they are, indeed, a very fine set: the Comte de Pifa has the management of them; he will break them in: he is the best coachman in Paris."

Tho' Acilia had been used to the gallantries of her husband, she could not help being surprised and flattered with this. "I shall ruin you," said she. — "Ah! Madam, how can I spend my money better than in endeavouring to please you? Ask without controul, and enjoy without concern. I have nothing but what is your's, and I believe you think so. *Apropos*," added he with a negligent air, "I have some arrangements to make, in which, by way of form, I shall want you to sign your name. But we will talk that matter over in the evening. What I am thinking of at present, is the colour of your carriage: the painter only waits for your orders." — "I will consider of it," said she, and as soon as he was gone began to reflect.

Acilia was a rich heiress, whose fortune was secured by the law. She saw thro' the consequence of the security he had proposed, and in the evening,

instead of going to the play, went to her notary. How great was her surprise, when she was informed that Melidor was reduced to the most dangerous expedients. She employed the time spent at the theatre in informing and advising herself.

On her return she concealed her trouble from the eyes of the company that supped with her; but when her husband, as soon as they were alone, proposed the bond or security to her, "I will not disappoint you," said she, "if you will but trust to me; but I insist on an entire confidence, and full power in regulating the affairs of my family."

Melidor was humiliated with the idea of his wife's being his director. He told her "that she made herself uneasy without cause, and that he would not suffer her to undertake a charge too fatiguing for her."—"No, Sir, I have neglected it too long; but shall not be guilty of that fault again."—He thought he ought not to insist any longer, and his creditors being assembled the next day—"Gentlemen," says he, "your visits *besiege* me: my lady there would be glad to treat with you: consult with her what measures are to be taken."

"Gentlemen," said Acilia, in a discreet and confident tone, "though my fortune belongs to my children, I think it but just that we should support their father: but I must expect fair dealing. Those who are men of honour shall find me punctual; but I will not be accountable to sharpers for the follies of a prodigal. You will bring me your bills to-morrow. I desire only time to examine them. I shall not make you wait, or tire your patience."

When Acilia found herself at the head of her family, she was not the same woman. She cast her eyes back on her former life, and found it nothing but the mere fluttering of empty occupations. "Are these," said she, "the duties of a mother of a family?—Is it then at the expence of one's honour and repose that we must

purchase these genteel suppers, elegant equipages, and splendid *frivolities*?"

"Sir," said she to her husband, "to-morrow I shall have the state of your debts; I ought to have that of your receipts: call your intendant." The intendant came and settled his accounts. Nothing was more fair. Instead of having money in his hands, it appeared that he had paid in advance, and there was more owing to him than double his wages. "I see," said Acilia, "Mr. L'Intendant knows how to make up his accounts better than we do. We have nothing remaining but to pay him, and thank him that nothing more was due to him."—"Pay him!" said Melidor in a whisper; "with what?"—"Out of my fund. The first step in œconomy is the discharge of a steward."

The reform was next introduced in domestic affairs, and the expenditure; and Acilia, setting the example, "Have courage, Sir," said she; "let us cut to the quick; we sacrifice nothing but our vanity—" "And decency, Madam."—"Decency or decorum, Sir, consists in not dissipating the property of another, and in enjoying our own without reproach."—"But, Madam, when you send your folks away, you pay them, and that is the way to exhaust our only resource."—"Be easy, my dear: I have jewels and diamonds, and by sacrificing these ornaments, I shall find one that will be sufficient."

The creditors came the next day, and Acilia gave them an audience.—Those of whom Melidor had bought valuable furniture, or superfluous curiosities, consented to take them back at a reasonable allowance. Others, charmed with the affability and honesty of Acilia, unanimously agreed to leave their demands to her determination, and they returned all of them perfectly satisfied.

Yet there was one, and he the only one of them, who insisted, with an air of confusion, that he would make no abatement. He had some valuable effects as a security, and among the list of lenders he was remarkable for no-

torious

terious usury. Acilia kept him by himself, to soften him, if possible. "I, Madam," said he to her, when pressed by her reproaches, "I do not appear here on my own account, and M. Duranson may possibly have had some hand in making me appear in so villanous a light."—"Duranson, do you say?—What! has he under colour of your name?"—"It was he himself."—"So, then, our security is in his hands?"—"Yes, certainly, and a note of mine, where I declare that nothing is due to me."—"Pray, can I have a copy of that note?"—"Certainly, and immediately if you please, for the appellation of an usurer hurts me very much."—This was a very good handle for Acilia, but it was not yet time to inform Melidor, or offend Duranson.

(To be continued.)

THE GOVERNESS.

(Continued from Page 94.)

SEIZING a moment when I happened to be alone, he, with great avidation, after having begged me to hear him a few minutes, and to pardon what he was going to say, (adding, however, that he had not the smallest hopes of its being acceptable to me) confessed that he had loved me to a degree of adoration; that he was sensible his situation in life would not encourage me to look upon him in the manner he wished, but that if he could only be favoured with the slightest expectation of gaining my affections, he believed it would render him capable of undertaking any thing to raise himself to a station in life sufficient to warrant his solicitations for my condescension to share his fortune with him. "But whether you accept me or not, (continued he) there will be no change in my mind on your account, a mind which you have, yourself, taught to admire, to esteem, to love you."

He was proceeding in this rapturous style, which I certainly had no reason

to expect from him, when I stopped his career. I told him that I was, indeed, much obliged to him for the good opinion he entertained of me, but that as I felt not the smallest inclination for any man, I could not help desiring him to say no more upon that subject, as the revival of it would necessarily oblige me to leave a family who had treated me with great civility.

Without staying to hear his answer to this speech, I hastily returned to my apartment, and from that time made it my business to avoid the young farmer as much as possible. I very plainly perceived, however, that by this mode of proceeding I disconcerted him exceedingly: Miss Clover, also, was affected by it, whose penetration with regard to what related to her cousin, was not at all inferior to my own: and tho' I took all imaginable care to let her see that I gave him not the least encouragement, she was really uneasy; and her uneasiness was not lessened by the behaviour of her father, who began to throw out broad hints, as if he intended to dispose of her in a short time, frequently saying that Moll was now just fifteen, and knowing enough to be mistress of a family; and that he should therefore think of settling her, as he had a man worth money in his eye.

Had not this last attractive charm been mentioned, Miss Clover might have, perhaps, flattered herself with some hopes of success; but as she knew that Harry had no pretensions to fortune, she despaired of ever being happy with her father's consent: and, indeed, in a very little while he fully explained himself, by telling her that he would have her hold up her head, as he had a good husband in his eye for her. She blushed, and made an answer which was so little satisfactory, that he told her roundly what he thought of it.—"Why, Moll! why, Moll!" continued he, "what a dickens is the matter with thee?—What ails the girl?—I have seen thee go pining and pouting about house a
good

good while for want of something, and it can be for nothing but a husband: now I have gotten one for thee, I thought to have seen thee merry and cockahoop, but you looks more melancholic and out of sorts than ever."

"You come upon her too suddenly," said Mrs. Clover; "she is but young, and young folks are always shame-faced at first: she will be better by and by; won't you, Polly?"

Polly was silent: her father, therefore, applied to *me*, to know what the girl would have.

I was very sorry to be under the necessity of answering for her; but not knowing how to avoid it, being repeatedly called upon by her father, in the most vociferous, and, I may add, outrageous manner, I endeavoured to throw cold water on the business, by hinting that no young lady of any delicacy could be expected to make an immediate reply to such a question, especially when proposed to her before company.

"Heyday!" exclaimed the farmer, with more ferocity in his looks than I had ever observed in them, "What's to do now? I doesn't understand such *delicacy*, as you call it, not I: and I think, Miss Hayward, as how you should teach her to obey her father before all things."

"She *will* obey you, I dare say, Sir," replied I, willing to soften him, "if you give her time. Let us go and take a turn in the garden, that she may recover herself a little: I see she is uneasy, in consequence of being afraid of having made you angry."

"Well, well, get you gone—get you gone," replied he; "the girl's turned fool, I think: if this is your *breeding*—"

We hurried out of the room before he concluded this speech. When we came into the garden, I began to persuade my young lady to open her heart to her father, telling her that I believed he was too good to do any thing knowingly to make her unhappy.

She reddened and swelled for some time: at last, bursting into tears, she

said, "If I must not have my cousin Harry, I won't marry at all."

Now the murder was out, and nothing more was to be done but to let her father know her reasons for objecting to any man he might propose. She herself, indeed, requested me to tell him what she had delivered, from the fullness of her heart, and repeated her request with so much earnestness, that I could not refuse a compliance with it: I took the liberty to let her know, however, that it was not customary for our sex to make the *first declarations*, adding, that I would not have advised her to such a step.

She replied, in a more rational manner than I could have expected from such a girl, that she should be quite ashamed to look any body in the face afterwards; but that she would do any thing rather than be forced to marry a man whom she did not know, or a man whom she was sure she could not like—begging me again to assist her. I complied, though I foresaw the many difficulties which would arise—difficulties in which I should, myself, be materially entangled, and in a manner by no means agreeable to me. However, I went to execute my new commission, and desired an audience of Mr. Clover. Having given him to understand that his daughter had set her heart on her cousin, to whom, as he appeared to be a sober, deserving youth, no reasonable objection could be made, I was proceeding to speak more particularly in favour of Henry, when he suddenly and fiercely interrupted me—"Zounds, Miss Hayward, what argues your praising of him in this here way; we knows well enough that the lad's sober, honest, and so forth; but what matters that? He has not a single sixpence: and do you think I will throw my girl away upon a fellow with nothing, a beggar? Such a girl as mine, who has been taught so much breeding, only to be a farmer's wife after all."

"And why not, Sir?" replied I.—
"Are not you a farmer yourself?—Why should she look higher than her father?"

father?—Farmers are the most useful and respectable men in the kingdom; I don't know what we should do without them."

"Well, well, that's true—that's true," answered he, with a softened voice, "yet there will be no harm in making my girl a gentlewoman, as long as I can portion her like one; and the man I have in my eye for her has a good lump of land, and money to boot, so that between them both they may carry all before them."

"If he has land he is a farmer then, as well as you, Sir; and Harry, is not he a farmer also?"

"No, no; he only keeps enough in his own hands for his family; he lets out his estate: but as to Harry, he has neither land nor money."

"But you can give him both, Sir. Only think how generous you may be if you please: and as Miss prefers him to every other man in the world; you will, I know, feel a sincere satisfaction in making *her* happy."

"Well, well," said he, shaking his head, "I will think of it.—But harkee, Miss Hayward, "don't tell Moll what I will do—a couple of cunning ones—this is a contrivance between you to make the boy's fortune."

"Indeed, Sir," replied I, "I am pretty sure he knows nothing of the matter; but I will acquaint him with your kind intentions, if you please."

"No, no," answered he, eagerly: then, after a little pause, he added—"I don't care if you do—I should be sorry to make my girl miserable for a few pounds one way or the other: and, indeed, I am in a manner bound to provide for my own sister's son, as he has lost both father and mother, and so you may give him a hint, if you will; but first tell Moll not to blubber about house, for if I can make her happy she *shall* be so."

I told him he was the best of fathers, and with those words took my leave.

(To be continued.)

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Continued from Page 65.)

LETTER X.

Miss WALLIS to Miss GREVILLE.

Percy-Place, 11 o'clock, morn.

YOU will, I dare say, be surprised at the date of my letter; but I came over last night on purpose to go with this family to a ball Sir William and lady Harcourt give to day to all the genteel families about these environs. Miss Willis is retired to her apartment to dress, and I must do the same and quit my pen.—Now I know, Lucy, you long for a description of our cloaths: her's I cannot as yet tell, and Mrs. Percy does not go, on account of her little boy, who is not well; but mine is a muslin with silver sprigs on it, made in an Italian gown, over a laylock petticoat and small hoop; my hair without powder, I intend to do it in three curls, the top ornamented with white gauze and ribbon, the same as my petticoat, also three pearl stars on the left side. Adieu for the present; if our dance proves agreeable you shall know all about it.

Four o'clock.

JUST returned from the ball, and am in very great spirits; I cannot go to bed till I have given you a minute account of every thing that has passed since I wrote in the morning. After finishing my own attire I went to Miss Willis, who I found nigh dressed: she had on a beautiful buff-coloured lustring, made in the same fashion as mine, and over a hoop; her hair in powder, and wore on it a very elegant cap with diamond pins. When she had quite done dressing we went down to the dining parlour; Mrs. Percy was alone, for the gentlemen were not returned from riding. Soon after dinner was over Capt. Percy and Mr. Gordon retired to prepare themselves for the occasion, and when they made their appearance again were dressed in their regimentals, and both looked divinely handsome. At six the carriage was ordered to the door, Capt.

Percy

Percy handed Miss Willis to it, Mr. Gordon followed with me: in going through the hall he took the opportunity to ask the favour of my hand for the evening; it was granted him you may guess with no reluctance. Sir William and lady Harcourt received us at the drawing-room door with great politeness; her ladyship was elegantly dressed in a painted taffety, her jewels were very fine ones, and disposed on her hair with an infinite deal of taste. We had no minuets danced; there was a room below stairs for cotillons, and the country dances began soon after we came into the drawing-room: Capt. Percy and lady Harcourt stood the first couple, Sir Edward Ashley and Miss Willis next, Mr. Gordon and I third to them. After going down several dances we went to the tea room to take some refreshment, and I then said to him, "What think you of lady Harcourt?" he replied, "Lady Harcourt is certainly a very handsome woman, but she has not my favourite charm." "What may that be?" said I smiling. He answered, "That simplicity of manners which accompanies every word and action of Miss Wallis." "Oh you flatterer, said I; but you gentlemen of the sword have a pretty way of deceiving by complimenting." He was going to say something in reply, but was interrupted by Sir Edward Ashley, who told us our company was requested below to make up a cotillon: after taking a glass of lemonade we accompanied him to the room, and found one set complete, the other we soon made the same. Lady Harcourt dances delightfully, as does Captain Percy: to be sure they looked very elegant dancing together; she was "one moving charm." The ball broke up at three, and we got home by four, very much fatigued; whether the gentlemen were so I cannot tell, Morpheus seems to have taken hold of me, and with all my love for Gordon, must resign myself and all my charms to him. Adieu my dear Lucy, believe me

Ever your's,

SOPHIA WALLIS.

P. S. Oh I forgot to tell you a thing that pleased me much to night. One part of the night Capt. Percy and Mr. Gordon were standing and talking together, I overheard the latter say, "By heavens! Percy, I adore Sophia Wallis." What the other answered I cannot tell, being called away for something of no consequence to relate.

(To be continued.)

Answer to the Queries, Vol. X: p. 379.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

A Variety of avocations, and my being absent from home pretty much of late, prevented my examining the contents of your Magazine for several months past with that attention I used to do; but reading Elizabeth Long's remonstrance in your Supplement for the last volume, induced me to look after the queries there referred to, and I was not a little surprised to find that none of your correspondents should endeavour to satisfy so laudable a curiosity. Surely nothing can be more commendable than a desire of information in useful and necessary knowledge: and what method better adapted to convey instruction than endeavouring to investigate and solve useful and instructing queries? and what vehicle so proper for conveying this instruction to the fair sex as your excellent Miscellany? I hope therefore none of your fair patronesses will be disheartened by the neglect E. Long has met with, but propose their questions freely; nor your correspondents, who have abilities, be so remiss for the future in their answers.

Not having time to investigate all the queries there proposed, I shall, for the present, only take notice of those that are of a philosophical nature, viz. the fourth, fifth, and seventh; but will in a future Number, if none of your correspondents anticipate my design, endeavour to satisfy the lady with regard to the others.

Mr.

Mr. Barlow, in his *Complete English Dictionary**, says that bohea tea, is the second gathering, for all teas grow on the same plant, and differ only according to the season of gathering, and method of drying. Where perspiration is too great, the force of the vessels too strong, the circulation of the blood too rapid; in spitting blood, either from the tenderness of the vessels of the lungs, sharpness or velocity of the humours; in abscesses of the lungs and hectic coughs; in obstructions from the sizyness of the humours; and in inflammations in the side, from a fulness of the vessels, bohea tea is very serviceable, and where it agrees with a person, excels all other vegetables for preventing sleepiness or dulness, for taking off weariness or fatigue; for raising the spirits, corroborating the memory, and other faculties, which depend on a due temperature of the brain, if used chiefly in an afternoon, drank moderately, and not too hot, as is the general custom.

That stones and minerals were at first created with the earth is, I think, pretty certain; and that they continue to grow and increase, as men diminish them, is very evident, from many proofs that might be given. Not to mention those that are formed by petrefaction, &c. particular instances of which I have not time at present to enumerate.

The situation of the city of Bath being in a valley, surrounded by lofty hills, the heat of those waters, and their milky detergent qualities are generally ascribed to the mixture and fermentation of two different waters distilling from two of those hills, one called Clarton-down and the other Lansdown. The water from the former is supposed to be sulphureous or bituminous, with a mixture of nitre: and that from the latter to be tinged with iron ore. If this be granted, the heat of the water is easily accounted for, as it is well known that by mixing two waters tinged with these ingredients, a great heat and fermentation

will be the immediate consequence. And here it may not be amiss to take notice of the cause of cold baths.—The cause of their coldness is

1. A mixture of nitre and alum, also of mercury and iron, &c.
2. The great depth from whence they spring, so that they want the rays of the sun, and sulphureous heat under ground.

The reason why water is colder in summer than winter is, I suppose, because that the pores of the earth being open in summer, let out the subterranean spirit through them; which being shut in during winter, keep it as in a furnace or oven to warm the water. After the same manner may the different baths, both hot and cold, be accounted for. From similar causes similar effects will be produced.

I am Sir, your, and E Long's

Obedient humble servant,

JUVENIS.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

THERE can be no pleasure in any enjoyment which the heart cannot approve, and which tends to sink, in our estimation, the object of our love: obstruct the idea of perfection and our enthusiasm vanishes; take away our esteem, and love is at an end.

Merit should claim the precedence of beauty—'tis only fools who give it to the latter, but they are numberless.

'Tis only those who are ignorant of its influence, that consider the passion love as a weakness.—When placed on a profligate, or one whose principles are in every respect despicable, I grant it reflects no merit for the sensibility.

Happiness is the goal to which men's wishes in general aspire; yet they scruple not to pay all their adoration to the goddess Pleasure. It is a wrong channel—virtue and truth are seldom connected, and happiness cannot be attained without these essentials.

* See the article Bohea.
VOL. IX.

"None but the brave deserve the fair." The man who has not courage, or inclination to persevere, should never declare himself a lover.

Flattery is often the guide to destruction—It is the first rudiment which man attends to with success, and the first lesson he repeats to gain our affections: too often, my fair friends, ye give ear to it, and suffer your hearts to be enslaved for encomiums which your mirror tells you are false.

The publick stile his lordship a gentleman, because his rank entitles him to it; I abridge him, if his private character has not an equal claim, and give a plebeian the appellation, if his actions correspond with merit.

Happy the man who can be calm in adversity—but happier he who retains this virtue in prosperity.

Jealousy is a fiend, which, while it pursues the destruction of another's happiness insures its own.

Reproof comes sharp from a lover—I would advise him (if our faults amount not to more than he would overlook, rather than leave us) to bear patiently with them till after marriage. Gentle admonitions from the man to whom we are connected by the most tender ties, cannot fail to insure a compliance.

Littleton allows us the privilege of declaring a well-placed flame. It is a privilege we ought to enjoy; but modesty forbids our making use of it.

I deny that Pleasure refuses her favours unless we are votaries to truth. Happiness is not always connected with the former; to gain the latter we must not depart from virtue—but we may taste pleasure without a pretence to either—partake of it, but how momentary!

"Oh blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure. It is thou who enlargest the soul and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue; he that has thee has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to want thee—wants every thing with thee."

If content with a moderate competency cannot preserve happiness what

can? for he who is contented with his lot, though reduced from affluence to poverty in a cottage, must be happy.

ANNA L. G.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I find by your repeated hints to me in your acknowledgments to correspondents that I am under your disgrace for not continuing my translation of Rousseau—I am sorry for it, and to make you and your correspondents some amends for my negligence, I hereby promise faithfully to continue it monthly as usual, except I am by any unforeseen accident prevented from so doing; at the same time I must request the favour of you to insert such little pieces as I may send you occasionally—and I beg you will give the inclosed note a place in your next Magazine.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. E—r.

ROUSSEAU'S EMILIA.

A new Translation.

(Continued from Vol. X. page 286.)

SOME people pretend that children left by themselves, might take bad situations, and give themselves such motions as might hurt the fine proportions of their members. This is one of the futile arguments of our mistaken wisdom, which no experiment has ever confirmed; out of those multitudes of children, which among wiser people than we are brought up, having full liberty to all their members, we see none, not one who wound or lame themselves: they cannot give to their motions strength enough to render them dangerous; and when they take violent situations, pain soon tells them that it is time to change.

We have never yet thought of putting whelps or kittens into cradles; and do we see any inconvenience resulting

sulting to them from our negligence? Children are clumsier, I agree to it; but in proportion they are also weaker; they can scarce move themselves: how then can they lame themselves? If they were to be laid on their backs, they would die in that situation, like the Tortoise, without ever being able to turn themselves.

Not contented with having given over suckling their children, women cease from having any: the consequences are obvious—as soon as the mother's condition becomes burdensome, they soon find means to get rid of it entirely; they like to do a useless piece of work, that they may have it to begin again, and thus they turn to the prejudice of the species, the incitement given to multiply it. This practice, added to other causes of depopulation, forewarns us of the approaching fate of Europe.

The sciences, arts, philosophy, and morals which it fosters, will soon make a desert of it, and it will be peopled with wild beasts: it will not have made a great change in its inhabitants. I have sometimes observed the little cunning tricks of young women, who pretend to suckle their children; they know how to let themselves be pressed to renounce this fancy: they cunningly bring in married women, and physicians, but especially those women who are mothers. A husband who should consent to his wife's suckling her child, would be a lost man; they would look upon him as an assassin, who wanted to get rid of her. Oh wise husbands! you must sacrifice paternal love to your peace; it is a happy thing that there are women to be found in the country, more continent than your wives. More happy if the time which these gain is not designed for others than yourselves.

The duty of women is not any ways questionable; but people dispute whether or not, as they despise their duties, it is equally the same for the children to be suckled with their own milk or another's? I look upon this question, of which physicians are the properest judges, as decided in favour

of the mothers, and in my own opinion, I think it is better for the child to suck the milk of a healthy nurse, than of a diseased mother, if he had any thing new to fear from the same blood, of which he is formed. But should the question only be considered on the physical sides of the argument, has the child less need of his mother's attention than her pap?—Other women, nay even beasts could give him the milk which she refuses him: but maternal care cannot be supplied.

She who suckles another person's child instead of her own, is a bad mother; how then can she make a good nurse? She may become so, but it must be by degrees, custom must have first changed her nature; and a child badly taken care of, may have time to die a hundred times before its nurse can have felt a motherly tenderness for it.

From this advantage even there arises an inconvenience, which ought to discourage every sensible woman from committing the care of her child to another: it is that of dividing the rights of a mother, or rather alienating them, of seeing her child love another woman, as much and more than herself; feeling that the affection which he shews to his own mother is a favour, and that which he has for his foster-mother is a duty; for where I have found the affection of a mother, do I not owe her the attachment of a son? The manner by which this inconvenience is remedied, is to inspire the children with disdain for their nurses, by treating them as real servants. When their service is ended, they either take away the child, or dismiss the nurse, by receiving her contemptibly; they disgust her from coming to see her foster-child. At the end of some years, he sees her no longer, he knows her no more; the mother who thinks to substitute herself in her stead, and to repair her negligence by her cruelty deceives herself. Instead of making a tender son of an unnatural foster-child, she teaches him ingratitude: she teaches him one day

to despise her who gave him life, as well as her who suckled him. How much *could* I insist upon this point, if there was not less discouragement for attacking these subjects!—This leads to more points than one would think. Would you give up every one to their chief duties, begin by the mothers: you will be astonished at the changes which you will produce. Every thing comes successively from this first depravation: all the moral order is changed; nature is extinguished in every heart; the inside of a house appears less lively; the affecting spectacle of a rising family no longer touches husbands, nor imposes any duties upon strangers. They respect mothers least, whose children they do not see. There is no settled residence in the families; custom no more strengthens the force of blood; there are no longer either fathers, mothers, children, brothers, or sisters: scarce do they know one another! how then can they love one another? No one thinks of any but himself. When the house is but a tiresome solitude, it is no wonder if they go and divert themselves elsewhere.

But let mothers condescend to bring up their children themselves, manners will change of themselves, and nature will awake in every heart: the nation will be re-peopled: this first and principal point will alone unite all. The attractions of a domestic life are the best antidotes against corrupted morals.—The prattling of children, which is thought wearisome, will become agreeable: it makes the father and mother more useful, dearer to one another, and strengthens the conjugal union.—When the family is lively and cheerful, household cares become the favourite occupation of the wife, and the sweetest amusement of the husband.—Thus we see that from this sole abuse being corrected, there would soon result a general reformation, and nature would soon regain all her rights. Let women only once become mothers, the men will soon become fathers and husbands.—Superfluous talk!—Even the disgust of worldly pleasures never bring on these things. Women have ceased

to be mothers: they will be so no longer: they do not choose to be so. When they would wish to be it, it is with much difficulty that they can.

Now that the contrary custom is established, every one would have to meet the opposition of those who are acquainted with them, leagued against an example which some have given, and which others will not follow.—There are, however, some young persons of a good disposition to be found, who are bold enough to brave the force of fashion, and the clamours of their sex upon this point, and who, with a virtuous intrepidity, fulfil this duty which is so agreeable, and which nature imposes upon them.

May their number be increased by the attractive pleasures designed for those who give themselves up to the performance of it. Founded upon consequences which the most simple argument affords, and upon observations which I have never seen mistaken, I dare promise these worthy mothers a solid and constant attachment on the part of their husbands, a true filial affection on the part of their children, the esteem and respect of the public, happy lyings-in, without accident or bad consequences, a settled and vigorous state of health; in a word, the pleasure of seeing themselves one day imitated by their daughters, (if they have any) and quoted as an example to others.

(To be continued.)

THE M A T R O N.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER LXXXI.

THE subsequent letter, agreeably to the request of the writer of it, shall be immediately taken into consideration.

“YOU have given so many proofs, my dear Mrs. Grey, of your being both willing and able to assist your own sex, especially the younger part of them, with your advice, that I think you the properest person upon earth to

ap-

apply to for your opinion of a plan I have formed, both to improve, as well as to amuse myself, in a way that is rather new. Very few females, indeed, have yet been posselt of talents or courage sufficient to carry them through an undertaking so much out of the common road of things; but as a great part of my satisfaction and success must depend upon my entering upon it as soon as possible, I must intreat you not to postpone the publication of this epistle, nor your reply to it. You will immediately perceive, to say nothing of a woman's eagerness upon such an occasion, that delay will be death to my design.

"You must, undoubtedly, Madam, have heard lately of associations in several parts of the town this season, in which a number of men of all ranks and conditions, have, in the most public way, delivered their sentiments on various subjects of the most interesting nature. Such associations I do not condemn; let *Englishmen* enjoy freedom of speech as long as they can, but I would not have *Englishmen* alone pretend to exhibit themselves as orators for the instruction and entertainment of the public; why should *they* monopolize *public speaking*?—Why should they have all the talk to themselves?—Why should not *women* be permitted to speak?—Women, who, though formerly immured within thick walls, and kept in ignorance, have been, in this enlightened age, brought more early into a distinguished point of view, and received an education which qualifies *them* also to utter their opinions with propriety, and I hope it will be thought without impertinence, upon those subjects in which they are more immediately concerned, and consequently fall more readily under their inspection. Now you cannot but be sensible, my good Mrs. Grey, that there is not the most insignificant girl's school which is not attended by a *master* to teach them to read, write, and speak with accuracy: this fashionable mode of proceeding must certainly put us upon a footing with our male

friends, and render us quite as capable of mounting the rostrum as themselves, of pleading our own cause, or of proposing any scheme which may be either for our private or public advantage.—And, indeed, so perfectly convinced have some females been of their capability in this respect, that they have ventured not only to open their mouths before the people, but have driven the *Moderator* himself from his oracular chair, and have taken possession of it with an *honest intrepidity*, let me say an intrepidity which, instead of being reprobated, calls for the warmest encouragement, and the loudest applause.—Nature has surely been no niggard to us; she has given understanding, genius, and volubility, and when all our natural powers are highly improved by the arts of a *polite* education, why should we not exert ourselves?—Why should we not let the men, who have so long endeavoured to keep us down, see that we can rival them both in sentiment and elocution, whenever we chuse to make a spirited display of our mental attainments, and fluency of speech?—I do not, however, by any means, wish to enter into a contest of this nature, though I am thoroughly convinced that our imaginations are sufficiently bright, and our judgments sufficiently solid, but there are so many topics extremely interesting to us, which *they* never think about, or which they desire not to hear, that a *female orator* is almost absolutely necessary.—All these things maturely considered, therefore, I purpose to make my appearance at Carlisle-House regularly, to offer myself as a public speaker, and not only to vindicate the rights and privileges of my sex upon the most important points, it is my design also to discuss subjects of a lighter turn. By the exertion of those abilities of which I feel myself possessed, I am sanguine enough to hope that I shall do an infinite deal of service to woman in general, and acquaint the men with some capital mistakes which they are very apt to commit with regard to us. I hope, indeed, to animate several of my sex

to follow my example, and show their parts to the greatest advantage; and though there are many, who from the eccentricity of their ideas, and the volatility of their spirits, cannot compose themselves sufficiently to reach the *sublime* of female oratory, they may make very respectable speakers upon frivolous subjects, such as dissipation, flirtation, defamation, &c. &c. while the lowest order of all may chatter with exquisite propriety on dress, diversions, cards, and contrivances: they may, with equal credit to themselves, and entertainment to their hearers, enter into a disquisition on a gown or cap; read a lively lecture on the becoming colour of a ribband, and give the most finished explanation of *taste*, while they point out, with the nicest precision, the smart adjustment of a feather. Speeches of the latter kind, intermixed with judgment, may produce a pleasing variety in the oral amusements of the evening, and form happy contrasts to those on dry topics which require learned investigation and deep discussion—such as the general inconstancy of men, to which the *frailty* of half the women in the world may fairly be attributed. For my part, I intend to set out with the most important of all subjects, the necessity of a woman's being allowed not only to *make a choice* as freely as the men, but to be at *full liberty* to *declare themselves* to him they *prefer*, with the same easy assurance which distinguishes those by whom we are *addressed*. However, thinking that a design of so novel and so bold a nature ought first to be submitted to the Matron's consideration, I seize this moment to beg her opinion concerning it, and to assure her, at the same time, that I am her constant reader and admirer,

LETITIA NIMBLETONGUE.

P. S. I am the more impatient for the publication of my letter, that Mr. N—— may be informed of my design without being present to oppose it: though his opposition will be of very little consequence. I am determined to have my own way, as well as the last word."

I am obliged to Mrs. Nimbletongue for the compliment she pays my judgment; at the same time I must confess that I do not think I should give any proof either of my understanding or discretion, in taking the part of a lady against her husband, from whom she is apprehensive, so her postscript informs me, of *objection*. Many men, I am apt to imagine, would disapprove of their wives if they exhibited (not to say exposed) themselves in so public a manner: others, indeed, may, perhaps, wish them to be *loud* any where but at *home*. Besides, tho' I am sorry to be under a necessity of differing from a lady who so politely requests my opinion, I really must say that I do not think she has made choice of a proper subject for the first display of her oratorical talents: for what has a woman, who is already married, and, it is to be hoped, *settled*, to do with the election of future couples? to trouble her head who makes the first overtures, the *man* or the *woman*? She has, herself, been already chosen, or has fixed her choice, and should leave the discussion of so important a topic to the unmarried part of her sex. Mrs. Nimbletongue must, therefore, excuse me, especially as the length of her letter has taken up too much of this Number, from adding any more upon this subject at present. In a future paper I shall, probably, resume it, as the rage for elocution, in the female world, seems to be upon the increase.

The Matron sincerely pities *M. Mac-lan's* situation, but really knows not how to advise her: though she is of opinion that she cannot do better than to endeavour to get into some way of life that may enable her to procure a subsistence for herself and her children. What is past, it is certain, cannot be recalled: people in this world *must* suffer, in some shape, for their follies: a steady application, however, in consequence of sincere contrition, to the employment which bids fairest to support her and her little ones, will, I trust, meet with encouragement, as it will, most surely, merit success. In the mean time, let this artless picture
of

of a distressful situation, occasioned by a too easy indulgence of the passions, operate like a warning to young females, who may happen to be under the influence of temptations, and put them upon their guard. Let such females remember while they read, that no pleasurable indulgences can make any compensation for the pain which is produced by it: let them remember, also, that men are to be heard with great caution, and never to be hastily trusted.

To Mr. J—— L——G.

S I R,

HAVING observed many good pieces of your's in the Lady's Magazine, I take the liberty to ask it as a favour of you to give us a few observations on *Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell*, in your leisure hours. A few thoughts and meditations upon these very interesting subjects will be agreeable to many.

I am, Sir,

With much respect to your abilities,

Your humble servant,

J—— E——Y.

Z U L M I R A ;

O R,

The I N C O N S T A N T.

An O R I E N T A L T A L E.

ZULMIRA was, one evening, seated in a pavillion in the gardens of her father Omaraddin, tasting the freshness of the vernal aromatic gale, and listening to the murmuring of the stream, and the sweet warbling of the feathered choiristers. Zulmira was formed for love. She was adorned with all the graces that were ever combined in woman. She dressed with elegance; the feathers of the ostrich waved over her auburn tresses, which hung in graceful ringlets. Sometimes they were tied with ribbons, and

sometimes decorated with pearls, equal to those which adorn the turban of the Sultan. Her cheeks glowed with the blush of health, and her lips vied with coral; the lilies faded by her complexion, and the rose was pallid to her youthful bloom. She was lovely, neither was the discerning Zulmira unconscious of her loveliness.

She had heard with pain that Ibrahim, a Persian of great wealth, was soon to be joined in wedlock with the amiable Ismena. She revolved in her mind various schemes to supplant her in his affections, and whilst she was ruminating on the most probable method to compass her design, she felt a hand on her shoulder. She started with surprise, and looking quickly round, she beheld a youth of celestial beauty. His countenance was illuminated as the radiance of heaven, and his shining tresses waved about in the air. He immediately accosted the lovely Zulmira, and with a look of ineffable sweetness thus began—

“O Zulmira! loveliest amongst women! listen to my words, nor turn a deaf ear to my advice. What thou wert thinking of when I interrupted thy meditations, was unworthy of thee. Why should'st thou wish thus to destroy the peace of an amiable pair?—Why should envy torment the mind of the inconsiderate Zulmira?—While thus thou strivest only to increase the number of thy adorers, what solid advantage canst thou hope to reap? Thinkest thou that thou derivest real happiness from the voice of adulation? or sincere joys from the sighs of thy lovers?—Though the fame of thy beauty reached to the cliffs of Tauris, or echoed along the shores of Indostan, could it awake a real delight in thy heart, or diffuse one sensation of animated pleasure over thy bosom? Consider rather, O unthinking Zulmira! of storing thy mind with useful knowledge, and of implanting and cultivating every virtue in thy heart. Simplicity is the best ornament of a beautiful figure. Jewels and diamonds add not to the lustre of thy charms, and be not studious to increase such fading beau-

beauties, but rather to augment those which will never fade. The charms of thy person will soon decay; the angel of sickness might destroy them in a moment; but the talons of old age will inevitably chase all the bloom from thy withered countenance. Endeavour, O Zulmira! to keep in the paths of virtue, and never deviate from its slightest rules." He then put into her hand a ring, in which was set a small mirror of crystal, and waving his purple pinions in the air, vanished from the astonished fair one.

During his discourse, the lovely Zulmira had revolved in her mind the whole iniquity of her design, and shocked at the tendency of her thoughts, her cheeks were tinged with the dye of shame. She resolved to think no more of those schemes. She looked in the crystal mirror, and saw herself in all her native beauty.

But one day she was alarmed at the approach of Ismena, whose countenance was exhilarated with joy, and whose eyes sparkled with pleasure.—She soon learnt from the unsuspecting maid the early period fixed for her approaching nuptials. Ismena spoke in the most affectionate manner of Ibrahim, but every good quality she assigned to the deserving youth, was a dagger to the bosom of the envious Zulmira. When Ismena left her, all her former schemes returned to her mind, and at length she fixed on one which appeared to her the most likely to succeed.

The next time she saw the hated fair-one, she begged of her, with the most obliging earnestness, to introduce Ibrahim to their family, as she longed to pay the proper respect to such distinguished merit. The kind Ismena readily complied, saying, "she was sure Ibrahim could lose nothing by the most intimate acquaintance."

On the day appointed for the introduction of the contested youth, Zulmira exerted all her arts of dress. A long azure robe shaded her delicate form, and was fastened with knots of diamonds. Her flowing hair hung in the most elegant ringlets over her snowy

neck, and a full blown rose was placed on her forehead: bracelets of pearls were fastened round her taper wrists, and the crystal mirror sparkled on her finger.

She was scarcely dressed before Ismena and Ibrahim appeared. Ismena's robe was pink, and her flaxen tresses and blooming face were shaded by a thin veil of gauze. Zulmira saw with delight that Ibrahim was surprised at her charms. They were in the same pavilion where Zulmira received the unheeded lessons of the Genius. The prospect was lovely, and Ismena near, yet Ibrahim's eyes were rivetted on Zulmira. Her bosom was filled with ecstasy, yet she strove to conceal it; and she was covered with apparent confusion at his attention to her. With infinite wit she introduced a variety of topics in conversation, which gave Ibrahim an opportunity of admiring her sagacity. In short, every motion was filled with studied graces, yet so well studied, as to appear the result of simple nature.

When Ibrahim and Ismena took leave, she paid such (apparently) sincere congratulations on their approaching nuptials, that Ismena was delighted with the friendship of Zulmira; while that artful maid rejoiced in the success of her scheme.

She soon found that Ibrahim endeavoured to cultivate her acquaintance, and she continued still to spread new snares in his way, when one morning as he was complimenting her on the clearness of her complexion, and the brightness of her eyes, she cast them downward in well-counterfeited confusion, when the crystal mirror happening to strike her and present her with a monster of ugliness, she fell without sense or motion on the sofa. Ibrahim, almost distracted, called every servant to assist him in recovering Zulmira, which was soon compleated, and when with the most engaging tenderness he enquired after her health, she complained of a slight indisposition, on which he left her. Yet the idea of this conquest so inflated the weak nymph, that she banished every thought

of the genius from her mind, and put by the ring.

Thus did the confiderate Zulmira triumph in her iniquity, while the tender Ismena bewailed in secret the loss of Ibrahim's affection.

Soon after this event, Ibrahim asked Zulmira in marriage of her father Omaraddin, who, delighted with the idea of so agreeable a partner for his beloved daughter, readily gave his consent. One day, as she was reflecting on her approaching happiness, she heard a noise like the sounding of a cataract, and the genius again stood before her, she trembled at the sight of him, and prostrated herself.

"Wretched child of the earth, said he, how unworthy hast thou made thyself? Thou art now despicable in my eyes, yet by one action mayst thou recover thyself, and reinstate thyself in thy own opinion. I have only now to counsel thee to exert your fortitude." "Oh, cried Zulmira, let me know what I am to do, any thing will I comply with to restore my innocence."

"Thou must, said the genius, inform Ibrahim of thy machinations, of the various schemes thou hast formed to alienate his affections from the amiable Ismena; I know the trial will hurt thy pride, it will greatly wound thy vanity, but to shew me that thy repentance is sincere, this command must be obeyed."

"And it shall be obeyed, replied Zulmira; yes, I will make one effort to recover my lost peace of mind."

The genius then left her with a smile of affability, but the conflict of her mind threw her into a violent fever; here the soft affection of Ibrahim was very conspicuous: yet one day, when he had been conversing with her, she burst into tears, and cried out; "Oh wretched maid, how despicable am I in my own eyes, and how contemptible ought I to appear to every one else?"

Ibrahim looked astonished: "Tell me, my dearest Zulmira, said he, what causes this perturbation in thy afflicted bosom? Why does that lovely breast

heave with repeated sighs? Why do the pearly tears fall from thy eyes in quick succession?" "Oh leave me for ever, Ibrahim, returned the distressed fair one; I am unworthy of your affection, which I took so much pains to alienate from your once loved Ismena." And then, without the least gloss, she told the whole story of her baseness, and intreated him to restore peace to her afflicted mind, by restoring his love to the mournful Ismena.

Ibrahim, quite amazed, knew not what to do. He felt the tenderest compassion for the faultless Ismena, and the highest admiration for Zulmira's nobleness of heart; when the genius appeared, introducing Ismena to the confused pair. He then spoke in these terms to the listening assembly.

"Oh ye children of the earth, the gracious Alla has again remanded me to the earth to make ye happy. I am commissioned to join Ismena and Ibrahim in indissoluble bonds, and to say to Zulmira, thou hast, oh daughter of Omaraddin, exerted a surprising fortitude: but remember that virtue always meets with its due reward.—When the inconsiderate Zulmira can forego her passion for adoration, and wish rather for the esteem of the few, than the admiration of the many; when she can find more charms in the gratulations of her conscience, than the reflexion in her looking-glass, then shall Zulmira be happy."

So saying, he waved his wings and left the earth. Ibrahim and Ismena enjoyed a lasting peace, and in a short time Zulmira was blest in wedlock with the deserving Orramel.

IMOINDA.

Whether FEMALE GENIUS is equal to that of the MALE.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

YOUR fair correspondent, Sukey Foresight, page 70, having thrown down the gauntlet on the part of the sex in general, I beg leave to take it up. And here previously declare

clare, that I do so without pique or prejudice, peaceably and without partiality.

And first, I do most readily acknowledge, that I believe *quickness* of parts, to be much on the side of the women. Girls learn to read, write, and to account, *quicker* in general than boys. After these first parts of education, they separate, and their learning is so different, that it is difficult to ascertain their degrees of capacity : but it is my opinion, that were they to continue on together, and be each taught the usual branches of a boy's education at a school, that the girl would *exceed* the boy in the ease and quickness of learning. Whatever is to be taught, the natural vivacity of the sex, accelerates them to learn; and if blessed with a retentive memory, they will do honour to such an education, by speaking with propriety, and writing with ease and elegance, adding to the rigidity of scholastic learning, the smoothness of female diction.

So far with regard to the understanding, I allow them an *equal* lustre with the men; but on an impartial and studied attention to the question, I believe it must be acknowledged that with regard to depth of reasoning, to discoveries in philosophy, in mathematics, and in invention of most kinds, *men* will be found to hold the highest place. The strength of their organs, and of their bodily powers, fit them for the labour and fatigue necessary in those pursuits. The bringing any discovery to perfection, requires unwearied attention, assiduity, and patience, and often calls for the night as well as the day, to help them in their works. I do not believe (pardon me ye fair) that a woman could have been a Newton, though she may be his disciple; I do not believe a woman would ever invent a mechanical machine, give a problem, or lay down a rule in mathematics; though I believe she may understand the principle of the one, solve the other, and follow the third. The very qualities that make them *learn* with *rapidity*, *impede* their *inventive*

powers. Vivacity and activity of mind are not suited to the plodding qualities necessary to pursue a train of deep reasoning, and to tread a path untrod before, through all its briars and thorns, till they reach the intended goal.— Discoveries of every kind must be attended with indefatigable industry and close application. How extensive forever women have been in their knowledge, learning, and literary accomplishments, I do not recollect to have heard of them as the inventors or discoverers of any of the arts and sciences. If I have wronged them, it is not from intention, but ignorance; and I shall be happy to be set right by any person of either sex.

Having said thus much, I must again come on their side the ground, and own (and with pleasure too) that the *virtues* of the *heart* are in their favour. Patience I believe they possess in a much higher degree than men; I do not mean that patience in plodding, which I spoke of above, but that which enables them to bear pain, sickness, and sorrow, with a fortitude almost unknown among the men. It is a general remark, that men are more dispirited in sickness than women: what does this proceed from, but a want of that patience? The harshest usage has scarcely drawn from them a complaint, or the sharpest pain, a groan; here they rise *superior*, setting an example most worthy of praise and imitation. Nay they have often been known to preserve undaunted fortitude in the greatest dangers, and to have been of memorable service by that quality called presence of mind, in circumstances when all hope seemed fled from the breast of the men.

Humility, I believe, we may also put in their scale; and though I shall scarcely be forgiven for ascribing to them—a quality so seldom allowed them, I shall set down *constancy* also on their side of the question. Methinks I hear the words *coquets* and *jilts*, already sounding in my ears, and I shall only coolly answer, *they* are of no particular sex, they are to be found among the men as well as the women :
but

but by all the observations I have made in a long life, by all I have read, and all I daily see, I am necessitated to own, that where *friendship* or *love* penetrates a female heart, it is not in the power of time, scandal, fortune, or alteration in the parties beloved, to change it. It may grow fainter, but it still exists, and goes down with them to the grave, and covers them with honour.

Having fairly stated the matter, (at least my opinion of the matter) I lay down my pen, and shall be happy to be favoured with Mrs. Foresight's thoughts on the above "Sketches from Nature." In the mean time I remain a well wisher to both sexes, and I hope,

AN IMPARTIAL COMBATANT.

UNHAPPY END of LEONIDAS.

HOW ineffectual are all human efforts against the irresistible power of love! and how vain are all endeavours to oppose its progress, when once it has secured a place in a susceptible heart! Opposition serves only to make it rise more triumphant. The greatest heroes have been obliged to submit to its laws, and become its votaries, and kingdoms have been subverted by it. In short, may it not with great propriety be asked "What is there that love has not done?"

Leonidas was an only child, the pride and delight of his parents, the sole prop and glory of their declining family, and the darling of all who knew him. He was generous even to a fault; he had a heart capable of feeling for the distresses of his fellow creatures, and susceptible of the most tender impressions, by far too susceptible for his own peace of mind.

In the same place where Leonidas resided, lived the lovely Amanda; her beauty was inexpressible, and her whole soul in every respect similar to his.—The only difference was, they were incorporated in different bodies. Many wished their union, and those who thought most, said heaven had decreed

them for each other. The only obstacle to their being joined was an implacable enmity that had for a long time subsisted between the two families.

This amiable pair had for some time entertained the most sincere passion for each other. They both loved, and loved to excess; but none except themselves were acquainted with their passion. They both very well knew how necessary it was to keep secret that, which if known, would prove the greatest unhappiness to both; though they seldom saw each other as lovers, yet in letters they communicated their thoughts, as they had frequent opportunities of conveying epistles to one another.

One morning, a letter from Amanda was brought to Leonidas; he first kissed the dear pledge of her love, and then with eager impatience opened it; but what were the emotions of his soul, when he beheld at the beginning, Leonidas, without the usual apologies before it; for some time he could not proceed, his fond heart, no doubt, presaged some fatal change, and at the bare thought his whole frame underwent the most violent agitation. It was with great difficulty that he read all; and then for the first time he truly felt what unhappiness was. He was unable to bear it, he could not refrain—the whole man bent beneath the load of sorrow, and burst into tears. Oh Amanda! he cried, my dear, my lost Amanda, whither art thou gone! Oh, whither shall I fly to seek thee! Wilt thou never return to cast one beam of joy on the unfortunate, the wretched Leonidas. Here he ended, he could add no more; his grief became too mighty for utterance, and he fell senseless extended on the floor.

CLARA.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of
YOUNG LADIES in ISLEWORTH,
Page 100.

1. Angus. 2. Mary Angus. 3
Lec. 4. Hazel. 5. Oliver. 6. Sid
X 2 ley

ley. 7. Roberts. 8. Passingham. 9. Ann Passingham. 10. Wright. 11. Knight. 12. Langley.

A Friend to Enigmas in Isleworth.

* * Answered likewise by M. G. R. H. Aurelia. Damonia. Angelica. Prosopée. W—W—nne. Sarah Foresight. Femima P—z. Rosetta. Belinda. Trim. G. P. Q. Querim, &c.

Enigmatical List of GENTLEMEN'S NAMES in ISLEWORTH.

1. Three eighths of one of the tribes of Israel, and an adjacent village.
2. Half of what we all desire to be, one fourth of a tender passion, and three fifths of the inscription on a ring.
3. Three fourths of a joint, a consonant, and two thirds of rainy weather.
4. Four sevenths of a woman's Christian name, and a drinking vessel.
5. Half a number, half a man's garment, a consonant, and a serpentine letter.
6. The ninth part of a man.
7. Four sevenths of a town in Surrey, and a measure.
8. What birds are arrayed in, and twenty hundred weight.
9. The language of a neighbouring kingdom.
10. Two fourths of a cask, half a negative, the latter repeated.
11. What we sometimes do when frightened, and the reverse of down.
12. A foreign liquor, and two thirds of what we are all apt to do.

EMILY LOVETRUE, of *Isleworth*.

Enigmatical List of ENTERTAINMENTS.

1. A fastening to a door.
2. Two thirds of a domestic animal, and two consonants.
3. What most tradesmen have.
4. To shiver, and a consonant.
5. What is in all rivers, and a grown person.

6. A title for majesty, and a number of people, changing a letter.

7. A capital town in England, and the reverse of a blank.

8. What is generally at Guildhall every year.

9. A near relation, two thirds of a liquid substance, half of a lord's wife, and a consonant.

CHARLOTTE LACY.

Enigmatical List of KINGDOMS in EUROPE.

1. Part of the title of a subaltern officer, the initial of his commander in chief, and what the mariners in a storm anxiously look for.
2. Three sevenths of a virtue essential to the fair sex, a serpentine letter, half a hill mentioned in scripture, and a vowel.
3. What the indigent too frequently experience, and the initial of an affirmative.
4. A genteel resort for invalids of the first quality, and part of a famous country in Asia.
5. Two fifths of one who serves you, and a weapon, expunging the first letter.
6. A term for anger, and the husbandman's source of wealth.
7. Part of what is ever found in a true gentleman, with a conjunction.
8. Three fourths of to disown, and an aim to shoot at.
9. A consonant, and the first temptation, omitting a letter.
10. Half of brave, to encompass, the initial of what is now in my service, and the rudiment of an infant's education.

11. The chief dependance of this island, changing a letter, and two fourths of what appertains to it.

12. Three fifths of a woman's Christian name, and the goddess of hunting, leaving out a vowel.

13. Part of what flowers diffuse, and the refuge of the forest tyrant.

14. Half an English duke, a vowel, and three sixths of a lover.

MATILDA.

POETI.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

EMMA of SHREWSBURY.
A FRAGMENT.

WHERE wide Salopia's fertile plains
extend,
And circling Severn bids her waters bend,
When the fourth Henry England's sceptre
sway'd,
Young Emma liv'd, a fair and virtuous maid :
Sweet was her breath as roses newly blown,
Such was her form, as Venus' self might own ;
So gently fram'd, so innocently gay,
She charm'd all eyes, and stole all hearts a-
way.
But one alone of all the noble train
That fought her hand, her favour cou'd ob-
tain ;
Edwin, his name, rich, young, and nobly bold,
With gentle art each tender tale he told :
Her sire and brother to his suit gave ear,
And blushing Emma saw her nuptials near ;
When angry Percy, in an evil hour,
Defy'd his king, and rais'd a mighty pow'r,
And on the Severn's banks resolv'd to dare
Great Henry and his youthful son to war.
Her father Morcar, once a valiant knight,
Now worn with age, unable for the fight,
Yet for his king he rous'd his son to arms,
Experienc'd Edred, train'd to wars alarms ;
But Edwin, now engag'd on Percy's side,
At Morcar's hands in vain demands his bride,
'Till, by surprise, beneath the night's dim shade,
He to the camp convey'd the charming maid :
For him her father and her friend she leaves,
And 'ere the fight his proffer'd vows receives.
The battle join'd, amid that scene of blood
A blooming warrior by his side she stood ;
Now fits his armour with officious cares,
Now for his safety wearies heav'n with pray'rs.
Amaz'd her foes survey'd the warlike bride,
And turn'd their half-descending swords aside.
But now the prince (whose fate in after days
Design'd his country's name in arms to raise)
Glowing with rage, preferring fame to life,
Singled forth Edwin in the fatal strife :
Nor Emma here the field inglorious fled,
Thrice twang'd her bow, and thrice her shafts
she sped :
But vain her aid, her lover's valour vain,
By furious Monmouth stretch'd upon the plain ;
And here one fate two faithful hearts had join'd,
In death united, as in life combin'd.
But gallant Percy, threat'ning from afar,
Gloomy and dreadful rush'd amid the war ;
Preserv'd her from the victor's threat'ning dart,
And aim'd a deadly jav'lin at his heart ;
The spear no passage thro' his buckler found,
But o'er his shoulder fix'd a ghastly wound ;

With heavy eyes, that shot forth gloomy fires,
He drops his lance, and from the fight retires.
Now low in earth had England's hopes been
laid,
But Edred hast'ned timely to his aid ;
With eager speed before the prince he press'd,
Oppos'd the steel, and took it in his breast.
Unhappy Emma saw her brother slain,
And her lov'd Edwin on the hostile plain ;
The pitying Percy sought to sooth her care,
And bore her, fainting, from the ranks of war ;
Forc'd from her hand her lover's fatal sword,
Which else had sent her to her dearest lord.
" When we return (said he) with glory crown'd,
To heal thy woes some method shall be found ;
Unbounded joy shall bid complaining cease,
And speak the woe-fraught bosom into peace."
In vain, alas ! the prince returns no more,
Stretch'd on the sedgy Severn's naked shore,
Condemn'd in fight a hapless end to meet
Beneath the royal conqu'ring rival's feet ;
E'en where his lance had giv'n the en'my
wound,
His own undaunted body press'd the ground ;
Greatly he fell—but Emma, weeping maid,
The victor princes from the field convey'd,
While angry Monmouth's tears were seen to
flow,
To hear the beauteous rebel's tale of woe ;
He charg'd his guards with speedy haste to bear
To Morcar's house the mourning, lovely fair :
But ere she reach'd the hospitable dome,
Her once much-lov'd, and dear delightful home,
Her father's clay-cold corse a weeping train
Bore to her feet, by his own poniard slain ;
For Rumour's tongue had spread his son's sad
fate,
And Henry victor in the stern debate ;
Small hope of Emma's forfeit life cou'd yield,
E'en if she escap'd the horrors of the field :
Despairing thus the noble Morcar fell,
And bade with sighs a wretched life farewell.
Thus press'd with grief, in all her wishes cross'd,
A father, brother and a lover lost,
Fix'd, motionless she stood, nor silence broke,
As one who feels th' avenging thunder's stroke ;
At length, fear adding strength, the beauteous
bride [sle,
Broke from her maids, and fought the Severn's
E'n there where once the young Sabrina brave
Perish'd indignant in the foaming wave ;
With streaming eyes, and agonizing woe,
Fair Emma plung'd into the deep below.
For her no trophy'd hearse, no torches bright
Gild the dun horrors of the conscious night,
But weeping heav'n pours forth a rushing
shower,
And Severn lifts his waves distain'd with gore ;
And

And still the rustics to their sons relate
The dismal story of bright Emma's fate;
As oft as in long winter nights they tell
How Monmouth fought—how gallant Percy
fell.

V E R S E S

Inscribed to Miss A——N, on her late De-
parture from Stoke-Newington.

I.

AH! lovely nymph! yet cruel fair,
To pierce my heart with pain,
Art thou then gone, my only care,
Ne'er to return again?

II.

Could not this happy, tranquil seat
Give thy sweet form delight?
Or did the thought thy wishes meet
To wound me with thy flight?

III.

No, sure some tender feelings dwell
Within thy beauteous breast,
That you could ne'er think it done well
To rob my soul of rest.

IV.

Then why on me this sentence giv'n,
Thy fight for e'er to lose?
Was it decreed by thee or heav'n
To break my soft repose?

V.

What muse can paint that fatal day?
My grief what tongue can tell?
When you so chearful went away,
And bade the last farewell.

VI.

Such gladness bloom'd o'er all thy face,
Thy heart replete with glee,
And ev'ry joy smil'd with each grace,
Without one thought on me.

VII.

Now tir'd of life, I pensive rove
Near some deep lonely vale,
There sigh the dire effects of love,
There mourn my hapless tale.

VIII.

Or by some murmur'ing river's side
I raminate on death,
Whether to live, or to the tide
Resign my fleeting breath.

IX.

Then, dearest Sophy, sooth my grief,
And let me cease to mourn;
With these sweet words give me relief,
That you will soon return.

X.

Then blest beyond expression's pow'r
For ever shall I be,
If you, sweet maid, whom I adore,
Will deign to smile on me.

J—— C——.

A B S E N C E.

A. PASTORAL.

I.

WHY heaves my fond breast with a sigh?
Why thus do I pensively stray?
Why drops the pale tear from my eye,
And my heart so unequally play?
There liv'd not (of late) on the plain
A shepherd more blithe or more gay;
Or their pipe with more art tun'd a swain,
Or spent with more pleasure the day.

II.

Each morning how gladly I rose,
At eve sunk contented to rest;
Not a sigh did my bosom disclose,
Nor harbour'd a care in my breast:
The day then was spent on the green,
My flocks and the sports to attend,
But ah! now, how chang'd is the scene,
Content is no longer my friend.

III.

Since Anna the fair I beheld
How dreary the time I have known;
From my breast ev'ry joy is expell'd,
And I live but to weep and to moan.
Ah! hapless the day that she came,
Thus cruel so soon to retire,
To light in my bosom a flame,
Then leave unregarded the fire.

IV.

The morn that erst used to please
No more now with joy do I meet;
And the night, which afforded me ease,
Now ceases the gift to repeat:
My flocks they all carelessly stray,
My pipe and my crook I resign,
On the ground now in ruin doth lay
The boughs of my fruitfullest vine.

V.

I quit the dull sports of the green,
They serve but my pain to increase,
'Twas there the dear object was seen
That stole from my bosom its peace.
Ah! chide me not, shepherds, forbear,
Tho' neglected my vines and my sheep,
Nor blame me, if drove to despair,
I unman me so much as to weep.

VI.

As I steal thro' the gloom of the grove,
Where often her footsteps I've trac'd,
Or pensively think as I rove
On the plain that my fair one once grac'd:
What

What sensations arise in my mind?

In my bosom what anguish doth rage?
So strongly her form is design'd,
All my soul the dear thought doth engage.

Tunbridge-Wells.

J—R—.

S O N G.

I.

YOU ask me if Celinda's fair,
And where her beauty lies,
Or is confess'd in shape or air,
Or sparkles in her eyes.

II.

A neck, a shape, an air, a face,
Birth, titles, or estate,
Are charms alone which find a place
In souls but vainly great.

III.

These, these it is attract the gay,
The vain, unthinking throng;
But soon or late will these decay,
Perhaps e'er it be long.

IV.

Good sense, good nature, virtue, these
Are charms which oft endure;
Possess'd by age, remain to please,
By time made more mature.

V.

Do we e'er meet in one that's fair
These happy gifts combin'd?
Yes, each and all, I do declare,
We in Celinda find.

Tunbridge-Wells.

J—R—.

On the DEATH of the Rev. Mr. S——.

I.

ON yon fair mount I cast my longing eyes,
And view'd the place of my departed friend,
Th' affecting scene dissolv'd my heart in sighs,
A silent tear deplor'd his sudden end.

II.

I knew my friend, I knew him very well,
I knew his virtues, knew them to be great;
He liv'd belov'd, by all regretted fell,
For all lamented his unhappy fate.

III.

Surrounded by his friends he nothing fear'd,
(But who shall tell when God will shew his pow'r)
His feast of mirth was chang'd to that of tears,
And all within the limits of an hour.

IV.

Full in the prime, the glory of his age,
He bow'd his head to unrelenting death;
No guardian angel did his end presage,
But unexpected he resign'd his breath.

V.

Alas! he's gone, and never can return,
That happiness will not on earth be giv'n;
He's left the partner of his breast to mourn,
Until they meet again, and meet in heav'n.

VI.

Farewell, my friend, I'll bid you now adieu,
I can't disturb you in your blest abode;
You cannot come, but I must go to you,
And seek you in the mansions of your God.

CLARA.

V A L E N T I N E,

Humbly addressed to Miss ——, with a
Dove's Heart.

AGAIN the happy day returns,
When ev'ry youth whose bosom burns
With love, in words like sugar-candy
Pours out his flame as strong as brandy.
I in the throng now push my claim,
And hope you'll ease my love-sick pain;
Alas! the cruel pointed dart!—
You wicked rogue—you've won my heart!
On you it dotes, my little doxy,
Therefore I've sent it now by proxy,
For really it's no use to me,
As by this emblem you may see:
Your killing eyes have pierc'd it thro'—
Alas! my heart—what shall I do?
In short, on you alone I doat—
Take pity, or I'll cut my throat!
And that you know's a rash expedient—
So, Madam,

I'm your most obedient,

HORATIO.

V A L E N T I N E,

Addressed to Miss ——.

NOW aid me, O ye sacred nine!
To write my love a Valentine!
O beauteous charmer! lovely maid!
Stop—hold a while—I'm sore afraid—
Dear Miss, excuse these strange assaults,
For love is blind, and sees no faults—
Hey! faults!—what do I say?—you've none!
No, no—that's right—then I'll go on.
Well, then, (as just before I said)
O beauteous charmer! lovely maid!
Thy mien as far outshines the Graces,
As alabaster pimpled faces!
Now that's a simile you'll own,
Where all the force of love is shewn—

Pha!

Psha!—fye!—this passion has such freaks,
 We only write in—starts—and breaks!
 In fact, my pretty turtle dove,
 I'm over head and ears in love;
 And then, you know, when that's the case,
 No reg'lar order can take place—
 You see I'd write a clev'rer letter,
 But O this love!—'twill do no better!
 I vow it's all bedew'd with tears—
 I've such strange qualms!—such frights and
 fears!

O all ye guardian pow'rs above!
 Protect me free from thieves and—love!
 Unless you'll pity my poor heart—
 Give one kind look, and ease the smart.

But lest this ditty should offend your
 ears, [fears,
 Destroy my hope, and quite confirm my
 I'll end with vows, with pray'rs, with sighs,
 and tears!

A strange confusion you'll, no doubt, discover
 In these, and,

Madam,

Your most faithful lover,

HORATIO.

AN ELEGY.

I.

AT the moss-mantled foot of a yew,
 Leander, forsaken, reclin'd;
 Bianca, his theme was of you,
 Bianca, inconstant, unkind.

II.

And these were the words that he sigh'd
 To his lute, which so often had join'd
 Its aid to his song, when he try'd
 To praise his Bianca, when kind.

III.

"In vain do I seek the lone grove,
 In vain the bleak mountains I cross,
 Each object still rankles my love,
 And renews the sad thought of my loss.

IV.

"Now I sit in the shade of the yew,
 Where the brook gently murmurs along,
 Where oft of Bianca, when true,
 I caroll'd a love-breathing song.

V.

"To the mountain I fly for relief,
 Where the torrent cascades its clear stream;
 No, that will but heighten my grief,
 For Bianca has there been my theme.

VI.

"It was there that I first overcame,
 The awe that her presence inspir'd,
 And her kindness then cherish'd the flame
 With which my fond bosom was fir'd.

VII.

"But, wretch! why thus vainly lament?
 Revenge is the right of thy wrong!
 To a dagger convert thy complaint,
 Be vengeance the theme of thy song!

VIII.

"Ah! revenge! upon whom must thou light?
 On the object whom still I adore?
 Tho' Leander's bereav'd of her sight,
 Must these hands be all stain'd in her gore?

IX.

"Can affection be plac'd at command?
 Is reason the master of love?
 Can a wish the sweet poison withstand?
 Can a wish the sweet poison remove?

X.

"No, love is unbounded and free,
 A tyrant it reigns unconfin'd;
 Then why should Bianca by me
 Be recorded unjust, tho' unkind.

XI.

"Cruel fortune alone is my foe,
 On blind fate our conditions depend;
 To this each misfortune we owe,
 And thus my misfortune shall end."

XII.

He said, and then plung'd in his side
 A dagger, 'till now quite unseen;
 His soul gushes out with the tide,
 And to crimson converts all the green.

VERSES to a FRIEND.

WHEN heaven form'd my Anna's
 mind,

The purest virtues were combin'd
 To grace the lovely maid;
 Her heart with tender pity sighs,
 And soft compassion fills her eyes,
 Still ready to o'erflow:

Oft as a mournful tale she hears
 Her gen'rous soul, dissolv'd in tears,
 Sincerely shares the woe.

More humble than the village maid,
 Of no one's censure she's afraid,
 But joins in each one's praise;
 If blam'd, she takes the sufferer's part,
 Employs each kind, each friendly art,
 Their characters to raise.

In gen'rous friendship she excells,
 In her soft breast true honour dwells,
 And purest virtue reigns;
 She is—but ah! my feeble pen
 Attempts my Anna's praise in vain,
 And does her merit wrong;
 Thy friendly aid do not refuse,
 Assist my lays, O heav'nly muse,
 Give music to my tongue.

Still while congenial friendship warms,
 Do thou attend in all thy charms,
 The tender song to raise;
 Then equal to the much-lov'd theme
 The consecrated verse shall seem
 That speaks my Anna's praise.

The B L U S H I N G R O S E.

The Words by the Author of the Ungrateful Bee, set to Music by Mr. HUDSON.

First system of musical notation. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo/mood is marked 'Sym.' (Symmetrical). The lyrics 'Of' and 'Sym.' are written below the piano line. The music features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' in a circle) and a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

Second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The lyrics 'all the sweets the summer yields, The garden, grove, or lawn, None scent the' are written below the piano line. The music includes triplet markings and a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

Third system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The lyrics 'air, when walk—ing fields, Just at the rising dawn, Like this fair flower' are written below the piano line. The music includes triplet markings and a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

Fourth system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The lyrics 'see! dis—close The garden's pride, the blushing rose. Sym.' are written below the piano line. The tempo/mood is marked 'Sym.' (Symmetrical). The music includes triplet markings and a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

Fifth system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The music includes triplet markings and a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

II.

I much am tempted to describe
 Something that charms me more,
 But impious it were t' imbibe,
 A passion to tell o'er;
 Therefore, content, I will depose
 None can compare with blushing rose.

III.

When gaudy insects round her fly,
 Impertinently vain,
 I hasten to the charmer nigh,
 And strike them with my cane:
 I cannot help but interpose,
 When such surround my blushing rose.

IV.

Enraptur'd, once I flew in haste
 The charmer to destroy,
 But guardian thorns surround her waist
 Such boldness to annoy:
 My heart, bereft of its repose,
 Did chide me for my blushing rose.

V.

Oh! what would I most chearly give
 Could I preserve her mine,
 To bless me with her sweets, and live,
 And on my breast recline!
 I'd covet not the charms of those
 Who were above my blushing rose.

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after which he w
princess of Astu
royal family.

Constantinople, Feb.
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frigate of war that esco.
utmost danger. Another
near Emaus, and 14 Turki
the same fate near the Darda.

A French merchant fleet,
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Vol. XI.

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y left Sandy Hook,
of the above fleet, ran
her main-mast, and
k. This accident hap-
of wind, she was not a-
the rest of the fleet, there-
England.
fleet of frigates, &c. which
mouth on Monday are order-
St. Maloes, to prevent the
ats going out of that harbour to
endeavour to destroy them, if
it.

a. Capt.

1. Capt. Jervis, of the Foudroyant, who has been upon a cruize, fell in with a sloop from France, bound to Philadelphia, with dispatches for Congress, which he was fortunate enough to intercept, and, being of the utmost consequence, he has come to town with them himself, and yesterday carried them to the king.

2. The troops going out to America this year are all to be in readiness to embark the 29th inst. at farthest.

Admiralty Office, March 4, 1780.

Captain Robert Sutton, late commander of his majesty's ship the Sphynx, arrived on the 1st instant from the leeward islands, with dispatches from Rear Admiral Hyde Parker to Mr. Stephens, of which the following are extracts and copies.

Extract of a Letter from Rear Admiral Hyde Parker to Mr. Stephens, dated Princess Royal, Gros Islet Bay, St. Lucia, Dec. 9, 1779.

MY last to you of the 16th of October, acquainted you with my arrival at Barbados, with the squadron of his majesty's ships under my command.

On the 24th of October, the *Atizon* and *Proserpine* came into Carlisle Bay, with the *Alcmene* frigate of twenty-eight guns, commanded by Captain de Bonneval: she was chased by several ships, but struck to the *Proserpine*. From the capture of this ship I first learned with certainty, that the Count D'Estaing was gone with all his fleet to America.

Inclosed I send a list of prizes taken since my last *.

Extract of a Letter from Rear Admiral Hyde Parker to Mr. Stephens, dated Princess Royal, Gros Islet Bay, St. Lucia, Dec. 23, 1779.

Captain Sutton not having yet left the squadron, gives me an opportunity to add a supplement to my letter of the 9th inst. and to desire you will inform their lordships, that on the 18th instant, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, the *Preston* being between Martinico and St. Lucia, to windward, made the signal for a fleet; which was no sooner observed on board the *Princess Royal*, than a signal was thrown out for the ships under my command to slip their cables, and chase to windward. The captains were then assembled at a court martial: and as the ships were in a course of fitting, some lay on the heel, others had their sails unbent, and from all of them great numbers were employed on shore in wooding and watering. Under these circumstances the Alertness and Dispatch with which the

ships put to sea, was surprising even to me, who am no stranger to the activity and briskness of the English officers and seamen. As the squadron stood over for Port Royal, the enemy's ships were discovered to be a convoy.— Before four in the afternoon, nine or ten of them run themselves on shore on the island of Martinico, and were set on fire by our boats, either immediately or the next morning. About the same time I observed the *Boreas* engaged with the French frigate in Port Royal Bay; a French rear-admiral, with two other 74 gun ships, slipped their cables, and bore down upon him, which obliged the *Boreas* to sheer off. This dextrous manœuvre saved their frigate, and some of their merchant ships. The French admiral hauled his wind in good time, and kept plying for the road. The ships a-head of the *Princess Royal* at this time, were the *Conqueror*, *Albion*, *Elizabeth*, *Vigilant*, and *Centurion*, but the *Conqueror* a-head and to windward of the rest. About five this ship got within distance of the French rear-admiral, who began to cannonade. The steadiness and coolness with which on every tack the *Conqueror* received the fire of these three ships, and returned his own, working his ship with as much exactness as if he had been turning into Spithead, and on every board gaining considerably on the enemy, gave me infinite pleasure: the rest of the ships shewed no less eagerness to get into action. Towards sun-set the *Albion* had got well up to second the *Conqueror*, and the other ships were in action; but as they had worked, not only within the danger of the shoals of this bay, but within the reach of the batteries, from whence were fired both shells and shot, I called them off by the night signal at a quarter before seven. It was with inexpressible concern I then heard that Captain Walter Griffith was killed by the last broadside. The service cannot lose a better man or a better officer. The *Conqueror* had three men killed and eleven wounded: the damage done to the ship is not very considerable, nor I believe to any of the other ships, as I have had no report from them. They are cruising under Commodore Collingwood off the Point of Salines. We have taken nine sail of this convoy, which came from Marseilles under the convoy of the *Aurora* about the middle of October; I judge that, including the frigate, they were twenty-six in number; four more had lost company, and are yet expected, rather at St. Lucia than Martinico. All of the French ships, except those who were engaged, were in the carenage, I believe in ill condition, and many of their crews in the hospital.

On the 20th, standing with seven ships over to St. Lucia, late in the evening, I received a letter from Sir Henry Calder, informing me three large ships were seen that afternoon from the Morne, steering to the northward, supposed to be part of Mons. la More Piquet's squadron returning from Grenada. As I judged this intelligence very probable, Rear Admiral Rowley

* This list consists of, (besides the frigate above mentioned, and those taken by Admiral Rowley, mentioned in his letter) twenty-nine ships of different burthens, many of them very valuable prizes, of which we have not room to give the particulars.

was immediately detached in the Suffolk, with the Vengeance, Magnificent, and Sterling Castle, in pursuit of them.

P. S. I am well assured the Sphynx is retaken by the Proserpine, after a smart action: but, as I have had no letters since that time from Commodore Hotham, I cannot give their lordships the particulars.

Extract of a Letter from Rear-Admiral Rowley to Rear-Admiral Hyde Parker, dated Suffolk at Sea, off Mount Fortune, January 1, 1780.

S I R,

I Beg leave to acquaint you, that in pursuance of your order of the 20th of December last, I proceeded with the ships named in the margin *, in pursuit of the three ships which you had intelligence of.

On Tuesday the 21st, at eight A. M. three strange sail being discovered from the Suffolk's mast-head in the north-west, I ordered the signal to be made for a general chase, which being obeyed with the greatest alacrity, I had the satisfaction by noon to find we gained upon them very fast.

On Wednesday the 22d, at three P. M. they hoisted French colours, but soon after hauled them down again: at five, having come well up with the chase, which I could now plainly perceive were French frigates, I fired a shot at them; which was returned. At half an hour past six the Magnificent exchanged several shot with one of the frigates, which after a chase of fourteen hours, I had the pleasure to see strike to her. She proved the La Blanche frigate of 36 guns, and 212 men, commanded by Mons. Gallisoniere.

At eleven, the La Fortune frigate of 42 guns and 247 men, commanded by the Chevalier Marigny, struck to the Suffolk, after a chase of eighteen hours. The Vengeance on my lee quarter having come up with the La Blanche, took charge of her, and exchanged the prisoners, &c. while the Stirling Castle and Magnificent continued the chase to leeward after the third ship, which they came up with and took, after a chase of 36 hours, on Thursday the 23d ult. at the 3 P. M. She proved the La Ellis, of 28 guns and 68 men, commanded by Mons. Fonteneaux.

From the information of the officers belonging to the frigates before-mentioned, I learn, that they left Savannah on the 1st of November last, arrived at Grenada the 6th of December, left that place the 9th, arrived at St. Vincent's the 15th, from whence they sailed the 19th, and were on their passage to Martinique.

On our passage, in lat. 16 deg. 36 min. I fell in with a French schooner from Martinique to America, which was taken by the

Stirling Castle. In lat. 15 deg. 36 min. I also fell in with the Young Frow Isabel a, a sloop from Grenada, bound to St. Eustatia; but having only Americans on board, she was detained as a prize by the Suffolk. On the 28th the Vengeance also took a small schooner laden with fish from Margarita, bound to Martinique.

The Readiness and Alertness with which the captains, officers and seamen obeyed the signals on this occasion, were such as to merit every thing I can say in their favour.

Extract of a letter from Portsmouth.

"This evening (March 5) the Bedford man of war, Capt. Affleck, arrived at Spithead, from Gibraltar; by which ship we learn, that Sir George Rodney is gone to the West Indies, with his majesty's ships Sandwich, of 90 guns; the Ajax, the Montagu, and Terrible, of 74 guns each; and the Pegasus, of 28; having left at Gibraltar the Edgar, of 74 guns; the Panther, of 60; and the Enterprize and Porcupine frigates; and that the remainder, except the Royal George, the Bienfaisant, the Apollo, frigate, with the Phoenix and Diligente Spanish ships, which are put into Plymouth, are now coming up to St. Helen's, of which the following is a list, viz. the Prince George, 90 guns; the Alfred, 74; the Alcide, 74; the Cumberland, 74; the Defence, 74; the Invincible, 74; the Monarque, 74; the Culloden, 74; the Marlborough 74; the Resolution, 74; the Shrewsbury, 74; the Monarca, 70, a prize; the Princessa, 70, a prize; the Prince William, 64, a Prize; and the Triton, 28."

6. This morning at a court of common-council held at Guildhall, a motion was made by Mr. Deputy Leaky, That the thanks of this court be voted to Sir George Bridges Rodney, for his late very gallant action against the Spaniards; and also that the freedom of this city be presented to him in a gold box of 100l. value, which were both agreed to.

This morning arrived in town from Plymouth, his Royal Highness Prince William Henry, and Adm. Digby. They waited on his majesty immediately, at St. James's, on their arrival, and were most graciously received.

Orders are given from the Admiralty Office for thirty sail of the line to rendezvous at Spithead, with all possible expedition.

Portsmouth, March 8. Yesterday, about one o'clock, the court martial ended on board the Victory man of war, in the harbour, on capt. Boteler, for the loss of the Ardent man of war; when the court, after considering the evidence of the several witnesses, thought that capt. Boteler did not do every thing in his power to save the said ship from the enemy, and therefore dismissed him from serving in his majesty's navy.

The other officers of the said ship were all acquitted.

* Suffolk, Stirling Castle, Magnificent, Vengeance.

10. The last letters from Amsterdam mention, that the states general had sent orders to the merchants of that place not to advance any sum of money to any foreign state whatever.

The fleets under the command of admiral Digby, which are arrived at Plymouth and St. Helen's, are ordered to take on board six months more provisions as soon as possible.

Twelve sloops, from 40 to 60 tons each, are lately purchased by government, and are ordered to be fitted up as five vessels to be employed on expeditions against the French ports that lie on the English channel.

11. A court martial was held at Portsmouth on capt. Pearson, for the loss of the Serapis frigate, when he was honourably acquitted.

13. Admiral Digby and admiral Sir John Lockart Ross, lately arrived from Gibraltar, were both at court, and had a conference with the king.

Extract of a Letter from Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parker, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships at Jamaica, to Mr. Stephens, dated at Port Royal, January, 1780.

THE 25th of November a considerable body of Spaniards invested St. Fernando de Omoa, and on the 28th, the garrison and the crew of the Porcupine were so reduced by a pestilential disorder, which raged amongst them, that it became necessary to evacuate the fort, after having spiked the guns, and embarked the ammunition and stores.

The 8th instant the Salisbury, commanded by Captain Inglis, brought in here a Spanish private ship of war of 50 guns, named the St. Carlos, commanded by Don Juan Antonio Zavelletta, from Cadiz, bound to Omoa, laden with brass cannon, shot, musquets, and other military stores for the fort. Captain Inglis has shewn good conduct and a becoming spirit as well before as during the action. Enclosed is his letter, giving an account of the action.

The 27th of November last, the Penelope sent in a Spanish Guarda Costa, of 10 guns and 75 men, named the Hermosa Mariana.

Captain Luttrell has taken possession of the Island of Rattan for his majesty.

S I R,

Salisbury, off Port Royal,
January 8, 1780.

On the 12th of last month, at day-break, being then off Porto de Sall (in the Bay of Honduras) we saw two sail to the eastward, the one a large ship, the other a sloop, to which we gave chase, it being then light breezes. After different manœuvres, and the strange ship making some private signals through the day, at six in the evening we got pretty near, when she hoisted Spanish ensign and pendant. At half past six we fired some shot, which was immediately returned; and continued closing, with a constant fire on both sides, till past eight o'clock, when her

main-mast went overboard, and she surrendered. Her mizen-mast also went during the night.

She proved to be the St. Carlos, of 50 guns, 38 twelve-pounders, 16 of which are brass, 12 six-pounders, and three hundred and ninety-seven men; a private ship of war, commanded by Don Juan Antonio Zavelletta, from Cadiz, bound to Port Omoa, having on board 12 twenty-four-pounders brass cannon, a quantity of shot and shells, five thousand stand of arms, &c.

The sloop made off in the night.

In the action there were four men killed on board the Salisbury, and fourteen wounded, five of which died of their wounds. Mr. Miller, the master, was much wounded, but is in a fair way of recovery.

The Salisbury suffered much in her sails and rigging, which was immediately set about repairing; as also in putting the prize into as good a state of sailing and defence as circumstances would admit of, under the command of Lieutenant Haynes, first lieutenant of the Salisbury.

Since that time we have been bearing up for Jamaica, which we have attained with some trouble; and have the pleasure to inform you, that, throughout, this service has been carried on with a proper and spirited exertion of both officers and ship's company.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

CHARLES INGLIS.

Extract of a Letter from Rear Admiral Digby to Mr. Stephens, dated on board the Prince George at Sea, the 2d of March, 1780.

Their lordships will receive herewith Sir George Rodney's dispatches, with a journal of the proceedings of the fleet since it has been put under my command; by which they will see, that I sailed from Gibraltar the 14th of February with Sir George Rodney, who kept me with him till the 18th instant, when he made the signal for separating, and parted company immediately, leaving me with the command of the fleet and Spanish prizes, except such ships as were ordered to proceed with him to the place of his destination. Nothing material happened till the 23d, about one o'clock, when we fell in with a French convoy, consisting of two sixty-four gun ships, two large flore-ships armé en Flute, a frigate, and about thirteen sail of vessels bound to the Mauritius: they were so much on their guard, that before we could see them from the deck, except one, and of that only the head of her top-sails, they made sail from us: the signal for a general chase was made immediately, and the Resolution had the good luck to come up with the Prothée, of 64 guns and 700 men, about one o'clock in the morning, and took her without losing

losing a man. She is commanded by Mons. Chilot, who I find was the commanding officer of the expedition: the whole convoy are, on the king's account, loaded with warlike stores and troops; the Prothée and Ajax, both of 64 guns, have money on board, amounting to about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The Marlborough has taken a snow with warlike stores; and the Apollo, who parted company in chace the morning we saw them, has also taken one. The Invincible, Bienfaisant, and Triton, have just now joined with another small prize of the same convoy; the rest must have bore away in the early part of the evening: there were several hours that even the headmost ships did not see any of them.

3d March, Three o'Clock.

We have just made Scilly; I therefore dispatch the Apollo to Plymouth to give their lordships the earliest intelligence of the arrival of the Squadron under my command.

14. The East India company's charter expires the 5th of April next; after which they have three years notice to settle their affairs, during which time, if they do not get a renewal of their charter, the trade will be placed in other hands.

15. The floating battery at Sheerness was launched on Friday last, and has eight 24 pounders, eight 18 pounders, and twelve 12 pounders; she is moored at the back of the garrison.

Eight sail more of the line are ordered to rendezvous with all possible expedition at Spithead, in order to sail for the West-Indies, as a further reinforcement to Sir George Rodney.

Commodore Walsingham's Squadron is destined for the coast of Africa, to land a body of troops there, in order to attack Senegambia, after which it will proceed to Barbadoes.

Six men out of each company of the three regiments of foot guards are ordered to form a detachment for America, which will consist of 480 men. The whole of them are volunteers, and will sail in April.

18. By the agreement between government and the East India company, the former have liberty to liquidate the public debt any time within three years, in sums not less than 500,000l. payable at one time.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Hamilton, at Deal, to Miss Muir and Atkinson, dated March 20.

"This day arrived here the Molly, Johnson, one of the Jamaica fleet, under convoy of the Charon and Leviathan men of war, the master of which gives me the following account: that in lat. 40, long. 45, the Leviathan became so leaky, that it was found absolutely necessary for the crew to quit her;

they were all therefore taken out, and distributed on board the merchantmen in the fleet; the Howe had one lieutenant and 50 seamen. Two days after quitting her she went down, as did also the Susanna, one of the fleet, but her crew too were saved. The master further says, that in a gale of wind he and ten more ships, several of them bound to Liverpoole, parted from the convoy, and the remainder of the fleet; the Justin, Ellis, and the St. George, Planter, of London, were with them off Scilly, on Friday last, but it being thick weather, and not well acquainted with the channel, it was supposed they were afraid to run up; but the captain of the above ship having the master of the Leviathan on board, who undertook to navigate her, came on, and arrived safe as above.

Another account says, the Leviathan had 1250 serons of indigo on board, about 100 of which were saved. The people of the Susannah were taken up by the Morant, captain Carter.

20. The Dutch captures made by capt. Fielding, will pay more than 9l. per man, to the Squadron. In the course of next week more than 200,000l. will be paid (prize money) to the ships at Spithead.

22. This morning early a duel was fought in Hyde-park, between a noble earl and Mr. F——, in consequence of some reflections cast on the latter by the former in the House of Lords, relative to his offering to raise a regiment. The earl was shot in the thigh, but the ball is extracted, and he is judged out of danger; the seconds then interposed, and the affair was ended.

24. Last Friday the Pallas, captain Townsend, arrived at Liverpool from a cruise, and brought in with her the ship La Victorie, of 16 six and nine pounders, and 100 men, laden with naval stores, which she took off Cape Finisterre.

The Dart privateer, of Dartmouth, has taken and carried in there a ship of 14 guns, from Martinico to Marseilles, with 360 hogshheads of sugar, besides coffee, &c.

The Dauphiness, capt. La Narbone, a French privateer of 20 guns, fitted out at Toulon, is taken by two English frigates in the Mediterranean, after a short engagement, and carried into Gibraltar.

A M E R I C A.

Kingsfon, Jamaica, Dec. 25. On Saturday his majesty's ship Charon, the Hon. Capt. Luttrell, returned from Omoa, having on board, we are informed, a large part of the most valuable effects taken in the register ships at that place.

In the Charon came adjutant-general Dalrymple, to whose zeal, activity, and enterprising spirit, we owed the conquest of that fortress.

Ss.

St. Lucia, Jan. 18. Admiral Parker puts in here frequently with his fleet, when on a cruize; this harbour being not only very capacious, but also well secured from the winds, and having excellent anchoring ground: those who were on this island, when in possession of the French, say, that the improvements made by the English since they have been here are surprising, not only in the plantations, but in the roads and other places.

Kingston, Jan. 22. On Tuesday arrived his majesty's frigate Pomona, Charles Edmund Nugent, Esq; commander, from the island of Rattan, with the Spanish register ship taken at port Omoa by the squadron from hence.

Westmoreland county, Virginia, Jan. 28. Two French frigates were chased within the Capes, and ran ashore in the middle grounds. They had 30,000 stand of musquetry on board, powder and ball in proportion, &c. The inhabitants of Westmoreland, Stafford, and Northumberland, headed by Mess. Robertson and Wilkinson, got possession of them, and have put them into the hands of the loyal subjects, which will probably give a turn to the affairs of this colony.

B I R T H S.

Feb. 20. The lady of Richard Tavistock Price, Esq; of Rhwlas, in the county of Merioneth, of a son and heir, at her father's seat at Nantclwydd.

March, 4. The lady of Sir Guy Carleton, of a son, at their house in South-street.

The lady of the Hon. Charles Finch, of a son and heir, at his house in Argyle street.

The lady of John Bather, Esq; of a son and heir, at the Bank, near Shrewsbury.

10. The lady of Robert Mayne, Esq; of a son.

20. The lady of James Lawrell, Esq; of a son, at his house in Wimpole-street.

The lady of Thomas Semers Coche, Esq; of a daughter, at his house in Downing-street.

21. The lady of William Eden, of a daughter, at his house in Downing-street.

M A R R I A G E S.

The Right Hon. Arthur, earl of Arran, to Miss Underwood, daughter of the late Richard Underwood, Esq;

William Temple, Esq; of Bishopstrow, Wilts, to Miss Gaisford, only daughter of Thomas Gaisford, Esq; of Bittam, in the same county.

John Skirrow, Esq; of Lincoln's-inn, to Miss Walker, of Hyde-street, Bloomsbury.

Feb. 24. Stanes Chamberlayne, jun. Esq; of Ryes, in Essex, to Miss Bocket, of Spaneshall, in the same county.

26. Richard Aubrey, Esq; youngest son of Sir Thomas Aubrey, Bart. to Miss Digby, daughter of the late Hon. Wriothesly Digby, Esq;

March 9. Joseph Simpson, Esq; of Curzon-street, May-fair, to Miss Susannah Howard, of Chesterfield-street.

6. Capt. Blackwood, of the Royal Irish, or 18th regiment of foot, to Miss Lane, daughter of Capt. Lane, of lord North's regiment of Cinque Ports Volunteers.

14. Thomas Dorrien, Esq; to Miss Isabella Drake, daughter of the late Dr. Drake, and niece to William Drake, Esq; of Shardeloes, Bucks.

16. John Rawlings Smith, Esq; of Sunderland, to Miss Ealand, of King-street, Covent-garden.

19. Benjamin Keene, Esq; son to the bishop of Ely, and member for Cambridge, to Miss Ruck, daughter of G. Ruck, Esq; of Swincombe, in Oxfordshire.

20. Henry Maxwell, Esq; of Ewshot-house, in Hampshire, to Miss D. Brydges, daughter to Edward Brydges, Esq; of Wootton, in Kent.

D E A T H S.

Mr. Thomas Collins, an eminent proctor in Doctor's Commons.

Capt. Stewart, of the Royal Navy, son of the late admiral Stewart, in Wimpole-street.

— Meham, Esq; formerly a counsellor at law, in Channel-row, Westminster.

Anthony Morrison, Esq; at Totteridge, near Barnet.

Lady Catharine Pelham, at her house in Whitehall.

Rowland Saunderson, Esq; at his house in Cavendish-square.

Thomas Fuller, Esq; merchant of Streatam, in Surry.

John Lawrence Aikenhead, Esq; in Grosvenor-place.

Mrs. Jones, relict of colonel John Jones, at Kensington palace.

Capt. Francis Marsden, of Col. Harvey's regiment of militia, at Burntwood lodge.

William Millar, Esq; of Walkinshaw, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

Francis Prujean, Esq; of Sutton-gate, in Essex.

James Grant, Esq; of Clure, in Strathsey.

John Browne, Esq; deputy lieutenant of the county of Leicester.

James Pigot, Esq; at Lincoln.

Andrew Grant, Esq; at Grenada.

Capt. Deane, of his majesty's ship Ruby, at Port Royal, Jamaica.

William King, Esq; at Noke-court, Herefordshire.

Mrs. Johnston, widow of lieutenant colonel Johnston, at her house in Rathbone-place.

The Rev. Ralph Bartell, rector of Somerby, and Bag Enderby, in Lincolnshire.

Feb. 20. Solomon Carpenter, Esq; at Chinkford, in Essex, formerly an eminent West India merchant.

William Turner, Esq; at his house in Lower Grosvenor-street.

James Whalley, Esq; at his chambers in the Middle Temple, one of the benchers of that honourable society.

Miss Harriet Brooker, daughter of Dr. Brooker, at her father's house in the Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey.

21. Charles Bertie, Esq; of Uffington, in the county of Lincoln.

Peter Batts, Esq; at Merton, in Surry, a commissioner of the land-tax for the said county.

22. Paul Stephenson, Esq; at Finchley, formerly a Blackwell-hall factor.

Samuel Paterson, Esq; at Clapham, formerly a wholesale linen-draper in this city.

Thomas Browne, Esq; Garter Principal King of Arms, in James-street, Bedford-row.

23. Sir Anthony Cooper, Knt. at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire.

Dr. Griffith, at Pwlheli, in the county of Carnarvon, an eminent physician.

23. William Jones, M. D. of Adlington, in Kent.

24. Mrs. Hubert, a widow lady, in Pall-mall.

25. Mr. — Cole, comptroller of his majesty's customs, at Harwich.

John Hancock, Esq; in New Bond street.

27. Mr. Joseph Downs, merchant, in St. Thomas Apostle's.

28. Percival Edmonstone, Esq; at Putney.

Samuel Pickering, Esq; at his seat near Derby.

March, 1. General Desaguliers, of the train of artillery, in Golden-square.

Joseph Barham, Esq; at Streatham, in Surry.

Major James Brown, at Chelsea.

2. Lieutenant colonel Gervas Remington.

Joseph Highmore, Esq; at Canterbury.

Francis Manbey, Esq; at Rumford, in Essex.

3. Giles Grendey, Esq; at Palmer's-green.

The Rev. Mr. Cook, vicar of Enford, in Wiltshire.

4. Dr. Isaac Scomberg, physician, in Conduit-street.

5. Frederick Vanhagen, Esq; a Dutch merchant, at Hackney.

6. Anthony Aubert, sen. Esq; in Austin-friars.

7. Mrs. James, at Kingston, relict of the late Dr. James, of Bruton-street.

Sir James Morrison, Knt. at Town Mall, in Kent.

Bartholomew Corneille, Esq; at York, late major in the 14th regiment of foot.

Mrs. Hervey, of Bishopsgate-street, a widow lady of great fortune.

8. Thomas Gaunt, Esq; hop-merchant in the Borough High-street.

John Pettiward, Esq; at Putney, eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Pettiward.

Charles Cox, Esq; of Groom place, in Hampshire, formerly a wine-merchant in Thames-street.

Grenville Ferguson, Esq; at his seat near Colchester, in Essex.

Mrs. Aglionby, widow of Henry Aglionby, Esq; of Nunnery, in Cumberland, and sister to Sir Philip Mulgrave, Bart.

Daniel Ferguson, Esq; in Millman-street, Bedford-row.

9. The Right Hon. Lord Fortescue Aland, in Golden-square.

The Right Hon. Lady Mulgrave, at her son's house in the Admiralty.

10. Frederick James Scrope, Esq; at Cockerington, in Lincolnshire.

11. The Hon. Topham Beauclerk, in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

John Paddey, Esq; at Kensington.

12. James Dawkins, Esq; at Wandsworth.

William Hartnell, Esq; at Stoke Newington.

13. Henry Marsden, Esq; of Wennington-hall, Lancashire.

14. Mr. — Seston, an eminent merchant, in Aldermanbury.

Isaac Larpent, Esq; of Whichcote, in Wiltshire, formerly a wine-merchant in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

Martin Blackwood, Esq; at Ash, in Kent, late a West India merchant in Austin-friars.

Matthew Thomson, Esq; in York-buildings, Strand, formerly a Hamburgh merchant.

16. Abraham Donaldson, Esq; in Bond-street, formerly member for Air in Scotland.

Juxon Kay, Esq; at Mortlake.

18. Arthur Dodswell, Esq; at Camberwell, formerly a merchant of this city.

Dr. John Forbes, physician, at Margate.

Sir William Barlow, Knt. at his seat near Uxbridge.

Miss Letitia Beauchamp, daughter of the late Sir John Beauchamp proctor, Bart. by his second wife.

The Right Rev. Dr. John Oswald, bishop of Raphoe, in Ireland.

20. The Rev. Richard Browne, D. D. Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, regis professor of Hebrew, and lord Almoner's professor of Arabic in that university, as also prebendary of Paddington, in the cathedral of St. Paul's.

Sir Benjamin Truman, at his house in Spital fields.

George Barnes, Esq; at his seat at Theobalds, Hertfordshire.

Jacob Dixley, Esq; at Kentish-town, formerly a druggist in Leadenhall-street.

Sir Joseph Tomlinson, Knt. at his seat near Chelmsford, in Essex.

21. Arthur Blichendon, Esq; at Mortlake, a Jamaica planter.

22. Lewis Chamberlayne, Esq; in Russell-street, Bloomsbury.



T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For A P R I L, 1780.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. An elegant Sprig for working a Gown.
2. A beautiful historical Picture of Clarinda, or the Unexpected Rescue: and
3. A new Song, set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are sorry that we had not room for the insertion of the conclusion of *Pedro and Segovia*.

We are for the same reason obliged to postpone the letters on *The True Point of Honour*.

But what shall we say to the *over-flow* of correspondents?

We are obliged to several ingenious writers for their communications, especially to the *underwritten*, in the prose department: for an *Essay on Female Oratory* by J. H—t. A letter from E. K. *Osmund and Amica*, from ——. *Intimations* from Bob Short, jun. *Meditation on Spring*, continuation of the *Treacherous Husband*, and *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, by J. L—g. *Enigmatical List of Flowers*, by M****, &c. &c. &c. and a bushel more.

M. S. may find a remedy from Dr. Cook, in some former Numbers of our Magazine, if she should recur to them; but if she cannot, we then shall inform her of the number, the year, and the volume, in which she may find it; but if she has not bound up the volume, she may then have proper information from the Editor.

E. G. will excuse us, when she will announce to us that she is serious, and then we shall refer her to the present volumes of this Repository.

Louisa Sophia C. has obliged us with an *Enigmatical List of Gentlemen's Names in Leith*. R——t W——g——t, from *Castle-Gate, York*, with an *Enigmatical List of Trades*. C. G——w, with *Plays and Entertainments*; besides a great variety of other pieces which we would, and could specify.

Indiana is not forgotten; but we could wish that she would revise and correct, otherwise we must.

In the poetical department, we are honoured with a *Poem on the Death of Miss Elizabeth F—*, by W—. *An Address to Contentment*, by A. W. *To Miss —*, Oxford, by Juvenis. *Tasker's Poem at Bath-Easton*. *On Friendship*, from Eugenia. *To Mrs. M—y*, by S—n. *Ode on Miss P—*, by G. W. *On Miss A. T.* by F. W. *On the Death of Mrs. S—*, by the Author of the *Cruel Brother*. *Acrostic* from an Anonymous. *Valentine's Morn*, from Anna L—G—. *Extempore on hearing Miss ***** exclaim against Bashfulness in the Male Sex*, from Amicus. *Damon and Mira, or the Reconciled Lovers*, from Clara. *Sketches from Nature, or the Accomplished Belles*, by L—. *A Fable addressed to the Fair*, from Lucretius, and a *Song in Score*, which we are desired to announce as set by a gentleman for whom we have the greatest predilection, and rejoice at his success in a late theatrical representation, but now are desired to change the name, and give the words and music to the same person.

Our friend, who gave us lately a revived account of fashions, and promised us to continue them, is desired, by a great multitude of the sex, to make good her promise; and we join in the request, as we never admit any lady as an intruder into a pre-occupied department.

Herbert!—what must we say?—We are all candour, all submission, all gratitude, for former favours; but hope domestic cares will not preclude the winding up the thread of the narrative.

We conclude with intimating to our correspondents, that it is impossible for us to publish all their favours should they amount to thousands, as they really do; and though we announce the favours we have received, yet it is out of our power to publish even seven eighths of them.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For A P R I L, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

By a LADY.

"Be good, let heaven answer for the rest."

(Continued from Page 118.)

LETTER VI.

Lady BAB HARDWICK to the Hon. Mrs.
ASKEW.

I Once more take up my pen to assure dear Mrs. Askew that my will to amuse her is good, though my abilities are small; but I know she will accept the humble tribute; and however unsuccessful my attempts to entertain, will be satisfied in knowing it to be the only motive that could have prevailed on me to expose my inconsiderable share of literary talents.

We yesterday evening beat time to the enlivening sounds of the pipe and tabor. About six all the pretty maidens of the village, led by their rustic swains, tripped gaily up the avenue.— Lord Fitzwilliam, Sir John Elvin, and my brother, were ready in the hall to welcome them, and in a few minutes were joined by myself and sister. I

before mentioned our intention of appearing quite *en deshabille*, but it was entirely an unnecessary precaution, for the luxuries of dress are not less known in this obscure village, than in the gay metropolis. I was astonished to behold some of them, not moderately smart, but even fashionably elegant. The linen gown, and neat round cap, no more distinguish the farmer's daughter from the lady of the manor: curls, pads, and cushions are now the property of all whose finances will permit the purchase; and our country damsels walk with heads as high as town-bred belles.

My brother picked from the group a pretty girl, but forward. She appeared but little intimidated at the honour done her, and proud of her superior charms, cast a smile of triumph on her humbler friends. Lady Mary danced with the Baronet, myself with the sober, serious Orlando: what then remained for the rest of the lasses, but to content themselves with partners in their proper sphere? It was what they were constrained to, though sore against their will; and whatever might be their sentiments, none thought it prudent to express dissatisfaction.

We danced until half past ten, and then retired to partake of a cold collation. His lordship had ordered separate tables, but I insisted that we all refreshed ourselves at one, and taking my seat among them, distributed a

round me the produce of the store-room, and by the powers of familiarity, encouraged them to eat. During our repast, my eyes were insensibly attracted by one of the sweetest figures that ever graced the sylvan scene.—The girls were most of them so shewy in their dress, that the lovely Ella had before escaped my notice; and then, as if conscious of her inferiority, shrunk from my penetrating glance.—A clean white gown, and neat round cap, tied with a laylock ribbon, were all her ornaments: but she needed none: nature had been too bountiful to render necessary the aid of art.—How different are our tastes, thought I! Had I been Moreton, the simple graces of that blushing innocent would have determined my choice a thousand times sooner than the flighty lass to whom he gave his hand. I believe my partner was of the same opinion, for I often caught him gazing on her beautiful features, and conscious that admiration may quickly make its passage from the eye into the bosom, I proposed renewing our amusement. I had the mortification, however, to find his lordship dull, absent; sometimes apparently displeased; and during the remainder of the evening, perfectly inattentive to my lively sallies. Had it been my brother, I should have trembled for the fate of the pretty rustic; but from a man of Lord Fitzwilliam's disposition she has nought to fear.—How much, Madam, do I pity those lovely innocents, whose uncultivated minds render them a prey to every seducer!—They know no other guide than nature: reason and reflection points not out to them the dangers that attend on humble beauty. The insidious praises of their superiors are received with complacency and unsuspecting smiles: they believe it impossible to compensate the extreme condescension, and in efforts to be grateful, forget to be respectable. Could I form any plausible excuse for gaining a further intimacy with my little favourite, I would teach her that poison lurks in every compliment her beauty may extort; that she can, with safety,

listen only to those whose sphere of life are lowly as her own; and that misery as assuredly attends on vice, as does happiness on virtue. I know not why, but I really feel myself strangely interested in her fate. Were I of the other sex, the cause would then be obvious; but as it is, the emotion surely must be laudable.

We were this morning chatting on the amusement of the preceding day. My brother, enraptured with his lively partner, declared he could discern no attractions in any of the other damsels.—“What! none in the blooming Ella?” exclaimed I. “Sure, Harry, you must be much infatuated with that forward girl, not to have discovered superior beauties in her modest friend.”

“Every one to their taste, Bab: mine leads me to prefer animated charms to still life. I do not know a woman in the world that would better suit my temper (as a mistress) than Kitty Tasty.”

“Fye! fye, Moreton!” cries Lord Fitzwilliam. “Surely those are not your real sentiments!—Remember I am the patron of the village; my tenants are my children: to attempt to undermine the virtue of any part of their families, would be an affront I could not pardon even in a brother.—The girl appears open to your arts, because spoilt by the modern refinements of a boarding-school education; but on that place not your dependence: tho' much pains has been taken to plant in her heart the seeds of folly, those of virtue may have taken deeper root. If you have formed any designs unfavourable to her honour, let me prevail on you to forget them. The world affords a sufficient field for vice: I would wish it here unknown unless by name. Excuse the gravity of this address: it is a subject on which I feel myself greatly interested. If I give invitations to the children of my tenants, and my most particular friend, under the cover of condescension, takes an opportunity of seducing one of them from the paths of innocence and duty, will not the world and her parents nat-
urally

turally suppose me an abettor in the scheme?"

"Upon my soul, Orlando, you argue well; but take care to preserve your game, and leave the girls to chance. If you take upon you the guardianship of virtue, it will (take my word for it) be a task of which you will never satisfactorily acquit yourself. If women will be seduced, who can they blame?—But come, let us call another subject."

Lady Mary, ever partial to her brother's foibles, immediately gave a different turn to the discourse, by wishing to give a peep at the new improvements. Our works were instantaneously thrown aside, and forgetting what had passed, we sociably tripped towards the park. In our return we traversed one of those hanging woods which shelter this ancient mansion from the rude blasts of Boreas, and leaving our gentlemen to inspect the workmen, walked leisurely through a little copse contiguous to the house. My sister declaring herself tired, we seated ourselves under the shade of a spreading beech, and taking out a volume of Madame de Maintenon's letters, I began reading a passage that my mama had often remarked for the peculiar beauties of its diction.

Just as I was in the middle of the page, Lady Mary, jumping from the bank, ran to the opposite walk.

"A billet-doux, Bab, or something nearly as valuable!—From my seat I could discern it to be a female hand. Come, away with your book, and read to me this tender scrawl."

I took the paper from her hand, and perceiving it to be the fragment of a letter, wanted no intreaties to give a nearer peep at its contents.—"Lord Moreton" were the first words that caught my eyes.

"An epistle from some of our brother's dearies, Mary: I much doubt whether it be worth the trouble of perusing."

"Teazing girl!—Read, read—you know I am expiring with curiosity."

"I must congratulate you, dear Kitty, on your noble conquest; and let me tell you I also much envy you. Lord

Moreton, I have been told, is a very handsome gentleman, and then 'tis such a pretty name, that were he even only a plain 'squire, Mrs. Moreton would sound a thousand times better than Miss Taft. How the neighbourhood will be surprised when it comes to be publicly known that his lordship addresses you! (for address you he certainly will, take my word for it.)—I long much to know whether he will dance with you at the ball: if he does, there is no doubt of his being truly smitten; and I know my dear girl too well, to think she will neglect so fine an opportunity of making her fortune, by affecting ill-timed prudery. No, Kitty; whatever you do, take care that he shall know himself preferred to all mankind. Consider, our superiors are not to be trifled with. Lord Moreton would scorn to share the heart which every country booby thought himself worthy of possessing. Keep all but him at humble distance, and him listen to on none but honourable terms. If he supposes you to be gained at a cheaper rate, to affect a little coolness would not be amiss. Remember a title is worth contending for, and by prudent management may not be difficult to attain."

Here the fragment ended, and the gentlemen joining us, we had no opportunity of commenting on its contents. Poor Miss Taft!—I fear thy parents, by their modern notions, have destined thee to be fashionably wretched!—Lord Moreton is my brother, but the ties of nature blind me not to his follies. All the persuasions in the world would not be sufficient to deter him from a favourite pursuit. If he is seriously bent on her seduction, and the simple girl encourages his passion, no power on earth can save her from his wiles. I was almost determined to mention this little discovery to Lord Fitzwilliam, but my sister offered so many arguments to dissuade me from it, that I, at length, gave up the point, but am still of opinion that it would be most prudent to make him a sharer of the secret. He might, perhaps, prevail on the farmer to keep a watch-
ful

ful eye over his daughter's conduct, and if he cannot alter her sentiments, at least prevent her sinking into infamy. The girl at present, I make no doubt, thinks herself certain of becoming Lady Moreton; but with disposition spoilt, and temper volatile as her's, is it not more than probable she will consent to be a nominal one, rather than lose her lover?

I should be sorry to see my brother enter into an imprudent marriage, but much more so to know him the betrayer of innocence. Could I but think as lightly of fashionable vices as my sister, I should escape a large share of mental pain; but the serious, sentimental plan on which I received my education, though it has not deprived me of vivacity, has taught me to detest vice, and revere virtue. I abhor the general conduct of the other sex—despise the modern levities of my own. You have often, Madam, remarked the difference of our dispositions: can it be any longer subject of surprise, when I tell you that Lady Mary was educated under the eye of Lady Gaylove, myself under that of the most affectionate and most amiable of mothers. When her ladyship left England, my sister returned home; but all the prudent counsels she there received bore not half the influence over her mind as the more pernicious ones of our fashionable aunt, whom you know to be, in the true sense of the words, “a woman of the world.” When Ilament the libertine turn of Lord Moreton, she laughs at my gravity, says men will be men, and with the most provoking indifference, declares he has her best wishes for success in his amour.

“And do you really then, Mary, look upon seduction as such a trivial affair?” ask I, with a countenance that plainly speaks my disapprobation of her sentiments.

“I hardly know what you mean by seduction, Bab; but if the girl likes Harry, and he likes her, I see nothing so very shocking in the matter. Every body keeps a mistress: you would not, surely, wish him to be unlike other young men of quality.”

“No; Lord Fitzwilliam is an exception to your rule; and do you think him the less amiable, because he boasts no modern vices?”

“I think him now perfectly agreeable; but was his lordship a little more modernized, he would appear to more advantage. Philosophy may do well enough at fifty, but at two and twenty 'tis intolerable. You, for instance, are too wise, too wise in all conscience, Bab.”

Strange girl!—Thus, Madam, ends our arguments. I can neither persuade her ladyship to be more serious, or myself to adopt her giddy sentiments. We propose staying a fortnight longer at the Abbey. Our visit has now been extended far beyond the length we first proposed; but my brother appears in no hurry to return, and your persuasive nephew presses us to render it still longer. I comply, partly because I would have the pleasure of obliging them, and partly because inclination prompts me.—To-morrow you will receive some game, and the same vehicle will convey to you a little box, the contents of which I hope Mrs. Askew will do me the honour to accept: it is the work of my leisure hours since we have been here, and, indeed, all that I have done, for the fineness of the season tempts us to devote many hours to walking. They begin to think me long, must therefore hasten to subscribe myself,

Dear Madam,

Your most obedient,

B. HARDWICK.

(To be continued.)

C L A R I N D A;

OR,

THE UNEXPECTED RESCUE.

*Embellished with an elegant Copper-plate,
by an eminent Artist.*

TOO frequently the sex neglect the cultivation of their minds, to attend to the decoration of their persons;

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



*Clarinda,
or
The unexpected Rescue?*

sons; and too frequently do they, like the stag in the fable, glory in that which often endangers their virtue. Clarinda was one of those beautiful forms who was conscious of the superiority of her beauty, and thought herself born to tyrannize over the men. The circle of her admirers increased every day, and the happy votaries enjoyed the sunshine of her smiles without discrimination. As they were equally rewarded for their attentions, they continued their addresses, in expectation that time would induce her to make a selection, and to give her hand to one of the expectant throng. Clarinda had sense enough to penetrate into their thoughts. She therefore strove to avoid every degree of partiality, and was rather more free in bestowing her smiles than she had been.

Amidst these halcyon days of beautiful tyranny, a black cloud intervened, which darkened all her prospect of happiness. The heart which had hitherto withstood the attack of adulation, of wit, of learning, was found to be *not* impregnable. One whom she least dreaded, seemed most to be dreaded among the circle of her suitors. Fearing him the least, she guarded the least against his advances, and by too much security contributed to his triumph.

Florio, the victorious lover, was vain, insidious, and seemingly phlegmatic. He had been disappointed in his first love, and therefore vowed to wreak his revenge on the whole sex. As the conquest of Clarinda was a difficult enterprise, he thought that the greatest glory would attend his success. He seemed to enjoy every favour that Clarinda shewed him in the same manner as the rest of the group, but in his addresses shewed less warmth, less feelings than others.

Clarinda perceived his coldness, and exerted herself to secure his heart, but the pretended distinction by growing habitual, became at last a real one. Florio perceived the happy train in which his affairs were, and was determined not to accelerate their crisis,

but to wait for it. Clarinda was rather chagrined at the slow progress she had made in the siege of his heart, and would have raised it—but alas! it was not in her power to do so. Florio was no stranger to her *embarras*, and while she was struggling to escape him, came forwards to secure her captivity.

One evening a sigh escaped Clarinda, in the midst of a conversation which she indulged him with; Florio thought this a signal to begin the attack; his avowal of love met with a better reception than he could have expected, though it was allayed with the coyness of female vanity.

Encouraged by his success, he still continued his addresses, till at last he came to the important question. Clarinda having lost both her parents in her infancy, was under the care of an aunt, her mother's sister; and being a minor could not bestow her hand without the consent of her guardian. She informed Florio of these circumstances, who without the least hesitation, undertook to represent their mutual affection to her aunt, and demand her patronage.

Clarinda's aunt was no stranger to the intercourse between Florio and her niece; and knowing the importance of the charge she had undertaken, had enquired into Florio's character, that she might not join her niece for ever with one who should prove unworthy of her, or be likely to make her unhappy. The result of her enquiries was such, that she concluded never to consent to Clarinda's alliance with Florio.

Florio, as he had promised, applied to Clarinda's aunt, who gave him a peremptory denial, adding, that as he found his addresses to her niece would be of no effect, she would be glad if he would decline them.

Florio was astonished at a reception so contrary to his expectations, but was determined not to give up a pursuit which he thought might be successful. He opened his battery upon a weaker part of the citadel, and used all his art to persuade Clarinda to consent to marry him without her aunt's consent,

consent, and for that purpose proposed a fashionable trip to Scotland.

The suggestion on the first blush awakened Clarinda's fears; the step seemed to be a bold one; the dangers it teemed with were alarming. She begged leave to consider, but at last consented, and the day of elopement was fixed upon.

In the interval Florio, at a drinking bout, quarrelled with one of the company, fought a duel, and died by the sword of his antagonist.

On his being carried home, a paper was found in his pocket, superscribed "Proposals to Clarinda," containing offers of a settlement, and a positive disclaiming of matrimony. His valet having no small regard for Clarinda, went immediately to her aunt and delivered the writing to her. Shocked at the deep laid scene of villainy, she shewed the flagitious proposals to her niece, who received the eclaireissement with all that shame, horror, and compunction that was due to her temerity.

The rescue was entirely providential, for the elopement was to have been the next day; and the arrangements were so well concerted that nothing could have prevented it, but such an unforeseen, I will not call it *accident*, such an unforeseen interposition.

R——.

QUERIES addressed to the MATRON.

MADAM,

AS you have given so many instances of your unbounded goodness, by communicating your advice when requested, I am emboldened to submit to your consideration the following queries, which I flatter myself you will not fail to solve to my utmost satisfaction.

Query I.—What period of life is most eligible for persons of either sex to enter into matrimonial connexions? Many of the fair sex join hands at the altar of Hymen before they reach

their sixteenth year, and frequently ere nature is come to maturity. Is not this by far too soon?—Many postpone the laudable ceremony till they are fifty or sixty years old, when they can no longer relish happiness in any scene whatever, and stand tottering on the verge of life's narrow bounds. Is not this by far too late? Speak, Madam, I beseech you.

Query II. Where there are great inequalities with respect to the age of married couples, as it frequently happens, can there be expected perfect connubial felicity? Summer and winter, in my opinion, are not more different than youth and age are averse to each other.

Query III. Contrary to the modern custom of ladies of fashion, do not you think it indispensibly necessary for mothers, of every denomination, to suckle their own children?—Is it not more healthful to the child, and doth not nature strongly plead for it?

Query IV. As the majority of the male sex are so much addicted to flattery and false promises, by what criterion can a lady discover whether a man's pretensions be real and unfeigned?

Your speedy answer is most earnestly requested by,

Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

A WILTSHIRE CORRESPONDENT.

A C A R D.

ELIZA L—g is infinitely obliged to Juvenis for the honour he has done her in solving some of her queries, and hopes the same worthy gentleman will be so kind as to perform his promise, with respect to the rest, in some future Magazine.

THE

THE MATRON.

By Mrs GREY.

NUMBER LXXXII.

EUDOCIA's letter is so well written, that it is justly entitled to the Matron's attention as an epistolary composition; and her situation is too critical not to be immediately considered by one who is ever ready to give advice to her own sex upon every occasion, who feels herself very much interested in favour of her new correspondent.

To Mrs. GREY.

"Madam,

"I have long been a reader of the Lady's Magazine: Mrs. Grey's numbers always pleased me; her principles, her elegance always give delight: my situation claims the candid counsel of a disinterested, a judicious person.—Had my parents lived, I should not have been reduced to the necessity of requiring of a stranger what a tender mother would at once have determined.

"My parents left me, when young, to the wide world, with nothing but a genteel education, and the gifts of nature to befriend me. An aunt took me into her family; she has been a second mother to me, but has often told me, when she dies, my hopes go with her. She is now in a deep decay. What can I do? I am not fit to struggle in the world. Her family have always looked upon me as an intruder: they will rejoice at my distress. I became acquainted with a young lady, gay, agreeable, but thoughtless; through her means I met with an offer from the stage. My person is tall, above the common size; my face shewy, not regularly handsome; a good voice and memory. My principles lead me towards tragedy: the liberties taken in modern comedies not suiting the delicacy of sentiments ingrafted in my infant heart. I am sensible of the infamy which sometimes attends the stage, but may not an actress be strictly virtuous?—Mrs. Grey's instructive pen

will, I make no doubt, give me satisfaction: but be not too severe on an unexperienced girl of nineteen, the Matron's great admirer,

EUDOCIA."

Having thoroughly considered the nature of Eudocia's request in the above letter, I confess I feel myself not equal to the task of directing a fine accomplished young woman of nineteen, ready to be thrown upon the world, how to proceed; or what steps to take. The stage, I am convinced, has to those females who, in certain situations, are qualified to make a figure upon it, a very tempting appearance. The profession of a popular actress is, I will allow, lucrative; but I must, at the same time, declare, that I do not think her occupation eligible. Many women indeed, in this line of life, have gained both fame and fortune with reputation; yet I cannot help looking upon the young female in all her glory, from her personal allurements, and professional talents, in a perilous situation: for with the best resolutions which can possibly be formed, she may, in an unguarded moment, continually surrounded by the most powerful temptations, "set like stars that fall to rise no more." To a young female in Eudocia's circumstances, and with her accomplishments, deprived of the protection of her affectionate parents, and destitute of *real* friends, a theatrical life must, I think, prove particularly dangerous: I am, therefore, naturally led to wish that Eudocia would turn her thoughts to some other employment, more desirable, because more safe, as well as more honourable, though less advantageous considered in a pecuniary light. While I give my young correspondent this piece of advice, I would also guard her against too close an intimacy with the lady who was the cause of her having received theatrical overtures, as the sincerity of her friendship appears to me extremely questionable. Women, it is true, are sufficiently deceived every hour by men; but it is also certain, that women are perpetually deceiving each other:

ther: they should, of course, form no violent attachments with their own sex, without having the strongest proofs of their being *really* what they avow themselves to be—*sincere friends*. For want of this cautionary conduct, and from placing too much confidence in the language of the lips, the weak and the unwary, the precipitate and the credulous, are deceived, embarrassed, undermined, betrayed. But to return to Eudocia, if she is sufficiently convinced of her friend's sincerity, if she has no reason to suspect her of harbouring any designs against her peace, by urging her to a profession which proves so frequently destructive of female honour; if she firmly believes she can preserve her virtue unfulled in the midst of the most vicious connections, and rise superior to the neglect and contempt of those among her relations and acquaintance, who cannot bring themselves to suppose the woman very nice in her ideas of virtue who goes upon the stage, I have nothing to say in opposition to the offers she has received. I am by no means inclined to express myself with a reprobating severity against a profession, in which many women have certainly kept their characters; and therefore sincerely wish Eudocia all possible success in every scene in which she may appear: and while she *acts* her part on the stage of life with propriety, she will not, in the eyes of the candid, the liberal, and the unprejudiced, be deemed unworthy of their esteem, because she makes an occasional appearance in fictitious characters upon advantageous terms.—These are my sentiments with regard to Eudocia's situation, and I shall be very glad to hear what effect they have on her.

Agreeably to the request of J. T—, Mrs. Grey gives his letter to the public; she has, however, taken the liberty of expunging the first of the introductory words, which can only be used with propriety to a *parent* or a *patron*; though Madam is sufficiently respectful to the *latter*, without the adjective *honoured* prefixed to it.

To Mrs. GREY.

“ Madam,

“ Your usual readiness to comply with the requests of innumerable correspondents, and likewise the advantage that they have undoubtedly reaped from your instructive pen, through the channel of your most agreeable and instructive Magazines, have induced me humbly to solicit your advice in a case of the greatest consequence (to me); and as your daily compliance with the importunities of the male, as well as the more lovely part of the creation, renders your incomparable productions still more agreeable, and of greater utility to the world than if they were merely confined to the fair sex only, has given me reason to hope this my first petition may not seem unworthy your notice, but may, as many others have done, receive your timely and salutary advice.

“ I shall wind up the thread of my narrative, Madam, with all the brevity possible, and begin my very much to be pitied case, from its first commencement.

“ You must know, Madam, I was induced by an acquaintance to accompany him on a journey to visit a relation of his about half a dozen miles from the place where I now reside, where, on our arrival, we had the satisfaction to meet with two young ladies, whose company, the longer we enjoyed, the more agreeable, I believe, it seemed to us, and I am certain each of us returned highly satisfied with this *first* acquaintance. I have frequently visited the younger of these ladies (for you must understand they are sisters) for more than a year, but can receive no further assurance of her regard than what she calls *friendship*.—In the former part of our proceedings, I wrote several letters to her, and received answers loaded with *friendship*, but that she had no thoughts of matrimony. She repeatedly assures me that she prefers my company to all my sex, and shall always be glad to see me in a *friendly* way. Now, Madam, this

is

is the only woman in the world I would engage as a partner for life, and with whom only I could be completely happy : how to construe these *friendly* answers I own myself entirely at a loss, and totally ignorant how to proceed, till you condescend to give me your advice, which will, I doubt not, be suitable to my circumstances, and will, I hope, have its proper effect.

I am,

Worthy Madam,

Yours, &c.

J— T—.”

When a lady has positively declared that she has no thoughts of marriage, and chuses to confine herself to *friendship* alone, I do not see how a gentleman can oblige her to alter her sentiments. Still, however, he has this consolation remaining, that as friendship with woman is sister to love, he may venture to conclude that friendship with man is of the same nature, and consequently entertain hopes of succeeding agreeably to his wishes ; especially as the lady in question has been kind enough to tell him, repeatedly, that she *prefers his company* to all the rest of his sex. All things considered, therefore, J. T. has nothing to do but to continue his correspondence with her, to see her as often as possible, and to endeavour, by every method in his power, to improve and strengthen her *friendship*, so that he may ripen it into a more tender passion.

(To be continued.)

HISTOIRE D'EMILIE.

(Continued from Page 125.)

SUR je ne fai quel titre & sur de fausses consultations, il se crut en droit de réclamer une grande partie de la terre du Baron. Il se déclara d'abord, à ce sujet, par des menaces, & ensuite par les plus vives poursuites. — Ce qui le fortifioit dans ses demandes étoit une suppression furtive, qu'il a-

voit faite autrefois de quelques papiers. Il avoit trouvé des gens qui lui en avoient fabriqué de favorables à ses prétensions ; & il n'en falloit pas d'avantage pour le porter à toutes les extrémités.

Si Monf. & Madame de Vieuxbois eussent attendu jusques là à reconnoître l'indignité du choix qu'ils avoient fait. Une telle démarche étoit bien capable de faire naître le repentir. — Rien n'est égal à l'embarras où ils se trouvèrent des que leur joindre leur eut fait signifier ses intentions. Il falloit des sommes considérables pour soutenir leurs droits, & quelqu'appuyés qu'ils fussent sur la justice de leur cause, les frais, les embarras d'un procès, & les justes inquietudes que le meilleur droit est dans le cas d'avoir au sujet de la décision, repandirent un nouveau degré d'amertume sur la fin de leurs jour. Ils eurent beau écrire au Marquis de toutes les manieres ; ils eurent beau lui représenter, avec ménagement, tout les maux qu'il lui avoit déjà causés : ils ne purent rien gagner sur un cœur, que l'avidité, le besoin & l'iniquité excitoient aux plus noirs procédés. Il fallut donc prendre d'autre mesures pour arreter ses prétensions, ils trouvèrent des amis qui s'intéressèrent pour eux, & le Marquis n'eut que la honte d'avoir employé les plus indignes fourberies pour achever de ruiner ceux, donc il auroit du respecter la vieillesse & la modique fortune.

Ce succès en leur rendant la tranquillité sur ce qu'ils possédoient, leur prepara de nouveaux chagrins. Rochebrute, furieux de se voir privé du fruit de ses esperances, & d'avoir consumé à d'indignes poursuites le peu d'argent, qui lui restoit, ne menagea plus rien.

Tout sa conduite ne devint plus qu'opprobre & indignité, & pour mettre le comble à tout ce qu'il avoit déjà fait, il en vint jusqu'à fabriquer de faux billets, de fausses lettres de change, pour extorquer de quoi fournir à ses déréglemens. On decouvrit sans peine la fausseté de tout. On le fit arrêter, & il vit en proie à des poursuites criminelles,

minelles, dont il ne pouvoit plus attendre que sa perte & la fin la plus ignominieuse.

Ce fut alors que la triste Emilie, apprenant dans sa retraite la situation où se trouvoit un mari qui alloit joindre l'opprobre d'une mort funeste à tous les mauvais traitemens qu'il lui avoit fait souffrir, se détermina avoir encore recours à ceux qui l'avoient déjà servie avec succès dans les autres rencontres facheuses où elle s'étoit trouvée.

Frémonville, le père, ne fut pas des derniers à s'intéresser pour elle. Il écrivit à son fils qui étoit pour lors à Paris, & dans un poste beaucoup plus considérable que lorsqu'il y parut pour la première fois. Il lui recommanda de se servir de tout d'un crédit & de celui de ses amis pour sauver au moins à Emilie le désespoir de voir périr son mari d'une manière qui l'auroit plongée, elle & sa fille, dans la plus affreuse humiliation. Le bon père n'avoit pas besoin d'employer aucune instance pour le déterminer agir dans cette occasion. Il ne négligea rien, & il fût si heureusement se servir de l'estime de toutes ses connoissances & de l'envie qu'on avoit de l'obliger, qu'il pouvoit raisonnablement se promettre dans une procédure où celui qu'il vouloit sauver étoit convaincu de tout. A sa sollicitation, on changea la peine infamante à laquelle Rochebrute devoit s'attendre, en un ordre qu'on envoya à sa famille de le faire renfermer pour le rest de ses jours, à condition qu'on rembourseroit tout ce qu'il avoit fraudé.

GERTRUDE.

(*To be continued.*)

Whether FEMALE GENIUS is equal to that of the MALE.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

WHEN I advanced the subject about the mental faculties of the sexes, I flattered myself that with the assistance I might receive from the

sex, our reasonings would prevail; but as I have had rather a scanty education, it cannot be supposed that I should be able, unsupported, to contend with the gentleman, who, no doubt, from the masterly manner in which he handles the subject, (page 151) has had a liberal one, I thank him nevertheless for his opinion on the question, but must confess that, notwithstanding he has treated the matter with so much candour, good sense, and seeming impartiality, he has not quite won me over to his opinion; I will therefore take courage, and assign my reasons for this diversity, not doubting but that your generous readers will make every just allowance to the female advocate. I thank this gentleman also, for having granted us the superiority in many valuable endowments, viz. the *virtues* of the heart, *patience*, *fortitude in adversity*, *humility*, and above all *constancy*; he might also have gone further, and credited us for *modesty*, *chastity*, and *temperance*, which on the part of our sex, I think it no arrogance to lay claim to: but these observations, rather leading us astray from the question, I will resume it.

The principal objection he urges against my opinion is, that the study of the *mathematics*, and discoveries in philosophy, are not calculated for our sex; and that he does not think a woman could be a Newton, because women have not that depth of reasoning, to discoveries in *philosophy*, *mathematics*, and *invention*, which the men have.—“The strength of the organs of men, and of their bodily powers, he says, fit them for the labour and fatigue necessary in those pursuits.”

That bodily powers, or a vigorous constitution, are necessary in discoveries of an intricate nature, is a doctrine I cannot subscribe to. The justly celebrated Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding *, says, “that the path to the study of the mathematics is very plain and easy in the beginning, and that by gentle degrees, and a continued chain of rea-

sonings, the pupil proceeds to the discovery and demonstration of truths, which appear at first sight beyond human capacity."

Mankind are too apt to throw obstacles in their own way, which were never designed to impede them in useful attainments, and because some things are not easily understood, they too frequently disclaim all searches after knowledge. They are also too much influenced by *custom*. 'Tis to that pernicious custom of neglecting the education of our sex, in the channel of exalted and more refined literature, added to an improper *diffidence*, which it is now high time to conquer, that has instilled into the sex, a total ignorance of their capacities, and occasioned thereby a resignation of the best, and most valuable part of their lives, to trivial avocations. To those chimerical obstacles, I attribute the inattention of the sex to those extensive and laudable pursuits, and not to their want of capacity. The same celebrated writer (Locke) after convincing us, by incontestible proofs of reason, that there is no such thing as innate ideas, has represented the mind to be as *white paper*, void of all characters without any ideas, and then asks, "whence comes it, by that vast store, which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it, with an almost endless variety?—Whence has it, says he, all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this the learned querist himself answered, in one word, from *experience*; in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself."

It is evident the sublime author of this essay, never meant to make, nor thought any distinction necessary to be made, between the understandings of the sexes: no doubt he considered the *genius* of the one, to be as fertile as the other, and alike susceptible of *improvement* and *cultivation*, even in those very abstruse and deep reasonings, which is the burthen of his theme; the very title denotes as much; for under the general appellation of *Human Understanding*, our sex is undoubtedly in-

cluded; and when he is treating of the faculties of the mind, and recommending the proper collection of ideas and inculcating the necessary instructions, to arrange them in the best manner, for the pursuit of *philosophical* knowledge, he certainly has our sex as much in view as the male; by which he puts us on an equal footing, and gives *each* sex a fair chance, indiscriminately, to ride on the wings of fame.

Surely then, our capacities might have found scope, in the literary and philosophical world, had not our parents neglected to survey the powers of our minds, and not have restrained a rising genius, in order to conform to the pernicious *customs* of the times, for no other reason, but because she wore *petticoats*. Our natural quickness of parts, vivacity and activity, instead of being an hindrance to *deep* reasoning, which my opponent has suggested would, I submit, materially assist us; for by a close application to abstruse and difficult researches, the mind and mental powers, are so rigidly engaged, and the organs so much expanded, as generally to occasion a depression of spirits, which would operate as a proper temperature, by infusing a mixture of serenity and solidity into our mental compositions, which would not only render us more agreeable, but enable us to make a progress in those deep studies, and that without endangering our health, constitution, or bodily vigour, which is well calculated to endure all the fatigues attendant on such pursuits.

As all knowledge is acquired by *experience*, and as no lady ever experienced an education similar to Sir Isaac Newton, nor studied the *mathematics*, *philosophy*, or the science of *astronomy*, with that avidity and perseverance, which he did, is it at all astonishing that a Newton should not have sprung up from our sex? Or that they have never been distinguished as the inventors of any of the arts and sciences? Surely not, Sir Isaac himself, without having been regularly trained up, under proper discipline, in the true principles of those sciences, (tho' possessed of a very

extraordinary genius) would never have shone with that uncommon lustre he now does.

These observations, in this crude manner, without regularity or order, I am emboldened to offer to your readers; and notwithstanding I still profess myself of opinion, that were our education equal to that of the men, that we should shine with equal lustre, not only as *writers* and *orators*, but in the *deepest* and most *abstruse* studies the mind of *man* is capable of; and altho' there are numerous instances of productions, which do infinite honour to the sex, some modern ones proving to a demonstration, that the female sex are not wanting in *invention*, but that their mental powers are well calculated for studies, which require the utmost attention, industry, perseverance, and patience, witness the theatrical productions of Mrs. Cowley and Miss Moore; yet I most cordially submit, and am ready to sacrifice my opinion to the decision of your impartial readers.

I thank my friend (page 125) for her kind interference and encouragement; I have already trespassed too much on your patience, and I fear on your readers too, to add any thing further—as to the hint she has submitted, I must defer it therefore to a future opportunity.

SUKEY FORESIGHT.

A Letter from a Mother to a Son, after a Visit paid him in D——shire.

YOU have now, my dear son, spent twelve months with your agreeable and amiable Fidelia. I was a pleasing witness of your mutual happiness, when I paid you a visit in D——shire. I think, and am happy to say your wife seems to be distinguished by the agreeable appellation of a domestic female, who seems to prefer home, and your felicity, to all the gay and flattering scenes of vanity abroad, where a number of seeming friends will offer themselves, which, if once called upon, will not care to ap-

pear, in the hour of distress, for your relief. It gives me a pleasure truly maternal to see you look upon this amiable woman of your choice, with the eyes of love and gratitude, and that the commands of the husband are lost in the tender endearments of the lover, except at these unhappy moments when passion gets the triumph over reason. And let me, my dear Charles, beg you to guard against this unhappy foible, as it may be attended with consequences that would give you the deepest regret; for people in those unguarded moments are too apt to say things, which, on reflection, are the farthest from their hearts; and one unkind word strikes a deeper wound in the bosom of some people than the repetition of a thousand would in the flinty hearts of others; and your amiable Fidelia seems to be one of the former, who is blessed with sensibility, which ought at all times to be in the bosom of the fair. It is with infinite pleasure that I am able to say that I think you the honest man, and hope such sentiments will be at all times the rule of your life. Your Fidelia, my dear, is of a religious turn: it was with pleasure inexpressible that I saw her steal from company to perform the duties of the closet; there to thank the Supreme Disposer of all Events for the mercies she has received, and to invoke the divine assistance in all the future undertakings of her life: and it gave me, my dear Charles, a truly maternal concern to find that you did not join with her in this important duty. Perhaps you will say I hope and think I do no wrong to any person, I am true, just and faithful to all whom I have connections with, and would not be guilty of a mean action to be possessed of a monarch's crown, and I attend on the publick worship: but, my dear Charles, think with your Fidelia, that there is a further duty required from all the sinful descendants of Adam, to allot some period of each day to address the omnipotent Deity, who is both good and great, by private prayer; and be assured that what we ask faithfully shall be obtained effectually.

fectually. Let Scripture plead, and reason confirm this unerring truth in your breast, that from this fountain flows every good, and from its grand influence every ill is averted; and when a person thus approaches his God in private, he may there lay forth his inmost thoughts, and his most pressing necessities, which perhaps the most perfect mortal on earth may not in public be able to do, as we have therefore a faithful mediator and friend in our blessed Redeemer, who pities the faults and foibles of man, and kindly gives an allowance for the frailties of human nature. May these sentiments, my dear Charles, sink deep in your heart, and have the desired effect, is the sincere and ardent wish of

Your affectionate mother,

DELIA V—.

A MELANCHOLY CHARACTER.

Taken from real Life.

"A prostitute by profession, oh heavens!"
STERNE.

ISABELLA Musgrove, daughter of a private gentleman in Scotland, came to London in her 17th year, on a visit to a relation in St. James's Street: she had not been there two months before she was taken particular notice of by a Captain Hambleton, of the Middlesex militia, which she soon discovered a desire to improve and encourage, against the advice of her best friends; in short she took every opportunity of letting him know how welcome his assiduities were, and the continuance of them would be to her. In about two months after she had made the above discovery, she eloped with the captain, and fell a wilful sacrifice to his artifice and passion: from that time to this she has been an obstinate and avowed advocate for the worst of crimes, lived in open violation of virtue, modesty and discretion, abandoned by her friends, despised by her

relations, and the dupe of a professed debauchee.

Oh Isabella, Isabella oh!

BOB SHORT.

P. S. According to the old proverb, "If there were no receivers, there would be no thieves," so it may be said, if there were no bad women there would be no bad men. Men may and do too often lay themselves out to seduce women; but the question remains to be answered, "are not women too frequently (by their dress, behaviour and imprudent conduct) the cause of their own ruin and destruction?" If a woman is not professedly immodest, why does she often affect the air, dress and behaviour of those who are?

N. B. "If you are not a thief don't act thief-like," is a good old proverb.

ROUSSEAU'S EMILIA.

A new Translation.

(Continued from Page 148.)

NO mother! no child—Their duties are reciprocal, and if they are not fulfilled on the one side, they will be neglected on the other. A child should love his mother before he knows it to be his duty. If the voice of nature is not strengthened by custom, and attention, it is extinguished almost in the beginning, and the heart in a manner dies before it is born.—Thus are we at our first onset—out of the course of nature.

People again go out of it by an opposite road, when instead of neglecting the cares of a mother, a woman carries them to excess: when she makes an idol of her child; when she augments and nourishes her weakness to hinder him from perceiving it; hoping to bring him up contrary to the laws of nature, she puts out of his way every little trifling inconvenience, without considering how many accumulated accidents and dangers she brings upon him, for the sake of preserving him from the uneasiness of a moment; and what a barbarous precaution it is to pre-

prolong the weakness of childhood under the fatigues of grown up men.

Thetis, to render her son invulnerable, plunged him (says the story) into the river Styx.—This allegory is beautiful and plain.—The cruel mothers of whom I am speaking act otherwise; by bringing up their children in effeminacy, they prepare them for sorrows, they open their senses to misfortunes of all kinds, to which they will be sure to become a prey when grown up.

Observe nature, and follow the tract which it marks out.—It continually exercises children; it hardens their constitutions by trials of all sorts: it teaches them early what sorrow and trouble is. The teeth which shoot forth, give them the fever; sharp cholicks give them convulsions; bad coughs choak them; the worms torment them; corrupt their blood; different things ferment, and cause dangerous breakings out—Almost the whole of infancy is disease and danger: half of the children that are born die before they are eight years old.

The trials being over, the child has gained strength, and as soon as he can be sensible of the use of life, the principle becomes more certain. This is the rule of nature; why should you oppose it?—Do not you see that by thinking to correct it, you destroy its work? you hinder the effects of its care?—To do without what it does within, is, in your opinion, to redouble the danger!—On the contrary, it is making a diversion; it is lessening it. Experience teaches us that more children delicately brought up die, than others that are not so. Provided that the measure of their strength is not exceeded, it is better to employ them than to let them be idle. Exercise them then in the business which they will one day have to follow; accustom their bodies to the intemperance of seasons, climates, and elements; to hunger, thirst, and fatigue; dip them in the waters of Styx. Before the habit of body is acquired, they may have given them that which is wanted; but when once it is arrived at its point,

all endeavours towards a change become dangerous.

A child will bear changes which a man could not do: the limbs of the former, being soft and pliant, take whatever situation is thought fit; those of men, more hardened, can only be changed by violence. A child may then become strong, without exposing his life or his health; and tho' there should be some risk, should any one hesitate?—Since these are risques inseparable from human life, can people do better than to let them fall upon that season of their duration when they are least hurtful?

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

WITH gratitude I acknowledge the very obliging address of your correspondent J—E—y, and would with pleasure have complied with her request, but think those awful and important topics, *Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell*, are so often and so eloquently discussed in the pulpit, that it would be impertinent for me to attempt any thing of the kind*.

A subject of so very serious a nature would not appear with propriety in a popular Magazine, adapted for the amusement of all; nor would it, I presume, have that impression on the readers as it ought. Miss E—y will, however, permit me to intimate, that I have already written a large volume of *Meditations and Contemplations* on that truly momentous and essential part of religion, *The Four last Things*. The work is now in great forwardness for the press, and will be published with all possible expedition.

I am, Sir,

Your and J—E—y's
Most humble servant,
J—E—y.

* That is in the manner desired by J. E.

The STORY of VETERONA.

By Mrs. ROWE.

O happy poverty! thou chiefest good
Bestow'd by heaven, but seldom understood.

AS the admired Lavinia was one day walking in the fields of P—, melancholy with the remembrance of late misfortunes, and disturbed with the prospect of future distress; after having wandered over flowery vallies, regardless of their beauties, and thro' tuneful woods, undelighted with their melody, she was observed by the companion of her retirement, to fix her eyes with unusual eagerness upon a cottage, built with turf, and covered with straw, which the interposition of a tall hedge had hindered them from seeing till they were almost at the door. Here Lavinia stood gazing at a sight unexpected and surprising; at length a sigh broke from her bosom, and soon after a sudden smile arose on her countenance, such as proceeds from a sense of ease, rather than of transport; such as accompanies not the emotions of triumphal gaiety, but the calm of unruffled quiet. This interval of cheerfulness soon gave way to another sigh, and that sigh was succeeded by a second smile; she then relapsed into a settled pensiveness, and taking her eyes off the cottage, turned homewards without speaking.

Her companion, whom the awe of superior accomplishments, as well as the fear of appearing disrespectful to the unfortunate, had hitherto kept silent, could no longer support the pain of unsatisfied curiosity.—“I hope, Madam,” said she, with an air timorous and irresolute, “you will favour my enquiry with a softer name than impertinence, if I confess my impatience to know the cause of that unusual perturbation which your looks discovered at the sight of yonder cottage.”—Here she stopped, but observing Lavinia, tho' still silent, yet not displeased, “If the sight of that solitary cot,” continued she, “awakened your remembrance to any poetical description of peaceful poverty, which

by its pleasing ideas alternately excited and soothed your melancholy, permit, Madam, an inferior understanding to remind you that nothing ought to affect us but what is real; nothing can be more unworthy an experienced mind, than to envy the possession, solicit the enjoyment, or languish for the want of imaginary happiness. These amusing images of felicity are no more than the blissful dreams of a luxuriant fancy. After a perusal of Cowley, I made a short rural excursion to visit those regions of gaiety, and trace the footsteps of Astrea; but how was I disappointed, when instead of serenity and content, I beheld nothing but gloomy and repining poverty, which claimed more my charity than my envy; every place appeared the haunt either of misery or wickedness. The little distinctions of dress and language made me treated either with a savage rudeness that deforms, or a creeping servility that debases human nature.—Soon weary of this dismal prospect, I returned affrighted and disgusted, and felt a thousand vicissitudes of horror and compassion. I give my dear Lavinia this account of my rambles, with a view of preserving *her* from one error, who has rescued *me* from so many, by recalling her attention from airy visions, which while they please us, it is impossible not to wish, and difficult not to believe real. But if my conjecture be ill grounded, and there be any more particular cause of your concern—”

The young lady was going on, when she was interrupted by the sudden approach of some ladies of the same family, who, like them, had been invited to walk by the coolness of the day.—Their conversation immediately grew too polite to be rational, and turned wholly upon trifling objects, till the bell called them to dinner.

After dinner, Lavinia, whose good sense did not suffer her to be much diverted with talk which had no meaning, or laughter without a jest, as soon as civility gave her leave, retired with her companion, who shewed that she had not forgot the request she made in

the morning, by taking occasion when they were private, of mentioning their walk, and the cottage they had met with; this was far from offending Lavinia, who being herself desirous of recollecting, and dwelling upon the pleasing scene, readily promised to gratify her favourite. At last, that they might not be disturbed by another visit from the triflers in the house, they withdrew into a wood, solitary, dark, and solemn, such as those in which the priests of old courted the inspiration of their fancied deities, and in which the philosopher still attends to the dictates of unclouded reason, and the poet pursues the thoughts of disencumbered fancy.

When they had seated themselves on a rising turf, at the foot of a tree, "Know, my dear Floretta," said Lavinia, "that in those woods, fields, and meadows I passed those years of my early life, which every one remembers with pleasure, either for their happiness or innocence; here I played serene and gladsome, without any other thought but of the present, and in my little roving paid frequent visits to the neighbouring cottagers. The regard they shewed to my superior circumstances, gave me, young as I was, such a degree of pleasure, as made me fond of conversing with them; and the little kindnesses which I could do them by my recommendation at home, made them desirous of entertaining me. Amongst these I contracted the greatest familiarity with Veterona, who lived at that little habitation which we stopped at in our morning walk. — She made, even then, so strong an impression upon me, that I remember distinctly all the particulars of her life, which either my observation or enquiry informed me of.

"She was a native of this village, and lived all her life here without any loose desire of seeking her fortune, or chimerical expectation of meeting with advancement in distant places. Being always averse from service, she had no borrowed vices, nor imitated follies; she was unacquainted with the false pleasures of luxury and expence, and what she knew nothing of, neither de-

fired nor envied. Her wants were the wants of nature. She had not habituated herself to falsehood, by flattering the vanity of a gaudy mistress, nor learned the art of shedding tears for trifles, or bearing insolence with an affected submission. But having thus escaped the general source of corruption, and at the same time excluded herself from all hopes of any assistance but that of Providence, she maintained herself by an honest and unwearied industry, free from distress, and above dependence.

"It is the right of every cottager to graze a cow on the adjoining common. This privilege was Veterona's estate. She had, before I knew her, purchased a cow, I suppose with what she had saved out of the wages of her daily labour. From her she was supplied with milk, butter, and cheese, part of which she lived on, and part she carried to the market.

"In a little garden close to her house she had a row of bee-hives, by which, when no other business called her away, she sat knitting with a heart easy, and face chearful. The hum of the active insects entertained her ear, and the example of their labour excited her industry. Thus what would have been wretchedness and poverty in the estimation of those who have been accustomed to fashionable life, was ease and affluence in the natural condition of humanity. The neatness and regularity of her house, unlike those which you were describing, and unusual in her station, made me then frequent it, and now make me remember it with great satisfaction; her furniture and utensils, of the cheapest sort, were always clean, and always in order; every thing about her seemed to be under the direction of prudence, and the smiles of heaven.

"When she rose in the morning, her devotions were her first employment; her earliest and purest thoughts were offered to her Creator, in a form of humble adoration. She then read a short portion of the holy scriptures with a sincere and earnest attention, not with a view of reconciling them to vice,

vice, or interpreting them in her own favour, but of regulating her behaviour by their unerring rules : nor till those duties were performed, did she suffer her mind to fix upon the business of the day. She then milked her cow, and made her cheese, after which she sat down by her bees, and except the little time spent in her meals, worked till evening. She never went far from home ; her longest journey, like that of the old man in your darling Cowley, was to the next market, where she sold the produce of her little dairy, received the price of her knitting, and bought what her own cow and garden did not afford her. At the close of the evening she again milked her cow, and concluded the day with reading and devotions, so far as we may presume to judge, not unheard, since offered by one who lived in the practice of all the duties that fell within her compass of action : devotion, which drew upon Veterona the eyes of those angelic beings, who look with contempt on pompous greatness, and turn away with abhorrence from prosperous wickedness, and opened to her those regions of eternal happiness, whither many, who now boast their ample fortunes, and extensive capacities, shall never arrive.

“ Thus was her life one uniform scene of innocence and piety ; not saddened by misfortune, nor varied by caprice ; she enjoyed a health scarce interrupted till the age of seventy, and then dying of a short illness, was found possessed of sixty pounds, which she had laid up, that when she should be able to work no longer, she might not subsist upon the labours of others.

“ Such was the inhabitant of that little cottage, a place more venerable than the splendid residence of sloth and luxury. When we sit in this solitude, out of sight of men, and unbiassed by their customs, when we are not afraid of being ridiculed by wit, or wondered at by folly, is it possible to doubt a moment which to prefer ? Can rational beings put weeks, months, and years, trifled away in unimproving talk, idle visits, and empty amusements, in com-

petition with Veterona’s useful labours ?—But if we look farther into the conduct of those who stand in higher life, and add their vices to their follies ; if with the time lost in thoughtless diversions, we reckon that which is wasted by unlawful passions, in ambitious pursuits, or criminal amours ; if we reflect on the allurements to wickedness, and discouragements from virtue, we shall be still more convinced of the happiness of obscurity. It is certain that with whatever contempt we may now look on so narrow a circle of life, most of us will, at a time when we shall think most justly, wish to have been confined to it.

“ You will now no longer wonder, my Floretta, that as I was walking oppressed with the weight of my own misfortunes, I could not forbear some emotion, when the sight of her cottage placed before my eyes the happy life and peaceful death of the contented, the industrious, the innocent Veterona.”

THE EXTRAORDINARY WIFE.

From MARMONTEL.

A new Translation.

By LOUISA D’ARGENT.

(Continued from Page 141.)

HER notary, on his arrival, found that within four and twenty hours she had saved a great part of her revenue by parsimony, and had discharged a great number of debts.—“ You have,” said he, “ began well ; œconomy is, of all resources, the most sure, and the most certain. We may, by means of that acquire, in a short time, what has been squandered in dissipation.”

During their conversation, Melidor was grieved at seeing his house stripped. “ Dear Sir,” said she, “ comfort yourself, I retrench nothing but unneccessaries.”—But he regarded only what the world might say of it, and

the disgrace of a decline in his circumstances. He retired in consternation, leaving Acilia and the notary together.

A young woman has a prodigious advantage in transacting business. Besides inspiring what may be called hope, and the desire of obliging, she engages with a degree of facility which men have not for one another. Nature carries on a secret intelligence between the two sexes; obstacles disappear, and every thing tends to conciliation; and though men treat each other as enemies, when a woman is concerned, every one is glad to treat her as a friend. Acilia experienced the truth of this remark more than once, and her notary exerted a zeal and an affection in serving her, which he would not have shewn to her husband.

“Madam,” said he to her, “in making the balance of Melidor’s personal estate with his debts, I find there is enough to discharge them; but when goods are sold in a hurry, they generally are sold too cheap. Supposing his effects were replevined; they may be worth two hundred thousand *golden crowns*, or more; and if you will be security for him, it is not impossible to reduce the number of his ruinous and clamorous debts to a small number of articles, that are more simple, and less burthensome.”—“Do so,” replied Acilia; “I give my consent entirely; I will be security for my husband: but he must not know it.” The notary shewed great discretion, and Acilia was empowered to contract in the name of Melidor.

The latter was sincere with respect to all particulars excepting one, which he durst not acquaint his wife with.—At night Acilia hearing him groan, endeavoured to comfort him by her tenderness. “You do not know all,” said he, and these words were followed by a profound silence. Acilia pressed him in vain: shame choaked his words. “What is the matter?” said she—“Have you any troubles that you dare not confide to me?—Have you a more tender, more sure, more indul-

gent friend in the world than I am?” “The greater claim you have for my esteem,” replied Melidor, “the more I ought to blush at the avowal which I ought to make to you. You have heard mention made of Eleonora the courtesan—What can I say?—She has bills from me to the value of fifty thousand crowns.”—Acilia saw with joy the probability of regaining the affections of her husband.—“It were unseasonable to reproach you for a weakness which you are ashamed of, and to which my dissipation might have contributed. Let us repair and forget our faults: this is far from being without remedy.”

Melidor could not conceive how a woman, who had been till then quite thoughtless, should on a sudden have acquired so much discretion. Acilia was not less surprised to find that a man of so much haughtiness and vanity, should on a sudden become so humble. “Is it not a happiness for us,” said each of them to the other, that we have fallen into misfortunes?”

The next day Acilia, after mature deliberation, went to Eleonora’s house. “Do you know,” said she to her, “who it is that pays you this visit? It is a rival!” and without further circumlocution she told her her name.—“Madam,” said Eleonora, “I blush at the honour you have done me. I know that I have injured you; but my condition is my excuse. Melidor is the person to be blamed; but in looking upon you, I cannot help blaming him myself: he is more unjust than I thought he was.”

“Miss,” said Acilia, “I complain of neither of you: it is the punishment of an extravagant wife to have a libertine husband; and I have at least the pleasure to find that Melidor has shewn some delicacy in his taste. You do not want for understanding, nor the decent air and those graces which were designed to set off virtue.”

“You are too indulgent, Madam, and that proves what I have frequently been told, that the most virtuous women are not those who make us the least allowances. As they have nothing

thing to envy us for, they have the goodness to pity us. Those who are like ourselves are far more unmerciful; they tear us to pieces even at the very instant in which they imitate us."

"I beg you would give me your attention," resumed Acilia, who wanted to lead her to the design of her visit. "What is most blameable in persons of your condition, is not the weakness which so many of the sex ought to blush at, but a passion still more odious. The warmth of age, the taste for pleasures, the charms of voluptuous and uncontrouled life, sometimes even sensibility, for I believe you are susceptible of it, all this may be excusable; but by renouncing the virtue of the sex, you are thereby under greater obligations of retaining that of a man, and is there any degree of honour which we would renounce?"—"No, certainly."

"Then tell me, would your honour suffer you to abuse the intoxication or infatuation of a lover so far, as to receive foolish engagements from him which would ruin his family?—Melidor, for example, has given you bills for fifty thousand crowns; do you know the consequence of it, and how justly one might exclaim against, and endeavour to set aside such a seduction?"

"Madam," answered Eleonora, "it was a voluntary gift, and M. Duranfon can witness that I refused a great deal more."—"Do you know Duranfon?"—"Yes, Madam; it was he who introduced Melidor to me; and I was glad to discharge him of his promises on that account."—"Very well; he has then transferred his debt to his friend?"—"He told me so, and I thought that Melidor approved of it: at least Melidor was at his own liberty. I have nothing of his but what he has given me; and I believe nothing can be gained more fairly."

"You believe!—but would you believe so if you were the person that was plundered?—Put yourself in the place of a mistress of a family, whose husband had ruined himself in this man-

ner; who is on the point of seeing himself disgraced, persecuted, driven from his possessions, deprived of his estate, forced to hide himself, and to leave his wife and children a prey to shame and grief; be for one moment that sensible and afflicted woman, and judge yourself in that condition. What would you not do, Miss? You would certainly have recourse to the laws, the guardians of our morals. Your complaints and your tears would remonstrate against the odious surprise, and the voice of nature, as well as equity, would stir themselves in your behalf. Yes, Miss, the laws are very rigorous against poison, and the gift of pleasing is of that kind, when a bad use is made of it. It does not attack our lives; but it attacks our reason and honour; and if in the intoxication it effects, one obtains extravagant sacrifices from a man. What you call in the milder terms of *free gifts*, are no better than robberies.—This is what another person might say; perhaps what you would say yourself were you in my place. But I am not so rigorous. Something is due to you; I came to pay you, but in an honourable, not a foolish way. It is six months since Melidor has had an attachment for you, and if you were to have a thousand *louis*, you must confess it to be generous."—Eleonora being both melted and abashed, durst not refuse the offer. She took Melidor's bills, and followed Acilia to the Notary's.

"Would not you chuse rather," said Acilia to her, when she came there, "an annuity of an hundred *louis*, than that sum, which would be soon squandered away if it were in your hands? The way to detach ourselves from vice, my dear, is to raise ourselves beyond want; and I have some hopes that the day will come when you will be glad to have it in your power to be virtuous."

Eleonora kissed Acilia's hand, and shedding some tears, "Ah! Madam," said she, "how amiable and affecting virtue appears in your behaviour. If

I shall

I shall have the happiness of returning to it, my heart must be indebted to you for its return."

The notary, charmed with Acilia, informed her that the two hundred thousand crowns were in his hands, and that he waited for her orders. She took her leave overwhelmed with joy, and on seeing Melidor, "There are your *billets-doux*," said she; "it was with difficulty that they were recovered: pray do not write such tender ones again."

Friend Duranson was present, and from the melancholy air of Melidor, she saw that he had made him ashamed of submitting to his wife. "You receive them with great coldness," said she, "though they come from so dear a hand."—"Madam, would you have me glad to be the common talk of every one in Paris? They speak of nothing but my ruin; and you make it so public, that even my friends cannot disavow it."—"Your friends then, Sir, have some means of preventing it, without making a noise?—They are come evidently to offer you their credit and good offices.—M. Duranson, for example—" "I, Madam! I can do nothing: but I am of opinion it were easy to find resources, without a disgraceful clamour."—"Yes, such resources which make none at all. My husband has recurred to them only too often: you know that better than any one else. With respect to the disgrace which you attach to the knowledge of our misfortunes, I know how great your delicacy is; and I esteem it as I ought."—"Madam, I am a man of honour, and it is known I am."—"It ought to be known, because you tell all the world of it; but as Melidor will have no more amorous intrigues to carry on, your honour will be of no use to him."

Melidor, on hearing this, was all in flames, and told his wife that she insulted him in using his friend ill. She was going to continue, but resolving not to hear her, he retired in a passion, followed by Duranson.

Acilia was not discomposed, and leaving them to concert measures to-

gether, she applied herself to domestic affairs. Her son's tutor, after their failure, thought his employment below him, and said as much without the least reserve. He was discharged that very night, and his place was supplied by an *abbé* of great modesty, and sufficient learning, whom she begged to be their friend, and to model the morals of her eldest son.

Melidor, to whom Duranson had represented the submission he paid to his wife as the lowest humiliation, was shocked at hearing the tutor was discharged. "Yes, Sir," said she, "I have given my son a man of discretion instead of a clown, for his example and his guide; and I intend likewise to send away from you an insolent sycophant, who makes *you* pay for his pleasures."—"You know my faults: I confess them, and you may make them public. It is odious to make a handle of my misfortunes to tyrannize over me. No, Madam; my distress is not such as to reduce me to be your slave. It was your duty to enter into the security that I proposed to you; you have not done so; you are nothing to me, and your pains are useless. If I have deranged my affairs it was for you: the only remedy for my misfortune is to get rid of the cause of it, and we shall be separated to-morrow."

"No, Sir, it is too soon at present. In a short time you will enjoy a competent fortune in peace and without reproach: you will be free, easy, and happy. Then, after having restored your honour and repose, I shall see whether I must give place to the instruments of your ruin, and abandon you, as a punishment, at the brink of the abyss from whence I am going to rescue you. Till then we are inseparable, and my duty and your misfortune are sacred ties to me. To say no more, to-morrow you shall judge what the man is whom you prefer to me.—I will give you proofs of his perfidy to his face, and I will renounce your esteem if he dares disavow them."

Melidor, constrained by the generous firmness of Acilia, was distracted all night with despatch and gratitude:

but

but when he awoke, he received a letter which plunged him in despair. It informed him that nothing was talked of at court but his luxury, extravagance, and the misfortune which resulted from it; that every one was loud in blaming him, and that nothing less was in agitation than to oblige him to resign his place.—“Read,” said he, “read, Madam, and tremble at the state to which you have reduced me.—Ah! my friend, (said he to Duranfon, who had just come in) you told me so before. The noise with which she has acted disgraces me. They have taken away my estate, and my place from me!”

Duranfon pretended to be unable to support this news.—“Never fear,” said Acilia to him, “your credit is good. You will lose nothing but the usurious gain which you would squeeze out of your friend.—Yes, Melidor, you see in him our dreadful usurer, our lender on securities.”—“I, Madam?”—“Yes, Sir; even you, and the proof is in my hands. Here it is,” said she to her husband: “but this is not all: this *worthy* friend made you pay Eleonora for the favours which he had received from her: he tried to seduce your wife, by informing her of your amours; and he would likewise have ruined you under a fictitious name.”—“This is too much,” said Duranfon, and rose from his seat to go away.—“Only one word more,” resumed Acilia:—“you shall be unmasked within this hour, known both in the country and at court, and rendered infamous wherever you go, if you do not this very instant carry to my notary, where I shall wait for you, both the securities and the bills you have received from Melidor.”—Duranfon turned pale, was in great agitation, went away, and left Melidor confounded and motionless with indignation and astonishment.

“My dear, have courage,” said Acilia to her husband; “I will undertake to lay the storm. Adieu. It shall be appeased to-night.”

She applied to the notary, gave security, received the two hundred thou-

sand crowns, discharged his debts, cancelled the notes, beginning with those of Duranfon, which were prudently executed. After this she took a post-chaise, and without delay went to court.

The minister did not dissemble his discontent, nor the resolution that had been made to oblige Melidor to dispose of his place.—“I do not undertake to excuse him,” said she: “luxury is a folly in our situation, I know too well; but this folly was mine before it was my husband’s. His complaisance is his only fault, and, Sir, what would one not do for a wife whom one loves?—I was young, and handsome in his eyes; my husband consulted my wishes more than his abilities: he knew no fear, he knew no misfortune but that of displeasing me. This was his indiscretion; he has repaired it; he owes nothing but my fortune, and I make a sacrifice of it to him.”

“What! Madam,” cried the minister, “are you become his surety?”

“Pray, Sir, who ought to repair his misfortune but she who was the cause of it?—Yes, Sir, I am his surety; but I have gained by that concession the right of regulating his affairs, and securing the property of my children. Though Melidor be easy, yet he is honest. He knows not what I have done for him, and yet refuses not to give me full power to dispose of every thing. I have the management of the family, and every thing is already reduced to the most rigid economy. This, in one word, is what I have done, and what I design to do.” Then she entered into some details which the minister was glad to hear.

“But,” continued she, “the friendship, esteem, and confidence of my friend will be lost, if you should punish him for a fault which he ought to reproach me for, notwithstanding all I have done to efface it. You are just, sensible, humane, what would you punish him for?—For having been too fond of one half of himself? For having forgot and sacrificed himself for me?—I shall then become odious to him, and shall have reason to recal to the

the memory of my children the errors and the disgrace into which their mother shall have plunged him. Whom would you satisfy by punishing him? The public? Ah! Sir, one part of the public is envious and malicious, and does not deserve so much complaisance. With respect to that part which is impartial and just, leave it to us to give them a fight far more useful and affecting than our ruin. They shall see that a sensible woman can reclaim an honest husband, and that well-informed minds can find inexhaustible resources in constancy and virtue. Our reformation will become an example; and if it be honourable for us to set it, it will be glorious to follow it; when, on the contrary, if the punishment of an indiscretion, which hurts none but ourselves, should exceed the fault, and survive it, we may be, perhaps, disgraced without any good effect, and find ourselves miserable without being criminal."

(To be continued.)

To the MISTRESSES of DAY-SCHOOLS.

THE important business of education entrusted to your care, demands the utmost exertion of your abilities; and as it is a fact that few, if any of you, are equal to the great trust, you will, no doubt, be happy to receive the advice and instruction of a friend.

A day-school for girls, if properly regulated and managed, must be very advantageous to both mother and daughter; for every child should be as much as possible under the eye of the parent or guardian, that they may be preserved from evil companions, evil counsellors, but, above all, from indiscreet and impertinent servants.

The example of father and mother is of the greatest force to educate their children; the conduct, carriage, and behaviour of the school-mistress, and her mode of teaching is of the utmost importance to the child. In a well ordered day-school, the governess acts

for the mother, as the mother does for her at home: indeed the office of governess is reciprocal in them.

To constitute a proper day-school for girls, it is necessary there should be a plan formed; and the better to support the dignity of a school, I think they should be better paid. A school-mistress should have a good understanding, be mistress of elegance and politeness, for if she has not been well educated herself, children cannot receive any benefit from her instruction.

If children are neglected at school and at home, what can be expected from their education.

To proceed methodically, all girls schools should open at eight in the morning; and every scholar be in by nine, under a penalty. The governess, properly seated, always clean, and as genteely dressed as becomes her situation; scholars taught to enter the room with ease and gentility, and to approach the governess with the utmost respect and civility, and she should observe their walk, carriage, and cleanliness. Dirty children are as disgraceful to the school as they are to the parent, and I consider it a crime in a school-mistress to admit children whose parents will not observe order, civility, and cleanliness.

Having entered the school, they are to be ranged in their several classes, not crowded, holding up their heads in an easy posture, with a tray under the feet, for the use of such who turn their toes inward.

Thus situated, the business of the day begins, and an important concern it is, no less than laying the foundation-stone of our happiness or misery. They are to be taught to sound letters, to speak syllables, to read words, and as spelling is the art of reading, it is the duty of the mistress to teach them to spell perfectly, and to sound every word articulately. As soon as they can read, they should have different authors put into their hands, to prevent them from falling into a heavy, unfeeling monotony.

Many excellent little books are published, which greatly help the education,

tion, while it (without labour) instructs the child; every book should be read through at least twice, and they should be required to give an account of what it contained.

They should be taught their catechism, and it should be explained to them: it is not sufficient they know how many commandments there are; they must be told what they are. Many children will answer to the fifth commandment, yet pay no respect to their parents; that must proceed from bad education, in which the governess is exceeding blameable. A school-mistress must be strict, not cruel; an idle word or ill action should be considered by her as a very great offence. A wilful falsehood should be punished severely indeed, and for a second crime of that nature, the child expelled the school.

The day you commence governess, you bind yourself to the public to perform the duty of that office: if you are not paid equal to the business, do your duty, and be better paid. Sure I am no parent would refuse an addition to your pay, if they saw justice done to their child. More attention is paid to the needle than is immediately required: children should read and spell before they work, and at eleven years writing and arithmetic must not be neglected. French, music, and dancing, if taught at day-schools, it is the duty of the school-mistress to appoint men of character and judgment in their profession.

These rules observed, will, I hope, establish day-schools upon a reputable foundation, which is the hearty desire of a father of a large family.

EDWARD THOMAS.

The TREACHEROUS HUSBAND.

(Continued from VOL. X. page 642.)

THE Sovereign Ruler, who is witness of this cruel and treacherous procedure will not suffer him to come off with impunity. Though the sons of iniquity exult and triumph for a while; though for a season they may

act ingloriously, wallow in vice, and commit violence to their neighbour, yet the time will come when the furies shall rouse their sleeping consciences, and the crimes which they have committed shall start up and appear before them in all their hideous colours. The time will come when these villains, enemies to God and men, shall perish in their own wickedness, and be cut off from the earth.

Matilda, who was of an extreme delicate make, and of a tender, humane, susceptible disposition, could never recover from the shock. The audacious, unexpected, barefaced treachery of a friend, of a husband, in whom she placed the greatest confidence, to whom she was united by Hymen's soft bands, and loved with an enthusiastic ardour, wounded her so deeply, that she soon fell a victim to grief. Her constitution daily languished: her spirits, exhausted by excess of sorrow, are gay no more: blooming health, which lately smiled, now takes its flight, and leaves the sighing fair with pining atrophy, and his long train of meagre attendants, which "like a worm in the bud, continually preyed on her damask cheek." In a few weeks, unable to support any longer the feeble thread of life, to the inexpressible grief of her distracted relations, she closed this mortal scene, and cheerfully bid adieu to these regions of woe, disappointment, and sorrow.

The little babe also, which was yet unborn, stranger to light, died with her. Happy infant! peculiarly blessed is thy lot!—Spotless embryo! the womb is thy grave!—Rest securely in the shades of non-existence! For ever, ever rest, through the ample ages of a never-ending eternity!—So shalt thou be safe from the innumerable evils which await thee in this mundane system, this vale of tears: so shalt thou be safe from distress, pain, and fatal treachery, which, as a tempest, shook the soul of the unfortunate Matilda, and delivered her over a prey to wasting grief, and sorrow unutterable.

Shall I ever forget my dear, my affectionate friend? Shall I ever forget

the religious fervor which animated the soul of the kind, the forgiving, the amiable Matilda! Fresh to my memory are yet the pious ejaculations and effusions of heart-felt zeal, which in her dying moments she sent up to heaven in behalf of her greatest, greatest enemy: yes, I heard her speak—I heard her pray at that awful hour; pray for the hard-hearted, ungrateful husband, who had so basely deceived her. With what ardor did the injured philanthropist pour out her prayers to heaven for his reformation!—With what warmth of devotion did she petition in his favour!

“O God!” saith she, “if it be thy blessed will, turn the heart of the cruel and insensible Horatio. Let him see the error of his ways, and the danger he is in. Admonish him, secretly admonish him, O Father of Mercies!—Softener his obdurate heart; stop him in his wild career; let him be sensible of his infamous conduct, and snatch him from the road that leadeth to destruction. Though he has forgotten the partner of his life, lost every spark of nuptial affection, and broken the bonds of friendship; though he has trodden the laws of virtue under his feet, bid defiance to thee, and left me, the wife of his bosom, to linger out my days in adversity and sorrow, reward him not according to his deserts: suffer him not to taste the full measure of that indignation which he has merited, but in the midst of vengeance remember mercy. Spare him in the hour of death—spare him, I beseech thee, O Gracious Clemency! when, convicted of his past conduct, he stands trembling, with a bleeding heart, and streaming eyes, before thy incensed Majesty, supplicating for grace and pardon; when his sins set themselves in array against him, and showers of fiery darts launched from hell’s dark abyss shall threaten to destroy him. O heavens! grant this my earnest, my last request! Grant that the dear Horatio may be happy—may be convicted—reclaimed! Could I see him once more!—once more behold him before I go hence! Ah! I would forgive him—I would

expostulate with him—would importune him to repent—but I cannot—he is gone from me—gone for ever. Forgive him—good heavens forgive the—”

These were the melting sentiments of the pious woman, as she lay almost expiring in the agonizing tortures of death. She would have said more, but the icy hand of the all-conquering monarch stopped her breath. Again and again she assayed to proceed, but assayed in vain. After this, speechless she laid for a few minutes, then with affection in her looks, and aspect all serene, she expired without a groan.

I confess my sensibility was greatly affected at this inexpressibly pathetic scene. I could not refrain from tears. Indeed I could scarcely bear the moving spectacle. I was ready to sink, especially at the last awful change, when the affectionate Matilda, with feeble uplifted hands, and death-struck countenance, breathed out, with an ardor and emotion not to be expressed, “Forgive him—Good heaven forgive the—”——cruel, perfidious Horatio, she would have said; but her speech failed her, and her tongue denied its utterance.

Thus died, universally lamented, the patient, the resigned, and much-to-be-pitied fair one. She who had so long been toiling in the thorny road of sorrow, and roving forlorn in the dreary wilds of gloomy melancholy, destitute and forsaken by her *only* support and guide, is at length released. No more is she tossed on the boisterous sea of adverse fortune, the sport of winds and tempests. No more is she exposed to dreadful hurricanes, shipwrecks, and bellowing surges, which so often howled above, beneath, and all around, threatening every moment to swallow her up. No; adieu to all these; adieu to the vicissitudes of fortune; adieu to sorrow, pain, revenge, baleful woe, and all the long train of evils innumerable, to which mortals are subject in this clime of misery and woe. Happy transition! propitious voyage!—She is now arrived at the blessed harbour; arrived safe at the mansions of everlasting rest, where frowning skies and howling

howling storms, cursed treachery, disease, pain, and disappointment are unknown.

Having now seen the hapless fate of the ever adorable, but unfortunate Matilda, and been witness of the miseries under which she struggled, and the poignant grief inconceivable which tore her innocent heart, and subjected her to a premature death; having accompanied her thro' the melancholy walks of despair, heard the mournful tale of perjury, seen her breast heave with unavailing sighs, and the crystal tears in pearly torrents flow, natural signs of unfeigned sorrow, but totally ineffectual to remove the mountainous load, or dissipate the gloomy cloud of unutterable distress, which hovered over her, and sat brooding on the vital lamp of life, till it had so entirely extinguished it: having, I say, been privy to all these exquisitely piercing scenes, and at last attended (blessed be God for the joyful change) the good, the virtuous Matilda to the frontiers, to the blissful regions of the everlasting world, we shall now turn our view to the deceitful Horatio, the villainous author of her troubles, and see whether vindictive justice suffered the murderer of her peace to triumph long in security.

The all-seeing God, who sitteth on the circle of the heavens, and views all the inhabitants of the earth, from the prince to the beggar, with one comprehensive glance, doubtless saw the procedure of the deceitful tyrant, saw him desert the innocent fair, saw him break the sacred bands of nuptial affection, saw him associate with the infamous adulterers, whose eyes sparkle with wantonness and lust impure.—Thou, O observer of men! watchedst him enter into a league with sin; watchedst this son of Belial defraud to satisfy the insatiable cravings of his malignant and avaricious spirit; watchedst him when he deserted his native country, and fled with his insolent companion; thou heardest him glory in his wickedness, when a volley of oaths, levelled at his innocent bride, tainted the air, and shocked those about him.

Yes, thou Maker Omnipotent! Creator Divine! who art about our path, about our bed, and spiest out all our ways, wast witness of these things, and wilt indisputably hereafter call to account the hardened miscreant, for thou art just in all thy ways, and rewardest every man according to his works.

I mentioned before Horatio intended a tour to France as soon as he could make it convenient for the voyage, and that his wicked concubine was to accompany him. To give a clearer explanation of his proceedings, the reader will excuse me if I am somewhat more particular in this point.

The infamous man, previous to his deserting Matilda, had clandestinely secured her property, and defrauded her of every thing it was in his power. This done, he sets off to London, and associates with a notorious prostitute, with whom he had held a secret correspondence, and with whom before his nuptials it is now affirmed that he had cohabited with. Dreading discovery in the metropolis, they secured their all, and determined to travel into some foreign country. After some consideration, Nantz was pitched on as most eligible, the latter having some distant relations residing in that country. Big with fond expectation of approaching felicity, they left England, and entered on board a ship, having taken with them the whole of their property.

Market-Lawington.

J. L—G.

(To be continued.)

ON FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

To E—— M——.

MADAM,

IN condescension to your request, I send the following lines. In my humble opinion the greatness of God's mercy is not lessened by allowing the necessity of good works. The imputing all to faith, and throwing aside all obligations to practice, reflects the highest dishonour upon the holiness of God. The man who pretends to claim

salvation without Christ, is worse than an infidel; and he who asserts that works are not equally essential with faith, is worse than a libertine. No man can claim a right to the advantages of Christianity, unless he observes its precepts, by a true repentance of his former sins, and a thorough reformation of life. Were our governors and pastors to cry down morality, and institute faith in its stead, what would be the consequence?—Why, we should become brutes in human shape, given up to every excess imaginable; murders, thefts, drunkenness, debauchery, and every other reigning vice would be committed with impunity.

When our Saviour was asked by the young man, "What he should do to inherit eternal life?" was the answer "Believe in me."—No—"Keep the commandments."—What can be more applicable to my present discourse than the words of St. James?—"What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man saith he hath faith, and hath not works?—Can faith save him alone?"

I hope it is unnecessary for me to declare that the passage just cited is sufficient to convince us how absolutely necessary good works are. The advocates of faith may say, "How is the passage of St. James to be reconciled with that of St. Paul, that we are justified by faith, and not by works?" By comparing one thing with another we shall easily reconcile the contradiction. St. Paul was right when reasoning with the heathen, who set too great a value upon his own performances. Though he doth not give merit to man, he no where says that without the performance of good works salvation is to be had. He confirms the necessity of a man's performing that which is good, by declaring that at the last day he shall be judged and rewarded according to his works—"By faith we believe God to be merciful and just, but it is by good works we shew the sincerity of our faith."—The granting a pardon to a rebel is a merciful act of his prince, and not the

merit of the rebel which entitles him to it; his crime secludes him. Yet notwithstanding the pardon already obtained, it by no means privileges him for a second crime: he must adhere and be obedient to the laws for the future, otherwise he will suffer at the last. So far it may be said of the Almighty: he mercifully forgives his people, although they can lay no claim to his merciful pardon and forgiveness. Our sins render us objects of his divine wrath, and without we repent sincerely, and hope humbly, we shall never reach at the fountain of glory.—But enough of this for the present.—I presume this discourse will almost exhaust your patience. More of this in my next.

I remain, Madam,
Southgate Academy, Your's, &c.
Middlesex. F. WRAGG.

THE MORALIST.

NUMBER I.

*Addressed to the serious Perusal of the
LADIES.*

"In every gesture dignity and love."

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

OH! how amiable and delightful a thing it is to see a virtuous woman!—For as Milton says of Eve,

All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews:
Authority and reason on her wait
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

Virtue, thou great and awful gift of God, how bright do thy beams break forth from the soul of a chaste and virtuous woman! There is an awe, there is a dignity, and there is a sure and permanent mark of heaven-born wisdom, in the conversation and behaviour of a modest and chaste woman: every thing that she says or does is impressed with

with tenfold awe upon the hearts of those who have the happiness to be in her company, and it is no wonder if men almost pay adoration to such.

Where is the profligate, where is the seducer who dares to approach such a one with wicked intentions? Her virtue is her shield, and gives a dignity and an awe to her outward appearance, which it is not in the power of the most abandoned to withstand.

O woman! how great is thy dignity if thy virtue be preserved, if thy conversation be chaste, and thy morals without stain!—Didst thou but know thy value, thou wouldst never forsake the paths of wisdom. Thy virtue would be a sure guard to thy honour; and the innocence of thy manners, set off with the beauty of thy form, would gain thee the adoration and respect of every body.

The great poet Milton dwells particularly upon this endearing subject, and it is from him that I have taken the hint of making a few reflections upon the grandeur, majesty, and dignity of virtue, especially when it is to be found in woman, where it has a larger field to display its powers in than in man. Man is formed, it is true, for virtue, but he is of a rougher make, and his heart is not so susceptible of tender impressions as that of a woman. He is born for high and noble deeds; his views and active powers are far different from those of woman; therefore it is not to be supposed that he can make himself prove so agreeable and enchanting as one in whom virtue and beauty are both united; for it is these two in conjunction which inspire men with such reverence and love for woman: not that I would mean to surmise that the less beautiful part of the female creation may be despised, tho' they have virtue, because the case is quite the contrary: for many virtuous, though not beautiful women, are often preferred to the most enchanting of the sex, by reason of the dignity and gracefulness of their behaviour.

I will conclude this small address with a quotation from the great poet whom I just now mentioned.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious maker shone:
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute rule.

(To be continued.)

SERIES of LETTERS from the DEAD to the LIVING.

LETTER I.

*From SOPHIA to her libertine Lover,
who had promised her Marriage, and
basely deceived her, reprehending him
for his infamous Proceedings, and giving
him an Account of his speedy Dissolu-
tion, with earnest Admonitions to pre-
pare for it.*

DEAR THERON,

I Need not, I presume, apologise for troubling you with this: doubtless you will, in a moment, recognize the hand of your once adorable lover, and excuse her for communicating her sentiments, as she is now no more. Your leaving me so abruptly, after a thousand fair promises, and flying to the arms of another immediately after you had gained my affections, so deeply affected me, that it broke my heart, and I fell a victim to grief. You cannot forget how solemnly you swore, times innumerable, that I should be your's, that you preferred me to all the world, would certainly accompany me to the altar of Hymen.—How often, in the garden's devious walk, when only the fanning breeze and silver moon were witness to our private intercourse, did you press my hand, and in extacies exclaim, "Adorable angel! you shall be mine for ever!"—What protestations, what resolutions did you then make! I could not suspect the insincerity of your passion, after you had repeatedly vowed

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eternal friendship, and so often protested the strongest affection, and attachment inviolable. Do not you remember when arm in arm we walked in a shady grove, by the side of a murmuring stream?—It was in a pleasant summer's evening, the last time you favoured me with your company, and contiguous to the lovely mansion in which you now dwell. Do not you remember you first expatiated on the beauties of nature, admiring the serenity of the evening, the ample vault of heaven, the lofty trees cloathed in verdure, and waving their branches in the air, the delightful walks, the pleasing prospects, and particularly the green carpet, interspersed with flowers of every glossy hue, no less grateful to the smell than charming to the eye? We strolled along the shady avenue, listening to the warbling of birds, and inhaling the healthful breeze, till we came to the foot of a pretty lofty eminence, which intercepted the pleasing view, and which a few moments before our eye travelled over, and gazed insatiable. On the top of the airy summit was a clump of trees, which formed a delightful retreat, impervious to the sun's scorching rays. You asked me to accompany you to the pleasing recess: I agreed: you seized my hand, and assisted me in climbing the steep ascent. In a few moments we gained the top, and advanced to the shady thicket, where Solitude sat reclined, the Muses playing about her, and the Orcads by her side. After viewing the extensive country round, we seated ourselves in the shady bower, on the mossy trunk of an ancient oak. Here all our talk was love. Did not you, Theron, discourse largely on the sweet passion, and said that nothing could equal the pleasures of Hymen, especially where true and undissembled affection predominated alike in the breasts of both? "When two hearts are thus united," said you, "Cupid's darts are pleasant. Where true affection is sincere and unfeigned, happiness will be reciprocal, nay, it will be complete."

I listened with attention to all you said; I agreed with you that a matrimonial life was preferable, provided the torch of love burnt with the same ardor in the breasts of both. You then repeated your vows, and declared by all that is sacred that your intentions with respect to me were honourable, and your esteem inconceivable. You then pressed me to know *my* sentiments, and particularly whether I could think myself happy with you. At first I was abashed, and made no reply; but on repeating your desire, I confessed my feelings, and said, "I have no objection, Sir, provided it be agreeable to my friends."

After pausing a moment, you declared your affection was more ardent than ever, and pressing me in your arms, you was about to proceed to unwarrantable lengths, and even made an attempt on my honour. I remonstrated, I started, I screamed, and at length springing from your arms, exclaimed—"Audacious man! what do you mean? Would you rob me of my virtue, of my honour, expose me to disgrace, and ruin me for ever? Is this your—?" I had not time to say more. Filled with rage and disappointment, you followed me, and would doubtless have perpetrated your criminal passion, had not my sister, who was fortunately advancing towards us, ran to my assistance, and rescued me from you.—Since this you have slighted me: because I refused complying with your infamous desires, you immediately disengaged your affections, and left me disconsolate. The impression you had previously made in my too susceptible heart could not be effaced. I tried to forget you—I stifled my sighs, and endeavoured to calm my inward commotions. My friends assayed to divert me, forced me away from my native spot, and used every expedient in their power to estrange my thoughts from fixing them on you.—But, alas! vain were their utmost efforts, and totally ineffectual my own weak attempts.—Even the sponge of time was unable to wipe off from my memory the fair image,

image, the much doated-on Theron.— Love, at length, (though I strove to suppress the growing passion) broke out in a violent flame, and occupied every avenue of my heart. Tho' I had not seen you for months, you was ever present with me, nor could I by any means eradicate the seeds of affection which were sown in my breast. They vegetated; they sprung up; more and more every day they throve, and would have bloomed and brought forth fruit, had not you, Sir, blasted them in their prime, and suffered inexorable grief to tear them root and branch from my aching heart. This most ungrateful and unjustifiable deed still gives me uneasy sensations; it is still strong on my mind, and as I am now released from the burden of flesh, and above the reach of malice, I cannot help admonishing you, cannot help expostulating with you, before the judgments of an incensed God, which now hang dreadfully over you, burts on your devoted head.

Ungrateful youth! I see your dangerous situation—your infamous attempts—your loose behaviour. Why do you wallow so deeply in the miry slough of baleful iniquity, which, ere long, will grasp you to its destructive bosom, more fierce than the ravenous falcon grasps the tender bird in its talons, devoted to a cruel and instantaneous death?—Hark! is that *you*, blasphemous wretch! triumphing in your wickedness, and glorying in your own shame? Why do you affirm, with a horrid oath, such a notorious falsity, that you had criminal correspondence with, and murdered the innocence of your fair Sophia? Repeat no more the hellish jargon: you know it to be false: the Searcher of Hearts is witness to my innocence. Would to God I could once again assume my corporeal frame, I would appear before you with a frown, with a countenance stern as provoked justice!—Yes, monster of impiety! I would make you stand aghast with horror, and shake every nerve of your muscular body!

When you attempted, a few days ago, the honour of a young virgin in a

private bower of your garden, and partly by force, partly by solemn vows and delusive promises, robbed her of her innocence, and actually carried your design into execution, I was privy to the fact, and stood near you in an aerial but invisible form. Ah! Theron, your conduct is become so vile, that I shudder, I tremble for you. For heaven's sake check your inordinate appetite for sin!—Check the furious, the almost ungovernable sallies of your base, unruly, malignant spirit! Already you stand nodding on the utmost verge of life's narrow bounds, and in a few days more eternity's ample, eternity's boundless scene will open before you, fix you in an irremediable, irreverfible state, and present your naked soul before the great, the august, the impartial Judge. While you have time, therefore, repent. Devote, I earnestly beseech you, the few remaining days to the All-wise Being, for your crimes are heinous, and cry aloud to heaven for vengeance. In the short space of seven more revolving suns, your fate will be irrevocable.—Including the approaching night, eight times only will you see the gloomy mantle of Nox drawn over the earth, I solemnly assure you I am serious, and what I now tell you, you will shortly find an important reality. Dream not of fiction; the awful transition, of which you have now been warned, is fixed. Once more I intreat you to call upon the offended Deity: he is not yet inexorable, but stands with open arms, and will graciously receive you, if your late repentance be true and unfeigned. Fly, then, instantly fly to the Redeemer of Righteousness, prostrate yourself before his foot-stool, and in deep humiliation, loathing yourself to the bottom of your heart, beg for mercy and pardon. So shall you be happy; so shall you be safe from hell's devouring jaws, and the cursed fiends which hover in myriads around you, to seize your fleeting soul.

I write this in the celestial regions of unutterable glory, where music's softest strains are continually heard, and ravish the ear with transporting melody;

lody ; where pure and unexampled love reigns unmixed, and has an irresistible attractive energy, or reciprocal influence, diffusing itself with flaming ardour through every breast. No treachery embitters it—no indifference weakens the force of it—no obstacle whatever prevents its sweet operation : but it for ever burns free and unlimited, for ever charms and delights. To describe the glories, the beauties, the elegance of this heavenly kingdom, would surpass the art of the brightest seraph : suffice it to say here is nothing wanting to please the eye, charm the ear, and gratify the every sense. Reform Theron, reform ! make yourself meet for the inheritance of the saints in light ! and with the highest congratulations I will welcome you to this blest—this angelic abode.

I am, your sincere well wisher,

The injured SOPHIA.

(To be continued.)

MILITARY DISTRESS ;

O R,

D A M I N V I L L E .

An ANECDOTE.

(Concluded from Page 137.)

THIS narrative gave birth to a variety of different impressions on the mind of Daminville ; his concern increased in proportion as Raymond entered into the detail of this adventure ; he remained absorbed in a profound *reverie*, at last he broke silence. “ Raymond, says he, this affectionate creature must be one of those unfortunate persons whose wounds are not to be cured by time ; this I know from experience ; there are some pains which, instead of being softened, grow more dangerous. She is an unhappy mother that has lost a child, whom Eugene resembles ; and did you say that she could not be parted from him ? ” “ Her languid arms resisted me, till her strength failed her, and she fainted away. Some persons ran to her from a house just by, that made rather a mean

appearance ; it looked as if it was inhabited by poor people, and they carried her to it as fast as they could.”

“ Raymond, you must find out who this woman is. If she is in trouble, as it seems she is, I will do all I can to comfort her ; she appears to be in adversity ; she is deserving of pity. If she mourns for a child, I shall certainly console her ; the troubles which we share with others in a manner lose their bitterness. She will find that I suffer more than she does. What loss can compare with that which I sink under.” Daminville, as he uttered these words, burst into tears. “ My friend, continued he, I must absolutely know what is become of this woman. Go, run, enquire, but in the mean time carry not your curiosity too far ; I know from experience nothing requires so much delicacy as distress, and I shall be extremely unhappy to hurt her in any respect. Raymond, I have been unhappy, poor, and how often have I felt more cruel strokes than the indigence which consumed my days ! ”

Daminville was indefatigable in the questions he put to Eugene, but could get no more intelligence from him than what he had acquired from his domestic, on which account his agitation was visible.

Raymond had discharged his commission. “ Well, what discovery have you made ? Speak all you know.—Why did she embrace Eugene with so much warmth ? Why did she shed tears ? ”

“ Sir, I have made very little discovery ; the good people whom she lived with are as much in the dark as ourselves. All that I could find out is this, some days ago a lady came into their house—for in spite of her indigence, the woman, they said, by her behaviour showed that she was a person of birth, and inspired regard and respect ; she asked them if they had not a small room to let, and payed them the hire of it in advance. They told me that she spent all the night in weeping, and seemed to feel the extremity of indigence ; she ate little, whether

whether for want of means to procure, or whether she was unable to support the excess of her grief." "Raymond, I burn with longing to know who she can be; let us go." "Sir, that step will be useless; as soon as she recovered from her fit, she paid a trifle which she owed to the people of the house, and begged them to go and fetch her a coach." "Has she then left them?" "Yes, Sir, notwithstanding their importunities. She told them that some indispensable reasons obliged her to change her abode, and they added that she would die in it soon; she was almost dying when she went out of their house." "Almost dying!—not the least glimpse of light—and don't they know where she is gone to?"—"They know nothing of it, Sir." "Leave me, leave me, Raymond; is the most feeble consolation denied me? I might have been of some service to this affecting woman, and have tasted some satisfaction in relieving her. Must I be deprived of every pleasure? I am extremely unhappy! and I feel it every day!"

The idea of this woman pursued Daminville even in his sleep. He spoke of her to his friend, his father, and even to Eugene. Nothing could efface her image; she engrossed his soul: he did not leave the gloomy apartment, which served only to increase his melancholy, and declared that he would breathe his last sighs there.

A man meanly dressed came to M. Monforin, and asking to speak with his son, he was introduced to Daminville's apartment; the stranger desired to speak with him alone, as he had an affair of some importance to communicate to him. As soon as the servants were gone, "Sir, said the stranger, a person whom you may be glad to see, desires you to favour her with a private conversation: if you think proper to accompany me, I will shew you where she lives; but I must insist upon your going by yourself; for she insists upon making herself known to none but you."

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Daminville proposed some questions relative to the object of this interview; but was answered that he was bound to an inviolable secrecy, and that the party had reserved it for herself to unravel this mystery. The son of Monforin was in the greatest embarrassment; but nevertheless made no difficulty to trust himself with the stranger.

While they were walking together, he took the liberty of asking him some questions, but found him equally reserved. At last they went through a bye street to a house, which seemed to be the humble refuge of poverty.—They went up stairs to the highest story, where the stranger knocked softly, and the door was opened: on which he entered and shut it again upon himself, leaving Daminville full of suspense and apprehensions. A little while after they came for him, and helped him to traverse an obscure chamber, through which he came to another room that looked like a closet. The first object that presented itself to his eyes, was a woman in years, standing near a bed, from whence proceeded these unconnected sentences. "Do I see you at last—I shall die contented."

Daminville, alarmed at the sound of her voice, drew nearer, and examined her features. He doubted whether it was not an illusion. He came still nearer. "Alas! said the person, do not you know me again? It is true I have lost all the *agremens* which once charmed you; nothing remains but my heart—Daminville can you have forgotten—." He interrupted, with a loud exclamation, "Felicia!"—then he stopped and resumed: "Felicia! is it you? This cannot be a dream." "No, dearest husband, you are not mistaken, it is your unhappy Felicia that offers you her hand, and waited only to expire in your sight." "Felicia, continued Daminville, reclining on her bosom, what! are you then alive! what! this cannot be a phantom that I am pressing to my breast—unexpected miracle! I shall certainly die with

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excess of joy!—and in what a condition do I see you? O heavens! heavens! Felicia is not dead! Felicia, for whom I shed such torrents of tears, for whom I descended to the tomb.—She is restored to me! I shall yet possess her!”

The son of Monforin resembled one in the extravagancies of a delirium: he stalked about the room; flung himself again on the bed, shed tears, and could not cease repeating, “I have found again every thing that was dear to me! but can it be? Felicia thou art before my eyes! in my bosom! and what miracle has brought thee to life again?”

“Alas! I have but a short time to live, I am near my end; adversity has pursued me even to this bed of death: but —— Daminville, I have seen thee again; my memory has always been dear to thee! I shall die in thy arms. I would have given the longest life to purchase this happy moment?”

Daminville found that his senses were too weak to support such a situation: he quitted the arms of his wife to fly into them again with greater transport:—“This is no mistake! this is no mistake! but tell me then, tell me, what unaccountable prodigy has restored thee to my embraces?”

“I will inform you as well as my weakness will permit me, what has been my unfortunate, my miserable existence, since the fatal moment that you was torn away from me. Thou canst recollect when I appeared to exhale the last sigh: I revived, my first looks were employed in searching for thee; but they neither found thee nor my child. After an interval of some days I began to give some hopes of recovery, when I was informed, that, thinking me dead, thou hadst set sail with thy son for America. On hearing this, which shook my frame like a clap of thunder, I relapsed into a more insensible state than that from which I had recovered. Heaven designed that you should receive once more a soul, which was always thine, and I revived again. I will give you a

detail of the extremities to which I was reduced at some other time, if the happiness of having seen you shall prolong my days; I will give you the narrative—these details will make you tremble. Before my health was well established, I conceived the project of going in quest of thee, I put it in practice, and went on board. When I arrived in America, at the place to which thou wast bound, I was pierced with new wounds; I could not meet with the two dearest objects which had carried me to the extremities of the world; all eclairsissements concerning the destiny of either were denied me. After a thousand fruitless researches, I took my passage back to Europe. I heard a vague report that you both perished in a shipwreck: what daggers were these to a heart already bleeding with so many wounds! I came to Paris, to conceal, or rather to make an end of my wretched destiny, sinking under indigence, grief, despair, incessantly mourning for Daminville and our dear Eugene. I made enquiries of M. Monforin, but what was the result? I was told that both you and your son were alive, and that you was reconciled to your father. What was my joy, my transport! At first—I designed—I was going—I intended to rush into your arms: reflection prevented me: this restoration of paternal tenderness in your favour, could not, according to appearance, but be the fruit of M. Monforin’s mistake, who imagined that I was buried; he had forgot our marriage, which was the source of all your misfortunes: I thought it was therefore my duty never to enter again into your bosom, to die still rather with chagrin than misery, and die without seeing you, without embracing my child. My resolution was fixed, but I could not withstand the desire of fixing my looks upon the dear object, which brought the image of his father to my mind. Eugene was so young when he was snatched from my caresses, it was impossible that he should know me again; but I, his mother, might easily recollect the *traits* which had never been effaced from my heart.

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With this idea I frequently visited the avenues of your house; I one day perceived him in the company of a servant—my soul was all in confusion by way of anticipation, I seemed to have some *presentiment* that the child—Ah! I found no difficulty; no difficulty indeed—I recognized my son. You may have heard every thing that escaped me—no—I could not conceal myself—nature would be silent no longer. Who but a mother could shed those tears, shew such transports, be so filled with love? My confusion could not but betray me. When they tore Eugene out of my arms, when I said it should be the last time that I would press him to my bosom, when I spoke to him, when I saw him, my soul was ready to take its flight. When I recovered from my swoon, I recollected that I could not refrain myself from pronouncing the word *son*; I was apprehensive lest this indiscretion should unravel a secret which ought to have been buried with me, and, in a word, lest your father, being informed of this unexpected event, should rekindle his anger, and once more shut up his heart against you: for these reasons, I determined to quit my dwelling immediately; and I am come to die here. I have desired, nevertheless, before I am delivered from this burthenful life, to see all that I love, all that could attach me to life, if heaven did not persist in persecuting us. Will your father think this last interview a crime?—Daminville, all our ties will soon be dissolved!”

Every word that Felicia uttered made a visible alteration in the countenance of her husband; he would have interrupted her, but his voice was suspended. “Our ties dissolved! cried he; the ties of so tender, of so tried an affection! no, dearest Felicia, we shall not be reunited, after such a series of misfortunes, to feel afterwards the horrors of a separation—thou art restored to be never torn from me any more. My father, my father will be thine; our venerable friend, Beranger, lives with us; thy child will be bathed in thy tears: how many hearts will be

open to the pleasure of finding thee again: I cannot support the excess of joy!”

“Oh! Daminville, it is I who am not able to support such a revolution—could I expect it? So much joy, after such continual wretchedness! Heaven has at last vouchsafed to grant me some satisfaction. I may venture to say that my husband will shew some marks of my gratitude to the good man who was willing to bring you hither: he lives here, and is one of those few feeling hearts who interest themselves in behalf of the wretched; he has been a witness of all the humiliations I have endured; he has comforted me, Daminville, in my misery; let me repeat it—in my misery; I felt the horrors of indigence! what then, is my lot changed, my soul seems ready to leave—my senses cannot support it—I see you then once more! my dear husband, I shall expire in your arms! I die contented! Alas! may I not embrace my son?”

The voice of Felicia *was extinguished*; a sudden paleness diffused itself, like a dark mist over her countenance; her eyes were closed; Daminville cried out, and fell senseless on the bed by the side of his wife, who appeared like one that was dead.

Daminville, forgetting every thing else, and regarding nothing but his wife, had sent no notice to his father. That day and the next passed without their knowing any thing of him. A general consternation reigned in the house of Monforin, who was delivered up to the blackest despair. Beranger partook in his distress, and strove all he could to comfort him. Eugene was on their laps, and shed tears: they made researches, which proved to no effect, and the horror of so cruel a suspense increased every moment.

As soon as the unhappy husband recovered, he fixed his eyes upon a man, who was administering medicines to Felicia; for they had fetched an apothecary. “Ah, said he, all your pains are useless! She is gone; she is gone! I have nothing else to do but die too. Let me follow her!” He

was going to fall on his sword, when he was prevented by their informing him, that his wife shewed some signs of life : the weapon dropped out of his hand, and he leaned over his wife. "She cannot be dead ! she shall live ! (he then ran to the apothecary, and pressed him within his arms) Ah ! Sir, Sir, ask me all I am worth, nay even my life, if you will but preserve all that I esteem dear in the world !"

Felicia, indeed, had nearly breathed her last ; the pleasure of seeing her husband again, might have brought on that violent crisis, which was abated by the assistance afforded her. She was at length in a condition to be removed to her father-in-law's. Daminville, on their arrival, jumped out of the carriage. As soon as they saw him, an universal cry echoed all over the house, "Mr. Daminville ! Mr. Daminville !"

Monforin, in company with Beranger and Eugene ran, fled on hearing the noise. Daminville embraced his father with transports ; he could scarcely *faulter out* these words, "My wife ! my Felicia !—my dearest spouse !—thy mother, Eugene, thy mother ; (they could not understand him, and began to ask him questions) yes, Felicia is restored to us, and here she is, father, I entrust her to your arms !"—While they were thunder struck, confused—he continued, "You shall know all, go, run into her arms ?"—What a delicious scene was this ! the old man pressed Felicia to his heart, and when he strove to speak, his tears choked his speech. The child was devoured with the kisses of his mother. Beranger likewise shed tears of joy. How great was the intoxication of Felicia ! when her enraptured eyes could feast themselves with the sight of her husband, her father-in-law, her child, and her benefactor at the same time ! How evidently did Monforin manifest his sensibility, his repentance, his tenderness ! and she in her turn testify her gratitude ! How did she shew Beranger the satisfaction she felt in seeing them ! she melted the hearts of every one that was present.

The good-natured man, who had supported Felicia to the moment in which she was restored to Daminville, became likewise their intimate friend. This family revived the idea of the virtues and innocent pleasures of the first age ; it was the seat of the purest love, and of the most perfect happiness that can be found on earth ; but it is impossible to describe what Felicia felt, when she entered the apartment hung round with her pictures ; she fell into her husband's arms, saying, "was I loved so much !"

Daminville, notwithstanding the happiness he enjoyed, resolved to preserve this monument of his former misery. He shewed it his son very often, and saying, as he pointed to the clothing of their poverty, "My dear, if thou shouldst ever, though I do not expect it, suffer thyself to be seduced by fortune, to stop thine ears, or steel thy heart to the complaints of distress ; if thou shouldst cease to be a *man*, do not fail to come to this retirement of my grief : Eugene, thou wilt here find truth, humanity, and thou wilt leave it cured of the mistaken emotion, a kind of delirium. Whosoever is so unhappy as to wallow in riches, is generally very near being infected with the folly of obduracy."

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THOUGHTS ON AMBITION.

THERE is nothing makes women more despicable than ambition ; it is a passion indeed too common among the fair, and is the cause of those storms, tempests, and commotions, which so frequently agitate their minds, and ruffle the calm serenity of the soul. Pride is productive of innumerable evils ; it snatches the reins from reason, and assumes an arbitrary, supercilious air, looking down with contempt on the rest of mankind, as though it was mistress of the creation, or queen of the universe. It is the cause of envy, hatred, and detraction, it delights in revenge, and is angry if every one do not pay it homage. What

What crime is there which an ambitious woman scorns to perpetrate? Blind, inconstant, perfidious, cruel, and audacious, what horrid deed would not her insatiable fury dare to accomplish?

When the ambitious think themselves injured, there is no room to expect clemency or pardon; though Orpheus charmed the woods and rocks, he could not calm the women whom ambition had made furious. Fired by this passion, there is nothing so just and perfect but they would attempt to ruin: no design is so black which ambition scruples to conceive; no attempt so sacrilegious that it does not inspire, nor any thing so sacred that it dares not to profane. Such an insatiating power has this passion, that it may be stiled a martyr or murderer! it is equally wicked and miserable. In short, ambition is a mighty spoiler, and nothing seems inviolable to this monster.—Would to God this hellish fiend could be extirpated from the hearts of the sons and daughters of Adam!

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A CORRESPONDENT.

(*To be continued.*)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I have been perusing a new production, just published, on the Emigration of British Birds. It is truly an entertaining work, and the subject is discussed in a very masterly and satisfactory manner. At the conclusion the author has some very *beautiful* reflections, which I beg you will insert in your next Magazine, for the entertainment of your fair readers.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A CORRESPONDENT.

REFLECTIONS *on the* ANNUAL MIGRATION *of* BIRDS.

THE periodical migration of the feathered tribe, and their regular returns are so extraordinary and

unaccountable, so amazing and remarkable, that it cannot but excite our admiration, and fill us with astonishment. A stranger phenomenon we never heard of in all the material world; in all the boundless works of nature, nothing is more surprising, or has more excited the curiosity of man! Traverse the utmost limits of this terraqueous globe, explore the secret recesses of its inmost bowels, search the fluid realms of the watery world, pry with a skilful eye into the whole chain of finny inhabitants, that skim the fathomless deep, examine with the nicest scrutiny, the immense tribes of animals that walk the earth and drink the golden day: extend your range, wing the aerial regions, scale the immeasurable arch, survey the sun and moon, and all the countless globes that roll above, and in all the grand tour, in your long, long excursion, in short, in the whole system of created things, what will you discover more wonderful, more curious, or more amazing! Without any compass to regulate their course, or any chart to make observations in their voyage, these little animals sail over the ocean, and at length arrive safe at the desired shore—not only arrive safe, but what is still more extraordinary, always find the readiest way, and the shortest cut. How admirable! surely we cannot but cry out, “Wonderful are thy works, O Lord! thy ways are incomprehensible; they are past finding out.”

THE GOVERNESSES.

(*Continued from Page 143.*)

LEAVING him I went in search of Henry, of whom I had some doubts, with regard to his relishing his good fortune; but when I considered how very desirous his cousin was of seeing him her lover, and that his indifference had made her exceedingly unhappy, I was resolved to try to prevail on him to return her regard; especially when I found her father was not

not so averse to this alliance, as I had believed he would be. Had he continued violently against it, I should have said every thing in my power to persuade her not to disoblige him: but as I perceived that Mr. Clover might be brought to give his consent, I thought it would be a pity that Miss should be disappointed, and her cousin lose so fine an opportunity of making his fortune.

I soon found my young man, and opened my business, by telling him that I was come to consult with him about an affair of the greatest importance; the most important affair, indeed, in which he had ever been concerned.

He stretching his eyes wider than usual, at the solemnity of this address, (for I judged it absolutely necessary to be very serious, in order to prevent his attempting to be *tender*) and the moment I explained myself, he exclaimed, "Oh! Miss Haywood, this is too much, to be entirely deprived of the possession of her I love, and to be obliged to take *her* whom I ———. Indeed, indeed, I cannot: I would not willingly say any thing against my uncle's child; an uncle who has acted like a father to me—but I can never be his son: it is—quite—quite impossible."

"What objection can you reasonably make to Miss Clover? said I, she has a very tolerable person, and no bad disposition; and as she has so affectionate a regard for *you*, and is so young, she will be so docile that you may make just what you please of her."

"I can never make her Miss Haywood," replied he.

"Certainly not, answered I; but if you could, you would not gain your point, for Miss Haywood would not marry——."

"Not *me*, Madam, replied he, with a sigh, I am too clearly convinced; yet if I am never to be happy with *her*, must I be rendered still more miserable by marrying another whom I can never love?"

"You are not sure that you cannot love her, said I, when you find the

impossibility of not succeeding where you first intended, and are sensible that Miss Clover is too much attached to you, to be happy without you, you will think better of it, and be convinced that there is more real satisfaction in promoting the felicity of another, than in selfishly indulging our own wishes to their disquiet."

"Would I had power, Madam, said he, to prevail on you to act as nobly by *me*."

"I am out of the question, Mr. Henry; I do not intend to marry, as I have already told you: I certainly would not marry *you*, at this time, because I am sensible of your cousin's partiality in your favour, were I to gain millions by it; for only consider, that besides rendering the poor affectionate girl miserable, you will ruin yourself for ever. Your uncle will never look upon you again, if you reject his child."

"Sure, sure, replied he, my uncle cannot think of offering her to me, only to make me wretched."

"How can you be wretched, said I, with a girl who loves you, and with whom you will be sure of a handsome provision for a family? Besides, a man certainly stands a much fairer chance for happiness with a woman who loves him, than with her whom he loves, without a return of affection."

"I cannot think so, Miss Haywood. What delight should I take in spending every hour of my life in the endeavouring to please *her*, who has the sole possession of my heart!—How disgusting, on the other hand, would be the fondness of a woman whom I could never love; it would be so tiresome, so offensive, that I should wish to die to be released from her."

"I am exceedingly sorry, Mr. Henry, said I, that your cousin's partiality for you, should make both you and her so unhappy, as I fear it will.—However, as I would not on any account, press you to act in a manner so opposite to your inclination, I must bid you farewell, as I intend to leave Miss Clover, who, since her father thinks

thinks of marrying her, cannot want a Governess any longer."

With these words I turned from him, to prevent his making a reply, and hastened to my apartment, where I began to take myself to task for having meddled in an affair with which I had no sort of concern. I did not, indeed, then recollect any action in my life for which I more severely condemned myself. However, upon mature reflection, I considered that tho' I might have acted wrong, I had acted from good principles, from a sincere desire to contribute to the happiness of two deserving young people: for if Miss Clover was not altogether so amiable as I could have wished her, for her cousin Henry's sake, she was, or at least appeared to be, a very harmless girl: and that is more than can be said of every body.

I had not been long endeavouring to quiet my conscience about this matter, when I heard farmer Clover stamping, and calling loudly for me. Guessing at the cause of his vociferation, and concluding that Henry, like a simple lad, had undone himself, I went down to meet the storm in all its fury, as I had before determined upon quitting the house at all events.

The moment he saw me he exclaimed—"So, Miss Haywood—(speaking in a tone in which there was a mixture of the *fretful* and the *fierce*)—So, Miss Haywood, you have told me a fine tar-riddle! Why how could you say, now, that Hal has a mind to marry Molly, when it's no such thing, for he does not care *this* for her?—(snapping his fingers.)—Hey! how could you tell me such a lie now?—Are you not ashamed of yourself, eh?"

"If you will please to recollect, Sir, I only told you that Miss was desirous of marrying her cousin; I never said that *he* wished to marry *her*: and I should not have said any thing about either of them, had not Miss earnestly intreated me."

"So, so," replied he, "here is fine doings, indeed!—And so my girl has been fool enough to court her cousin,

and he has slighted her!—But he had better not have done it, I can tell him that: it shall be the worse for him, take my word for it. I will turn him a grazing presently, that I will."—(casting a furious look at Henry, who with his wife and daughter had both been summoned on the occasion.)—The latter, throwing herself on her knees before her father, while her eyes were almost blinded by her tears, begged him not to be angry with her cousin, as he was no way to blame.—"How could he help liking *me*, (added she) any more than I could help liking him?—If you do not treat Henry as if he was your own son, and more kindly than ever, I believe I shall go distracted, and do something that will make you more angry with me than ever. But if you will be kind to my cousin, and give him something handsome, I will not desire to marry him against his inclination; my chief motive for such a wish having been to procure a fortune for my cousin, who is much more deserving of one than I am."

Henry heard these generous effusions with no small emotion. Love had no share in his behaviour; but the artless, affecting tenderness which the poor girl discovered for him, excited his gratitude: possibly, too, his interest might have had some influence on him, for we are very apt to deceive ourselves, and are not always sensible of the real springs of our actions.

The young man, touched with his cousin's disinterested affection for him, raised her from the ground, and told her father he was ready and willing to make her as happy as was in his power.

Clover, thinking, perhaps, as I did, that the fear of being turned adrift with nothing operated strongly upon his mind, roughly bade him let the girl alone, as it was only her money that he wanted.

The generous lad immediately replied—"To convince you, Sir, of the contrary, I beg you would do as you please with regard to fortune; only settle

fettle what you think proper on my cousin, and give *me* a little at a time, as you think I may deserve it."

"Well, well," answered the farmer, softened by his daughter's tears, "I'll try him, I think: shan't I, Moll?—Come, come wench, never whimper about any man: there's ne'er a fellow upon the face of the earth that's too good for thee. Howsumdever, if thee hast a mind to him, why I'll try him, I say: let's see what sort of a sweetheart he will make, and if we likes him, we will make a husband of him by and by."

Here the old man left us, and Mrs. Clover, who had been silent hitherto, bade her daughter wipe her eyes, and make herself easy, as she was to have every thing she desired.

The next business I thought of was to look out for another place, as I concluded I was now become quite unnecessary to the Clovers: and, indeed, had I found myself ever so *necessary* to them, I should have chosen to leave them after what had passed between Henry and me; known only to ourselves, and I wished not to have it communicated to any other creature living.

(To be continued.)

The History of the DUCHESS of BEAUFORT.

(Continued from Page 131.)

"**M**ADAME de Sourdis, Cheverny, and Fresne, seconded her so well on their parts, that it became insensibly the public talk of the court, that the king was going to marry his mistress; and that it was for this purpose he was soliciting his divorce at Rome.

"I was shocked at a report so injurious to the glory of this prince; I went to him, and made him sensible of the consequence of it. He appeared to be affected and piqued at it. His first care was to justify Madame de Beaufort, who, he positively assured me, had not contributed to the re-

port; for which all the proof he had was, that she had told him so.

"He threw the whole blame upon Madame de Sourdis and Fresne, to whom he shewed that he was capable of pardoning a conduct so little respectful to him, since, although he was assured they were guilty, he gave them not the slightest reprimand.

"One circumstance added great weight to the steps I took in this affair, both in public and private. Queen Margaret, with whom the affair of the approaching dissolution of her marriage obliged me to keep a correspondence by letters, was the last who heard of what was said and done at court with regard to Madame de Beaufort's pretensions; as soon as she was informed of them she wrote to me, and gave me to understand that she had not changed her mind concerning a separation from the king, but that she was so much offended at their intending to give the place she resigned to a woman so infamous as the duchess was, by her commerce with the king, that although she had at first given her consent, without annexing any conditions to it, she was now determined to insist upon the exclusion of this woman, and no treatment whatever should oblige her to alter her resolution. I shewed this letter to the king, who judging by it how much this marriage with his mistress would irritate the best of his subjects against him, began, in reality, to change his sentiments and conduct.

"I was of opinion, that if Madame de Beaufort was acquainted with the contents of this letter, it might, probably produce the same effects upon her. I would not take this trouble upon myself, being unwilling to meet the insolence and rage of a woman, who looked upon me as a stumbling block in the way of her advancement; but I communicated the letter to Cheverny and Fresne, who immediately informed Madame de Sourdis of it, and she, almost in the same moment, the Duchess de Beaufort.

"But this lady's counsellors were not so easily alarmed; they were very sensible that the step they had under-

taken

taken to prevail upon the king, would not fail of meeting with many difficulties, and they had settled their behaviour upon each: the result of their deliberations had been to hasten, as much as possible, the conclusion of the affair, persuading themselves that when it was once over, they might give it a colour that should make it excusable; or, at worst, matters might be composed after a little talk, as always happens when things are without remedy.

“ They knew well the disposition of the French nation, especially the courtiers, whose first law it is to be always of the same mind with the sovereign, and whose strongest passion is the desire of pleasing him. In a word, they thought themselves secure of every thing, provided the king himself did not fail them.

“ Fresne, having drawn up the warrant for the payment of the heralds, trumpeters, and other officers of the crown, who had attended at the ceremony of this baptism, it was brought to me as well as to the rest of the counsellors, that I might give my order for its discharge. As soon as I cast my eyes upon this writing, a tender concern for the king’s honour made me look upon it as a lasting witness of his imbecility, which was going to be handed down to posterity. I hesitated not a moment to return it, and caused another to be drawn up in terms more proper.

“ The titles of Monsieur, Son of France, and all that could give any notion of that kind were suppressed, and consequently the household fees were reduced to the ordinary sum, with which they were highly dissatisfied. They did not fail to renew their efforts, and in their discontent quoted Monsieur de Fresne, and the law by which their claims were regulated.—At first I restrained myself before these people, whose bad intentions I was not ignorant of; but growing impatient at last, I could not help saying to them, with some indignation, “ Go, go, I will do nothing in it; learn that there are no sons of France.”

This firmness in Sully was the occasion of a quarrel between the king and the fair Gabriella. The duke relates it at large in his memoirs, and the whole passage being extremely curious, I shall give my readers the pleasure of seeing it here.

The duke continues thus: “ No sooner had these words escaped me, than suspecting that a troublesome affair would be made of it, to prevent it I went immediately to his majesty, who was talking with the duke D’Epernon in the palace of St. Germain. I shewed him the warrant De Fresne had drawn up, telling him that if it was allowed, there needed no more but to declare himself married to the Duchess of Beaufort.”—“ This is Fresne’s malice,” said the king, after he had read it, “ but I shall take care to prevent it.”

“ Then commanding me to tear the paper, he turned to three or four lords of the court, who were nearest to him, “ How malignant are these people,” said he aloud, “ and what difficulties do they throw in the way of those who serve me with fidelity!—They brought a warrant to Monsieur de Rosney, with a design to make him offend me if he passed it, or my mistress if he refused it.”

“ In the state affairs then were, these words were far from being indifferent; they gave the courtiers, who had smiled at my simplicity, to understand that they might possibly be deceived themselves, and that the supposed marriage was not so near as they had imagined.

“ The king continuing to converse with me apart, told me that he did not doubt but that Madame de Beaufort was greatly enraged against me, and advised me to go to her, and endeavour, by solid reasons, to give her satisfaction. “ If that will not do,” added he, “ I will speak to her as a *master*.”

“ I went directly to the duchess’s apartment, which was in the cloister of Saint Germain; I knew not what notion she conceived of a visit, which

she found I began with a sort of explanation. She did not allow me to go on; the rage with which she was animated not permitting her to observe any measures, she interrupted me with a reproach that I had imposed on the king, and made him believe that black was white.

"'Tis well, Madam," said I, interrupting her in my turn, but with great calmness, "since you think fit to talk in this manner, I shall take my leave; but I shall not, however, neglect my duty." Saying this I left her, not being willing to hear more, that I might not be tempted to say any thing severer. I put the king in a very ill humour with his mistress, when I repeated to him what she said. "Come along with me," said the king, with an emotion that pleased me greatly, "and I will let you see that women do not wholly possess me."

"His coach not being ready soon enough for his impatience, his majesty got into mine, and as we drove to the duchess's lodgings, he told me that he would never have cause to reproach himself, that through his complaisance for a woman he had banished, or even disgusted servants, who, like me, were only solicitous for his glory and interest.

"Madame de Beaufort, upon my leaving her apartment so hastily, had expected to see the king soon after, and during that time had taken sufficient pains to adorn her person, believing, like me, that the victory which one or other of us was to gain, would be the happy or miserable presage of her fortune.

"As soon as she was informed of the king's arrival, she came as far as the door of the first hall to receive him. Henry, without saluting her, or shewing her any part of his usual tenderness, "Let us go, Madam, to your chamber," said he, "and suffer no one to enter but yourself, Rosney, and me, for I want to talk to you both, and make you live together upon friendly terms."

"Then ordering the door to be shut, and that no one should be suffered to remain in the chamber, wardrobe, or

closet, he took her hand, holding one of mine at the same time, and with an air that she had good reason to be surprised at, told her, that the true motive which had determined him to attach himself to her, was the gentleness he had observed in her disposition; but that her conduct for some time past had convinced him, that what he had believed to be real was only dissembled, and that she had deceived him; he reproached her with the bad counsels she had listened to, and the very considerable faults they had occasioned.

"He loaded me with praises, to shew the duchess, by the difference of our proceedings, that I only had a true affection for his person; he commanded her to subdue her aversion for me so far, as to be able to regulate her conduct by my advice, since she might depend upon it his passion for her should never induce him to banish me from his presence.

"Madame de Beaufort began her answer with sighs and tears. She affected a tender and submissive air: she would have kissed the hand of Henry, omitting no artifice which she thought capable of melting his heart. It was not till she had played over all these little arts that she began to speak, which she did by complaining, that instead of those returns she might have expected from a prince to whom she had given her heart, she saw herself sacrificed to one of his grooms.

"She recapitulated all that I had done against her children, in order to awaken his majesty's resentment against me; then feigning to sink under the violence of her grief and despair, she let herself fall upon a couch, where she protested she was determined to die, not being able to endure life after so cruel an affront.

(To be continued.)

Account of THE SCHOOL FOR ELOQUENCE.

A New Interlude, called *The School for Eloquence*, was performed on Tuesday, April 4, at Drury-Lane Theatre.

Theatre, between the play and farce, for Mr. Brereton's benefit. The object of this little piece was to ridicule the present rage for debate, which seems to inflame all ranks of people, and which, as it tends materially to prejudice the interests of our play-houses, by drawing from them that attention they would otherwise receive, and thence lessening their audiences, was certainly fair theatrical game.—The piece of the evening had obviously been hastily thrown together, and as hastily prepared for representation; it was not, however, without its points, some of which deservedly met with great applause.

When the curtain drew up, a debating society, or, as the phrase now is, an oratorical academy, was discovered, with the Moderator seated in his chair, and the company arranged in order.

After an exordium from the Moderator, shewing, in terms of poignant irony, the absurd basis of all such assemblies, the inspired members of which usually, on a sudden, and without preparation, rise and decide with infinite ease upon questions so knotty and abstruse, that they well deserve very long and serious deliberation, and indeed cannot, unless the speakers have supernatural faculties, be rationally determined otherwise, the question for the night was read, as follows—"Is oratory of use to society?" The speakers were the original proposer of the question, an Irishman, a Scotchman, a Fop, a character in a mask, a Frenchman, a Welchman, and a Town Buck.

The first, by his speech, serves as a satire upon those, who mistake an aggregation of hard words and turgid phrases, for great eloquence and sublime language.

The second adduces a proof of the use and importance of oratory, by stating that his own cousin was a *White-Boy*, and proved his *patriotism* by *leveling all enclosures* in the neighbourhood in which he lived, till at length, obliged to quit his native soil, he came to England, and being reduced to necessity,

was advised to work; but in order to avoid doing any thing unbecoming a *gentleman*, assumed the crape, and rode for his health upon the highway, till the *uncivil* officers of justice seized him, and he was thrice brought to trial, but each time escaped conviction by *bothering* the jury, and producing an ellipsis in the evidence by bribery. Hence the Irishman concludes, that as saving life is the most important of all possible effects, his cousin's good fortune is an unanswerable proof of the use of oratory to society.

The Scotchman condemns the Irishman's argument, and says that oratory so used is a prostitution of a fine art, for the base purpose of rescuing a scoundrel from the gallows. He contends in affirmative of the question, that oratory is properly used in bestowing panegyric upon a man's patrons, and procuring a genteel subsistence.

The Fop asserts, that its only use is in serving the ladies, and pleasing the fair.

The masked speaker ridicules all that has been said, as proving more than enough in favour of oratory.

The Frenchman maintains that the whole art of oratory depends on grace and manner, and in a most laughable stile of imitation, shews the absurdity of the action of some of the most popular speakers in St. Stephen's chapel.

The Welchman is an advocate for oratory, because it may be well employed in doing honour to a man's pedigree.

The Town Buck laughs at oratory as a false art, serving only to mislead mankind, and confound right and wrong. He lays down his oratorical theory as follows—"If any man contradicts me, I say '*you lie*,' and that's my *major*; if he dares meet that, I blow out his brains, that's my *minor*, and then who dare dispute the *conclusion*?"

The piece concludes with a riot, in which the Moderator is driven from his chair, and the company thrown into confusion.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of part of the FLEET under the command of SIR CHARLES HARDY, Page 44.

1. Duke. 2. London. 3. Resolution. 4. Canada. 5. Ocean. 6. Namur. 7. Intrepid. 8. Lizard. 9. America. 10. Berwick. 11. Monarch. 12. Britannia. 13. Victory. 14. Terrible.

J—M—.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of ENTERTAINMENTS, Page 156.

1. Padlock. 2. Camp. 3. Note of Hand. 4. Quaker. 5. Waterman. 6. Queen Mab. 7. Liverpool Prize. 8. Lottery. 9. Son-in-Law.

LOUISA and DELIA.

* * * Jane G—t makes No. 3, the Apprentice. Percisa T—n, Amelia Sophia, H—S—, Tabitha F—n, Andira Q—, Caroline A—r, Charlotta R—e, &c. agree with Louisa.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of KINGDOMS in EUROPE, Page 156.

1. England. 2. Prussia. 3. Hungary. 4. Spain. 5. France. 6. Ireland. 7. Poland. 8. Denmark. 9. Naples. 10. Bohemia. 11. ——. 12. Sardinia. 13. Sweden. 14. Portugal.

ELIZABETH AITON.

* * * Answered likewise by Blouza-bel, Omia, Otabeite, Pilgrim, J. G—n, Eliza R—P—St—e, Amalinda, Pal-las, Aurelia, Circassia, Georgiana, Polluciniſſa, Harriotte, Amasia, Tremulenta, Marcotti, Sacchariſſa, &c.

Enigmatical List of FRUIT.

1. The surname of an alderman now residing in London.
2. Three ninths of a sea-port town, two fourths of a ring upon the bells, and a serpentine letter.

3. A character in the Beaux Stratagem.

4. Five ninths of a town that is famous for its hospital, and the surname of a great general, that returned from America without his laurels.

5. Five sevenths of a character in the Beggar's Opera.

6. Five sevenths of a town in Westmoreland.

7. A part of the human frame, three fifths of what criminals do at a sessions, and two fourths of what is used by fishermen.

8. Three sixths of a phrase for a person in liquor, and the reverse of off.

9. A liquor, changing a letter.

10. One sixth of a wild flower, and a part of the human frame.

11. Two sixths of a vulgar phrase for a musical instrument, and a consonant.

12. Four fifths of a month, and a pastoral name for a small house.

A—W—y.

Enigmatical List of CAPTAINS in the Fleet under the command of SIR CHARLES HARDY.

1. Half of a thief, a preposition, and a male child.

2. Three fifths of a small animal, three ninths of a shopkeeper, and one third of a tree.

3. Half of a town in Middlesex, and twenty hundred weight.

4. Half of a custard, three sevenths of a trade, and a serpentine letter.

5. Half of a quarrel, and a town in Staffordshire, changing a letter.

6. Three fourths of the prop of a house, half of a wicked person, and a savoury dish.

7. A consonant, two fifths of a near relation, and a drinking vessel.

8. Two thirds of a Romish priest's surplice, a consonant, and two fifths of a foe.

9. A meadow, and three sevenths of an ungrateful person.

10. Four tenths of a county.

J—M—.

POET.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ORIGIN of the LADIES' FAN.

A short Poetical Arcadian Fiction.

By a LADY.

ONCE in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love, [grove,
There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An easy shape, and sweetly blooming face;
Fanny the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair.
To charm her ear, the rival shepherds sing,
Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling
string; [rove,
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to
Whilst Fanny's name resounds thro' ev'ry
grove. [high,
'Twas when the summer's sun, now mounted
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing
sky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
To shun the heat this lovely nymph was laid;
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
A blush, that added to their native red,
And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight;
Æolus, the mighty god, whom winds obey,
Observ'd the beauteous maid as thus she lay,
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And suck'd in poison at the dang'rous sight.
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own,
But still complains that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one zephyr to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day.
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales incessant to relieve her flame,
And call'd it FAN, from lovely Fanny's name.

S— W—.

Answer to the ENIGMATICAL LIST of
YOUNG LADIES at Isleworth, Page 100.

MISS Angus plac'd first, which I think
was right done,
As for gayness of dress she is equal'd by none,
And as that is a passion at present requir'd,
'Tis for elegance of dress that this lady's ad-
mir'd. [vine,
Then comes her dear sister (Miss Mary) di-
Who has votaries flocking each day to her
shrine;

Her looks are so modest, her dress is so neat,
And she hates affectation, which makes her
compleat.

Then the lovely Miss Lee so delighting is seen,
And Miss Hazel, who at her tambour is a
queen;

Miss Oliver, whose beauty by all is express'd,
And her goodness of heart in her countenance
dress'd;

Her voice so melodious, her expressions so kind,
She is Venus in form, and Diana in mind.

Angelic Miss Sidney, none her frowns could
endure, [cure;

But her smiles are so sweet that they instantly
The engaging Miss Roberts, so pleasing to
view,

So graceful and lively she appears ever new;

Her carriage is noble, her manner genteel,

Her address is bewitching, but I fear her
heart's steel. [teem,

But now comes the fair ones whom most I es-
Miss Passingham so charming, expressive her
mien,

Her behaviour is easy: so black are her eyes,

And her sister, Miss Ann P. I equally prize;

Genteel is her person, good-humour'd, and
smart, [heart;

She charms thro' the ear, and engages the
I name not their beauty, I know their good
sense

Is obliging to all, and to none give offence.

Miss Wright I scarce know, nor the pretty
Miss Knight, aright.

But they both are praise-worthy if fame speaks

Then last is Miss Langley, so witty and gay,

In her presence soft glides the dull winter a-
way.

I've explain'd the fair ladies, so now bid adieu,
Truth speaks in each line, praise is justly their
due.

J— B—.

E L I Z A.

I.

AS two and twenty years ago
The gods were met in merry mood,
Discouring of affairs below,
That happen'd long before the flood.

II.

Sage Pallas rose, and thus she spoke,
"Thy sacred will, O Jove! explain,
Why we must talk of ancient deeds,
And from more modern times refrain.

III, Why

III.

"Why do not all th' immortals join
To form a female wife and fair,
And then, to crown the great design,
To make her happy, free from care?"

IV.

Thus Pallas spoke, and then the god,
Whose frowns can shake the solid earth,
Confirm'd the sentence with a nod,
A nod that gave Eliza birth.

V.

Eliza, all th' immortals care,
The fav'rite master-piece of heav'n,
For her's the charms of Venus were,
To her was Pallas' wisdom giv'n.

VI.

Apollo all his wit inspir'd,
Her chastity Diana gave;
Such charms th' immortals might have fir'd,
Then well might Thyrsis prove her slave.

VII.

Her slave he was, but soon to him
Was a far dearer title giv'n;
The pair, as by each other blest,
Now envy not the gods of heav'n.

VIII.

And now, to crown their nuptial joy,
More fast the pleasing tie to bind,
Pride of their hearts, is born a boy,
Where all their wishes are confin'd.

IX.

And now with tenderness and love,
T' infil into his youthful heart
The seeds of learning and of worth,
Must be the gentle Thyrsis part.

X.

And then with what parental joy
His op'ning wit will they admire!
How gladly will they see their boy
To noble faculties aspire!

XI.

For there, where first the seeds are sown
Of gentle virtue, smiling peace,
Tho' all beside is angry war,
Within is harmony and ease.

ZEPHALINDA.

VERSES upon the BIRTH of a LITTLE BOY.

By the MOTHER.

I.

COME, little angels, all unite
And some assistance bring,
Kindly to help my feeble lays
Whilst I attempt to sing.

II.

Teach me sufficient words to shew
The tender mother's joy,
Since bounteous heav'n has granted her
A little sprightly boy.

III.

Tell me what words can best express
The transports of my mind,
Whene'er I view my blooming child,
Such innocence I find.

IV.

Oh! gracious heaven, continue still
Thy mercies now began,
And grant my little sprightly boy
May prove a worthy man.

DELIA.

VALENTINE'S MORNING.

Addressed to Miss M—M—, Vauxhall.

RISE, my Aura, quickly rise,
See, in yonder eastern skies,
Roly sun-beams chearful play,
Preface of a glorious day;
Come then, quickly, nymph divine,
Hasten to thy Valentine.

Hark! what gladsome notes of love
Loud resound in yonder grove!
Tuneful birds on ev'ry spray
Joyful carrol in the day;
Come, and join their notes with thine,
To hail the day of Valentine.

See the fields in verdant bloom,
Balmy gales breathe sweet perfume,
The limpid stream harmonious flows,
Nothing ought but gladness knows;
Nature smiles, and all things join
To welcome in the Valentine.

Come then, Aura, come away,
Love admits not of delay;
Come in all thy heav'nly charms,
Sweetly smiling, to my arms;
Hasten quickly, nymph divine,
And bless thy faithful Valentine.

A—.

By Miss LOUISA R—K.

YE guardian sylphs, O hear a maiden's
pray'r!
Make dear Montaner your peculiar care;
From his lov'd head avert the storms of fate,
And in his heart bid virtue fix her seat;
May truth his actions and his voice direct,
So shall he meet with honour and respect:
From ev'ry ill may heav'n the youth preserve,
From its blest dictates may he never swerve;
And

And may that gen'rous bosom never know
One bitter pang of agonizing woe.
To heighten ev'ry comfort of his life,
I wish the youth a lovely, virtuous wife;
In beauty's mould this frame had nature
form'd,

Had heav'n my mind with ev'ry grace adorn'd;
Had polish'd education lent its aid,
Perhaps I might have been the favor'd maid!
But as I am, no wish I entertain
To be distinguish'd by the charming swain;
My untaught manners, person void of grace,
In that lov'd heart can never hold a place;
The beauteous Clara, rich in heav'nly charms,
Alone is worthy of Montaner's arms:
My love, my hopeless love he ne'er shall know,
Dear cause of all my unavailing woe!
But long as life shall animate this breast,
Montaner's image there will stand confest;
My friendly wishes will for him arise
'Till icy death shall close Louisa's eyes.

TO E T H E L I N D A.

WHY streams thy lovely downcast eye?
Why heaves thy little heart?
My dearest girl, what means that sigh?
Come, tell me what's thy smart?

Thy head reclin'd upon thy hand
Bespeaks a troubled mind;
Does Belville shrink from love's soft band?
Or is the youth unkind?

The men are often false, my dear,
Ah! heed not what they say;
They are not worth one tender tear,
They mean but to betray.

Yet there, perhaps, may be some few
Whom honour's dictates guide;
Thy swain, for ought I know, is true,
But who is so beside.

The man who taught thee first to love
Was deaf to virtue's voice;
Thy friends were griev'd, nor could approve
Thy thoughtless, ill-judg'd choice.

In vain, all friendship could suggest
To change thy mind they try'd;
Which was the cause, for you know best,
Perverseness, love, or pride?

At length bright reason took the reins,
And came unto thy aid;
She soon a glorious conquest gains,
And freed the captive maid.

With pitying look she touch'd thy eyes,
The mist before them fled;
You saw pale mis'ry, with surprise,
Hang hov'ring o'er your head.

Then thank that gracious, friendly pow'r
Who snatch'd thee from the brink
Of wretched wedlock, where each hour
Unthinking thousands sink.

S P R I N G.

OUR former bards so clear their sense ex-
press'd,

And in such lofty strains the fair address'd,
That I with fearful awe attend their shrine,
And offer something far below divine;
Mount my weak thoughts on the advent'rous
wing,

Attempt the beauties of the op'ning spring.

When wintry glooms begin to disappear,
And nature seems to hail the new-born year,
What pleasure does th' adjacent fields afford,
To see creation own its Sov'reign Lord!
The fleecy tribe, who crop their scanty fare,
Begin to feel a parent's anxious care;
Their harmless offspring jocund skip and play,
Compleatly chearful, innocently gay;
The huntsman's rout is now no longer heard,
Nor gun, destructive to the feeble bird;
The feather'd choir prepare the downy nest,
In hopes to share with man a summer's rest:
But ah! how vain are all their wishes found?
Like man's desires imperfect and unsound;
Built on foundations like the ocean's shore,
A breath, a blast will make them all no more;
For e'er their young have left the crusted shell,
The truant school-boy robs its downy cell,
Or takes away the untaught callow brood,
With strength scarce able to receive its food.
The herald of the spring, in seemly voice,
Proclaims aloud the season to rejoice;
The earth, that long in winter's mantle lay,
Puts on the green t' eclipse the humid grey;
The sun extracts the wat'ry vapours thence,
And drives fierce northern blasts far distant
hence;

The plain, the wood, the garden, and the lawn
Unite their efforts all to hail the dawn
Of rising spring! The crocus' golden hue,
The primrose sweet, the sweeter violet's blue,
All, all conspire to raise the wond'ring soul
To him who is the author of the whole:
Who spoke, and light appear'd, dim darkness
fled; [spread.
Who spoke, and o'er the earth its verdure

Lo! spring appears, attended by the fate
That rules o'er war and tumult in a state!
The breath of Mars blows wildly o'er the main,
At home blind Party rages in the brain;
Party, whom wrath and envy oft attend,
Whilst fiercer Fury from the realms ascend
Of darkness and despair, where Pluto reigns
Amid the confines of Hell's gloomy plains!
But oh! may Britain send her heroes forth,
Men who scorn meanness, knowing honour's
worth;
Men firmly fix'd upon the public good,
Men who can dare revenge their nation's
blood; [fair,
Stand forth bold champions for the British
And noble trophies for their country bear.

CASTALIO.

An

A N N A ' s S H A D E .

T WAS at the dreary, silent hour of night,
While Dian' glimmer'd with a feeble light,
When man and beast, by daily toil oppress'd,
From nat'ral instinct laid them down to rest;
Just as the bell had rung the midnight hour,
Fair Anna's shade rose in the orange bow'r.
And, as the lightning swift, with motion fleet
She wing'd her way, and pitch'd at William's feet,

Close to his bed, where leaning by the post,
With tortur'd features out-glar'd Shakespear's ghost.

A sudden murmur thro' the chamber ran,
And rustling noise disturb'd the sleeping man;
From frightful dreams awak'd with horrid awe,

He started, trembled, shun'd the sprite he
In vain to quit the irksome sight he strove,
Conscience depriv'd him of all pow'r to move;
When Anna thus the dreary silence broke,
In plaintive accents thus with tears she spoke.

"Start not, but view! list, vain, perfidious man!

Repent, and quit your vices if you can!

You've often said my presence gave delight,
Wherefore doth now my aspect you affright?

In life my actions tended to your good,

I, for your sake, all obstacles withstood;

Your sole advantage was my only care,

For you I many taunts in life did bear:

Your very footsteps ever did adore,

All other friendship's for your sake forswore:

Now in the dust my breathless corpse is laid,

Of my rebukes you sure can't be afraid;

Yet I must now some hints urge to your mind,

That you may henceforth better be inclin'd.

Your humour, cunning, *gaieté de cœur*,

Did my unguarded confidence secure;

Of a true friend I thought I'd gain'd the prize,

But all's not gold that glitters to the eyes;

My confidence you basely have betray'd,

Both while a wife, and when I was a maid.

Sense you possess, yet folly you retain,

To Molly's caprices a dupe remain;

Oft, by her base insinuations led,

Where peace should dwell, you've ranc'rous
discord bred;

Then puff and strut, your glass of Taunton

And serious ills disguise with wanton laugh.

My foolish weakness now, too late, I see,

To follow her, or to confide in thee;

Her machinations, wrought in nether hell,

First taught me 'gainst my husband to rebel,

And made me slight my best, my truest friend,

And blast his hopes your fortunes to amend.

What recompence have I for all this got?

Curses, abuse, confinement, and what not!

You've greatly hurt us, you've by her been
hurt,

And 'mongst ye all I now am laid in dirt;

Your injuries to him, which seem'd my own,

My sudden death severely doth atone:

What were the means by which from life I fell

It is not now permitted me to tell;

But, mark my words, and ponder in your
mind,

Within your breast a canker worm's confin'd,
Whose gnawing record will to you reveal
Those truths which I at present must conceal.
O may the gracious God prove kind to you!

[The cock crows.

I'm summon'd hence—brother, once dear, a-
dieu.

An ANSWER to the REBUS signed M—
RUDD, Vol. X. Page 607.

I.

FAIR lady, your Rebus I read, I must
own,

The meaning of it to disclose,
To see if I could not the name soon make
known

Of the youth who has broke your repose.

II.

I read it with care from beginning to end,
But could not the matter explain;
At length a kind hint I receiv'd from a friend,
Which soon put me out of my pain.

III.

The *Will* is by nature for all men design'd,
A *Tam* in Jamaica is eat,
But when those two words you together have
join'd
They will not make *William* compleat.

IV.

But *William* I know is the name which you
mean,
And permit me to caution you well,
That before you write next to be publicly seen,
Be sure you learn rightly to spell.

V.

A *Trap* we in gardens do frequently view,
A *Pit* is oft made to ensnare;
These words, if together you join them most
true,
Will soon *William Trappit* declare.

VI.

Your poetical genius I cannot admire,
Nor yet the bright subject you chose;
But sure *William Trappit* will never desire
To break a fair lady's repose.

VII.

But now you have enter'd the fetters for life
New matters will soon interpose;
You have ta'en on yourself all the cares of a
wife,
Which I fear will soon break your repose.

VIII.

On your change of condition I wish you much
joy,
And my mind I will freely disclose,
Let not *William Trappit* your thoughts more
employ,
Or break *Mrs. Matchfield's* repose.

JUSTANA.

FOREIGN

A N E W S O N G.

The Words by a Correspondent, set to Music by Mr. HUDSON.

Poco Andante. *Sym.*

Andante.

Ah! love-ly nymph! yet cru—el fair, To pierce my heart with pain; Art thou then

Poco Andante.

gone, my on—ly care, Ne'er to re—turn a—gain? *Sym.* Cou'd

not this hap—py ru—ral feat Give thy sweet form de—light? *Sym.* Or did the thought thy

with—es meet, To wound me with thy sight. *Sym. Andante.*

II.

No, sure some tender feelings dwell,
 Within thy beauteous breast,
 You ne'er cou'd think it doing well
 To rob my soul of rest.
 Then why on me this sentence giv'n,
 Thy fight for e'er to lose?
 Was it decreed by thee or heav'n
 To break my soft repose?

III.

What muse can paint that fatal day?
 My grief what tongue can tell?
 When you so chearful went away,
 And bade the last farewell?
 Such gladness bloom'd o'er all thy face,
 Thy heart replete with glee,
 And ev'ry joy smil'd with each grace,
 Without one thought of me.

IV.

Now tir'd of life, I penfive rove
 Near some deep lonely vale,
 There sigh the dire effects of love,
 There mourn my hapless tale:
 Or by some murm'ring river's side
 I ruminat on death;
 Whether to live, or to the tide
 Resign my fleeting breath.

V.

Then, dearest Sophy, sooth my grief,
 And let me cease to mourn;
 With these sweet words give me relief,
 Say you will soon return:
 Then blest, beyond expression's pow'r,
 For ever shall I be,
 If you, sweet maid, whom I adore,
 Will deign to smile on me.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Sallee, January 18.

OUR sovereign set out from this place on the 16th of November, with a detachment of 8000 men, and repaired to the province of Temsena, where he passed some days in appeasing the disturbances with which that place has been agitated for some time past; he afterwards went from thence to Morocco, where he arrived the latter end of last month.

A great scarcity of provisions still prevails in this kingdom.

Petersburgh, Feb. 22. On the 12th ult. her imperial majesty sent an order to the directing senate, in which Field-marshal Prince de Galitzin is charged with a commission for arranging, towards the end of May next, the government of Petersbourg upon the footing prescribed by the ordinances already published, and to divide it into seven circles, which are to be those of Petersbourg, Schlüsselburgh, Sophia, Rochestwensck, Oranienbaum, Jamburg, and Narwa. In consequence of which, a new town, which is to be called Sophia, will be built at a little distance from Sarkoe Selo, and the villages of Oranienbaum and Rochestwensck, will also be raised to the rank of towns.

Madrid, Feb. 29. Several towns communities, and rich private persons have offered large sums of money, and considerable succours to the king for the continuation of the war, and his majesty has acknowledged their generous offers in a very gracious manner.

Madrid, March 7. Mr. John Jay, formerly president of the congress of the united states of America, has landed at Cadiz, but is not yet arrived in this city. In the mean time Mr. Carmichael, late a member of the same congress, has been here above three weeks. He hath made his appearance at court, and yesterday he was present in the circle of foreign ministers, who paid their compliments to the king on the birth of the infant Don Carlos. This American, who has great merit, joined to the art of pleasing, meets every where with a distinguished reception.

From the Vistula, March 7. The last letters from Warsaw advise, that preparations are already making there for holding the grand diet, which is to take place next summer; and that the Dietines, which precede that national assembly, have already been held in certain provinces and districts. Some of these Dietines have been extremely outrageous. At Brzesz the Russian troops were attacked by the Poles,

who, being more numerous, obliged the Russians to retire, with the loss of 13 men; but the latter having received a reinforcement, attacked the Poles in their turn, and entirely defeated them; 20 Polish gentlemen lost their lives in the action; the number of Polish soldiers killed is not yet known, but it is imagined to be much more considerable.

Elfsneur, March 10. A fleet of eight sail of the line, and two frigates, are now equipping at this port for sea with great dispatch, on board of which some characters of the first eminence are going to make a naval campaign; the report is, they are to be joined by a Russian squadron of nearly the same force, and are to cruize together for the protection of their trade: the Swedes look with a jealous eye on this armament, which they suppose is calculated for other purposes. Another squadron is equipping at Copenhagen, which it is expected will have employment next summer.

Copenhagen, March 21. The Count de Lurcheffe, minister from the court of Naples, and who is at the same time charged with the affairs of that of Spain, hath received orders to declare to our court, that his Catholic majesty intends to make some arrangements in regard to the merchant ships of neutral powers, which will certainly give satisfaction. In the mean time advice is received here, that the ships of this nation detained at Cadiz and Malaga, 20 in number, have not yet been released, and that their cargoes have been sold at a very low price, especially those of the four last ships, laden with wheat, at a loss of 60 per cent.

Amsterdam, March 22. By letters from Cadiz we hear, that the Spanish fleet in that Bay had been so much damaged by a violent storm, that out of 30 sail of the line there was scarce 12 fit for service, the others requiring a very large repair, which would take the more time, as the Arsenal of Cadiz was in want of necessaries for that purpose, and must wait to be supplied from Carthagen and Ferrol. The same letters add, that all the Dutch vessels which had been detained in Cadiz since the month of October, were not yet permitted to depart, but that a favourable change in that respect was hoped for.

Paris, March 29. Letters from Cadiz mention, that Don Gaston had sailed from thence on the 7th or 8th instant, with 12 ships, and 10,000 men.

Hague, March 30. We find that the States-General have, by their Agent, Mr. Vanden Burgh Van Spierings Hock, given the follow-

ing provisional answer to the English Ambassador's memorial: "That their High Mightinesses are very desirous to coincide with the wishes of his British majesty, by giving a positive answer to the memorial delivered by his ambassador, but that their High Mightinesses foresee, that from the nature of the government of the republick, it is impossible to return an answer in three weeks time, as the memorial must be deliberated upon by the different provinces, and their resolutions waited for. That their High Mightinesses are assured his majesty would not wish rigorously to keep to the before mentioned time, that their High Mightinesses might be able to conclude upon an answer in a manner conformable to the constitution of the republick, in which they had no right to make any alteration, and they promise to accelerate the deliberations upon that head as much as possible." It is further said, that the English ambassador having read this answer, excused himself from accepting of it on account of the king his master's orders, but said he did not doubt but that the representations which count We'deren had orders to make to his court, would entirely fulfil the intentions of their High Mightinesses. It is also said, that Sir Joseph Yorke communicated this his answer to the States-General on the 28th of this month in a conference.

Hague, March 31. We have accounts from Madrid, that the Count de Richter-n, the Dutch minister, has again represented to the Count of Florida Blanca, the Spanish first minister, the many and great hardships suffered by the Dutch ships, as well by their being stop'd in the Bay of Gibraltar, as by further ill treatment, even after a favourable verdict had been obtained for them, which must in the end be of detriment to Spain, as the consequences of such proceedings will be that the

neutral ships will not carry on any trade to those seas, &c. Upon this the Count of Florida Blanca promised to obtain orders to suffer the shipping of the republick to be unmolested in future.

Hamburg, April 1. The recruits for the German troops are now on their march for Holland, to embark for America, but they will not be able to arrive there before the expiration of the allowed time for the States of Holland to answer the memorial of the English ambassador, which was three weeks from the 21st of March, the day it was delivered. The new levies are said to be some of the finest men in Germany; there are 200 of them for the grenadier companies, the shortest of which measures six feet two inches.

Paris, April 2. Nothing more remains at the camp of St. Roch than the necessary troops to guard the lines and batteries. We suppose the siege will be turned into a blockade.

St. Malo's, April 6. The number of flat boats now ready are upwards of 300, and many more building; they are so constructed as to take to pieces, and stow away in a small compass, and can be easily put together by the ship-carpenters, when wanted for service; artificers from the yard go with them for that purpose. British seamen prisoners near here are upwards of 1800. It is the general discourse that Great Britain will be invaded by 30,000 men as early in the summer as possible.

Hague, April 13. By the middle of May we shall have a very respectable squadron at the Texel. All orders to the dock-yards are given in the most secret manner: the most intelligent in the maritime strength of the States say, the squadron will consist of four ships of 70, six of 60, and six of 50 guns, besides smaller vessels.



H O M E N E W S.

L O N D O N.

Guernsey, March 20.

GOVERNMENT having kept the prizes taken by our privateers before French commissions were granted, and now by an order of the High Court of Admiralty wants to oblige us to send our prizes to England, have made us entirely drop privateering: all our privateers are laid up, and those that are cruising, when they arrive will be laid up also.

Westminster, March 21. This day, the Lords being met, a message was sent to the Hon. House of Commons by Sir Francis Molyneux,

Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, acquainting them that the Lords, authorised by virtue of his majesty's commission, for declaring his royal assent to an act agreed upon by both houses, do desire the immediate attendance of this honourable House in the House of Peers, to hear the commission read, and the commons being come thither, the said commission, empowering the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, and several other Lords therein mentioned, to declare and notify the royal assent to the said act, was read accordingly, and the royal assent given to.

An act for raising a certain sum of money by way of annuities, and for establishing a lottery. Together with many other public and private bills.

Poole, March 22. The Dorsetshire letter of marque, Capt. Greenhill, is arrived here from New-York, which place she left the 5th January, and brings an account of General Clinton having sailed from thence on the 23d of December, with about 9000 troops on board, 6000 of which were intended for South Carolina, and the remaining part to the West-Indies. She likewise brings an account of the whole fleet having suffered by a very violent gale of wind, which continued for four days, and were obliged to return into port again; but that they had since sailed with a favourable wind.

Dartmouth, March 23. The Dart Privateer, of this port, has brought in here a large French West Indiaman, mounting 14 guns, bound to Bourdeaux, with 360 hogheads of sugar, coffee, and other goods on board, said to be worth 30,000 l. The Dart is the privateer which took the Spanish ship that has produced 150,000 l.

24. A messenger is dispatched over land to all the East-India settlements to give notice to the several governors, &c. &c. of government's giving the company notice to pay them off in the three years, according to act of parliament.

Portsmouth, March 27. The West-India fleet are all arrived from the Downs, and every preparation is making to get the men of war ready, so that the first fair wind will carry the fleet to sea.

28. Orders are sent to Spithead, for all the officers belonging to fleets, whose ships are not in the harbour, to repair at gun fire in the evening on board their respective ships, and not to remain, or lay on shore upon any account whatsoever, without the special leave of the admiral.

29. There are only the following ships missing of the Jamaica fleet, viz. the Brothers, Capt. Gall; the Speak; Capt. Laws; and the Goldsmid, Capt. Curtis; but it is feared that the last is taken.

30. Several armed ships and sloops of war, going as convoy with the present outward-bound merchantmen, are to remain on the Banks of Newfoundland, for the protection of the fishery.

Extract of a letter from an Officer on board one of his Majesty's ships of war under Sir Peter Parker, in the West Indies, to an Irish Nobleman, dated Barbadoes, Feb. 29.

"Commodore Collingwood has chased La Mothe Piquet into Guadaloupe, where he remains with five sail of the line and some frigates. Whether we shall attack him or not is not yet known, though I fear his situation will not admit of it. I wish we may strike a blow of some kind, as we have the sea here to ourselves; so many of their cruisers have been taken of late, that they cannot stir out

of their ports. Every body here is wallowing in dollars and joes. We have just now received advice that 3000 men, bound for Georgia, in 30 transports, were blown off the Coast of America, and put into Antigua, which, I hope, will enable us to do something."

April 1. The following authentic list of ships taken from the enemy since the commencement of hostilities, and our losses during the same period, are here contrasted, as the best criterion by which to form a fair judgment.

<i>Taken from the</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Taken by ditto.</i>	<i>No.</i>
<i>French.</i>	<i>Guns.</i>		<i>Guns.</i>
Le Prothée,	64	Ardent,	64
Le Fortune,	42	Experiment,	50
Le Prudente,	40	Minerva,	32
Le Monsieur,	40	Montreal,	32
*Le Sartine,	36	Active,	28
Le Blanche,	36	Fox,	28
Le Pallas,	36	Lively,	24
Le Licorne,	36	Ariel,	20
Le Danaë,	32	Alert,	14
L'Oiseau,	32		
L'Alcmene,	28		292
Le Goree,	14		
*The Sartine is			
in the E. Ind	436		
with Vernon.			

<i>Taken from the</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>San Rafail,</i>	<i>30</i>
<i>Spaniards.</i>	<i>Guns.</i>	<i>Santa Teresa,</i>	<i>28</i>
Phoenix,	80	San Bruno,	26
Princessa,	70	*San Fermin,	16
Monarca,	70	*San Vincente,	16
Diligente,	70		
Prince William,	64		638
San Carlos,	64	* Corvettes.	
San Ammonica,	32		
Santa Margarita,	32	None taken by the	
San Carlos,	32	Spaniards,	

<i>Taken from the</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Taken by ditto.</i>	<i>Guns.</i>
<i>Americans.</i>	<i>Guns.</i>		
Virginia,	32	Serapis,	44
Delaware,	32	Count. of Scarbro'	20
Iris, late the	32	Drake,	16
Hancock,		Thorn,	16
—, late the	28		
Raleigh,			
Alfred,	28		
	152		96

Note.—The above-mentioned are all king's ships and Congress vessels of war; as to the privateers, cutters, &c. taken on both sides, the proportion is nearly three to two in favour of England.

Helfstone, April 5. A French vessel was brought into Mount's Bay on Saturday last, taken by a Guernsey privateer, after a chase of ten hours: she proves to be a packet bound to the West Indies, with dispatches for Mons. La Motte Piquet. Just as the privateer was about

about to board her, the mail was thrown over-board, but not having sufficient weight, it was saved by the activity of one of the sailors on board the privateer. In it were found several government letters of consequence, in French and Spanish, others written in characters, commissions for officers, a star set with diamonds, and a very handsome sword for *Monf. La Motte Piquet*, and several other valuable articles. The prize-master set off for London as soon as he landed.

5. The following is an accurate list of the ships of the line and fifty gun ships building at the different dock yards in this kingdom; many of them are in a very forward state, and will be soon launched:

Guns.		Guns.	
Atlas	- 90	Irresistible	- 74
Africa	- 64	Lys	- 64
Anson	- 64	Leopard	- 50
Agamemnon	- 64	Leander	- 50
Adamant	- 50	Magnanime	- 64
Assistance	- 50	Medusa	- 50
Bulwark	- 74	Polyphæmus	- 64
Belliqueux	- 64	Royal Sovereign	100
Cæsar	- 74	Repulse	- 64
Crown	- 64	St. George	- 98
Dictator	- 64	Sampson	- 64
Diadem	- 64	Standard	- 64
Europa	- 50	Sceptre	- 64
Glory	- 98	Stately	- 64
Goliath	- 74	Warrior	- 74

Total 1 of 100—2 of 98—1 of 90—5 of 74—13 of 64—6 of 50.

In the list lately published of the losses sustained, and advantages gained at sea, two capital ships belonging to the enemy were not mentioned, viz. *Roland* French ship, of 64 guns, burnt by accident, in *Brest* Harbour, about a year ago, together with the frigate *Zephyr*, of 32. Puissant Spanish ship, of 70 guns, foundered near the *Western Isles*; her crew saved. *Solidad* Spanish frigate, of 30 guns, taken near the *Western Isles*, by the *Telemachus* privateer. The *Fox* frigate was likewise lost on the Coast of *Britanny* near a year ago.

10. The following melancholy account is just received at the Admiralty, viz. that as the *Penelope* sloop, who had captured three Spanish prizes in the *West-Indies*, was returning with the prisoners into *Jamaica*, a violent gale came on, which forced most of the *Penelope's* crew to go aloft; during which time the Spaniards, who were not confined, rose, cut *Capt. Jones's* throat, and massacred every man upon and between decks, afterwards shot the remainder as they descended from aloft, and then stood away with the ship for the *Havannah*. *Capt. Jones's* son, who was put prize-master into one of the Spanish vessels, brought over the above horrid relation.

11. There is to be no camp this summer either at *Coxheath* or *Warley-Common*. The plan is to encamp 18,000 men between *Exeter* and *Plymouth*. The *North Yorkshire* bat-

talion of militia, now quartered at *Greenwich* and *Deptford*, have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march for this purpose. Flying camps are to be formed on the coasts of *Kent* and *Sussex*; and there is to be a small camp behind *Chatham* barracks, and another near *Portsmouth*.

Portsmouth, April 11. This morning sailed the *Resolution* man of war, of 74 guns, *Commodore Ogle*, *Lord Robert Manners* captain, to join *Admiral Graves*, the men having with much persuasion consented to go. The *Invincible* remains, and the men continue obstinate in demanding their pay, though some of the ringleaders are taken out of the ship, and put in irons on board the *Arrogant*.

12. A few days ago the *Count de Welderen*, the Dutch Ambassador here, delivered to the Secretary of State the memorial offered by their High Mightinesses, his masters, to *Sir Joseph Yorke*, our Ambassador at the *Hague*, requesting a longer time to consider of the demand made by us upon the States, of succour pursuant to treaty. On the perusal of this memorial it was observed to the count, that it contained nothing more than what was said in their answer of the 28th of January; that the States had had sufficient time to return a categorical answer to our demand, and as they had not thought proper to do so, it was his majesty's resolution, that not a single hour more would be granted them. In consequence thereof the count's recal is hourly expected.

The following gentlemen were chosen directors of the Bank for the year ensuing:

Daniel Booth, Esq; Governor.

William Ewer, Esq; Dep. Governor.

Samuel Beachcroft, *Roger Boehm*, *Samuel Bosanquet*, *Richard Clay*, *Thomas Dea*, *George Drake*, *Peter Gaußen*, *Christopher Hake*, *William Halhead*, *George Hayter*, *Richard Neave*, *Edward Payne*, *Thomas Raikes*, *William Snell*, *Godfrey Thornton*, *Mark Weyland*, *William Cooke*, *Edward Darell*, *Martyn Fonnereau*, *Thomas Scot Jackson*, *Benjamin Mee, jun.*, *Christopher Puiler*, *Thomas Thomas*, *Samuel Thornton*, Esqrs.

13. A Court of Common Council was held at *Guildhall*, at which were present the Lord Mayor, Aldermen *Crosby*, *Townsend*, *Bull*, *Wilkes*, *Sawbridge*, *Kirkman*, *Lewes*, *Hayley*, *Newnham*, *Sainsbury*, *Wright*, and *Pugh*.

Peter Roberts, Esq; the city remembrancer, informed the court that he had received from *Lord Shelburne* an answer to the letter he presented to his lordship from the court the 7th instant; as also letters from *Mr. Dunning* and *Mr. Pitt*, in return for the thanks of the court, which were read.

A motion was made, and question put, that the letters from *Lord Shelburne*, *Mr. Dunning*, and *Mr. Pitt*, be published in the public papers: it was unanimously agreed to and ordered.

The committee of correspondence made a report to the court, annexing thereto a plan of

of association to be adopted by the court, and recommended to the citizens of London which being read, was unanimously agreed to, and it was ordered that the said plan of association be recommended to the citizens of London, and to lay in the Town Clerk's office from the hours of ten till two, to be signed by such citizens as approved thereof.

A motion was made that the committee of correspondence do continue a committee to carry into execution the objects of the plan of association, and to correspond with the several county committees, &c. which was unanimously agreed to.

Last night, just at twelve o'clock, the scrutineers finished their business on the ballot for six directors of the East India company, in the room of the six directors who go out by rotation, when the numbers were :

Robert Gregory, Esq;	937
Richard Becher, Esq;	817
Benjamin Booth, Esq;	771
Lionel Darell, Esq;	596
Sir George Wombwell, Bart.	556
George Vansittart, Esq;	546

Mr. Cheap was the same number as Mr. Vansittart; but the treasurer having drawn the lot according to custom, drew out Mr. Cheap. So strong a contest was never known in Leadenhall-street; the number of votes were upwards of 1000—on no former instance did they ever exceed 930.

15. The Nevis planter, which arrived at Bristol on Thursday last from St. Kitt's, brings advice that 13 sail of victuallers, from Corke to Georgia, under convoy of the Isis and Albe-marle, arrived at St. Kitt's the 24th of February, and sailed again for Georgia: that two regiments embarked at St. Kitt's on the 3d of March, on board the Andromeda, bound to Antigua, where troops were collecting to go on an expedition: the Grenville packet was arrived. M. de Grasse was arrived at Martinique, where were 13 French ships of the line when the vessel sailed. They had no news of Sir Henry Clinton; but had heard of the loss of a transport, with either grenadeers or light infantry on board, off Bermudas.

16. By accounts delivered into the Admiralty of the number of French prisoners which have been exchanged since the settling of the cartel, to the 5th instant, it appears that they amount to upwards of 14,000.

The following are the flag-officers appointed to the command of the grand-squadron for the Channel service: viz. Sir Charles Hardy, Admiral of the White, commander in chief; Vice-Admiral Darby, of the Blue, second; Vice-Admiral Barrington, of the Blue, third; and Rear-Admiral Digby, of the Blue, fourth.

Plymouth, April 16. The Hon. Commodore Walsingham is returned back into the Sound a second time, with the transports with the troops on board, and the grand West India fleet under his convoy, both times with a fair wind. It is said that he was ordered back the

first time to wait the arrival of Admiral Graves with eight sail of the line, which was to see the fleet into a certain latitude. Admiral Graves arrived, and Commodore Walsingham sailed again on Thursday last; but Admiral Graves and his squadron remained in Cawsand Bay at an anchor. Saturday the commodore came back again into the Sound, the wind being then about N. W. It is said that the reason of his now returning was, that he luckily fell in with the Ambuscade frigate, which gave him an account that the French fleet were out, and that they were cruising to the westward of Scilly, in number sixteen sail of the line and twelve frigates.

The French had good intelligence of this fleet, and the strength of its convoy: for a cartel vessel took in French prisoners from Catdown, and was suffered to sail out of Catwater for France, when all the transports, &c. were lying in Catwater ready for sea; and they went frequently ashore from the cartel to Plymouth Market, and some went ashore at Mount Battin and the East-land, I suppose to view if any thing was going on there.

The Ambuscade, on the 26th of March, in the latitude 37, 32, N. longitude 25, 10, W. had her main-top-mast shivered to pieces by a violent flash of lightning, her top-mast much damaged, and her main-mast splintered in several places.

His majesty's ship Jupiter, which was cruising with the Ambuscade, and at three miles distance, was struck by the same flash of lightning, which damaged her fore-mast and fore-top-mast, and hurt five men.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

At the court at St. James, the 17th day of April, 1780, present the king's most excellent majesty in council.

Whereas since the commencement of the war in which Great Britain is engaged by the unprovoked aggression of France and Spain, repeated memorials have been presented by his majesty's ambassador to the States General of the United Provinces, demanding the succours stipulated by treaty; to which requisition, though strongly called upon in the last memorial of the 21st of March, their High Mightinesses have given no answer, nor signified any intention of complying therewith: and whereas by the non-performance of the clearest engagements, they desert the alliance that has so long subsisted between the crown of Great Britain and the republic, and place themselves in the condition of a neutral power, bound to this kingdom by no treaty, every principle of wisdom and justice requires that his majesty should consider them henceforward as standing only in that distant relation in which they have placed themselves: his majesty therefore having taken this matter into his royal consideration, doth, by and with the advice of his privy council, judge it expedient to carry into immediate execution those intentions which were formally notified

notified in the memorial presented by his ambassador on the 21st of March last, and previously signified in an official verbal declaration, made by lord viscount Stormont, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, to Count Welderen, envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary from the republick, nearly two months before the delivery of the aforesaid memorial: for these causes, his majesty, by and with the advice of his privy council, doth declare, that the subjects of the United Provinces are henceforward to be considered upon the same footing with those of other neutral states not privileged by treaty; and his majesty doth hereby suspend, provisionally, and till further order, all the particular stipulations respecting the freedom of navigation and commerce, in time of war, of the subjects of the States General, contained in the several treaties now subsisting between his majesty and the republick, and more particularly those contained in the marine treaty between Great Britain and the United Provinces, concluded at London, December $\frac{1}{11}$, 1674.

From a humane regard to the interests of individuals, and a desire to prevent their suffering by any surprize, his majesty, by and with the advice of his privy council, doth declare, that the effect of this his majesty's order shall take place at the following terms, viz.

In the channel and the North seas, twelve days after the date hereof.

From the channel, the British seas, and the North seas, as far as the Canary islands inclusively, either in the ocean or Mediterranean, the term shall be six weeks from the aforesaid date.

Three months from the said Canary islands as far as the Equinoctial line or Equator.

And lastly, six months beyond the said line or Equator, and in all other parts of the world, without any exception or other more particular description of time and place.

STEPH. COTTRELL.

20. Some dispatches were sent from the Admiralty to the commanders of the men of war at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and other ports, that are to command the grand fleet of observation, to sail for Spithead as soon as possible, as they are to go out much sooner than was at first intended.

The above fleet will be commanded by four admirals, and consist of three first rates, eight second rates, three of 80, fourteen of 74, four of 70, eight of 64, and two of 50 guns, with a full proportion of frigates, sloops, and cutters, and four fire-ships.

The following is said to be a true account of the mutiny on board the Invincible man of war:—The ship's company did not seem to have given any signs of uneasiness till after they had loosed the sails, when a general murmur was observed among the crew; and, on an order being given to heave up the last an-

chor, the flame broke out, and the men refused, alledging that they would not go to sea till they were paid their wages.

Captain Cornish had quitted the ship the day before; they were therefore interrogated as to their dislike of the new captain, or any of his officers: the answer given was no. They were then ordered to furl the sails, which were flapping in the wind—they refused. The marines were ordered on the quarter-deck, and, being drawn up, commanded to fire on the crew, who were on the main-deck in force; the marines answered by laying down their firelocks, and running off the quarter to the main-deck, where they joined the seamen, notwithstanding every effort of the officers to prevent them.

A signal being made, upwards of thirty boats, full of men from other ships, came along-side; the men pointed the guns, and threatened to fire into them if they attempted to board. In vain the officers represented to them the consequences of such a mutiny; they replied they had received no wages ever since they had been in the ship, now two years; that their families must go to the work-house, or starve; and continued to refuse doing any kind of business.

The boats then left the ship, though they continued to ply on and off till the *Alexander*, Lord Longford, came along side, and was going to pour in upon them; a parley then took place, and they agreed upon going on board other different ships, to which they were immediately conducted, 25 in a boat, and half the *Alexander's* crew took possession of the ship. Four of the men, who had been ring-leaders, were selected and sent on board the *Arrogant* in irons. The ships to which they are draughted are to be paid at Spithead next month, so that they will have all their wages before they put to sea.

The commissioners of the public accounts whom Lord North has appointed, are said to be the following gentlemen, viz. Mr. Anguish and Mr. Pechell, masters in Chancery; Mr. Richard Neve and Mr. Peters, merchants; Sir Guy Carleton, General Faucit, and another officer.

24. On Saturday orders were sent by a messenger from the Admiralty, to Admiral Edwards, commanding at Portsmouth, for Capt. Fielding, in the *Namur*, with four other large ships, to sail immediately round to Plymouth to reinforce Admiral Graves's squadron.

A M E R I C A.

Jamaica, Jan. 29. A few days ago Captain Shakespeare returned from Darien, where he found the Indians very much attached to the British interest; he entertained their chiefs for several days, and when they took their leave, they expressed great thankfulness for the presents he had distributed amongst them, and appeared perfectly disposed to co-operate with our

our troops against the Spaniards. A general alarm had been spread amongst the Spanish settlements, on account of the preparations they had heard were making in this island for an invasion of their country. Four hundred troops had marched from Panama to Carthage-
 gena, where, or at Porto Bello, they expected our force would be directed. They had no naval force at any of their ports, except one old ship at Carthage-
 gena, and a few Guarda Costas. By letters intercepted in a prize Capt. Shakespeare took off the mouth of the har-
 bour of Carthage-
 gena, it appears they were greatly in want of provisions, both at that place, and Porto Bello, but particularly at the latter, where fowls were sold at a piece of eight each, and jerked beef at a bit per pound.

B I R T H S.

The Princess of Asturias of a prince, since baptized by the names of Charles, Dominico, Eusebius, Raphael, Joseph, Antonio, Johan-
 no, Nepomuceno, Gabriello, Juliaon, Vin-
 cent-Ferrer, Andre-Avelin, Louis, Ferdinal, Angelo, Francisco, Pascal, Joachino, Cayetan, Ignacio, Emanuelo, Raymond, Jaciverio, Francisco de Paulo.

March 25. The countess of Winterton, of a daughter, at his lordship's seat at Shillinglee-
 park, in Suffex.

29. The lady of Lord de Ferrars, of a son, at his lordship's house, in Wimpole street.

The Right Hon. Lady Manners, of a daugh-
 ter, at her house in Burlington-street.

April 5. The lady of the Earl of Warwick of a son, at his seat at Warwick-castle.

7. The lady of the Hon. W. Cockayne, of a daughter, at his house at Thorpe, in Surry.

8. The lady of the Lord Viscount Stormont, of a son, at his house in Portland-place.

The Countess of Harrington, of a son and heir.

11. The Right Hon. Lady Kinnaird, of a son and heir, at his lordship's house, in Park-
 street, Westminster.

M A R R I A G E S.

Capt. Patrick Lawson, commander of the Lord Holland East-Indiaman, to Miss Hen-
 nessy, of the county of Cork, in Ireland.

John Cox Hippisley, Esq; L. L. D. of the Inner Temple, to Miss Margaret Stuart, daughter of Sir John Stuart, Bart. of Allen-
 bank, in the county of Berwick.

George Freeman, Esq; of Northampton, to Miss Clark, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Clark, of the same place.

John Dunning, Esq; recorder of Bristol, to Miss Baring, of Exeter.

March 25. Armar Lowry Corry, Esq; one of the Knights of the Shire for the county of Tyrone, to the Right Hon. Lady Harriot Hobart, eldest daughter of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

28. Thomas Bowen, Esq; of Berwick-
 street, to Miss Elizabeth Benson, of Lower Grosvenor street.

30. Capt. John Coggan, of the Shrewsbury

East Indiaman, to Miss Freeman, of Leaden-
 hall-street.

Johnson Newman, Esq; Secretary of the Russian Embassy, to Mrs. Penelope Plaistowe, a lady of New Windsor.

April 10. Barwell Browne, Esq; of Lin-
 coln's-Inn, to the eldest daughter of George Bond, Esq;

11. The Rev. Mr. Thornhill, of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Miss Maxwell, only daughter of the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, of the Asylum.

15. Walter James Head, Esq; only son of Sir James Head, Bart. of Langley, Bucks, to the Hon. Miss Jane Pratt, youngest daughter of lord Camden.

Capt. Elliot, one of the Aids de Camp to his excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to Miss Fitzgerald, of Dawson-street, Dublin.

17. Sir Thomas Mannoeh, of Gifford-hall, in the county of Suffolk, Bart. to Miss Ana-
 stasia Browne, a near relation of lord Viscount Montague.

20. Thomas Kelsall, Esq. to Miss Phipps, at St. George's, Hanover-square.

Edmund Poulter, Esq; of the Temple, to Miss Banister, of Harley-street.

D E A T H S.

Sir James Cockburn, Bart. at Bandon, in Ireland, Lieutenant Colonel of the 48th regi-
 ment of foot.

Lady Jenkinson, at Skipton Mayne, Glou-
 cestershire, relict of Sir Robert Jenkinson, Bart. and mother of Sir Banks Jenkinson, of Headington, near Oxford.

His Serene Highness the Duke of Modena, at Varese, in Italy.

Michael Mosely, Esq; in Holles-street, Ca-
 vendish-square.

Jonathan Simpson, Esq; at Clapton, for-
 merly a Lisbon-merchant.

William Henry Dolly, Esq; at Hampstead.

William Hughes, Esq; merchant, in Castle-
 yard Holborn.

Edward Finch, Esq; at Leigh-green, near
 Tenterden.

The Hon. John Hay, of Belton, in Scot-
 land.

Sir Francis Blake, Bart. at Twizell Castle, in Northumberland.

Captain Broughton, of the Camelion sloop, lately promoted to the rank of Post Captain.

Matthew Graves, Esq; at Chiswick.

The princess —, second daughter of their Sicilian Majesties.

His most Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick.

Miss Fell, daughter of Joseph Fell, Esq; major of the Eastern regiment of Essex militia.

Edward Vernon, M. D. in John-street Westminster.

The Countess Dowager of Eglintoun, at her house of Auchans, in Edinburgh.

The Hon. Craister Greathead, president of his majesty's council, and comptroller of the customs, in Antigua.

The youngest daughter of Sir John Smith, Bart. at his house in Lower Brook-street.

March 20. Samuel Ash, Esq; of Buntingford.

22. John Treacher, Esq; senior alderman and father of the city of Oxford.

Lady Sanderson, in Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, relict of Sir William Sanderson, Bart. and sister to the late Sir Henry Gough, Bart.

23. The Rev. Dr. Greene, dean of Salisbury, in Gerard-street.

24. William Lampriere, Esq; in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

25. Abiahm Whitworth, Esq; at Barnet. John Curry, Esq; M. D. on Summer-hill.

27. Capt. Richard Doveton, of the Glatton East Indiaman, in Norfolk-street, in the Strand.

Gerrard Joslin, Esq; in North Audley-street, formerly a representative for the county of Huntingdon.

James Lee, Esq; on Epping Forest, formerly a commander in the East India company's service.

Mrs. Lucy Locker, at Addington Brook, in Kent, wife of William Locker, Esq; captain in the Royal Navy, and daughter of William Parry, Esq; Admiral of the Blue.

28. Frederick Delafons, Esq; at Cold-Ash hill, near Wooburn, in Bedfordshire, formerly a West India merchant, in Mincing-lane.

29. Lewin Van Francke, Esq; a Hamburg merchant, at Mile-End.

Jasper Jones, Esq; near Hammersmith.

29. Thomas Hume, Esq; aged 115, at York.

The lady of Robert Drummond, Esq; of Brodsworth, in the county of York.

30. William Reynolds, Esq; a West-India merchant, near Fenchurch-street.

April 1. The Rev. Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart. of Hawarden, in Flintshire.

2. Capt. James Leith, of Harthill, Aberdeenshire.

Humphrey Dixon, Esq; at Finchley, formerly a sail-cloth-maker, at Rotherhithe.

3. Mrs. Luther, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex, aunt to the present member for that county.

5. Joseph Simpson, Esq; of Jamaica, at his apartments on Tower-hill.

The Rev. Broke Heckstall, L. L. B. Rector of the united parishes of St. Ann, Aldersgate, and St. John Zachary.

6. Isaac Wilbraham, Esq; at Clapton, an eminent Blackwell-hall factor.

7. Solomon Haughton, Esq; of Barbadoes, at his apartments in Broad-street Buildings.

Mr. Joseph Field, merchant in Walbrook.

8. John Lindsey, Esq; late Lieutenant Colonel of the 53d regiment of foot, at Musselburgh, in Scotland.

9. The Rev. Mr. Rowland Sandiford, Vicar of Christ-church, in this city.

David Dickson, of Kilbucho, Esq; in Scotland.

The Rev. Richard Parry, D. D. Rector of Wichampton, in Dorsetshire, and preaching minister of Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

Mrs. — Ufford, Relict of the late George Ufford, Esq; at Snaresbrook, Epping Forest.

12. Mr. Joseph Wrenn, a diamond merchant, on Blackheath.

The Rev. Mr. Gregory, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Oxford, at his seat at Hordley, near Woodstock.

Lady Isabella Douglas, eldest daughter of William first Earl of March, at Edinburgh.

12. Sir William Stonehouse, Bart, at Radley, near Abingdon, in Berkshire.

13. Sir Adolphus Oughton, K. B. at Bath, Lieutenant General of his Majesty's Forces, Commander in Chief in North Britain, Colonel of the 31st regiment of foot, and Lieutenant Governor of Antigua.

14. The Rev. James Morton, D. D. at his house at Kensington.

Miss Sophia Tate, at the Hot-wells, Bristol, daughter of Benjamin Tate, Esq; of Burleigh, in Leicestershire.

John Drinkwater, Esq; in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, at Brentford Butts.

15. Thomas Claridge, Esq; at Enfield.

16. John Wyndham Bowyer, Esq; at Bath, one of the Commissioners of Excise.

17. Samuel Thorpe, Esq; at his house in Ormond-street, formerly an American merchant.

John Stonehouse, Esq; head accountant of the Bank.

John Le Grand, Esq; at Harbledown, near Canterbury.

18. Thomas Allen, Esq; at his seat at Finchley.

19. Solomon Le Grand, Esq; in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blaquiere, widow of John Blaquiere, Esq; late of Old-street.

Mrs. Caulfield, lady of James Caulfield, Esq; of the county of Ty. one in Ireland, at Bristol Hot Wells.

20. Joseph Montague, Esq; in Pall-mall, in the commission of the peace for the county of Kent.

21. Mrs. — Guinnon, at Enfield, Relict of the late Dr. Guinnon.

Benjamin Thornton, Esq; in Oxford-street.

Mrs. Bicknell, wife of Mr. Charles Bicknell, attorney at law, in Chancery-lane.

Mr. Charles Gasteneau, tea-broker, in Little Swan-alley, Coleman street.



T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For M A Y, 1780.

This N U M B E R contains

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. A new and elegant Pattern for an Apron or Handkerchief. 2. A beautiful Representation of the Masquerade Scene in the Belle's Stratagem: and 3. A Song, set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

AFTER making our acknowledgments for a very liberal supply of originals this month, we must return our thanks to our fair patronesses. The punctuality of the writer of *Vie d'Emilie* is extraordinary.

Indiana does not imagine how incompatible anger is with beauty, nor how a frown on the cheeks of a Venus would depreciate her charms. Our study is to please, not to offend; but if we should unwillingly give offence, we know that it is more generous to pardon than to resent; and it is one of the maxims of female character, “to stoop to conquer.”

In compliance with the wishes of *Amator C—d*, we call upon the writer of a *Series of Letters from the Dead to the Living*, specifically on account of that from *Sophia to her Lover*, which, it is intimated, was in some other volume, as we are not conscious of its being a *plagiarism*, and we hope it may be proved an original. The *Epitaph from Islington* is out of the compass of our plan.—*E. G.* with respect to the *Recipe from the late Dr. Cook*, may easily find it by turning either to the general index at the end of every year, or else to that of every separate month. *The Author of Clarinda, or the Disobedient Daughter*, should favour us with the whole series of his narrative before we can venture to publish.

Henrietta, our very good and liberal friend, will excuse us for not acknowledging our obligations for her last communication, and when the store shall be exhausted, we doubt not of a plentiful supply.

Among a super-abounding profusion of favours, it is incumbent on us to acknowledge a *Solution of the Enigmatical List of Kingdoms*, page 156, and a *Letter to a young Lady of a very thoughtless turn of Mind*, from *E. H—r—s*. An *Enigmatical List of Ladies in Litchfield, Staffordshire*, by a *Constant Reader*. *List of Towns in Kent*, by a *Constant Reader more than Seven Years*. *Farther List of Ladies from Wisbech*. *Young Ladies of Billerica in Essex*, from *Hebe*. *Solution of the Enigmatical List of Entertainments*, and *Solution of the Enigmatical List of Kingdoms in Europe*, page 156. *List of Actors and Actresses in the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane*, by *Julia R—m—d*. *Enigmatical List of Musical Instruments*, by *Henrietta C—p—r*, with a long arrangement of &c. &c. &c. &c.

In the poetical line we are favoured with an *Impromptu to Miss L—T—*, on her professing a *Wish ever to be in a state of Indifference*. *Avarice triumphant over Love*, by *Fanny B—y*. *Favourite Song sung this Season by Mrs. Wrighten at Vauxhall*, written by *Mr. Hawkins*, and set to Music by *Mr. Skield*. *Another sung by Miss Thornton*, written by the same, and set by *Mr. Hook*. *To Miss B—y C—b*, of *El—m*, by *L—d St—m*. *A Son's Elegy on the loss of a Mother and Epitaph*. *To Miss A—T—*, of *S—y*, by *F—W—*. *On the Choice of a Husband*, by a *Lady*. *Verses on Ross and its Environs*, addressed to *Miss E. P.* by *Corydon*. *Ignorance, a Poem*, by *Cumbriensis*. *Elegiac Lines, sacred to the Memory of Mr. L—M—*. *To Miss Louisa R—k*, page 214, and a *Hymn*, by *Harmonia*.—*The Matchless Fair*, inscribed to *Miss *****, by *H. L—ne*. *Solution to the Enigmatical Description of Gentlemen's Names in Isleworth*, page 156, by *Indiana, Isleworth*. *Thoughts on the Morning of Easter-Day*, by *J. D—ff—t*. *Anacreonic*, by *H. L—ne*. *The Glow-Worm*, by the *Author of Shakespeare*. *On May Morning*, by *Strephon*. *Damon, an Elegy*, from *Newark Notts*. *On Friendship*, by *Eugenia*. *Verses* by *S. E.* *Epitaph on Mrs. E—re*, who died in *Child-Bed*, being delivered of dead-born Twins, by *N. P.* *A Wish*, inscribed to *Miss S—S—*, by *Amator C—d*. *The Stanzas on the Morn of May* are too long, when set to music, for our Magazine. *Mr. T—n* is desired to give us another copy of his verses, because they either did not come to hand, or were mislaid, and if we think it consistent with his honour or ours, we will endeavour to oblige him. *Words in Imitation of Part of the Twenty-Second Ode of Horace*, set to Music by *Mr. Stone*, are referred to our musical composer.

We are tired of specifying the favours we have received, but cannot conclude without expressing the sensibility we have for the almost numberless favours we have been honoured with in the course of this month.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For M A Y, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

By a LADY.

“ Be good, let heaven answer for the rest.”

(Continued from Page 174.)

L E T T E R VII.

Lord MORETON to Captain BOSTON.

TALK not of Almack's or Cornely's; pleasures more alluring court my presence at Fern-Abbey.

Would you think it? Our methodistical, sentimental being of a friend wants to make a convert of your Harry!—No, no, my lord; I thank you for the purity of your intentions; but such as chance has formed me, such (with its permission) will I remain.

You must know, Charles, immediately on my arrival hither, I gave a sharp look out among the farmers daughters, and, as luck would have it, cast my eyes on one of the prettiest lively romps in all the county. I had ogled her at church, overtook her in a walk, and whispered a world of soft nonsense in her ear, when a thought occurred that at once promised me a

passage to her heart. I knew my sisters were fond of dancing, and conscious they would second me in the request, proposed to Orlando a rural hop. He had no objection to the scheme, “but the neighbourhood was so very inconsiderable, we should never raise a party large enough to render it agreeable.”

“No matter; let it be quite among ourselves, and invite only the sons and daughters of your tenants.”

The plan met with approbation: a day was fixed on, and a finer group of beauties never graced the drawing-room. I need not tell you my lively Kitty was among them. Thanks to her fond, foolish parents, she is versed in every accomplishment requisite in a mistress, and dances with grace inimitable. A twelvemonth, passed in the polite regions of Queen-Square, has taught her that the sphere of beauty lays not in the dairy, and if I am not mistaken, her heart already anticipates the offers I propose to make her.

Happening one morning to express my sentiments pretty freely on the subject before Lord Fitzwilliam, he took it into his philosophical brain to look very serious, preached a tedious lecture upon virtue, sobriety, and a long etcetera of Gothic principles, and declaring himself the patron of the village, said, “he should resent every injury offered to the female part of its inhabitants.”

Account of the Miniature Picture.

I laughed heartily at his absurdity, and with my usual *nonchalance*, bid him mind his game, and leave the girls to fate. But as I make no doubt he would take all reasonable pains to counteract my measures, I shall, for the future, be careful to keep him ignorant of my manœuvres, and, if possible, carry off my prize before any of her family suspect me to have designed it.

The little gipsy is by far too giddy to be entrusted in the world of gaiety; retirement must therefore be my plan, 'till satiety begin to take place of rapture; I will then take her to London, that she may have an opportunity of consoling herself for the loss of my affection: at present it is only in the dawn, and according to the common course of nature may last some months. But the finest and most accomplished woman in England would be unable to inspire me with a permanent attachment.

I wish, Charles, you would, for the present, give up to me your little villa at Richmond. The season is not so far advanced but the country has still some charms, and the delightful walks with which the place abounds, added to the amusement of the theatre, and now and then a drive to Kew, Hampton, and the adjacent towns, will afford sufficient variety for the intervals of love.

My fair one seems to have a taste for reading, and some hours will be employed in endeavouring to improve it. If I cannot always continue to admire her myself, the instructions she receives from me will, at least, render her worthy the admiration of some being less capricious.

From some hints dropped in our last interview, I believe the poor girl really is of opinion that I design her the honour of my hand, and at present I think it most politic not to undeceive her.

At sixteen the world is neither known from theory or experience.—All her knowledge is derived from novels and romance, and ignorant of the laws of England, it will be easy to persuade her that marriage may be so-

lemnized at any season and at any place. When once prevailed on to leave her parents, jump into a post-chaise, and whisk away with me for Richmond, all trouble is at an end; and should she even then prove obstinately virtuous, (a misfortune I do not apprehend will happen) the only resource must be—a sham priest and a wedding-ring.

If I have not a letter by return of post, I shall look upon your silence as compliance with my request, and my next will, in all probability, inform you that the scheme now planned is put in execution.

My sisters present their best wishes. Lady Bab declares she would give all her winnings at quadrille next winter, to be acquainted with the contents of this epistle; but at present *mum* is the word: a month hence I care not if all the world knows it. Adieu—when ever you stand in need of a similar favour, you may command the service of

Your's,

MORETON.

(To be continued.)

Account of a new Comedy, in three Acts, called THE MINIATURE PICTURE, written by LADY CRAVEN, and performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, for the first Time, on Wednesday, May 24.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Belvil,	—	Mr. Palmer.
Camply,	—	Mr. Brereton.
Lord M'Grinnon,		Mr. Parsons.
John, the Gardener,		Mr. Wrighten.
Eliza Camply,	—	Mrs. Robinson.
Miss Loveless,	—	Miss Farren.
Mrs. Arabella Loveless,	—	} Miss Sherry.
Sufan,	—	
		Mrs. Davies.

THE comedy opens with an interview between Camply and his sister Eliza, disguised in the habit of a student of Oxford, and with the name of Sir Harry Revel, a relation to Camply. She is in love with Belvil, and has

has put on this dress to be acquainted with the state of his mind, to know Camply's interest with the heart of Miss Loveless, and thus to promote the success of her own affections and those of her brother. In this scene, while she is unknown to Camply, she adopts and keeps up the character of the young, gay, self sufficient coxcomb, with great vivacity and humour, and after she has discovered herself, she gives him her reasons for taking the academical habit. Lord M'Grinnon, a Scotch lord, and Mrs. Arabella Loveless, aunt to Miss Loveless, appear next upon the stage; the only object of the former is to marry to advantage; the great anxiety of the latter, is to reform her niece from coquetry, and to prevail with her to make a prudent matrimonial choice. Eliza Camply, in this act, in the dress of the young Oxonian, engages to Mrs. Arabella to make Miss Loveless own her love to Camply, and ridicules the selfishness of M'Grinnon with fine humour and generous sentiment. Some of the characters are already unfolded; Camply is amiable, tender in his affection, but afraid of disclosing it to the object of his wishes. Belvil is a warm and generous character, strong in his attachment to Eliza, and delicate in every point of honour. Arabella is a good aunt, and a prudent old maid.— Lord M'Grinnon is a sly, insensible, interested wretch.

ACT II. In this act Mr. Belvil engages the coquettish spirit of Miss Loveless with his gallantry and fictitious love. During their dialogue, she discovers a miniature picture of Miss Camply at his breast, which she prevails with him to lend her, that she may examine it at her leisure. Lord M'Grinnon too pays his addresses to Miss Loveless, with Scotch eloquence and politeness, which she returns with disdain. Eliza Camply, in the habit of the Oxford student, is introduced to Miss Loveless: she admirably plays off the character that she had assumed, of the fantastic coxcomb; she takes notice of some pictures in Miss Loveless's apartment, with all the import-

ance and insipidity of a virtuoso, and with all the lively self-sufficiency of one who had been made ridiculous by a French education, and then pays a rapturous homage to the charms of Miss Loveless. She is not inattentive, however, to the object of her heart; on that object she sounds Miss Loveless, who, to convince her that Eliza Camply had not Belvil's affection, produces the miniature picture which had been given to her by Belvil, and lends it to Eliza, who (still in the young student's habit) is contemplating it after Miss Loveless had left her, and while Belvil enters. A quarrel ensues between her and Belvil, on her refusing to give him back the picture, and their dispute is enlivened and adorned with the ingenuous and ardent passion of Belvil, and with the raillery and humour of the pretended Oxonian. They agree to decide the possession of the picture by a duel.

ACT III. Opens with a scene between Miss Loveless and Mr. Camply, which appears not very favourable to that timid lover. Lord M'Grinnon next attacks her, and unmasks his battery of Caledonian eloquence, with which she seems quite subdued, and agrees to meet him in an open harbour in the evening, and to go off with him to Scotland. She is determined, however, to give him a very different reception from what he expects: she orders John, the gardener, to plant an engine near the water and the harbour, and copiously to bedew the unfortunate lord with a Caledonian mist, and Susan, the cook-maid, is to be the substitute in the harbour for Miss Loveless. This scene occasions a dialogue between John and Susan, which is very happily adapted to their stations, and very expressive of rustic jealousy, and of rustic love. Eliza Camply, with her miniature picture, meets Belvil, with whom, for not having given him the picture, she was, as the young Oxonian, to fight a duel. Their dialogue in this scene, before she discovers who the Oxonian was, is artful and interesting; and after she informs him of her plot, it is natural and affect-

fecting. They are soon to be united by the ties of Hymen: they are happy themselves, and they secure the happiness of their friends. Camply, the desponding lover, by the gay eloquence of his lively sister, Eliza, obtains Miss Loveless's assent to make him happy; for, with all her coquetry, her heart had long been engaged to Camply. Even John and Susan anticipate the joys of the married state, and Lord M'Grinnon's persecution ends with a violent shower from the engine.

ON OLD COQUETTES.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE virtuous will thank me for the free observations I am about to make; as for the antiquated adventurers in the field of gallantry, whose ridiculous and outrageous freedoms have given the occasion for them, I shall be easy under their anger, if I may repay it with their shame.

It has been thought that youth and coquetry were naturally united together in our sex; and that experience alone got the better of that vain and foolish desire of universal admiration, which experience shews to be frivolous and useless; but the fact is otherwise; girls might be forward, and matrons reserved, when the moralists wrote who have attributed those characters to peculiar ages; but it is exactly contrary now; the young women are cautious, modest, and reserved; the old ones often heedless, free, and indecent. By old, I do not mean that degree of age which commands respect, and is too wise for these follies; I would be understood to mean by an old coquette, one who is too old to be a coquette; and I believe the worthy part of my own sex will say, that I may with moderation fix that age to forty; perhaps the men would set it six years earlier. A woman at this time of life, giving herself the airs of

a girl, and seeking universal admiration, is as preposterous as she would be in leading-strings.

My desire of seeing the various amusements of my sex, led me to be introduced to what is called, a *Party of Chat*. By this the ladies mean a kind of conversation-piece, where a number of figures are grouped together, and there are no cards. The little good I had seen in card-parties gave me a flattering prospect of the satisfaction I should receive from this; but the event deceived me, and I had reason to declare that when a woman is in a humour to do wrong, cards are as innocent implements as she can take to effect it. There are certain ladies in this town, dropping into the decline, who are doubly covetous of admiration, because they are hourly losing the means of it: and there are young men in abundance, of a decent appearance, and very slender income, who are so perfectly suited to the purposes of these ladies, that it is not a wonder they so easily find a way to one another. A clean room, a cheerful fire, the name of visiting, and tea without expence, are sufficient inducements to these idle youths, and the price is *admiration*: it were well if it stopped there; it was in a sober family I saw the party; and perhaps there was more reserve, because a stranger, one of their own sex, was present; but these meetings beget others, and the last may not be so innocent as the first. For my part, as I am myself growing towards that time of life when one values ease, and can reflect how very glad I am that the everlasting labours of the toilette are over, I cannot think that a woman will be at the pains of covering one by one the grey-hairs that rise upon her temples, or subjecting herself to the inconvenience or disgust of false teeth, false eye-brows, false plumpness, and false colour, merely to have it said, she is a very good-looking woman of her age. It is difficult to know the heart: but the language of the eyes is sometimes intelligible; and if these practiced inveiglers of the sex have not very coarse meanings, their's very ill express their

their thoughts. I should be sorry to carry the suspicion to extremes; though, perhaps, what one sees, even in the best of these parties, might warrant it; my purpose is to expose the folly of the conduct, let others assume the charge of crimes.

But supposing all this coquetry led to no real criminal excess, the effects are mischievous, and it becomes the prudent and honest to guard against them. The young men they amuse in this frivolous manner, devote that time to dress which should be employed in those studies, or labours, which would be their future support; and necessity, which presses hard upon the most luxurious, leads them to the mean and dreadful shifts of borrowing first, so long as any will lend, and next, to those embezzlements and forgeries which load the gallows, and send so many wretches to the *Justitia*.

The youths should be upon their guard, therefore, for their own sakes; but it is not to them I address my endeavours; a woman writes to women in this work; and it is fit parents should see that these persons whom they let into their houses, and whom they add to parties where their daughters are to be seen—take away the attention of the men entirely from them.

It is not that their daughters are not more agreeable; every body knows the difference betwixt eighteen and eight and thirty; but the men are lazy, and young ladies are reserved. The generality of the other sex like best what comes easiest, and had rather infinitely be courted, than have the trouble of courting. This pitiful spirit, this wretched indolence in the men, gives all into the hands of those of our sex, whom more years have made cunning, and a sense of their decay of beauty renders them desperate: they are at all, because it is no disgrace if they should miss; and they carry all, because men favour their ease more than they regard their judgment; and thus upon the turf of love, those who should start for the aged plate alone, become the sweepstakes.

There is no end of the mischief that

arises from the coquetry of these superannuated beauties; not to themselves indeed, for they are past the season, but to all with whom they can become acquainted. I have known one of them in a country town who became famous, if I may use the phrase, because she never came into a house without seducing the master of it. A circle of unhappy families marked the place where she resided; and all this cruel disorder she found the way to occasion without one personal charm; silly, grey, and four and forty; but free and easy, and at every body's service.

It is not alone in the circle of families which one of these women knows at any one time that she is to be dreaded, for she is eager and earnest to enlarge the number. Folly is always sick of itself, and vice is afraid and ashamed of its acquaintance: both impel such a woman together; she grows at once weary and suspicious of her old intimates, and throws herself every possible way into new. Whatever stranger enters, she seizes upon her, and is acquainted with the acquaintance of her acquaintance, before the person at whose house she snatched the interview can find an opportunity to speak of her.

I have wondered how a woman of this kind, whom every body is ashamed of, is seen in every body's company; but I have now found this is the history. They are assiduous to make new acquaintance, and though the old grow shy, yet they grow weary of that shyness, and think themselves countenanced in seeing them, by the very persons whom they before led into the same error.

Every woman of discretion exclaims against hasty friendships, and too many new acquaintance; every woman of virtue should be upon her guard against those who press into either too earnestly: such as are too eager to become acquainted, very rarely deserve it.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

HARRIOT HILL.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

YOU must know I am married to a very handsome woman, whom I once passionately loved, and who, I believe, still continues to esteem me very tenderly, though she may have, for some time, observed a pretty visible decline in my affections. She is beautiful, I must confess, in her person, and has a thousand graces of conversation in *company*, which render her the delight of all her acquaintance; at *home*, however, all these graces are laid aside; a silent fullness, perhaps, wraps her up, or, perhaps, she expatiates for a whole hour upon the important article of a laced ruffle, a china jar, or a puckered petticoat; probably matters are still worse, and her woman has committed the unpardonable crime of putting a stitch too much or too little in a flounced apron: the cook, may be, has exceeded his time by a few seconds, or the butler has not brought a single morsel of under-crust: any one of these sins is almost too deadly to be forgiven, and I am sure to be entertained on such delightful subjects till some new offence gives a little variety to conversation, and banishes the last transgression from her memory.

You will suppose, perhaps, that tho' the customary turn of my wife's domestic conversation may be disagreeable to me, I am nevertheless happy in the circumstance of her beauty, especially as I have not given the least hint of her running into the common fault of most wives, a flatteringly neglect of her person. You are mistaken.—There is not, to be sure, a more cleanly woman existing than Mrs. B——: but, Sir, the excessive care which she takes of her charms is infinitely more intolerable than if she went without washing her face for a fortnight. During the whole day, unless she has company, her sole employment is to look better and better, and there is scarcely a moment in which, to make her rise in her personal attractions, her dress does not undergo some new re-

gulation. At night she sleeps with a greasy net, and a bundle of flannel round her head, as large as a turban: this preserves the order of her hair; and her arms are constantly cased in a pair of perfumed gloves, which are so execrably sweet, that they take away the breath with the force of their fragrance. Thus, night and day, at bed and at board, all comfort is banished from my house. In the day-time I must not approach her for fear of disordering a ruffle or an handkerchief, and at night I am obliged to avoid her as much as I can, to save myself from absolute suffocation. 'Tis in vain I mention the circumstances which give so much disgust; neither tenderness nor severity, persuasion nor command, avail me in the least; she still goes on trifling away the fine sense she possesses, and in rendering her beauty either a matter of ridicule, or an object of aversion to half her acquaintance, as well as to

Your constant reader,

B—— B——.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

ON the 19th of February last I sent you some queries signed Bessy Bluitt, requesting your inserting them in the following month—You did so, but I am astonished I have never yet seen those queries answered, which has been no small disappointment to me. My anxiety on the occasion has greatly affected the growth of the child I was lately delivered of; and if you have that degree of compassion for the sufferings of the tender sex that I judge and hope you have, I shall presume you will no longer continue me in my present state of suspense. To be plain with you, 'till I do read an answer to my queries, I shall not cease importuning you for it once a week regularly.

Your's, &c.

BESSY BLUITT.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



*The Masquerade Scene in
the Belles Stratagem!*

Published according to Act of Parliament June 1.st 1780.

SCENE in MRS. COWLEY'S BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

To which are added some Remarks on that and her former Pieces. Extracted from DAVIES'S LIFE of GARRICK, Vol. II. Page 294, &c.

“THE last play which Mr. Garrick (as we are informed by the author herself) favoured, cherished, and improved, and with great solicitude embellished, was the *Runaway*. That he was, of all managers, the most able to be of service to the writer of a play will be acknowledged; but few authors have been so particular in specifying the several reasons for it as Mrs. Cowley.

“The *Runaway* is the work of a young imagination; a genuine, though careless picture of natural manners; where the language is flowing, the characters, though slightly, yet are faithfully delineated, and where wit, humour, and morality combine to furnish out an agreeable entertainment.”

The author, without taking notice of this lady's tragedy*, her next piece, or adverting to the cruelty shown her by the managers of one of the theatres, or chastising the literary cannibals, who abused her with more than savage cruelty in the public prints, proceeds in his account of this elegant writer.

“From Mrs. Cowley's *Runaway*, a better comedy, it was conjectured, would soon be presented to the public by the same author. The *Belle's Stratagem* has more than answered the most sanguine expectations which could be formed of her capacity.

“Miss Hardy's scheme of conquering the prejudices of her lover, by making him first hate, and afterwards love her, is such a one as a woman only could form: man, wrapt up in his solid judgment and wonderful sagacity, would never have suffered it to enter into his head: but the audience, by loud and repeated applauses given to the catastrophe, amply justified the æ-

conomy of the play. Tho' to speak of this comedy is digressive, as it carries me beyond my plan, which reaches no farther than the administration of the stage by Mr. Garrick, yet I think it is but paying a proper tribute for the pleasure which this agreeable dramatic piece gave me, to dwell a little upon its peculiar and distinctive merit.

“The satire is of that kind which will best please and instruct a generous and polite audience. It tends to reform manners and fashionable follies, without the language of disgusting severity and illiberal reproach, which ought ever to be strangers to genteel comedy.

“The writer, though she does by no means want wit, does not aim to strain at it. Her knowledge of manners in high life is as exact as if she had lived with people of rank from her infancy. Mrs. Rattle's description of a *fine lady* is worthy of Cibber or Sheridan. The contrast between present dissipation and exploded sobriety is well drawn, and gives an animating vigour to the scene. The characters of all of them such as may be found in life: the high-bred man of fashion; the sober country gentleman; the good-natured, odd, whimsical father; the gay town insect of fashion, who receives a tint of folly from every object he meets; the free, romantic, high-spirited girl; the lady of the town; the placid and complying wife: in short, the whole group is composed of such as an audience will acknowledge to be sons and daughters of Adam and Eve, and of the present generation

“Few plays have been more perfectly acted in all their parts than the *Belle's Stratagem*. To say that Miss Young surprised the public with unexpected excellence, would, perhaps, be esteemed a cold compliment to an accomplished actress; yet we may pay this tribute to her extraordinary merit in the part of Miss Hardy, that her singing agreeably, and dancing gracefully, was a most pleasing addition to her speaking and action.

“Mrs. Mattocks may boast of enjoying so many requisites for an excel-

* We have given a representation of the scene, and affecting situation of the heroine, in our Magazine for November 1779.

lent actresses, that I most heartily wish she would do herself justice, not to copy another, when she is so rich in merit herself.

“The most severe satirist, who bestows one look on Mrs. Hartley, must be instantly disarmed, and turn all his censure to panegyric. The calm and lovely innocence of Lady Touchwood could by nobody be so happily represented as by this actress.

“I am afraid we have no real fine gentleman now upon the stage but Mr. Lewis, who, in Doricourt, drew the character of a gay young fellow, just returned from his travels, inflamed with the love of foreign customs and manners, but not absolutely devoted to them. Lewis's manner is very graceful and unembarrassed. His volubility in speaking sometimes makes him inarticulate.

“Mr. Wroughton, in Sir William Touchwood, was the bold reprover of vice which wears the gay mask of fashion, and the honest advocate of regularity and sobriety, discountenanced and exploded by the followers of the *bon ton*.

“No actor deserves the countenance of an audience more than Mr. Wroughton, for no one takes more pains to deserve it. There was a touch of nature in his address to Lady Touchwood, when the ladies were carrying her away, in spite of his endeavour to the contrary, triumphantly to public places, which was not unworthy the most perfect actor.

“Fanny!—Fanny!—You will not leave me, will you!”

“A manly warmth, corrected by humanity, distinguished Aickin's manner of detecting and punishing Courtall, who had formed a vile plot to dishonour Lady Touchwood, which pleased, and ever will please an English audience.

“Mr. Lee Lewes and Mr. Quick, who acted Flutter and old Hardy, are deservedly such great favourites in their different styles of acting, that I shall leave them to the enjoyment of that

approbation which they are always sure to meet with.”——Thus far this candid writer.

To communicate some part of the pleasure to our distant patronesses, which has engrossed the ladies in London for twenty nights, we have been at the expence of drawing and engraving one of the most pleasing situations in this comedy. The moment which the artist has chosen is this—

Dor. Delightful wildness!—O to catch thee, and cage thee for ever in these arms!

Let. No, no, no——though Cupid must spread the *net*, 'tis Hymen must give the *bait* that tempts me to the snare.

Mrs. Cowley, not less favoured by Thalia than Melpomene, has lately honoured the world with an epic composition named the *Maid of Arragon*, which unites the pathetic with the sublime, abounds with a richness of invention, striking situations, and delicacy of expression, shews her equal to every thing she undertakes, let it be ever so arduous or complicated.

If we admire her as a writer, her private character renders her no less endearing; the strain of filial piety which runs thro' this interesting tale is not less conspicuous in the dedication, which, to gratify the curiosity of our ingenious patronesses we here subjoin.

—————
To MR. PARKHOUSE, of Tiverton,
Devon.

Accept, dear parent, from a filial pen,

The humble offspring of my pensive muse;
She painted on my mind a *daughter's* woes,
Nor could my heart the tender theme refuse.

The rightful patron of th' eventful tale,

To you I dedicate the scenes she drew;
My soul she search'd to find Osmida's thoughts,
And colour'd *her* from what I feel for you.

Your's then the meed, if meed kind fame will grant—

The tale to you, to you the bays belong;
You gave my youthful fancy wings to soar;
From your indulgence flows my wild-note song.

Its music in your ear will sweetly sound,
 Its page with fond delight you'll traverse
 o'er;
 With half your pleasure may the world peruse!
 My muse, my vanity can ask no more.

Dear other parent! guiltless hold my heart,
 Tho' unadorn'd my numbers with your
 name;
 Your worth, your goodness in its centre lives,
 And there shall perish only with my frame.

ON FEMALE GENIUS.

I Again put on my *armour* to combat with the champion of the genius of the fair sex, Mrs. Sukey Foresight. The modesty with which she defies me makes it unnecessary to put on a *coat of mail*, or to use sharp weapons in my defence. I do not seem, however, to have as yet made any impression on her, and therefore I shall presume once more fairly to handle the matter. I shall, after still maintaining that men are *more* formed for *deep* researches than women, change my ground, and declare also, that I not only think them more capable of invention, but that it is more their province.

First, however, I shall just say, that as all sorts of knowledge are, in general, when it rises to perfection, owing to travelling into foreign countries, and exploring nature in all her various windings, I think men, in this instance, more formed for knowledge than women. Those who stay at home, be they male or female, may (and a great happiness it is) be instructed in all that is useful, all that is necessary, all that is delightful to know; but from whence does this possibility proceed, but from the indefatigable labour and activity of those who have traversed the world in quest of knowledge, and spared neither time, nor money, nor strength in the pursuit of it? What art or science was ever or can be ever brought to perfection without seeing all that is necessary towards it, and viewing it in all its forms? Conjecture is but a poor foundation on which to build a perfect superstructure; and tho' some have sat at home, and produced works of the

most extensive benefit to mankind, still it must be owned their labour would have been in vain, unassisted by the lights that travellers have given them to guide them through the dark mazes of their researches. And is a woman equal to all the hardships and fatigues of a wide-extended search?—Is not her frame too tender, and her mind too delicate to bear the scenes and climates which must necessarily be traversed in the pursuits of knowledge?—But here my fair arguer will tell me, that the fair sex may take advantage of the travels of others, and build on their foundation.—True; they may so: still I think that the strength which enables one man to explore causes and effects, is necessary also in another to deduce from them systems and consequences, and to turn them to the benefit of mankind.

Mrs. Foresight is of opinion, “that it is a defect in the education of the female part of the world that they are not soaring aloft in the regions of fancy, or pondering the *deepest* and most *abstruse* sciences the mind of *man* is capable of.”—Laying aside our argument of their capacity for them, I beg leave now to turn to the *utility* of such an exertion of *female genius*. To advance a doctrine is one thing, but to demonstrate the *good* of it is another, and till I can be convinced of the benefit arising to the world from a general study of the arts and sciences by the female world, I cannot be brought to contend for their being by education given that turn. I would not debar them of any one thing that can add to their happiness, or to the pleasure which they give to the other sex: and to those to whom it appears a hardship not to follow Locke and Newton, let freedom be given to study them, and to give out of their store treasures useful and pleasing to the world; let genius, in whatever shape it is found, whether in the rough mould of man, or the soft folds of a female garment, let genius, I say, take its free course, and soar above the common level; but care should be taken that it is *genius*,

and not *imagination* that fires the mind, whether of a male or female. Genius is a desire of knowledge, and of exploring causes and effects; imagination is a deceitful phantom, which leads the mind into flowery regions, which please, but perplex it, and it returns unsatisfied and unbenefited: but to those who do not feel this thirst for knowledge, surely the calm enjoyment of reaping the harvest of other men's labours is greatly preferable.

I do not think it seems consistent with the good sense of Mrs. Foresight to call the occupations of the female part of the creation *trifling employments*. I beg leave to differ from her if they are her real sentiments. If a painter were to chuse a subject to inspire us with admiration and love, and all the delightful sensations which an amiable woman inspires in the breast of man, would he chuse to draw a woman sitting with globes and mathematical instruments about her, with tubes and telescopes, with compasses and squares; or would he not rather place her in the midst of her family, fondling an infant on her lap, and at the same time teaching the others of more mature age to exercise each their budding geniuses?

Can the softening the cares of distress, the calming the sorrows of grief, the chearful beam of unaffected beauty, shed on the perplexed mind of man, be called useless or trivial avocations? Can the careful management of a family, the order and arrangement of the female department, be looked upon as mean? Surely no. How often do men take refuge in the calm bosom of their companion, and assuage the anguish of disappointment by their lively converse?—They look up to them in the time of distress as examples of fortitude, and learn in their equal minds a lesson which philosophy could not teach. The virtues, then, are their best study, and the philosophy of the heart their noblest science. Let all that is useful, all that is improving, all that can add to their pleasure or their charms be theirs, but let it be left to men to plod, to explore, to invent, to travel, to labour in the deep

researches of new worlds, or in improving of the old. Let women *write*, but let men *speak*: let women act in *private* life; let men act in *public*.—Let every virtue adorn their heart, and bless the *home* of man: let him take example by the fortitude, patience, integrity, virtue, openness, and chearfulness he meets with there, to act on the stage of the world with justice, candour and sincerity. Let ignorance equally be banished from the male and female world, but let not the soft chearfulness of woman be cramped by the rigid rules requisite to abstruse researches.

I shall only beg leave to add, that I do not agree with the fair Sukey, that writing a play is equal to the invention I meant to attribute to men. I acknowledge it requires genius, and I give all possible merit to the author of the works she mentions; but the invention of a play is not like the production of a new art or science. How far they are really capable, I will not positively say, but that they are equally attractive and useful without it, I will be bold to affirm. 'Tis virtue alone that makes men or women rise in value. Virtue is the scale which balances the fate of man or woman in the final decision of their value.

Your ever

IMPARTIAL COMBATANT.

The TREACHEROUS HUSBAND.

(Continued from Page 195)

FOR many days, favoured by a gentle gale, they sailed smoothly over the glassy sea*; the weather was per-

* To be in a floating vessel when the skies are serene, and view the spacious ocean round, bounded every way with the distant horizon as far as one's eye can discern, is a scene pleasing beyond description, especially when,

———— a breeze

Soft breathing lightly with its wings, along
The slackened cordage glides: the sailors ear
Perceives no sound thro' the vast expanse;
None but the murmurs of the sliding prow,
Which gently parts the smooth and azure main.

GLOVER.

fect-

fectly agreeable; a propitious voyage was premised; every thing happened to their wishes, and prosperity, which they vainly hoped would accompany them to the desired part, seemed for a season to smile upon them; but soon the scene varies, and all is tumult, consternation and confusion. Providence does not always *immediately* execute vengeance on the wicked, nor strike them in the commission of any crime with an instantaneous stroke. Slow to anger, and bounteous in mercy is the all gracious Father.

Thus favoured as they are for a while, they may think themselves secure, and give a full loose to the reins of their ungovernable appetites; but be assured, ye children of vice, the judgment of an incensed God will (though for a time delayed) at length overtake you: be assured his terrors will hereafter be displayed, and his fury awakened will be fiercer than a lion. What mortal dares stand before him, whose wrath kindled but a little burns with infinite more violence than Vesuvius's dreadful volcano, or the bowels of flaming Etna?

But to resume—The tranquil hours had hitherto passed away serene, and every opening day brought various pleasures on its wings. The ship's crew was all mirth and riot, and Horatio and his wicked mistress was as jovial as any of them. Deaf to the remonstrances of reason and the stings of conscience, they called up every joy, and gratified themselves to the full. Horatio quite immersed in sensuality and voluptuousness, and stupified with the fallacious fumes of Bacchus's vinous liquors, seemed to swim in sportive mazes along the sea of mirth, drowning every care, and forgetting every uneasy, every anxious thought. Infamous as he had acted, he could not bear recollection, and the stings of guilt which continually haunted him stabbed his very soul, and compelled him to murder in embryo every uneasy thought. This son of treachery and folly at length *barren'd*, got bold in sin, and so very infamous, that there was no crime of ever so atro-

cious a nature but he would dare to commit. He was perfectly an animal, and in every respect allied to the brute creation. On him scarce any of the characteristics of a rational creature were to be found. To the god of wine he was quite a votary—to the God of nature quite a stranger. Often he sacrificed unlawfully to fair Venus, and seemed fond of duelling, exposing his life and everlasting all to the caprices of passion and ungovernable pride. In short Horatio was now become a *libertine* in every respect, and might with propriety be stiled a *child of Vice herself*, or a true servant of Satan, that grand enemy of mankind.

Doubtless the ship's company, which were a set of the most abandoned mortals that earth could produce, tended greatly to the farther corrupting their jovial associate Horatio. Had his companions been of a serious and virtuous turn, they might probably have reclaimed him, and again brought him back to the path of virtue.

When noisy mirth prevailed; when the ship resounded with the cajoling of folly and acclamations of joy, how are the thoughtless mariners suddenly shocked, by perceiving a dreadful storm arising! The trembling atheist turns pale; the ranting Bacchanalian forsakes the bowl; the fire of wanton Venus is extinguished; the suicide quakes for fear; riot's vociferous tongue is quiet, and volleys of oaths no longer rend the skies.

Their fears are now realized: a deep arrangement of clouds thick woven blacken all the skies, obscure the face of the sun, and fill the murky air with an offensive smell, similar to that which issues in clouds of smoke from the bellying mouth of a cannon. Presently the winds, which before but gently undulated the surface of the water, awoke, and was tremendous; the lightnings flash with forked fury, and hoarse thunder growls over the concave vault with deafening roar, as if all nature was going to suffer an awful dissolution. The clouds now burst, and the rain in dreadful torrents tumbles down impetuously, beating the watery bosom of

Neptune's fluid realms into one universal foam.

The trembling crew was all consternation, and poor Horatio, that monster of wickedness, pale as a dead corpse, was ready to sink with terror: he stood aghast with watery eyes fixed on the howling abyss, and now with horror and dismay he ruminates on his past conduct. Guilt's keenest darts wound his conscience, and remorse rears her snaky crest. Condemned by his own heart, and inly racked with fury's griping claws, he cries, he howls, and fancies he sees death in all his terrors approaching on every surge to snatch him away. Every moment the howling winds and driving tempests increase his fears, and threaten him with immediate and inevitable destruction. At length giving vent to the horror of his mind, he exclaims in a lamentable strain, shocking every one about him:

“Heavens! I am undone, undone for ever! cruel wretch as I am to forsake the dear Matilda, and rob her of every thing.—Ah! how impious;—What crimes are these—I left her a prey to torturing grief—mercy!—what spectre is that walking on the furious waves?—’tis Matilda—Oh! you about me where is she now!—How stern she appeared—what a look she gave me!—Heavens! she has disappeared—cruel, wicked Horatio!—my crimes—my crimes are without remedy—whither shall I fly?—Ye dreadful lightnings strike me—swallow me thou ocean—my dear companions we shall all be lost—I am the cause of all this; I have incurred the wrath of Omnipotence—I alone am culpable—take me—throw me into the sea, and the storm shall cease: my wicked heart—Oh! my torturing conscience, why dost thou thus torment me? Matilda! Matilda! in pity to my inexpressible grief cease to haunt me.”——

Mean while the danger increased; the storm rages with greater violence, and the irritated billows, mountain-high, roll over the deep. One moment the ship is swallowed up by the waves, the next it is tossed to the clouds, and threatened every moment to be dashed

in pieces. The astonished seamen try every expedient for the safety of the vessel, but try in vain. Finding all their efforts ineffectual, they resign her at last to the mercy of the waves, and addressing themselves to Providence prepared to meet their fate;—for now

No more the helm obeys the pilot's hand,
See borne aloft the mast pervades the skies;
And soon they are buried in the gulph below,
Dreadful the shocking scene!——

The ship now let in the water on all sides, and soon sunk to the bottom of the ocean. The greatest part of the passengers perished: but a few of them who could swim jumped into the sea, and committed themselves to the raging deep. Horatio was one of them: his profane concubine followed them a little way, screaming aloud for help, and rending the air with her cries; but after a few faint struggles with the tempestuous waves disappeared. The unhappy husband looking round him saw her sink, with two or three of his companions at the same instant; himself almost spent, expected every moment to be swallowed up by the bellying surges which howled around, and frequently rolled over him.

One of the crew had now fortunately gained a shattered fragment of the wrecked vessel, and at the instant the unhappy Horatio was almost expiring, and exerting his last feeble efforts with the boisterous abyss, he steered to him and caught him up, else he must have been an instantaneous victim to the waves. Several times they were washed off from their only support; but by mutual assistance, and hard struggles, they gained it again.

In a few hours the storm began to abate, the skies cleared, the roaring thunders were hushed, the lightnings dart no more, nor frighten them with their dreadful glare; the furious winds also ceased, and seemed to die away in gentle sobbings; the waves no longer toss, nor the sea foams, but a pleasing calm succeeds. With transport inexpressible the weather-beaten men, the only two that were saved, beheld the agreeable change. Tho' every thing

was

was lost, and they were still exposed to famine and innumerable other evils, a gleam of hope darted through their gloomy minds, and inspired them with some confidence. But how was their joy increased when they thought they could descry from afar something like a shore. Without hesitation they steered towards it, keeping the pleasing prospect in view. In a few moments they found their wishes realized, and discovered it was land. Wearied and faint, with much difficulty they got on shore on an unknown coast, inhabited by some foreign nation.

They now travelled on into the interior parts of the country, and found a hospitable people, who behaved in a very humane manner, and supplied them with provisions, &c. Desiring to know what countrymen they were, and how they came to be thus distressed, they informed them that they came from Britain, and in a ship bound for France were overtaken by a dreadful storm, which sunk her, and they two only had escaped on a part of the wrecked vessel. The two countrymen staid here for many weeks in peace and security; every day they visited the shore, and looked abroad over the spacious ocean, in wishful expectation of seeing an English ship, that they might once more behold their native country.

One morning as Horatio was walking alone, not far from the sea, he descried at a distance a ship in full sail, which he suspected to be going for England. It was about three furlongs from the shore, and he could plainly see the flags streaming to the wind.—He hallowed as loud as he was able, and waved his hat as a signal of distress. At length with extasies he perceived the vessel slackened its course, and made towards him. He still kept waving his hat. In a few moments they came up to him. Judge how he was astonished, when he perceived that it was an English vessel, and the captain his own brother!—He was dumb for a time, and unable to speak a word. At last he exclaimed—“Good God! what do I see?—My brother! my brother!

How came you here? Surely I am in a dream! It cannot be him!”

Lost in wonder and astonishment the captain stood, retracing the features of his long-absent, fraternal friend. Soon he knew him, though the meanness of his dress almost disguised him. Unmindful of his past infamy, he flew to the treacherous Horatio, and with emotions of sympathising concern, hanging on his neck gave him an affectionate embrace.

Recovering speech, he then cried—“What induced you, Horatio—what induced you, O my brother! to leave us? to leave your dear wife? to leave your native country?—How came you here?—Speak!—Tell me, I beseech you!”

J. L.—G.

(To be continued.)

A whimsical FEMALE CHARACTER.

Taken from real Life, with occasional Remarks.

FLIRTILLA, a woman about thirty, who has been brought up by a maiden aunt, (her parents dying while she was in her infancy) having imbibed some of the most unaccountable notions respecting dress, behaviour, and conversation, is truly singular in each of these particulars; in short, she bids fair to be what the world generally stiles a complete *old maid*.

“An *old maid*!” methinks I hear an antiquated female say, “and pray, Sir, what have you to say against such a character?”—Nothing but this, that to affect singularity, either in dress, behaviour, and conversation, is in no wise a sensible, and judicious part of such a character. Now whether there is not too much reason to say, that this is a foible most observable and reprehensible in ladies so called, I leave the discerning part of both sexes to determine.

For old or young women to endeavour to attract attention either by oddity of, or affected singularity in appearance—

pearance, manner, or deportment, is a sure token of weakness, simplicity, and unpoliteness—to say the least of it.

To follow the height of the fashion, or to be remarkably out of it, I cannot say appears to me *true wisdom*; a medium in dress is generally best: to shew a just dislike to all extremes of every kind, is truly commendable in both sexes; but there is the hardship, and indeed I do not see, for my part, how it can be made an easier task of, while every lady and gentleman, especially in *polite life*, study to outvie each other, and endeavour to rival even their superiors in show, parade, and grandeur, though it may be at the expence of living up to, if not exceeding their income. This fashionable folly can never be sufficiently exposed or reprobated in all.

Hampstead.

BOB SHORT, *Jun.*

HISTOIRE D'EMILIE.

(Continued from Page 180.)

LE Marquis se vit donc par la tiré du mauvais pas où sa fureur l'avoit engagé. On prit soin de lui cacher la main généreuse qui l'avoit si bien secouru; mais quelques précautions qu'on ait pris, il ne pût s'empêcher de la reconnoître. Ce service essentiel fit sur lui les mêmes impressions que ceux qu'il avoit déjà reçus du même côté.

Sa rage, au lieu de sa mortir par la reconnoissance, en prit de nouvelles forces, & quand il vit qu'on lui ôtoit la liberté pour toujours, il ne douta point que son protecteur n'alloit recueillir le fruit de sa detention auprès de son épouse. Cette idée jointe à l'alteration que la frayeur & la prison avoient déjà fait sur sa santé, l'impuissance d'exécuter ce que les transports les plus violens lui suggéroient, le réduisirent peu de temps après, à un état de démence & d'égarement, qui fit craindre qu'il ne pût jamais recouvrer l'usage de sa raison. Cette crainte n'étoit que trop bien fondée; peu de jours après être arrivé dans le lieu fixé

pour sa prison, il fut saisi d'une fièvre violente qui le réduisit à la dernière extrémité. Un redoublement de délire augmenta le désordre dans tous ses sens, & il finit dans cet état déplorable, une vie qui ne pouvoit être pour lui qu'un supplice, & dont le souvenir devoit malheureusement perpétuer l'horreur pour tous ceux à qui il avoit appartenu.

Fremonville fut instruit de la fin tragique d'un rival, qui avoit été le funeste obstacle de son bonheur. L'espérance que cette mort laissoit à son amour, quoique foible, par l'idée qu'il avoit du caractère d'Emilie, le détermina à partir aussi-tôt, pour lui apprendre la fin de ses maux, & l'engager, s'il étoit possible, à effacer le souvenir du passé, par la possession d'un amant capable de lui procurer la seule consolation, qui pouvoit lui faire oublier une destinée malheureuse, ne permet pas à ceux qu'elle poursuit de jamais rencontrer le bonheur.

Le malheureuse Emilie, touchoit à son dernier jour, elle ignoroit encore la mort de son mari, qui lui rendoit sa liberté, mais les violens chagrins qui avoient empoisonné sa vie, avoient, en même temps, ruiné sa santé & ses forces. Une langueur funeste s'étoit repandue sur tous ses membres, & l'on n'espéroit plus de voir son retablissement.

Bristol.

GERTRUDE.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Beg leave to request, of some kind reader, a cure for black worms in the skin. Should any of your worthy correspondents be able to communicate an effectual remedy, it will confer a great obligation on their and your

Most humble servant,

M——S——.

The

The TRIAL of the MAID of ORLEANS.

(Concluded from Page 133.)

SHE answered, that she addressed some letters to the English who were before Orleans, desiring them to part from thence, and that they would absolutely be obliged to raise the siege; that she has been told that some words had been altered in her letters, where she desired the French territories should be given up to Charles, the lawful king; in the place of which have been inserted, as she was informed, that they should be given up to Jane the Maiden; that she did not call herself a warrior in these letters, as it was said had been since added to them.

She then related, that she arrived, without any difficulty, at Chinon, where the king resided; that she arrived about noon, lodged at an inn, and after dinner waited on his majesty, whom she immediately distinguished from his attendants by the instructions of the voice; that she told him she was resolved to go fight against the English. Being asked, whether, when the voice pointed out the king to her, there was any shining light over the king? she made no answer.

Being asked whether she saw any angel over the king's head? she made no answer, but said, that before his majesty employed her, she had many fine visions and revelations.

Being asked what revelations?

She answered, "I will not tell you as yet; but you may go to the king, and he will inform you." She added, that the voice told her, that soon after her arrival his majesty would accept the offer of her services; that those of her own party were confident the voice came from God; that they saw and heard the voice; that she knew it very well; that the king and several of his council had seen and heard the voice coming towards her; and among the rest Charles duke of Bourbon; that the only thing she ever asked of the voice was the salvation of her soul; that it desired her to stay at St. Denis in France, where she would have

remained, but that the lords would not let her, as she was wounded, and that otherwise she would not have left it; that she had been wounded in the trenches of Paris, and cured in five days; that she commanded at a considerable attack near Paris.

Being asked if it was a holiday when that skirmish happened?

She answered she believed it was.

Being asked if it was proper to make an assault on a festival?

She made no answer.

The court adjourned to consider matters, and being met again, the bishop of Beauvais exhorted and desired the prisoner to swear absolutely, and without reserve to tell the truth of every thing the court would ask her.

On which she desired his lordship's leave to speak, and it being granted, said, "It is possible you may ask me questions which I certainly will not answer, especially relative to revelations; perhaps you would insist on my informing you of what I already swore I would not mention: that would be perjury, and you ought not to desire me to perjure myself. Take care, my lord bishop, what you are about: you pretend to have jurisdiction over me; you will have a great deal to answer for if you do not prove an upright judge to me." She added, that she thought it enough to have sworn twice.

Being asked a second time if she would not swear simply and absolutely?

She answered, that they might do without it, as she had already sworn twice; that all the clergy of Rouen should not oblige her to tell every thing; that she could not tell all in eight days; that she would communicate every circumstance of her arrival in France, but not every thing else.

Being desired a third time to swear without reserve, and informed that her refusal would render her suspected to the court, she made the same answer as before, and added, that she was come from God; that she had nothing to do in that court, and desired that they might send her back to God, whose messenger she was.

Being again exhorted and advised to swear as before required, under pain of being found guilty of the crimes of which she was accused,

She answered, " I have sworn enough : proceed."

Being once more fully and strongly admonished to tell the whole truth relative to her case, letting her know the danger she put herself in by a refusal, she said, she was ready to tell every thing concerning her case, but not every thing she knew, and then she swore.

Being asked by John Beaupere when before she had eat or drank ?

She answered, that afternoon.

Being then asked when had she heard the voice ?

She answered, " Yesterday and to-day."

Being asked what she was doing the day before when she heard the voice ?

She answered that she was asleep, and that it awaked her.

Being asked whether it yet remained in her chamber ?

She answered, not that she knew.

Being asked if she thanked the voice, and whether she went on her knees ?

She answered, that she thanked it as she sat up in her bed, her hands joined, and begged it might direct her what she had to do ; and that the voice desired her to *answer stoutly*.

Being asked what the voice said to her when she was awake ?

She answered, that it desired her to ask advice from our Saviour.

The prisoner then said again to the bishop, " You say you are my judge ; take great care of what you do, for I certainly am come from God, and you put yourself in great danger."

Being asked if the voice had ever varied in its instructions or commands ?

She answered, that she had never found it so.

Being asked if it was an angel directly from God, without the intervention of any saint ?

She answered, " It comes from God ; I will not tell you all I know on that subject ; I am more uneasy

lest I should say any thing at which it might be displeased, than I am about answering you ; and therefore relative to this question I desire delay."

Being asked whether she thought that God would be offended at truth's being told ?

She answered, she thought he would not ; but that what the voice revealed to her, she was to tell Charles the Seventh, king of France, and not to the bishop of Beauvais. She then added, that the night before the voice said several things to her for the service of his majesty, which she wished he was informed of.

Upon which the court desired to know whether she could not prevail on the voice to deliver a message from her to Charles with these tidings ?

She answered she did not know whether it would obey her, unless such was the desire of God, and that our Saviour consented to it ; and if it was the will of God, he might very well reveal it himself to the king.

After many interrogatories, and the examination of several witnesses, she was condemned to be burnt and consumed as an heretic ; and was accordingly brought to the old market-place of Rouen, and there, after a long exhortation, the sentence pronounced against her was put in execution, which was a great loss to the king of France, who was then unable to assist her ; but when he recovered Rouen, he caused her trial to be brought before the judges, who declared her innocent of the crimes for which she so unjustly suffered.

Suite Histoire d'EPAMINONDAS.

(Continued from Page 14.)

LORSQUE ces bruits différens furent repandus & accrédités dans le camp, Epaminondas feignant d'en être surpris, & de s'en défier lui-même, fit appeller ceux qui en étoient les auteurs pour examiner si l'on devoit y ajouter foi. Ils debiterent leurs mensonges avec le plus grand, vérité tout

tout le monde les crut, & par un changement de dispositions opposées, ordinaire à la multitude, il n'y eut pas un soldat, qui dans la certitude de vaincre, ne demandât le combat. C'étoit l'effet que s'étoit promis Epaminondas; il sçavoit que les troupes qui croient marcher à une défaite assurée, remportent rarement la victoire, & qu'au contraire lorsqu'elles se croient sûres de vaincre, elles ne sont presque jamais vaincues.

Aussi-tôt que la confiance fut ainsi rétablie, Epaminondas assembla le conseil pour délibérer lequel étoit le plus avantageux, de se tenir sur la défensive en se retranchant devant l'ennemi, ou de lui présenter la bataille. Il n'y avoit à l'armée que cinq des Beotariques, qu'Epaminondas s'étoit fait associer. Le sixième qu'étoit Pelopidas étoit absent. Les voix se trouverent partagées également; il y en avoit trois pour donner le combat, & trois du sentiment contraire. Pelopidas arriva heureusement pour terminer cette indécision. Epaminondas l'instruisit de la situation des ennemis, de la disposition de l'armée, & finit par dire que son avis étoit, qu'on livrât la bataille. Pelopidas y acquiesça sans hésiter, & termina ainsi la délibération.

L'amitié & la confiance qu'il avoit dans la sagesse d'Epaminondas, le déterminèrent bien moins que la nécessité où l'on étoit réduit de tout hasarder. Tout le pays qui relevoit de Thèbes, menaçoit d'une défection générale. Il ne pouvoit être contenu dans le devoir, que par une action d'éclat qui raffermît l'autorité chancelante de la république. Outre cette raison il y en avoit encore une autre également forte. Les Lacédémoniens, si l'on ne les repoussoit pas étoient maîtres de faire le siège de Thèbes, elle étoit sans provisions, & quoiqu'Epaminondas eût pris la précaution d'envoyer toutes les bouches inutiles à Athènes; l'armée seule auroit bien-tôt consommé le peu de vivres qu'on y avoit amassé. Ce furent ces raisons qui portèrent Pelopidas à décider pour le combat; c'étoit en effet dans la situation des choses,

l'unique parti qu'on pût prendre sagement.

Avant d'aller plus avant, on fera peut-être bien aisé de voir un trait qui marque le progrès que faisoit insensiblement la raison, si l'on en juge par comparaison de ce siècle avec ceux qui l'avoient précédé.

Pelopidas la veille de la bataille, eut un songe dans lequel il lui sembla que Scédasus lui étoit apparu, en lui adressant ces paroles, "Si tu veux remporter la victoire sur tes ennemis, il faut m'immoler une jeune vierge qui soit rousse."

(To be continued.)

THE EXTRAORDINARY WIFE.

From MARMONTEL.

A new Translation.

By LOUISA D'ARGENT.

(Continued from Page 192.)

THE minister listened to her with astonishment. "Instead of laying an obstacle in your way, Madam," said he, "I will second them, even in the punishment of your husband. He must resign his place."—"O Sir!"—"I have disposed of it to your son, and out of respect and regard to you, I have preserved the reversion for him."

The surprise of Acilia to obtain a favour instead of a punishment, forced her almost to fall on her knees to the minister.—"Sir," said she, "it is worthy of you thus to correct the father of a family. The tears which you see glistening on my cheeks are the expressions of my gratitude. My children, my husband, and myself shall never cease to bless you."

Melidor waited for Acilia with fear, and inquietude gave place to joy, when he learnt with what gentleness his dissipation was punished. "Well, Sir," said Acilia, embracing him, "are we to be separated to-day? Have you still some good friend whom you prefer to a wife?"

We know with what facility rumours are spread, and destroyed as soon as disseminated, at Paris. The misfortunes of Melidor were the town talk for some days : his arrangement, or rather the courageous part which his wife had assumed, made a kind of revolution in their minds and sentiments. They talked of nothing but of Acilia's wisdom and resolution ; and when she appeared abroad with the air of modesty and freedom of a person who neither braves nor fears the opinion of the world, she was received with greater respect than she had ever inspired. It was now that she was sensible of the value of that consideration which is given to virtue ; and the homage which had been paid to her youth and beauty never flattered her so much.

Melidor, grown either more timorous or more vain, did not know how to behave, nor even how to look.—“ Let us,” said his wife to him, “ let the world see that we are conscious we have been indiscreet, and that we are now grown wiser. No one hath any thing to reproach us for : let us not think too meanly of ourselves. If they should see that we are glad of being reformed, they will esteem us the more.”

“ But in what light will you look on that multitude of false friends which have deserted us ? ”

“ In the same light as I always beheld them ; as persons who are attracted by pleasure, and take their flight along with it. What reason had you to depend upon them ? Was it because they frequented your table ?—A rich man's house is like the pit in a theatre, where every one thinks that he has paid for his place, when he has occupied it agreeably. When the play is over, every one retires, and thinks there is no further call upon him.—This is very disagreeable to think on ; but in losing the illusion of being loved, you exchange an agreeable mistake for a useful experience ; and the same may be said of this remedy as of others, its bitterness contains all its virtue. Look at the world, therefore,

as it is, without being sorry that you have mistaken it, without being proud that you have known it. Above all, let no one know any thing of our little altercations ; let neither of us appear as if we had submitted to the other ; but let it be thought that we are actuated and animated by *one* soul. Tho' it be not so ridiculous a thing as it is said to be, to suffer a woman to lead us, I would not that any one should know that I ever assumed any superiority over you.”

Melidor owed every thing to his wife, but nothing affected him so sensibly as this *trait* of delicacy, and he had the goodness to confess it. Acilia had another view besides that of managing the vanity of her husband ; she wanted to engage him even by his vanity to follow the plan she had laid down. “ If he should find every one persuaded,” said she, “ that he has done nothing but what he could wish to do, he will soon believe so himself : we persist in our own resolutions from that sentiment of liberty which makes us resist those of others ; and the most essential point in the art of managing others, is that of concealing from them that we do manage them.” Acilia, therefore, was assiduous in relating the encomiums to her husband which were paid him, and Melidor never spoke of her but with the highest esteem.

Notwithstanding she was apprehensive what effect solitude and the silence of his house might have upon him.—There is no restraining a man who is listless, and before Melidor had found out employments, it was necessary he should be supplied with amusements. Acilia took care to provide him a few select friends. “ I do not invite you to sumptuous entertainments,” said she to those ladies whom she had engaged ; “ but instead of pomp we shall enjoy pleasure. I shall give you, with all my heart, a good supper, which shall not be expensive ; we will then *toast* our friends without restraint ; perhaps we may *laugh* too, a thing not very common in the circle of the great.”

She kept her promise, and her husband was, at that time, the only person

son who regretted the opulence in which he had lived formerly. Not that we would insinuate that he did not do his utmost to habituate himself to a simple style of life, but it was said that he had made the same *void* in his soul as in his house. His eyes and ears, accustomed to a tumultuous bustle, were, in a manner astonished with calmness and tranquillity. He still beheld those with envy who were ruining themselves as he had done, and Paris, where he found himself condemned to poverty in the midst of plenty, appeared odious to him.

Acilia perceiving this, and persisting in her plan with a constancy seldom known in the sex, proposed his going with her to see the estates that they had purchased. But before her departure she employed her notary to hire, instead of the hotel which they occupied, a plain, but convenient house for their residence after their return.

Of the three estates which Melidor possessed, the two most honourable ones scarcely produced a third of the interest of the purchase. It was determined that they should be sold. The third, which had long been neglected, required only some advance to render it a profitable possession. "This is what we ought to keep," said Acilia: "let us do our endeavours to raise its value. The air is salutary, the aspect is amiable, the soil is fertile: we will spend the best part of the year there, and, if you will believe me, we shall love one another there likewise. Thy wife shall not assume the airs, the caprices, and the art of coquettes, but exercise a real and tender friendship, in which if thou shouldst participate, it will constitute thy happiness, mine, and my children's, as well as the joy of the whole family. I know not how, but while I breathe the country air, my taste is more simple and more natural; happiness seems to be nearer to me, more accessible to my wishes; I behold it pure and unclouded in the manners of the country, and I have conceived, for the first time, an idea of the serenity of a life of innocence,

which flows, without being disturbed, to its end."

Melidor listened to his wife with complaisance, and comfort diffused itself into his heart like a delicious balm. He consented, but not without some reluctance, to the sale of those estates, of which the privileges had flattered him most, and the good notary exerted himself so well, that within the space of six months, Melidor found that he owed nothing to any body.

Nothing now remained but to insure him against the bias of habit; and Acilia, who was acquainted with his foible, did not despair to destroy his fondness for novelty, by means of instilling another principle more wise and more satisfactory. The estate which they had reserved opened a vast field for useful occupations; and Acilia intended to form a small council of farmers to regulate and direct them. This council consisted of seven honest countrymen full of good sense, who dined with her every Sunday. The dinner was stiled the banquet of the *Seven wise men*. The council was held at table; Melidor, Acilia, and the young Abbé assisted at it. The quality of the soils, the culture which was proper for them, the choice of plants and seeds, the establishment of new farms, and the division of the ground into woods, pastures, and corn-fields, the distribution of cattle designed for grazing or labour, the direction and the use of waters, the plantations and inclosures, even to the most minute details of rural œconomy, were treated of in the council. Our sages, with the glass in their hands, animated and enlightened each other: one might imagine, on hearing them, that there were treasures buried under ground, which only wanted hands to secure them.

Melidor was flattered with this hope, and especially with that kind of dominion which he exercised in superintending these operations; but he could not see how it was possible to be sufficient for them. "Let us begin," said Acilia, "and the earth itself will help us." Some little progress was made

the first year, but sufficient to give Melidor a foretaste of the pleasure of *creating*.

The council received, on Acilia's departure, a small acknowledgment, and the grace with which she gave it enhanced its value.

Melidor, on his return to town, was charmed with his new house: it was convenient and eligible, furnished without pride, but with taste notwithstanding. "This, my dear," said his wife, "is what becomes us. There is enough to make us happy if we are but discreet." She had the pleasure of seeing him grow tired of Paris, where he found himself hid in the crowd, and sighed for the country, which recalled him from a desire of reigning.

They retired thither in the spring, and the *sages* being assembled, they regulated the labours of the year.

As soon as Melidor saw the ground *revivified* by his influence, and a vast number of men occupied in cultivating and fertilizing it for him, he found himself elevated above himself. A new farm was adjudged to be established by the council, and Melidor had the sensible pleasure of seeing the first crop growing, and afterwards cut upon it. Their enjoyment increased every day at the sight of those very fields, which two years before languished uncultivated and unpeopled, covered with husbandmen, woods, harvests, and herbage; and Melidor saw, with regret, the season approach which recalled him to Paris.

Acilia could not resist the longing desire she had of going to pay another visit to the minister who had been so kind to her in her misfortunes. She made him so affecting a description of the happiness which they enjoyed, that he was inconceivably moved on hearing her. "You are," said he, "a model for your sex: I wish that such an example may make the same impression upon every one's heart as it has upon mine. Go on, Madam, and depend upon me. We are too much honoured in having it in our power to contribute to the good which you do."

This happy spot to which this couple were recalled in the most flourishing season, became the most charming picture of *œconomy* and plenty. But a far more affecting scene was that of the education which they gave their children.

In the neighbourhood they heard talk of a pair like them, retired from the world, who, in an agreeable solitude, made it their delight to cultivate the tender pledges of their love. "Let us go and see them," said Acilia: "let us go and take a lesson of them." On their arrival, they beheld the image of happiness and virtue. Monsieur and Madame de Lisbé, in the midst of their young family, employed only in the care of forming their minds and their hearts.

Acilia was struck with the grace, the decency, and especially with the air of gaiety which she remarked in the children. They discovered neither the savage timidity, nor the indiscreet familiarity of infancy. At the first sight their deportment, their language seemed to shew exquisite natural parts, habit having rendered all those movements easy of which it had the direction.

"This is not a visit of ceremony," said Acilia to Madame de Lisbé; "we are come to receive instructions from you in the art of educating our children, and to beg you to acquaint us with the principles and the method which you have pursued with so much success."

"Alas! nothing is more simple," replied Madame de Lisbé. "Our principles may be reduced to the treating infants like infants, to make useful things a play to them, to *simplify* every thing we teach them, and to teach them nothing but what they can understand. Our method, likewise, is limited to a very few things. It consists in leading them to instruction by curiosity, to conceal from them, under that allurements, the idea of labour and constraint, and direct even their curiosity by some ideas which are instilled into them, and which makes them long to seize it. The most difficult

ficult thing is to excite them to emulation without jealousy, and in that respect, perhaps, we have had less merit than good luck."—"You have certainly given them excellent masters?"—"No, Madam, we have learnt them ourselves what we chose they should learn. Do you not recollect how the dove digests the food for its young? We imitate him, and from thence results two advantages, and two pleasures more; that of instructing ourselves, and that of instructing our children.

"This little labour is so much the more amusing," continued Madame de Lisbé, "that we have reserved for the age of reason all abstract ideas, and our lessons are, at present, confined to what falls under the cognizance of the senses. Infancy is the age when the imagination is most lively, and the memory most docile: it is to the objects of these two faculties that we apply the minds of our children. The surface of the earth is an image, the history of mankind and of nature is a picture, the philosophy of language consists only of sounds, the sensible part of mathematics is reduced to lines; every one of the arts may be described; even religion and morality are instilled better by sentiment than we can conceive them in idea. In a word, all our simple and primitive conceptions are conveyed through the senses, and the senses of infancy are more refined, more delicate, and have more vivacity than those of mature age. It is, therefore, to take nature in her full vigour, to take her in infancy, to perceive and seize on every thing which does not require the combinations of the understanding. We may add, that the mind being free from every other toil, lies entirely open to this; that it is greedy of knowledge, exempt from prejudice, and that all the store-houses of the understanding and memory being empty, we may range our ideas there at our pleasure, especially if in the art of introducing them we follow nature, if we are not in haste to accumulate them, and if we give them time to settle in their proper places."

"I see," said Acilia, "but without being intimidated, that this requires an incessant attention."—"That attention," replied Madame de Lisbé, "has nothing disgusting nor painful. We live with our children; they are under our eyes; we converse with them, we accustom them to examine and reflect; we assist them, without impatience, to develop their ideas; we never discourage them with an accent of ill-humour or disdain: severity, which is of no service but to correct the evil occasioned by negligence, has never any place in an education which is carried on every moment without intermission; and as we do not suffer nature to take any wrong bias, we are not obliged to put it to the torture."

"Shall I not be too impertinent," said Acilia to her, "in intimating my desire to be present at one of your lectures?"—Mad. de Lisbé called her children, who were busy together in a corner of the room. They fled into the arms of their mother with a native joy which affected Acilia.—"My dears," said their mother, "I am going to ask you some questions."

Acilia admired the order and clearness of the knowledge they had acquired; but she was charmed still more with the grace and modesty with which they answered in their turns, of the good understanding subsisting between them, and of the vital interest they reciprocally shewed in the success of each other.

It was Acilia's intention to interest Melidor by this scene, and he was so moved with it, that he shed tears. "How happy are you!" said he incessantly to Mad. de Lisbé! "How happy are you in having such children! It is the most charming enjoyment that can be imagined."

Acilia, in taking leave of her neighbours, begged their acquaintance; she embraced their children a thousand times, and begged they would not take it amiss, if she should come sometimes to instruct herself by their studies.

"What can be more astonishing, and at the same time more simple!" said

said she to Melidor, as they went along. "How is it possible that so refined a pleasure should be so little known, and that which is the most natural should be the rarest thing in the world?—We have children, and we are tired of them! and we seek for amusements abroad, when we have at home such interesting pleasures and devoirs of such importance! "It is certain that all children are not so much favoured by nature as these"—"But who has told us," replied Acilia, "that heaven has not granted us the same favour? Believe me, my dear, we reproach nature only to shift off the blame from ourselves. We almost always calumniate her to justify ourselves. Before we have a right to think her incorrigible, we must have done every thing in our power to correct her. We are neither weak nor wicked, our children need not be so. Let us live *with* them and *for* them: I assure you they will resemble us."

"You are to have two colleagues," said she to the Abbé, at night. "We have just now anticipated the pleasure of educating our children ourselves;" and then she gave him an account of what she had seen and heard. "We intend to follow the same plan," continued she. "As for you, M. Abbé, you shall teach them the languages; Melidor intends to apply himself to the study of arts and nature, to qualify himself for giving lessons in that department. I reserve for myself what is more easy and simple, their morals and sentiments; and hope, in a year's time, I shall be able to keep pace with you. It shall be your part to point out to us the sources, and to conduct our studies, step by step, in the most concise manner."

The Abbé applauded this emulation, and each of them applied himself to perform his task with an ardour, which, instead of abating, was pursued with redoubled vigour.

Melidor no longer felt a void in the leisure of the country. It seemed to him as if time had accelerated its flight. The days were not long

enough for him to apply to the toils of agriculture, and the studies of the closet. These occupations seemed, as it were, to incroach on each other. Acilia was, in like manner, divided between domestic cares and the education of her children. Nature seconded her wishes. Their children, docile and assiduous, whether from the example of their parents, or from mutual emulation, made a play of their little labours.

But this success, however agreeable to the wishes of a good mother, was not her ultimate object. She insured to Melidor the only inexhaustible resource against the *ennui* of solitude, and the attractions of dissipation. "I am easy at last," said she, when she saw that he had a *decided* relish for study: "it is a pleasure which costs little, which is found every where, which never fatigues, and by which we are never forced to fly from ourselves."

Melidor being thus recovered and reformed, instead of blushing to confess that he owed his reformation to his wife, gloried in recounting what she had done to reclaim him from his errors: he never ceased praising the courage, the understanding, the meekness, the firmness which she had made use of: and every one said, who heard him, "she is certainly a good wife, and scarcely is there another like her."

E——.

The Character of the Lady of one of the antient Earls of WESTMORELAND, written by her Husband, and inscribed in the Chimney-wall of a large Room, at Budstone-place, in Kent, once the Seat of that noble Family, now in the Possession of William Ryder, Esq.

SHee feared God, and knew howe to serve him; shee assyned tymes for her devotion, and kept them; shee was a perfecte wife, and a trewe friende. Shee joyed most to oblige those neereest and dearest to mee; she was still the same, ever kynde, and never trouble-

troublesome : often preventing my desires : disputing none : providentially managing all that was myne ; lyving in appearance above myne estate, while she advanced it. Shee was of a grate spirit, sweetlie tempered ; of a sharpe wit, without offence ; of excellent speeche, blest with silence ; of a cheerful temper, mildlie governed ; of a brave fashion to win respecte, and to daunt boldnesse ; plesynge to alle of her sex, entyre with few ; dellying in the best ; ever avoiding all persons and places in their honour blemysht ; and was as free from doing ille, as giving the occasion. She dyed, as she lyved, well ; and blest in her greetest extremities, most patiently fending forth her pure soule with manie zealous praiers and hymnes to her Maker ; pouring out her affectionate herte in passionate strains to her Saviour. *****

N. B. The beginning and ending of this inscription being defaced by time, the date is uncertain.

CHARACTER of Mrs. SAINTLY.

MRS. SAINTLY is the wife of a worthy citizen, the mother of several children, and the mistress of a large family : but in the midst of all her domestic avocations, she is indefatigably curious with regard to the conduct of others, and her supreme delight is, after having found out the errors of her neighbours, to pass a severe sentence upon them. However, tho' the love of scandal is certainly predominant in her, she pretends to be governed entirely by religious motives, declaring that she only likes to hear of the vices and follies of other people, in order to pray for them ; and that she only communicates them that we may do the same. Her husband is frequently interrupted by her midnight hymns when he wishes to sleep ; and his morning slumbers are often disturbed by her early proceedings, in order to fall forth to the performance of her devotional exercises ; for which exer-

cises she leaves the care of her children and her family to servants : " her thoughts," she says, " are better employed on them, than on any worldly affection." She is not a good wife, a good mother, a good mistress, or a good neighbour ; but she is a good sanctified gossip, and can furnish you with an infinite number of memoirs of religious scandal, among which many pious ejaculations and scriptural quotations will be plentifully interspersed.

REMARKABLE CURIOSITY in WRITING.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

If you think the following piece of authentic intelligence worthy of a place in your entertaining work, by inserting it you will probably engage a future correspondence, and oblige

A FRIEND to MERIT.

MR. Charles Graham, of Penrith, author of *Miscellaneous Poems*, &c. lately published, has performed the following piece of ingenious penmanship—Has written the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Grace of our Lord, &c. in full, without the least abbreviation, together with his name, place of abode, date of the year, &c. containing in the whole upwards of 2025 letters, within the compass of a shilling ; and what must excite the curiosity of the ingenious, as well as point out the ingenuity of the penman, the above piece of miniature penmanship was written with the naked eye, in a very legible hand, upon forty-four parallel lines, and performed in two hours : it has been read and examined by many gentlemen well skilled in penmanship, and is allowed to be one of the most ingenious performances of the kind ever seen in this part of the country.

A common shilling is not an inch in diameter, so reckoning forty four lines within that compass, they must be almost

most inconceivably close, and yet they are so far from being crowded, that the blanks betwixt each line appear as plain as in print, and are extremely straight and regular.

The writer is only a mechanic, which circumstance, instead of derogating from, greatly enhances his merit.

The many excellent pieces he has performed in all the various scales of penmanship, prove him to be possessed of extraordinary abilities, and worthy of a much better fate,

SELECT SPECIMENS of old ROMAN GALLANTRY, in an Extract from a familiar Epistle addressed to CICERO by MARCUS COELIUS*.

CORNIFICIUS is upon the point of being married to the youngest daughter of Sylla. Paula Valeria, on the very day her husband was expected from his government, procured a divorce, without alledging the least cause. She is to be married to Decimus Brutus. Several very extraordinary incidents of the same kind have happened during your absence. But would you have suspected that Servius Ocella was so well with the ladies, as to have been twice discovered in close gallantry within the space of three short days?—If you ask me where the scene of this amorous adventure was laid; in sad truth, my friend, where I least wished; but for the rest, I leave you to inquire of others†; and a plea-

* Marcus Cœlius applied himself early to the art of oratory, and for that purpose was introduced to the acquaintance of Cicero, under whose inspection he formed his eloquence. His parts and genius soon distinguished him in the forum; but tho' his speeches were conceived with peculiar spirit and vivacity, his language was thought forced, and the harmony of his periods too much neglected. His morals were suitable to the degenerate age in which he lived, luxurious and dissolute, as his temper was remarkably inflammable, and apt to kindle into the most implacable resentment.

† One would almost suspect, from the reserved manner in which Cœlius relates this adventure, that he had a *flaring reason on his brow* (as the poet humourously calls it) for not being more explicit.

fant piece of intelligence it will be for our noble general ‡ to learn in whose fair quarters the luckless Ocella was seized. Farewell.

On FEMALE ORATORY.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AT a time when the rage of debasing daily spreads thro' this metropolis, and when, in particular, the fair sex have launched out in the career in search of glory, and stand candidates for those wreaths that best become the masculine brow; at such a time it may not be amiss to enquire after those qualifications peculiar to each sex, to contract our views within those bounds of discretion (the result of that enquiry), and not to violate, by a too great exertion of our faculties, the good order of society: with these hopes, Sir, I take up my pen, but should be happy to wave my pretensions to a more able investigation.

Nature for wisest ends created the sexes; to each she gave attributes that tend all to that universal goal for which creation designed us: to man she gave power and strength, to fill the more laborious departments of life; to woman a soft, soothing delicacy, to mitigate the rugged path of labour. Without this harmony in the parts, the world would soon roll a mass of anarchy, and perhaps this constant discord would again reduce society to its first origin.

To confirm this proposition, we need only take a view of connubial life; where either party infringes on what is thought the right of the other, discord ensues, harmony and good order cedes to strife and ambition, and thus social joys are entirely annihilated.—Were the orbs that roll over our heads to be permitted to quit their sphere, creation at large would soon feel the

‡ Cicero was at this time absent from Rome in a military character, which he supported with no small reputation.

dread-

dreadful effects of jarring and contending particles. The clashing of those matters, whose due proportional distance can alone maintain order and secure existence, would now shake the universe to its center. So is it with respect to man and society. Man is, necessarily, to have boldness, intrepidity, eloquence, genius, with many other masculine endowments, which distinguishes him as the master and protector of society. In women should center those other qualifications that would harmonize the whole, and constitute the happiness of social life.—Here nature has set us a grand precept in the order of the faculties of the human frame, and mankind should with virtue and reason follow its dictates.

Eloquence, says an old philosopher, is the most distinguishing faculty of human nature. I am entirely of his opinion; but as it regards public female eloquence, I must think it may be admired, but by no means virtuously courted, especially when public speaking is meant as mere exercise or pastime, for such is the chief intent of our modern schools of eloquence and *La Belle Assemblée*. Every thing that tends to destroy in the female countenance the blush of innocence, are so many fatal strokes that beat them from their center, and I have no doubt but public speaking tends, by a number of different channels, to work this fatal end. Accustomed to meet the eyes of many, assurance is the sure appendage; this, in a great measure, destroys modesty, wit follows to burst decorum, and thus imperceptibly the heart depravedly blackens, and at last laughs at virtue: while *masqued* * *eloquence* may favour the corrupter of others, and give fresh opportunity to exercise unlicensed language, the listening sops will applaud the entertainment, at the expence of virtue or innocence. Such may be the fatal consequences of *female oratory*. But as rational creatures, capable of every re-

finement, I would not wish to restrain their pursuits of learning, but rather increase the opportunity that might dilate in the female breast the bud of wisdom. That genuine seed which nature has richly sown in the heart, merits all our assistance to expand its various folds; but in all those shoots of our noblest faculty, virtue should be our constant guide. Then, rich from the toil of study, the female mind becomes every way more qualified to perform her part in life, whilst modesty sets a still higher varnish on her virtues, and renders the possessor truly admirable. I think it by no means abridging their natural prerogatives, to limit the exercise of eloquence to the circle of their acquaintance: there they will find sufficient field for improvement: the recompense of this restriction is social happiness; for where is the man that can with indifference behold his wife, child, &c. expose herself to the impertinent criticisms of prying, and often ignorant coxcombs.

Improvement should be the chief stimulative to study, for the end of our existence is to learn to live agreeably to the will of the Omnipotent Creator of all things. Was this simple precept strictly adhered to, we might reasonably hope for the golden age. It is, however, under this mask that public eloquence has become the desired object and occupation of modern ladies. But are they not mistaken in the pursuit? The means seem more courted than the end designed. Eloquence exercised is a road to learning; but is it not attainable without it? It is but one means amidst a great many. I can by no means, therefore, look on *female public elocution*, in matters of pastime and of small concern, as compatible with soft delicacy.—How ill does it become those whom nature designed as the mediators of affliction, to destroy licentiously that modesty and feeling, which should be the guard to virtue, the pride of man, and the bulwark of society?

Such, Sir, are my feeble efforts, the production of, I trust, a reason-

* Practised at *La Belle Assemblée*.

able moment. If they appear to you worthy a place in your useful Repository, it will infinitely gratify a friend to the fair sex, and a constant reader,

J. H—T.

OSMUND AND ALMIRA.

In a LETTER.

Why did they love?—They lov'd, alas! too well;
Their gen'rous passion toll'd their passing ^{[bell.}

AH! my dear Lucy, what is it you desire? What do you enjoin me? Oh! why do you remind me of that unhappy, that fatal affair?—My sympathizing heart bleeds afresh at the sad remembrance!—It is indelibly fixed upon my memory, for neither time nor any thing else will ever be able to efface the melancholy impression. A tear of tribute to those dear persons now and then steals insensibly from each eye. Indeed they merited this grateful acknowledgment of my love. They were worthy, and deserved a better fate: but their Omniscient God was pleased to take them as he did. It is not our province to invade that of heaven in its all-wise decrees: we should submit to its pleasure without repining: but who is there who would not regret the loss of two such amiable friends?

Just such another day as this, my dear, was the last fatal twenty-third of May. Were I to live a thousand years, I should never forget it. A more glorious day never blessed this lower world. The sun beamed fulgence inexpressibly delightful. All nature benignly smiled and was gay; the feathered warblers of the air chaunted in melodious strains their harmonious gratitude to the universal God of Nature, and hailed in joyful notes the heavenly morn. Ever, my Lucy, shall I suspect such promising, such delusive prospects to bliss: but what did I think then could have overturned our happiness?—Not even a distant thought of disappointment occurred. Secure, as I believed, in my generous participa-

tion, I feared nothing: little then did I think that I had so much to fear.

This day the lovely Almira was to have been indissolubly joined with my dear brother Osmund, now no more. For two years had their hearts, in the most sincere love been united in one. The tenderest passion that ever warmed the bosom of man warmed his, and he adored the amiable fair who so gratefully regarded him. But ah! how did their loves terminate!—Shed a tear, oh! my Lucy, to their manes!—The lovely, the amiable, fond pair appeared at the altar. Joy flushed every cheek. In the fair bride's was visible an humble exultation, that claimed observance and veneration from all. Osmund's, the gentle Osmund's was all fire: beams of love flashed from his sparkling eyes; eyes that spoke too well his happiness and bliss. No imperious or self-interested guardian had he to shun: all till this moment had been one continued scene of happiness. But how soon was this happiness changed! Indeed, Lucy, the unfortunate pair deserved better. In the midst of the ceremony, in the height of our joy, we could not help observing that a general confusion ran through those who were assembled to see this loving couple united; a universal but unintelligible whisper proceeded from all, and they appeared to be dividing in the middle; below we could see that they did.—But heavens! when the uppermost divided, what was our astonishment!—My dear father's ghost could not have struck me more than did the appearance of Otho!—Oh! my God! I can no more! Guess the rest!—Now you will pity the fate of Osmund and his dear Almira. I cannot proceed now! my eyes are shaded with tears!—Presently, perhaps, when a little more composed, I may resume my pen.

* * * * *

You know very well that Otho has been dead, or reported to be so, near five years ago. A letter was sent to his then inconsolable widow, by one who told her that he saw him die of a wound which he received in an engagement.—Any one may judge then what cause we had

had of surprise, upon beholding such a near resemblance to the departed Otho!—Had it been his ghost it would have been more welcome, and less to be feared. Why did he not come before? else why did he not for ever keep away? Then at this time we might all have been blessed and happy in each others company. But to return—Different passions at the unwelcome appearance agitated every breast. The bride fainted, I screamed, and Osmund, as unable as any one to sustain the rude shock, especially as he saw his dear Almira faint, fell lifeless on her snowy bosom. Then, indeed, all was confusion!—I had just life enough left to take notice of what passed. Osmund was carried, lifeless as he was, home; I followed, leaning on my uncle Henry's arm; Almira, attended by the ferocious Otho, was likewise carried home.—Excuse me a minute, my dear, for I must forbear.

* * * *

On the afternoon of that fatal day, a stranger came to the door with a letter for Osmund. Raving, as he was, we thought this epistle might work in him some agreeable change. He perused it with great composure in the presence of my unhappy mother and myself, and told us he was called upon immediately by Almira to attend her. He stepped to his room to change his dress (my mother and I suspecting nothing), and went out with a cheerfulness in his countenance that surprised us. I shall tell you whither his unhappy fate led him: I learnt it by a letter which the captain left behind him when he fled his country. Unthinking, cruel man!—He might fly his country, yet he could not fly the reproaches of his own conscience. He does justice to my dear brother at last, whatever he had done to him before. But to continue my narrative—They met—Otho resolved that one should die—Osmund, overcome by his love, could not reason against it, but prepared to receive his furious antagonist, who attacked him without either preamble, reason, or discretion, and with such impetuosity, that Osmund, parrying his

unguarded thrusts, wounded him in the sword-arm.—His weapon instantly dropped from his hand, and he even condescended to kneel to ask a life which my brother did not intend to take away.

Osmund generously granted him his life, and sheathing his sword, helped this dissembling villain to rise. What unguarded moments have those who, meaning no harm, expect not to receive injuries from others!—After the monster was up, drawing a concealed dagger, he plunged it in the gentle, the generous bosom of my dear brother Osmund. A torrent of blood issued from the wound, which was mortal. May avenging Providence seize the inhuman wretch, who could thus leave in danger a life that had so generously given him his own!—I will proceed by and by.

* * * *

The unfortunate Osmund had just strength enough left to gain the habitation of his dear Almira. He entered besmeared with his own blood, and running to her, grasped her lovely hand in his—"Receive, O my dear, my charming Almira! the last vows of your fond, your faithful Osmund! Bid him once adieu!—You know that he loved you!—You know that he still does!—Oh! farewell!—Remember Osmund!—Remember that he died for you!—Shed one tear of pity upon his grave!—Assure him that you will, and he will be happy!"—After a short pause, during which the terrified Almira was speechless, he continued—"O my God! bless the amiable, the deserving Almira!—Let her follow her faithful Osmund when it is thy will!—No Othos will interrupt us there!—We shall be happy!—Once more adieu, thou fairest of thy sex!—Adieu!—Do not wholly forget me! Think of me sometimes!—Merciful Father! receive my—" He ceased, he trembled, and dropped lifeless before the unfortunate fair.

Insensible as she was before, this roused her from her lethargy. She fell upon the dear body, lovely and dear even in death—"I will, I will follow you,

you,

you, my dear, dear Osmund!" cried she: "I cannot survive what I only wished to live for!—Receive this last pledge of my love! I die for the dear youth who died for me!" Having said this, she folded in her arms the body of her Osmund, and with a sigh expired. You know the rest: you know that one grave held them: as they lived, so they died. Farewell, my dear Lucy. My dear mother continues very bad, and I remain

Your unhappy
XIHWA.

The FATAL EFFECTS of PRESSING.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I flatter myself that the following narrative will not be unacceptable, and the rather as it is true. The name of the family is disguised for prudential reasons, but the catastrophe happened at the beginning of last war.

CHARLES Hindmore was the only son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the county of Essex, and was educated in a manner becoming his birth. He was possessed of great goodness of heart, and elevation of sentiment; but there was a kind of irregularity in his conduct that greatly disgusted his father. The old gentleman could not make proper allowances for the levity of youth, and the young one was equally backward to compliment the forwardness of age. Thus circumstanced, they had frequent debates; nor is it any wonder that the duty of the son decreased in proportion to the visible want of affection in the father.

When Charles had attained his eighteenth year, he fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy farmer, a tenant of his father's, and they were secretly married. An accident soon discovered this marriage to the old gentleman, whose family pride was alarmed, and from that moment he deter-

mined to treat his son as a stranger. It was in vain that the youth made submission, and pleaded forgiveness.—It was in vain that he represented the charms of his wife, and urged her accomplishments mental and personal.—It was in vain that the blooming beauty herself wept at the feet of unrelenting age. The father was inexorable; he declared his resolution of adopting an heir to his estate, and turned our hero out of doors.

Charles, being now deprived of all hopes of supporting his wife in a manner suitable to his wishes and her merit, formed a resolution of going to the Indies, hoping that by some favourable turn of affairs he might acquire a fortune to supply the loss of that of which his father's severity had robbed him. He took a melancholy, but a determined leave of his wife, who was now far advanced in her pregnancy, and by the assistance of a relation in London, embarked for the East Indies in the station of a writer to one of our factories.

His success was beyond his expectation, and at the end of five years he was enabled to write to his wife, that he hoped, in a few months, to embark for England with a fortune, tho' not affluent, yet sufficient to satisfy people of moderate desires.

He was as good as his promise: he did embark, but imprudently brought his whole fortune in the ship with him. The vessel was lost in a storm at sea, and it was with difficulty that the crew and passengers saved their lives by taking to their boats. They were now in a strange country, when an English merchant-man happily arriving on the coast, they were conveyed safe home, and entered the river Thames within twenty-four hours after orders for impressing had been issued. Charles, however poor, was transported with the thoughts of seeing the wife of his affection, and determined to supply by honest industry what he had lost by the visitation of Providence.

While he was thus amusing himself with the thought of his reception on shore,

shore, the ship was boarded by a press-gang, and he was hurried on board a tender with the common sailors.

Charles was impatient under this restraint, and jumped overboard to make his escape. He swam vigorously toward the shore, but was fired at from the tender. The second shot lodged a ball in the hind part of his head, and he sunk to the bottom.

The captain of the vessel which brought him to England having learnt his fate, did not fail to acquaint his wife of her misfortune. The news was too much for her. She ran distracted, and in a few months died in a mad-house.

Charles's father now relented: his grandson became the object of his care, succeeded to his fortune, and now lives to recite the melancholy story of the untimely death of his ill-fated parents.

*St. Martin's
Church-Yard.*

M. C. A. B.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Permit me, thro' the channel of your Magazine, to offer the following case to the attention of your medical correspondents. If any of them can think of a remedy, or only tell the cause from whence the disorder proceeds, their making it known in a future Number will greatly oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

TWENTY years ago, being then near thirty years of age, I was attacked with a very uncommon complaint in the hinder part of my head, as though it was water moving in my brain, which in a moment descends down the pith of my neck, as though it were small particles of quicksilver following each other, till it comes between my shoulders, when it darts through to my breast with the velocity of lightning, attended with a numbness and pricking as I have often ex-

perienced in my hands and feet when they have been what is called *asleep*.—It continues there for a moment, and then begins again in my head as before. I have had it several times for four or five months, and then it has been carried off by blister; but for these last two years every thing has failed, and I begin to despair of a cure, as I have had the best advice the country affords, without receiving the least benefit.—Some say it is a rheumatic, others a nervous complaint. I am inclined to think the latter, as any sudden emotion, such as laughing, &c. brings it immediately. If Dr. Richley, or any other of the faculty, will favour me with their opinion of the above, their advice shall be strictly followed, and ever remembered with the warmest gratitude.

SERIES of LETTERS from
the DEAD to the LIVING.

(Continued from Page 200.)

LETTER II.

DELIA in the Shades to PINTARIO, who, after violating her Chastity, compelled her to Murder her Infant, for which she was apprehended, condemned, and suffered Execution.

Cruel Pintario,

STIGMATIZED for my crime by men and angels, I transmit you this to inform you that you alone was the author of my ruin, and that vindictive justice will shortly punish you for instigating me to commit the impious deed. Though you have escaped the laws of man, think not with the same fraudulent cunning to evade the rigour of the Divine!—No; you will there undergo a more severe, and a more impartial scrutiny. Prepare yourself: the Judge is already seated, and will, ere long, call you to his tremendous bar. Already the glittering sword of Omnipotence is unsheathed, it is waved over your head, and will speedily be plunged into your very heart, unless you repent, and humble yourself before

fore the all-wise and powerful God. Pintario, you know you was my accomplice!—You know you urged me, nay even forced me to perpetrate the flagrant crime!—You know I abhorred the bloody fact, and stood fixed in silent amazement when you insisted on the horrid deed!—You, cruel and ungrateful father! you alone was the murderer!—When my bowels yearned for the child; when my eyes streamed at the thought, and I hesitated, saying, “I cannot do violence to it; nature and reason forbid it;” you became outrageous; your fury increased; you raged and stormed, swearing you would murder me that instant, if I did not immediately destroy it. What could I do? I remonstrated, I pleaded with you, strove to alter your resolution, but strove in vain. Your obdurate heart would not relent: still you continued inflexible, and at length struck with your own arm the innocent babe a death-like blow. I then screamed and trembled in every nerve: a variety of passions, composed of love, shame, distress, tumult, and compulsion struggled in my breast, and shook the very empire of my soul. My reason became clouded, and almost insensible of what I did, with reluctance inexpressible I dispatched the little infant, by strangling it with my arms. Ah! how did my heart bleed, when the fond creature, insensible of approaching evil, smiled in my face, looking all affection the instant before I gave it the finishing grasp!—Parental love then shuddered and dropped a tear.

For this, Pintario, you know I was apprehended and condemned; for this I underwent the severity of the law, and suffered an ignominious death!—Unjust was my sentence!—But that God who holdeth in his hands the scales of equity, will, in his own good time, avenge my cause: he will not suffer the iron rod of tyranny always to scourge the innocent: he will not suffer long my barbarous foes to reign arbitrary, and thus act ingloriously.—No; be assured the wrath of an angry God, great in power, mighty in majesty, will, at length, burn like fire, and

consume his adversaries. Then shall his indignation be appeased, when the thunderbolts of his vengeance, commissioned by a force nothing can withstand, shall be launched from above, and strike the rebels to the bottom of the fiery gulph of perdition, to dwell with the cursed crew of the infernal regions for ever.

I indite this letter in the gloomy shades of death, far from the abode of men, and far from the crystal Paradise, where, after the expiration of a certain period, doomed to dwell in this obscure region, I shall assuredly be admitted. My sweet babe, the offspring of my womb, whom we so inhumanly murdered, is there already, bathing in seas of joy, extasies of delight, and everlasting bliss. Yesterday (for here we have alternate glimmerings which we call day, shot from a kind of planet, which, like the sun in your hemisphere, is incessantly travelling his diurnal round, and makes a grateful vicissitude: this kingdom would else be incomparably more dreary, for by the help of his faint beams, we discover many things worthy of observation, and particularly the egress and regress of souls) the little smiling angelic form left the realms of unutterable glory, and stood before me arrayed in the dazzling robes of uncreated light. A pair of downy wings, glossed with gold and azure, shaded his shoulders; a glittering crown, studded with diamonds and other costly gems sat on his head: his hair hung down in graceful ringlets, and shone like silver, while his infant face, bright as the sun in his meridian glory, diffused a pleasing lustre all around. Struck with the ravishing beauty of his heavenly form, and the inconceivable effulgence of his radiant eye, I stood, for a moment, fixed like a statue, lost in a transport of admiration and joy. After gazing awhile I knew him, and instantly flew to grasp him in my arms; but he immediately withdrew, waved his hand, and intimated, in heavenly language, that in my imperfect state such a liberty could not be admitted. “After two years,” says he, “spent in this dreary

dreary clime, purged from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, you shall be released; you shall perceive divinity within you breeding wings, which at length, full plumed, shall give you the swiftness of an angel of light. Your spirit, which is now clogged by sin and impurity, shall then be free and unconfined as air, and at length assuming an angelic form, you shall soar almost swifter than the eagle, and after urging your flight through the boundless tracts of æther, by stars, and suns, and worlds innumerable, you shall soon descry the portals of Paradise, and be admitted into that sublime abode, where sin and death are known no more, where grief, disease, and pain shall never enter, but holiness, happiness, and joy, like one unbounded spring, for ever, ever bloom."

Thus spake the blessed babe, and after bidding me a long farewell, with astonishing swiftness winged his way thro' this region of souls, illuminating far and wide the murky air. With aspect steady, and looks insatiable, I followed with my eye the celestial messenger, till he arrived at the frontiers of our spacious abode. The gate, which was fixed and barricadoed strong, self-moved, flew open at his approach, and after admitting the celestial guest, swung back again with such a tremendous clash, that it startled every soul, and shook our whole empire. I heard the horrid thunder with composure, and looks undismayed, sensible that no danger could invade them who were destined to sit, ere long, with angels and seraphs in the heaven of heavens, before the august throne of Infinite Love and Majesty unveiled.

This hope, Pintario, supports and cheers me in this gloomy vale; this alone is my comfort and consolation, and gives wings to the days in this lonely region of immaterial essences, where only a gentle murmuring is heard, and sometimes a constant sullen silence reigns, similar to that which takes up its dreary abode in gloomy sepulchral vaults, or the mausoleums of mouldering pride. Yes, Pintario, this future exaltation is the only prop

on which I hang, the only hope which buoys up my soul amid this group of solitary beings which continually surround me. Blessed, for ever blessed be him who has conferred on me this unspeakable gift!

The same almighty power who has given me this hope, has innately persuaded me to give you this warning, that you may see the vileness of your ways, and the deceitfulness of your heart, see the malignity of your crime, the enormity of your actions, and the shocking, bloody, inhuman nature of your infamous conduct. Acquainted thus with the iniquity of your doings, and the danger of your situation, it is presumed you will not fail to repent and reform. Endeavour, Pintario, endeavour to make your peace with God before you go hence, and will be no more seen. Suffer not your eyes to sleep, nor your eye-lids to slumber, neither the temple of your head to take any rest before that great work is finished, and you have made your calling and election sure. Consider, I beseech you, the vengeance of God awaits you, his arm is even now stretched out against you, and will probably snatch you away by an instantaneous stroke. Your crimes are bloody, they are numerous, and of gigantic stature: they are risen up against you, are preparing for hostile assaults, and just going to display their terrors. Pintario, you are on the verge of destruction, and your own wicked associates will, ere long, push you headlong into the tremendous gulph of woe and pain, unless you forsake them, and apply for mercy and pardon! Delay not then a moment; 'tis a matter of infinite, of everlasting importance.—Good God! on what a slender thread, on what a moment of time hangs your great, your eternal all!—I now see you thro' a perspective, busied in trifles of inconsiderable nothings, pursuing a phantom, and grasping a shadow!—Dare you go on thus? Oh! dear Pintario, fixed on the edge of a precipice, the ground is mouldering under your feet, and you are in danger of falling, never to rise more. Will you then still

exult, and say you are safe, when you are suspended over the tremendous abyss of unutterable woe, and have only for your hold a slender, treacherous bough? Forbear any longer the presumptuous folly!—I would wish—I will pray for your reformation; pray for the great Sovereign Judge to turn your heart. Join me, Pintariò; join with me in imploring for you pardon and forgiveness. We shall be heard. I know the All-gracious Saviour will not reject our petitions. So shall you escape that dolorous region, where darkness perpetual dwells, that gloomy kingdom,

—————Where hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal justice has prepar'd.

DELIA.

Market-Lavington.

J. L—G.

(To be continued.)

*An ENIGMATICAL DESCRIPTION of
a NOBLE EDIFICE.*

THIS building is erected on rather low ground, but from the height of the structure, it is observed at a considerable distance before you approach it. Its situation is in the vicinity of a genteel neighbourhood; yet, nevertheless, there are numberless poor people constant residents in its environs. It is built of stone, and is much admired as an excellent piece of workmanship. I have learnt, from the most authentic accounts, it was many years in the building and finishing, and no expence, care, or labour (however great) spared in its decorations; and yet what makes it so very extraordinary is, that after such great sums had been lavished on this building, and so noble a place as it is, yet I can assure the reader that this very house is entirely uninhabited by any living creature whatever, except some small vermin which are frequently seen there. — Nevertheless, numerous are the compa-

ny that resort hither sometimes, where they are often very agreeably entertained: indeed the noblest personages have been known to be extremely well satisfied with the reception they met here. It is a place not devoted to the great alone neither, for every one is alike welcome; the poor man as well as the titled great. Sometimes you are delighted with the most harmonious sounds that can delight the ravished ear, both vocal and instrumental. Yet notwithstanding this most agreeable entertainment, sometimes the most distressing, affecting scenes that human nature can paint are here exhibited. To contrast this too, there are sometimes (tho' but seldom) the most splendid scenes exhibited to view that can possibly be imagined or described; scenes so truly grand, magnificent, and glorious, that must elevate the heart of every beholder, and strike it at once with love and admiration: the most solemn and most joyful ceremonies are in this mansion alternately seen, tho' uninhabited. This place, tho' it receives such illustrious and noble visitors, yet it cannot boast its gaudy furniture, nor much of it, such as it is. There are, indeed, some few chairs, and a table or so, where the company are elegantly refreshed at, but they are mostly seated on matted benches. It has, indeed, a very fine service of plate, and the linen belonging to it is of the finest damask.

There are some curiosities too in this place, but as I suppose most of my fair country-women have at one time or other seen them, it will only seem here an intrusion to mention them.—Those who have not, may satisfy themselves at a moderate expence, and be very well entertained for some hours.

A solution to the above from any lady, contributor to this excellent Magazine, will be esteemed a favour conferred on their

Much obliged,

Humble servant,

HENRIETTA C—P—R.

For the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

The CHOICE of a LOVER justified, on Principles of Reason.

IT is common enough for ladies to place their affections on objects whom their parents disapprove; and, perhaps, now and then, for that very reason; but it rarely happens that a young woman can give such unanswerable reasons for *persisting in her passion* as are offered to our view in the following letter, taken from an affecting work just published, called EMMA CORBETT, or the Miseries of Civil War.

From EMMA CORBETT to C. CORBETT, Esq.

I WILL not affect to misconceive you, my only parent. You seem constantly anxious to connect me with some worthy man, as the associate of my life, yet do not recollect that my choice is made, my principles fixed, and my heart *inalienably* engaged. An unsubdued veneration for truth attends me. I caught the inspiring affection I bear her from the respectable authors of my being. It is a prejudice as early as it is amiable, and you should not wonder if I walk steadily in the way of my directors. This, Sir, I have often told you. I have been brought up to consider the happiness of life, not as deducible from the maxims of the world, but from implicit reliance upon that power whom heaven has seated upon the throne of the soul, as an unerring judge in all cases of moral arbitration.

It has been a hard task for me to struggle with the various afflictions which have long hung over our house, and though the burst of nature has sometimes broken unawares, it was not in *those* seasons that I was the most unhappy. When only the pitying eye of God was upon me, when I sought the silent corner, and could secretly commune with my own heart, and enter into all its inclinings: then, *then*, my father, it was that the extreme of your Emma's wretchedness came over her; for she found it impossible to

wean her affections from an object, one so entirely and with so good reason approved, and now so entirely, and (you will pardon me) without any solid reasons rejected.

I have not, at this period, my dearest father, collection of mind enough for much argument; but you will please to recollect that it was you who first kindled the sparks of tenderness for Henry. Besides that we were brought up together, when gentle impressions are easily admitted and unreservedly avowed, you represented him as an orphan of honour, talents, and good-sense. I depended on every thing you said, and was charmed with a sentiment correspondent to my own. The affection was full grown, and had expanded into blossom, ere you attempted to destroy, or even to check it. Then, *all at once*, you said you had your reasons (which to this hour remain partly unexplained) to desire I would think no more of Henry Hammond: yet, you averred, it was not fortune, nor any other circumstance relating to what the world calls a *good match*, that created a change in your esteem. Want of *worth* I am sure it *could* not be; and yet you still persist to dissuade me from attaching myself to merit, elegance, and virtue.

I am glad this method of addressing each other by letter, tho' in the same house, has, by accident, been adopted. It appeared awkward at first, but hath now the familiarity of a habit. It may well be said, in *my* case, "to excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart." Yet wherefore do I talk of blushing? Surely it is not necessary. I yield not to any romantic poms of passion. I make it not a subject where it can be likely to create one discordant feeling. I love with simplicity and truth, and it is far beyond my power, far, even as the preservation of a solemn vow is from the breach of it, to change my object but with a change of its purity.

The oaths that are taken at the altar, Sir, may *raise* tenderness, but cannot *create* it: and amongst the sordid connections of men, it is not uncommon to be invested with the pub-

lic sanction, without ever receiving a private assent from the understanding or the heart.

I do not think the law of the land, of itself, sufficient to make a woman happy. Marriage is a very honourable, but it may be a very miserable institution: that is, it may produce misery while it confers honour. The ceremony is only the *seal* of mutual love, but the *bond* should be made before; and in point of attachment, I hold myself at this moment as religiously united to Henry, as if all the forms of the earth had passed my lips in confirmation. The same idea will be lodged in my bosom, whether that confirmation be remote or near. It is not intended by heaven to be the affection of a year only: it is to last for life. It is to follow its object through all perils and dangers. Its holy ardor is to burn equally bright and pure, and nothing but death is to extinguish it. Thus contracted, my father, in spirit and in truth, you will easily judge how light must be the sacrifice of my cousin's strange legacy.

The political tenets of Mr. Hammond have nothing to do with my friendship for him. As they have carried him into a dangerous path of life, far from me, I so far deplore them.—I chose not the *officer*, but the *man*! and though it is, alas! but too unlikely that our *personal* interests should be made *one*, yet the union of our souls is too sincere, and too strong, for five and twenty times the conditional five thousand pounds to loosen or dissolve. I felt myself about to declare, that not *any* earthly motive could induce me to embrace this gorgeous bribe: but I am suddenly checked, and find, upon scrutiny into this filial bosom, O my dear father, that *one* motive, and *only one* there might have been, which could make your Emma the victim of money.

Had the late convulsions of fortune remained in their full force, had it pleased God to *increase* their violence, had all that could have been raised by the aids of property and industry proved insufficient, and had those ve-

nerable hairs been *indeed* consigned to sorrow, and none but a *daughter's* dutious hand to help a parent's poverty, in that dire case, my beloved father, if you have a true sense of my nature, you will guess what I should have been tempted to do. I should have accepted the conditions in the codicil, and secured to my father a resource from indigence, at a time of his life when humanity is the least able to bear it.—I would *not* then have “married an officer engaged in the national contest.” Yet even *then* my affection would remain, tho' its ultimate views would be changed.

In the private recesses of my soul the image of Henry would still be engraved; and although I sacrificed all that was possible or necessary to duty, it would be long, very long, ere I could withdraw that chaste and charming sentiment, which gives me in all transitions a title to esteem—ah! more than *esteem*—to *love him tenderly*.

EMMA.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

SO many excellent remedies that I have read in your entertaining Lady's Magazine give me great hopes that if I let you know my complaint, I may hear of a remedy. When I am rather warm, either by exercise or by the heat of a fire, my hands turn excessive red and hot, attended with a moisture, and the veins on the back of my hands rise very large, and appear to be full of blood, though I was blooded lately three times in one week, when the rest of my body, at that time, is very little hotter than common. I do no other kind of work than what I do with my needle, and am careful of my hands. Now if you will be so obliging, as soon as convenient, to insert my case in the Lady's Magazine, you will greatly oblige, Sir,

Your constant reader,

A. B. C.

THE

THE MATRON.

By Mrs GREY.

NUMBER LXXXIII.

A GREEABLY to the request of a *Wiltshire Correspondent*, in the last Magazine, Mrs. Grey takes this opportunity to make replies to his queries.

With regard to the first—The period of life most eligible for a matrimonial connection, may, certainly, be fixed between *sixteen* and *sixty*: the former is too early, and the latter too late. Many, indeed, are of opinion, that men, by marrying when they are very young, are prevented from forming connections with the loose part of the female sex, and also keep their wives so amply employed in the domestic way, that they have not that leisure for dress and dissipation which might otherwise engross their attention. On the other hand, when the two sexes come together very early in life, they may, perhaps, soon grow weary of each other, and quit their domestic pleasures for those of the world, in the pursuit of which, it is highly probable, that they may, from the novelty of the scenes around them, from the number of new faces they see, and of new manners they observe, repent of their precipitation, and wish, in the bitterness of disappointment, they had waited longer before they had tied the indissoluble knot. We see married people, 'tis true, tired of each other at every age, and wishing to break the chains by which they are shackled; but they cannot with so much reason complain of their lot, after having employed a good deal of time in the search of suitable companions for life. Besides, when people marry at a very early age, they have had no opportunity to become weary of the empty, idle pleasures so frequently sought after with an insatiable avidity by the younger part of both sexes; pleasures, which when they are pursued by the masters and mistresses of families, generally make them appear in no becoming light, and

necessarily render them less respectable in the eyes of their children and dependants than they would wish to be; the heads of families, especially parents, ought to endeavour to make themselves exemplary characters, patterns for those within the reach of their influence, and under their direction to follow. I once knew a very sensible and amiable young lady, who was married at sixteen, and she declared to me, though a most affectionate wife and tender mother, that could she have her life over again, she would not have married before she was five or six and twenty, as she thought that a woman was too young at sixteen to commence a *Matron*; however, though she was, most probably, in the right, sixteen is surely a more proper matrimonial age than sixty; for then, as my correspondent judiciously observes, numbers cannot *relish any state, and stand tottering on the verge of life*. To split the difference, therefore, I should imagine that the most eligible period (particular conditions, constitutions, and circumstances always excepted) for the marriage union, is from twenty to five and thirty: by that time *opinions* are commonly settled, if ever they are, (if people do not know their own minds then they never will) and the contracting parties may, perhaps, have seen enough of the hurry of the world to be contented with the serene satisfactions arising from their own fire-side, when men and their wives, if they are of cheerful dispositions, and cultivated minds, can, by the proper employment of their time, render home the habitation of felicity.

In answer to the *second* query, I must confess myself so far of my correspondent's opinion, as to believe that few marriages, unequal in point of age, are happy. It is impossible for youth and age to feel the same sensations, to be animated by the same pursuits: their sentiments must be different; their pleasures must be distinct. To couples, therefore, who are united together by the closest ties, with a considerable disparity in their years, the marriage state must be productive of weariness, dif-

disgust, and most probably aversion.— Yet, as there are no rules without exceptions, I *must* say that I have known several happy marriages with great disparities of this kind under consideration; disparities too, on what will be generally called the *wrong side*. I have been acquainted, however, with some few married pairs, who appeared perfectly satisfied with each other, tho' the wife was older than her husband. But as instances of this sort are not frequent, I would not advise a man to marry a woman many years (not many months indeed) older than himself:— I cannot, on the other hand, venture to assure the old man, that he stands a very good chance of gaining, or of keeping the affections of a young girl. A *January* and a *May* cannot make themselves agreeable to each other, though they may *endure* the bands by which they are tied: hardly, as mere acquaintance, do the old and the young mix happily together; joined together for life, *felicity* seems to be out of the question.

Mrs. Grey has already said so much in favour of a mother's suckling her own child, that it would be quite unnecessary to repeat her sentiments upon the subject, sentiments which may be read in many of her former Numbers; to those Numbers she refers her correspondent.

With regard to the *fourth* and last query, it cannot be so easily answered. The Matron readily agrees with her interrogator, that men are addicted to adulation, and that they often, stimulated by *duplicity*, make false promises; but she thinks, at the same time, that no woman ought to give encouragement to flattering speeches, or to pay any regard to them; and surely no lady will listen to promises which cannot be made with propriety, till proposals are offered which may with prudence be accepted, should they be ever so agreeable to her. How a woman, indeed, may be certain that the man who pays her pleasing compliments really means what he says, that is another matter, and **not** so easily adjusted. The fewer speeches that are

made to women the better, as they only tend to make them think more highly of their persons and accomplishments than they deserve, and to render them proud, pert, and overbearing. The *complimenting humour* in a man is seldom continued long after his wedding-day: she, therefore, who is caught by fair words before marriage, has often felt her disappointment severe, and her disgust insupportable. Besides, it may be affirmed, I believe, with truth, that the lover who says the least always feels the most: his sincerity may be sooner read in his looks than found in his tongue. A man may laugh, chat, compliment, and trifle with twenty women, but she whom he really loves will be addressed in a very different manner; a manner which cannot easily be defined, though it may be discovered without difficulty by a woman of penetration: however, there is no judging with any certainty about a man's real inclination, till he has declared his wishes to be united to the professed mistress of his heart by the most honourable ties: and even this mode of addressing is sometimes adopted, in order to deceive: but when a man's character and connections are sufficiently known, and sufficiently known to be favourable, and when the lady's friends approve of her choice upon the most important occasion in life, she may, without hesitation, listen to his addresses, and depend upon the sincerity of them.

I had just concluded my answers to the queries of my *W. L. Globe Correspondent*, when Mr. Dawson came in. Upon my asking after the family, he told me that his children were well—"As to my wife," continued he, "I have not seen her these three days; she is almost always at her brother's; Mrs. Charles Staples and she are inseparable. In vain have I endeavoured to make her comprehend the many inconveniences which attend a close intimacy with people whose income is larger than our own; people by whom we may be drawn into expences, that, if not ruinous, may throw us into embarrassing situations: but I have talked

to her to no purpose; she is totally insensible to every thing I say upon this topic: I am very much afraid that nothing but the dread of being reduced to live in a much lower stile will have any effect upon her; and this must be the case if she will not listen to reason, and condescend to be advised."

In reply, I said I had long been concerned to see that my grand-daughter, neither from affection for *him*, nor regard for *her own interest*, could be persuaded to act with more discretion; adding, however, that I hoped he would not, as a prudent man, indulge her in a course of unwarrantable extravagance, which might prove highly detrimental to himself and his family; urging him, at the same time, to avail himself of the authority of a husband when he found it necessary to exert it, fix proper limits to her expences, and set reasonable bounds to her pleasures, that is, confine them to a circle rather below than above his fortune; a point to which all prudent people ought to bring their desires.

He answered—"I have hitherto been too apprehensive of driving her still farther from home, farther from that affection which she once, I believe, actually felt for me; which I ever repaid her; which I still feel for her: but if she persists in placing herself on a footing with Mrs. Staples, who, having brought her husband a large fortune, seems to think she has a right to spend it in her own way, I certainly must, out of tenderness to her, put a stop to proceedings which may be attended with the most destructive consequences."

I applauded his resolution, and assured him that both her mother and myself sincerely wished him success, as nothing which we had said had made the slightest impression on her: and indeed, continued I, there are but too many young females who think that no body ought to *presume to direct*—not even to advise them, after they are married, as if the marriage ceremony conferred a degree of wisdom upon them sufficient to make them superior

to every kind of admonition or reproof. Let my young married friends, however, be informed, that there is not, perhaps, a situation in life which requires a greater share of circumspection than that in which a young wife, too fond of joining in every species of fashionable amusement, is placed—as her own reputation, and the peace, the fortune, the honour of her husband are all at stake. It behoves her indeed, in such a situation, to be doubly attentive to her conduct, as the affections of her husband may be so far alienated by her indiscretions, as never to be regained by her most artful assiduities.—Yet, as there may not always be, in the most intimate of connections, proper opportunities for a wife to ask her husband's opinion, nor proper opportunities for him to exercise his conjugal authority, the married woman so situated ought to think herself obliged to any of her own friends who love her enough to be desirous of rendering her more and more amiable in the eyes of her husband.

(To be continued.)

The GOVERNESS.

(Continued from Page 208.)

WHEN I mentioned my design to quit the farm immediately, both Mr. and Mrs. Clover were earnestly desirous of my remaining with them till their daughter was married; but upon my telling them that my own affairs required me to be in another place, they ceased to importune me; though I could plainly see they wished I would continue with them a little longer.

The pleasure which I received from my determined removal, as I could not but think myself an incumbrance with the Clovers, was increased by the receipt of two letters. One was from Mrs. Thompson, (late Miss Gaskin) to inform me of her being married, and to invite me to stay some time with her—(Mr. Thompson and her sister joined warmly in the invitation) if I could

could be spared from any family who were sensible of my value. So handsome a compliment demanded grateful acknowledgments, and I resolved to make them in person, by paying a short visit. The other letter was from Mr. Graham, acquainting me with my sister's being brought to bed of a daughter, and desiring to see me. In answer to this epistle I pleaded my pre-engagement to Mrs. Thompson, as I plainly perceived that Mr. Graham and my sister were not upon the best terms. Wishing to avoid being appealed to by either party, I contented myself with frequent enquiries after her health during her lying in. After having called on my aunt and Mrs. Masters, I went to pay my respects to my former pupil, whom I found much improved, in consequence of being not only a very well bred young woman, but of being dressed in a very becoming manner. I was most agreeably surprised to see so desirable a change in her appearance, and received no small satisfaction on hearing Mr. Thompson repeat his acknowledgments for the attention I had paid to the improvement of his wife's mind, and the formation of her manners. "Nor indeed, continued he, is my little Dolly less deserving."

"My being able to make a decent appearance, at least, said Miss Gaskin, is owing to you, my good brother; for though I with gratitude own how much pains my kind governess took to make me a reasonable creature, my mother would not have suffered me to look like one if you had not recovered my fortune, as well as my sister's, from her, and taken me into your family."

"Dolly is a very good girl," said he, "Miss Haywood; but my Julia is a little angel, thanks to *your* care."

Julia's cheeks glowed with pleasure at her husband's affectionate expressions in her favour: they all three, indeed, seemed to be quite happy, and welcomed me in the most friendly manner, repeatedly declaring that they were never so well pleased as while I was with them during their residence with their mother. Mr. and Mrs.

Thompson pressed me to make their house my home whenever I was not better engaged. I thanked them sincerely, but told them that as I wished to meet with some employment, it was necessary for me to return to a friend who had been indefatigable in serving me.

"If that is the case," said Mr. Thompson, with a smile, "we must take our turn now in assisting our good friend here, and enquire for some family where she can be useful, till we have a little girl of our own."

When I would have taken my leave, they insisted on my spending the day with them; they would have kept me, indeed, all night, had I not desired to return to Mrs. Masters, who was much pleased with my having procured Harry such a good birth, adding, that she thought I had acted quite right in leaving his cousin to gain his affections; tho' she feared that as we were so very different, his taste for my accomplishments would be a capital hindrance.

During my stay at her house, we had many hearty laughs at the farmer, not forgetting Mrs. Gaskin; the remembrance of whose affectation always diverted Mrs. Masters.

While she was one day expressing the pleasure she felt from my having been so well esteemed by this lady's daughters, a note was brought me from Mrs. Thompson, in which she mentioned a family who wanted a governess for their only daughter, and begged I would come and dine with her; adding, that she would inform me of some curious particulars relating to the lady in question. I went immediately, and Mr. Thompson meeting me at the door, led me to his wife, telling me I should have a fine subject to exercise my abilities upon in Miss Classic, whose mama being a lady of general knowledge, had taken so much pains to fill her daughter's head with a little of every thing, that, it was highly probable, she knew nothing at all.

From this *outline* of Mrs. Classic's character, I began to fear a second oddity

dity not much inferior to Mrs. Gaskin; but Mr. Thompson assured me she so far differed from his good mother, as not to lock up her daughter, (consequently her governess) whom she permitted, indeed, to see every body, and converse freely with all sorts of people: adding, that I might depend upon being well received, as his Julia (who was a kind of favourite with Mrs. Classic, merely, continued he, because she modestly conceals her abilities) should attend me to her.

I accepted of this favour as I ought, and, after dinner, Mrs. Thompson took me to the lady's house. We were conducted into her library, and found her sitting at a large table, with globes, and a huge folio before her.

She received us with great politeness for a lady who appeared to be above all sublunary things, and indeed she had just been reading a treatise on *Comets*, and had turned to Harris's Dictionary, to see when we were to look for so prodigious a meteor, which had been so long predicted; but added, that she could not find the exact period.—“I will, therefore,” continued she, “leave it for the present, tho' I think it portends no good to this kingdom, and I am afraid it has some collateral connection with the American war.”

I did not dare to turn my eyes towards Mrs. Thompson, least one of her significant smiles should make me burst into a laugh. The lady, in the mean time, thus proceeded, addressing herself to me—“I make no doubt but you are well read in the learned authors, are mistress of the sciences, can logically conduct an argument, support an hypothesis with judgment, and, in short, give a clear and definitive answer to the most abstruse question.”

My risible muscles had been powerfully affected before the pompous delivery of this curious speech, which did not, certainly, tend to make me more serious; however I strove to compose my features as well as I could, and replied—“I am much afraid, Madam, that you require greater abilities than I am mistress of: reading, writing,

French, music, and needle-work, are all the accomplishments to which I have any pretensions.”

“Your capacity is limited indeed, then,” said she, “for you know mighty little: and the greatest part of the knowledge you pretend to is not wanted here. The most ignorant are, in this enlightened age, acquainted with reading and writing; and French is a frivolous language, unworthy of the attention of people of science: as for music it is a very flimsy study, and needle-work is below the notice of her who knows how to handle a pen.”

Upon hearing this I made my humble curtsy, and was going: she then, calling me back, added—“However, tho' the talents which you have enumerated are but trifling ones, they may be useful enough in some families, as there are different employments for different people; I think, therefore, that you may be capable of taking some of my trouble off my hands, by giving orders to the servants, and looking after my daughter's linen, who is too much engaged in sublime studies to attend to trivial matters; and for my own part, I have more than once left the fate of three kingdoms undetermined, and stopped in the midst of a learned dissertation on a political subject of the most interesting nature, which I was preparing for the press, to give orders about the roasting of a pig for Mr. Classic's dinner, who is much more eager after food for his body, than nourishment for his mind: and once (I shall never forget the day) I was unfortunately interrupted in the solution of a problem of the last importance, by the sudden entrance of a servant into my library, to beg my pardon for having singed a new muslin apron.”

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

A Person of a very delicate constitution is very apt to take cold whenever he exposes himself a moment

M m

to

to the most clementair, I would be glad to know of some of your medical correspondents what method would be proper to prevent it.

In Dr. Tissot's *Family Guide to Health*, there is a remedy to prevent this complaint. I cannot procure the book. If you have it, Sir, you would greatly oblige me to insert it in your much esteemed Magazine. Doubtless it would be useful to many others as well as to me.

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Continued from Page 144.)

LETTER XI.

Miss WILLIS to Miss ELIZA WILLIS.

Percy-Place.

I BEG my dear Eliza's pardon for not writing to her before, but my time has been so much taken up of late with one thing or other, that I have had none to spare, not even for my dear sister. Captain Percy, Mr. Gordon, Louisa, and Miss Wallis, are going in about a fortnight to pay a visit to the camp at Coxheath: they are both in the same regiment, but theirs is not encamped; however, having so many acquaintances among the officers, they go to see them.

Miss Wallis rejoices much at the thoughts of going; as she has never been there it is natural, but I fancy Mr. Gordon's company is no small addition to it. When they go I shall set off the same day for home; for having been so long absent from my dear father and mother, I wish greatly to see them and my Eliza again, and to thank them for permitting me to enjoy my Louisa's company so long;—but now I think of it, I will tell you of a conquest I have made since I have been here, and no unimportant one can assure you; but to proceed—

I was this morning in Mrs. Percy's dressing-room finishing for her a bunch of hyacinths on captain Percy's waistcoat; being by myself, was exceeding

eager at my work, when the door opened all on a sudden, and the servant announced Sir Edward Ashby, who did me the honour of dancing with me at Sir William Harcourt's ball. After the salutations of the morning, he took a chair, and drawing it near me delivered the following words:

“The first time I had the pleasure of seeing you, Miss Willis, I was struck with your figure; but being in your company so often since, and conversing with you, the accomplishments of your mind have made an entire conquest of my heart, and I came here this morning to offer my hand and fortune to you. Will you, Miss Willis, said he, with an intreating look, will you permit me to write to your father and mother?”

I answered, “You honour me very much, Sir Edward, by your offer, but it really is not in my power to accept of it, my heart has long been engaged with the approbation of both my parents, to a young man every way worthy of it.”

He told me he was very sorry, as it was impossible for him love any other woman, but hoped I would give him leave to visit, while I remained here, as a friend, to which I could not form any objection, and freely gave it him. He then took his leave, and Captain Percy came in about half an hour afterwards, to ask me to ride with him and Mr. Gordon to Maple Park. We found Lady Harcourt in the parlour, copying some heads from a celebrated painter, I am no judge of these sort of performances, but the gentlemen said they were executed with a masterly hand. Captain Percy asked after Sir William, she told him he was just gone to see some plantations, which were in the park. Mr. Gordon and Captain Percy, said they would walk to him, but Lady Harcourt asked if it would be agreeable to me to see the park, and on my answering in the affirmative she fetched her hat and cloak and accompanied us. On our return Captain Percy requested Sir William and her ladyship's company to dine at his house next week, and they not being

engaged accepted the invitation. The supper bell rings, so adieu my dear girl.

Your affectionate sister,

HARRIET WILLIS.

(To be continued.)

Whether—"Woman is at Heart a Rake."

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

HAVING lately read an advertisement in the London Evening Post, intimating the ladies intention to speak in public, I could wish to know whether it be authentic.—Now I am particularly unfortunate in residing a great distance from the metropolis, consequently (from a narrowness of fortune) incapable of partaking the various amusements which are daily augmented at the fashionable end of the town; if therefore some of your correspondence will (through the channel of the Lady's Magazine) favour me with a recital of that laudable society's opinion on a question I wish to hear discussed—it will be deemed an obligation. It is whether that assertion of Pope's, which says, "Every woman is at heart a rake," is founded in justice. I request it the more earnestly, as I flatter myself the informer will—and induce others to give the verdict for, or against, a maxim so lately ordained.

It has hitherto, Mr. Editor, been an established rule with me, to wait for the opinions of more competent judges ere I impart my own, but at present must deviate from so peculiar a sameness; I express my utter disapprobation to a female declaimer; at least to the exposure of qualities which ought rather to be entirely suppressed than exhibited to every ill judging critic, whom they ought to avoid.

To what purpose can a female apply her oratory beyond giving pleasure to an incircled acquaintance, who merit the epithet of friends; or rearing the tender bud, and teach the idea (of her infants) how to shoot? Is an eloquent

curtain lecture more efficacious than another? Or is the falique law going to be abolished, and the fair-sex admitted as members in the new parliament? If so, and there is the least probability of an advantage occurring to the nation, I am the first to promote, to applaud the resolution. If not, am sorry my fair friends should so far divest themselves of that softness, for which they are universally admired; they need not be reminded that familiarity with men may deprive them of a virtue—Diffidence! a virtue which neither the oratory of a Cicero or Demosthenes will apologize for the loss of;—but I have extended beyond the limits of a request, in attempting to admonish. Fruitless—permit me then to plead in excuse for the liberty, a sincere wish, that from the abler pen of a Female Reformer, Friend to the Fair Sex, or etceteras, we may hope for the abolishment of meetings equally prejudicial in general, as my inconsistency in attempting to a reform of foibles by so uncouth an address.

I am Sir, yours, &c.

ANNA L——G——.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Shall be happy to be informed, if possible, what is become of that lady, your old correspondent, who in the month of January so faithfully promised to send monthly the several variations in dress. I am under some apprehensions she is again obliged to visit the German or some other spa, if that is not the case I am rather amazed that a lady who seemingly moves in such an exalted line of life as she intimates, should again so soon neglect her promise. If the lady is alive and able, I hope, however, we shall be again favoured with her monthly productions; which will, I dare say, confer an obligation on many, and none more than her

Most humble servant,

HENRIETTA C—P—R.

M m 2

Solu-

Solutions to the List of YOUNG LADIES Names at WISBECH in CAMBRIDGESHIRE, Vol. X. Page 604.

1. Gynn. 2. Ofwin. 3. Cross.
4. Life. 5. Southwell. 6. Kews.
7. Clarkfon. 8. Pool. 9. Barnes.

* * Priscilla T—, Angelina M. Dorothea, A—y. X. Y. Z. Uncle Toby. Antonietta, Maria, Sophia, Georgiana W—i Matilda B—n, Madona Wilhelmina G—y. Angelica D—n, &c. agree with the above.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of CAPTAINS in the Fleet lately commanded by SIR CHARLES HARDY, Page 212.

1. Robinson. 2. Moutray. 3. Stanton.
4. Douglas. 5. Affleck. 6. Wallfinham.
7. Duncan. 8. Allen.
9. Fielding. 10. Nott. I. I.

* * Maria B—g—ll makes No. 3, Peyton, No. 8, Patten, but a great multitude agree with I. I.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of FRUIT, Page 212.

1. Plumb. 2. Grapes. 3. Cherry.
4. Green-gage. 5. Peach. 6. Apple.
7. —. 8. Melon. 9. Pine.
10. Pear. 11. Fig. 12. Apricot.

REBECCA W—s.

* * Indiana makes No. 7, NeStarin; Maria B—g—ll, M. O. A. B. G. W. &c. agree with Indiana. A. Constant Reader and I. I. agree with Rebecca W—s in omitting No. 7.

An Enigmatical List of YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S Names in LEEDS, YORKSHIRE.

1. The vulgar name for William, and one of Noah's sons.
2. The twenty-second letter in the alphabet, half of a rule in arithmetic, two-fourths of majesty, and twenty hundred weight.
3. A trade, a serpentine letter, and a negative reversed.
4. Half of a fish, and two-thirds of what we must all do.

5. A man's christian name, and a material for building, expunging the last letter.

6. A meat changing the first letter, and a vowel.

7. A fruit, and the French word for his, masculine.

8. Three-fifths of joy, and a large enclosure of land.

9. What asses do, and a falsehood, reversing the two last letters.

10. Three-sevenths of a proud bird, and what we drink out of.

11. Half of not well, a serpentine letter, and a male heir.

12. The reverse to soft, and part of a candle.

13. A game at cards leaving out a letter, a vowel, and three-fourths of the Scotch name for church, exchanging the vowel.

14. A carriage, and two-thirds of what we are apt to do.

15. The reverse to black.

16. Four-sixths of a late popular alderman, the reverse to out, and a matrimonial pledge.

17. An island near New York, and a consonant.

18. A man's christian name, and a consonant.

19. What land produces.

20. A shell fish reversing the two last letters, and a consonant.

LOUISA SOPHIA C—

Enigmatical List of MAGAZINES.

1. Two-fifths of what is said to be a woman's weapon, and the first and last letters of an affirmative.

2. Three-fifths of a place of defence, a liquid letter, a monosyllable, a foreign title, and half a Spanish coin.

3. Three-fourths of the whole world, and half a well known fish.

4. Four-sevenths of a heathen, a gallant, and a consonant.

5. Two-fifths of a porter's room, a liquid letter, and what we do when we are drowsy reversed.

6. Four-sevenths of a military officer, and three-fifths of a word given to reunite disordered troops.

RUSTICUS, of FINEDON.

POETI-

POETICAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES from NATURE;

OR,

The ACCOMPLISHED BELLES.

DESCEND, ye muses, from your radiant bow'rs,
Deck'd with ten thousand variegated flow'rs;
Descend, and guide me to your springs and shades,
There teach me to depict these lovely maids;
Give colour, strength, and motion to my lays,
And make my pen victorious in their praise.

Inspir'd by thee, fair C-x, I'll first assay,
Sweet as the rose-bud op'ning in the May;
Hail, lovely nymph, for thee the God of love
With pleasure might resign his throne above.
Such graces round thy panting bosom play,
Such winning smiles thy ruby lips display,
Had Paris, when he judg'd the heav'nly three,
Seen but those beauties I deserv'd in thee;
Had he but seen thy lucid, sparkling eyes,
Nancy, not Venus, had receiv'd the prize.

Like stars that shine refulgent from above,
The lovely and accomplished M-h-ws' move;
Intrinsic beauty on their steps attend,
Angelic sweets in their soft bosoms blend;
Good humour, solid sense, and mirth
Display their inborn, native worth.

Fain wou'd I tune my rustic lays
In B—n—y, lovely B—n—y's praise;
Not Reynolds' pencil cou'd describe
(Reynolds, the ablest of his tribe)
The charms that grace her lovely form,
Then how can I the task perform?
Suffice't to say there's few can boast
Such merit as this lovely toast;
Nor is there one that can excel
The various charms of this sweet belle.

Good nature, innocence, and winning grace
Are each display'd in J-n-f-n's blooming face;
Where'er she treads fresh beauties rise to view,
Each various flower seems to bud anew;
Pleas'd at her sight the warblers of the grove
Tune their sweet lays to sprightly notes of
love:

Superior charms ne'er yet were known,
Tho' each may think so of their own.

Two charming nymphs as e'er were seen,
The lovely M—nn—gs's I mean;
In all the gay attire of spring,
Next of this lovely group I sing:

Ye gods, what eyes! what lips of coral hue!
What heav'nly smiles, poor mortals to sub-
due!

A glance sufficient to inspire esteem,
Such sparkling rays from their bright attracts
beam.

Attractive sweetness and majestic mien
In P—rt—g's radiant form is seen;
Gods what a shape! what elegance and ease!
What airy softness form her pow'r to please!
Not heav'nly Venus, whom the poets feign
Sprung from the deep recesses of the main;
Nor her whose beauty set the world in arms
Cou'd e'er surpass the lovely Patty's charms.

The homage conscious merit claims is due
From ev'ry heart, O H—m—lt—n to you!
Thy sparkling eyes, thy lovely mien,
May vie with those of love's fair queen;
Thy snowy breast, thy polish'd brow
A thousand nameless graces shew:
Ev'ry charm combin'd to please
You possess with graceful ease.

The lovely T-yl-rs next adorn my theme,
In whose fair forms celestial beauties beam,
Sweet emblems of the loves and graces
That play around their pretty faces:
Nature does here her vernal sweets diffuse,
Each tender cheek the rose and lily shews;
Each various charm with wit and sense refin'd,
In Harriet, Kitry, and the rest you'll find.

In R—yn—ds, graceful, blooming maid,
Ethereal beauties are pourtray'd;
Blest nymph, whom all our twains admire,
Whose native charms no aid whate'er require:
Thee ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace adorn,
Thy presence glads, thy absence makes forlorn.

Three sister graces last, O muse rehearse,
Fit subjects for a painter's hand, or poet's
verse,
The lovely E-ld-ns, blest with ev'ry charm
That can th' obdurate heart or bosom warm;
Three brighter nymphs ne'er tript the daisied
green,
Three more accomplish'd never yet were seen;
Each lovely mind her form alone excels,
There ev'ry beauty, ev'ry virtue dwells.

Thus advent'rous I've presum'd to trace
Each feature, beauty, charm, and grace;
Contented now I quit the muses seats,
Their springs, their shady groves, and blest
retreats.

Lynn Regis.

L—.

TASK-

TASKER'S POEM, entitled
THE INVOCATION,
A RHAPSODY.

Read at LADY MILLER'S, at Bath-Easton
Villa.

I.

STOP thy bold note, Pindaric lyre,
And cease to flash with thy eccentric fire
When gentle love's the chosen theme!
With trembling wing, muse, emulate no more,
Nor the giddy heights explore
Of the bold eagle * of Bæotia's sky,
On fancy's pinions soaring high,
Intensely gazing on the solar beam.

II.

Ghost of Anacreon! thy brilliant torch
Unillum'd at Hymen's porch,
At me thou shak'st in vain:
Far hence thy sportive, riot train!
Win jolly Bacchus, to thy grace,
Son of the vine, with ruddy face,
Around him light th' unhallow'd flame,
And make the purple god-head blush with
shame.

III.

But lo! where high in heav'nly air
Shades of Roman wits appear,
In garments rob'd of loose desire,
Amid the wanton choir!
With shadowey hand who strikes th' aerial
lyre?
Genius of Ovid hail!
Nor in time past, nor now thy notes prevail:
Dian, chaste goddess of the dart,
Guarded the Roman virgin's heart,
Residing at her sacred shrine
On the mountain Aventine.

IV.

And wisdom's goddess, the Athenian maid,
In Attic terrors all array'd,
Round beauty's snowy breast her ample shield
display'd,
Love's idle timid archer fled,
Scar'd at the horrid Gorgon's serpent head:
The matron Juno love's lewd altars raz'd,
And Hymen's torch thro' Rome's wide em-
pire blaz'd.

V.

On yonder mild and placid sphere
What notes seraphic charm the list'ning ear!
Hark! amid th' unbodied host,
Where Petrarch's harp salutes his Laura's ghost!
Hail, spotless, sentimental pair!
Ever lovely, ever fair!
Genius of Petrarch's sentimental song,
Come and bring with thee along

* Pindar, some of whose odes the author
has very lately translated.

Virtue, immortal maid!

In ever blooming charms array'd,
And smiling innocence in robes of white,
With lawful love, and chaste delight,
With these responsive sweet complain
In gentle Hammond's elegiac strain.

VI.

Borne on the wings of faithful dove,
Offspring of heav'n, connubial love,
Tho' long neglected, deign again to smile
On sons and daughters of Britannia's isle;
To Miller's myrt'led dome repair,
(The graces all assemble there)
And wafted on a gentle sigh,
Thy purer altar's raise in beauty's melting eye,
Around the laurel'd urn thy influence shed,
And with the blooming myrtle crown thy
vot'ry's head.

VALENTINE'S MORN.

Addressed to CAPTAIN B——.

B——, accept the humble verse
Of one who wou'd your praise rehearse,
Whom now the muse inspires;
For whom ambition has no charm,
Nor flatt'ry reason can disarm,
Protect th' unworthy lyre.

Forgive the fair who you prefer'd
To beaux, whose greater claim nor bow'd
Th' intrepid Anna's choice;
O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art
That glads the sense, or mends the heart,
Aid my request t'inforce.

Phœbus from yonder eastern cloud
Had scarce display'd his beams around,
Or I the bed forsook;
Scarce saw my friend, the god of day,
When ask'd "For whom your destin'd lay?
For whom the nine invoke?"

"Cyprus ere this has chose her queen,
Each trifling songster hail'd the morn
Which gives a destin'd mate;
While we neglect the ancient chart,
Neglect the impulse of each heart,
And pause 'till 'tis too late."

Thrice fickle fortune's pow'r I trust,
Invok'd to send her fav'rite first,
Determin'd not to write,
When some bright goddess urg'd my hand,
Bid me dispute not her command,
Whose muse shou'd aid t'indite.

Whose messenger shou'd bear its load—
I look'd—full well I knew his lord,
And eager penn'd th' above;
B—— 'twas well—the goddess pleas'd,
Smil'd that her hero's pow'r increas'd,
And vainly thought I lov'd.

ANNA L—— G——.

To MR. P——.

On his neglecting a very amiable young Lady
for the Author.

WHY thus ungen'rously disown
That ——, the fairest girl in town,
Can't fix your roving heart;
That heart which she so justly claims,
For which she burns with mutual flames,
And you've return'd in part.

If fame says true, there's none so fair,
Possess'd of charms to banish care,
In virtue's garb array'd,
Minerva deigns her handmaid be,
Reason approves her wise decree,
Nor can a fault descry.

If you this female disregard,
Think not another takes your word,
Nor dare presume to hope
That ev'ry fair who lends an ear
To what the fickle P—— declares
Will not that faithless doubt.

ANNA L—— G——.

AN ADDRESS TO CONTENTMENT.

O Sweet contentment! lovely maid!
Come thou in snowy vest array'd,
And deign to be my guest;
How blest, thrice blest will be my lot,
If thou wilt dwell in yonder cot,
And lull my soul to rest.

I'll gladly from the world retreat
If thou wilt share my humble seat,
And cheer me with thy smile;
From scenes of noise and guilt I'll fly,
Vain pleasures shall not lure my eye,
Nor yet my heart beguile.

The cottage by yon fountain's side,
Which eglantine and woodbines hide,
Shall be our calm abode;
There will we lead a peaceful life,
Unknown to all the cares and strife
That haunt a busier road.

If thou, sweet maid, wilt condescend
To be my dear domestic friend,
I'll never from thee fly;
I'll never slight thy heav'nly charms,
But live securely in thy arms,
And in thy arms I'll die.

ANNA WESTBROOK.

D A M O N and M I R A,
Or the RECONCILED LOVERS.

THE ev'ning bright, what beauties charm
the eye!
Resplendent Sol had reach'd the western sky,

When perjur'd Damon, sore oppress'd with
care,

Walk'd musing forth to view the landscape
He pensive strays along the verdant plain,
Now seeks the summit of yon hill to gain;
Again descends, and wanders thro' the grove,
Yet still remains a prey to hopeless love.
At length by sorrow torn, and keen distress'd,
He thus the anguish of his mind express'd—
“ Dear injur'd Mira, thy relenting swain
At loss of thee feels ev'ry sense of pain!
It's not the tints of yonder western sky,
Adorn'd with purple and vermilion dye,
Nor all the beauties of this rural scene
Can calm my troubled breast to peace serene.
Ah Mira! lovely maid! let pity move
Thy soul obdurate, and awake thy love!
Forgive the errors of thy Damon's youth,
And view him now a vot'ry to truth!”
He ceas'd, when passing by a gloomy shade,
He heard the voice of a complaining maid,
And list'ning to the sound, himself was nam'd,
And thus the mourning nymph in grief ex-
claim'd—

“ Ah! where are all my former pleasures fled!
That blessed peace which once my mind o'er-
spread!

That ever calm serenity and ease
Which ev'ry rising pain us'd to appease!
Where are ye, wand'ring from my wounded
heart?

Why act ye this unkind and cruel part?
Ah! cruel youth! inconstant Damon! how
Cou'd you recede from ev'ry solemn vow?
Or feign a passion which you never knew?”
She ceas'd, and instantaneously he springs,
Borne in his rapid flight on Cupid's wings;
Enters the grove, advancing views his fair
In robes of fable, and dishevell'd hair;
Her head, in mournful attitude reclin'd,
And round her temples willow leaves en-
twin'd,

Which spoke the sad disorder of her mind.
Raising her weeping eyes, o'ercharg'd with
tears,

Her trembling lover in her sight appears,
And prostrate at her feet for pardon sues,
Her pity craves, his former love renews;
Vows that no more he'll rove, for ever she
Shall rule his heart, and future destiny.
With a becoming dignity and pride
The injur'd fair in accents thus reply'd—
“ Return'd, perfidious youth! to my surprise,
Know that you're now disgusting to mine eyes!
I own your falshood has my quiet kill'd,
Destroy'd my peace, my soul with anguish
fill'd,

And has at times my reason overthrown,
And caus'd me here in fable robes to mourn!
I scorn your love that's fleeting as the air,
And which you dedicate to ev'ry fair.”
“ Ah! lovely Mira!” wretched Damon cries,
“ What I declare my conduct justifies;
Know that tho' many have by me been seen,
With lovely face, and an engaging mien,
Yet you, by heav'n, did first my bosom move,
And fill'd my soul with never-ending love!

Oh!

F A N N Y of the D A L E.

The Words by the late Mr. CUNNINGHAM, set to Music by Mr. HUDSON.

*Lively, but
not fast.*

Sym.

Let the de-clining da-mask rose With en-vious grief look pale, *Sym.*

The sum-mer

bloom more free-ly glows In Fan-ny of the dale—, In Fan—ny

of the dale. *Sym.*

Is there a sweet that decks the field, Or scents the morn-ing gale, Can such a

ver-nal fra-grance yield as Fan-ny of the dale. Sym.

The paint-ed belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale;
How vain their beauties when compar'd
With Fanny of the Dale?

II.

The willows bind. Pas-to-ra's hair,
Her fond advances fail,

The paint-ed belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale;
How vain their beauties when compar'd
With Fanny of the Dale?

For Da-mon pays his con-stant vows
To Fanny of the Dale.

The willows bind. Pas-to-ra's hair,
Her fond advances fail,

For Da-mon pays his con-stant vows
To Fanny of the Dale.

For Da-mon pays his con-stant vows
To Fanny of the Dale.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Cadiz, April 4.

THE preparations for the approaching departure of the divisions under Mons. de Solano and Mons. de Thomasseo, particularly the first, are going on. There is already embarked on board the ships of war a considerable train of artillery and ordinary carriages, as well as a number of waggons, and other field equipage on board the transports which are to sail under their convoy, and on board of which the troops destined for some expedition are to embark, the command of which is entrusted to Lieutenant-General de Navia, who is arrived here, where count O'Reilly, commandant of the province, still remains.

Leghorn, April 6. Letters from Constantinople, dated March 3, mention an earthquake at Tauris, the capital of the province of Adribigan, in Persia, which has been more fatal than that which happened in 1651. If we are to credit these first accounts, this town, which contained 15,000 houses, and many magazines of commerce, exhibits nothing but a parcel of ruins. Many citizens, they add, are destroyed by this disaster.

Camp at St. Roche, April 6. The enemy daily augment their fortifications, exercise their troops, and place cannon on the eminences. They have not fired for some days past; and they have sent back to us 303 of our prisoners in exchange for a like number of theirs, which we have given up. On the 31st of March the fourth battalion of Spanish guards entered the camp; and the 10th battalion of Walloon guards arrived here on the 1st inst.

Naples, April 15. Some evenings ago we felt a violent shock of an earthquake, probably it was the same that was felt in the kingdom of Sicily at the same time, but much more violently, particularly at Messina, and on the island of Lepari, which last, according to the first accounts which were sent from thence, is almost destroyed by it, and a great number of the inhabitants killed.

Berlin, April 15. Count de Mansfeld having died lately without heirs, one part of the county of that name falls to the share of his majesty, and the other to the elector of Saxony; in consequence of which, his majesty has caused his portion of the said county to be taken possession of by a squadron of cavalry.

Stockholm, April 18. The ordinance dispatched by the college of Admiralty to all the agents and consuls residing in foreign countries, respecting the convoys necessary for the protection of the commerce of this kingdom, contains as follows:

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“ His majesty having found it necessary to equip a certain number of ships of war and frigates, during this year, in order to protect the navigation of the Swedish merchants, the College of Admiralty gives notice in consequence, that besides the ships of war destined to protect the ships of other nations bound to the ports of this kingdom, to prevent the committing of any hostilities on the coasts of Sweden, the said college has moreover judged it necessary that some frigates should be employed in convoying the Swedish ships out of the Baltick. For this purpose, the Royal College of Admiralty has thought proper to give notice, that the road of Elsinour is to be the rendezvous for all the ships that are willing to take the benefit of the convoys, and which are to sail at four different times, viz. the 1st convoy the 29th of May; the 2d, the 14th of July; the 3d, the 31st of August; and the 4th, the 30th of September.”

Brest, April 21. The ships of our squadron continue at single anchor. It is said to be not so much on account of contrary winds that they are not yet sailed, as because 13 English ships are cruising off Ushant. All the transports which failed to meet our fleet on the 15th have been obliged to put back.

Berlin, April 22. We hear that the late Duchess Dowager of Wurtemberg has left all her ready money, valued at 84,000 crowns, to prince Henry, of Prussia, and her plate, jewels, diamonds, &c. are to be divided between prince Ferdinand of Prussia, Princess Amelia of Prussia, the queen of Sweden, and the Duchess Dowager of Brunswick.

Madrid, April 23. Admiral Don Barce'o continues to blockade Gibraltar, and to prevent all neutral ships from going thither, but the operations from our camp have not yet commenced. The public cannot conceive the cause of this delay, but all sensible persons are persuaded that our court has good reasons for it.

Paris, April 24. Count D'Estaing is set out for Madrid, and it is said he will go from thence to Cadiz, immediately to take upon him the command of the grand fleet, which, with seven men of war expected from Toulon, will consist of 39 sail of the line; after which he will also take the command of the two divisions under the count Du Chaffault and Mons. de Bougainville. Count D'Estaing will hold his flag on board le Terrible, of 110 guns, but pierced for 120; there will be three ships of that force in the fleet. All the privateers have

N 3

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orders to be at brest by the end of this month : these amazing preparations, together with those on the coast, make it imagined that the long-intended invasion of the British dominions will certainly take place this campaign, count D Estaing commanding the fleet, and count de Maillebois the land forces. It is also said that the count de Rochambeau will second the operations of the fleet with his army.

Venice, April 26. We have accounts from Naples, the British minister at that court has presented a memorial to request two free ports in favour of his nation, where prizes may be brought in and sold, and the English vessels be provided with all they want, founding his request upon the example of some other powers, which have granted the same liberty to the vessels of his nation, particularly Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia. We are curious to know what will be the answer of the court of Naples.

Hamburg, April 28. We have accounts from Jassow, in Volhynia, that since the beginning of this month the Russian troops were greatly increased in that neighbourhood, that they reached from Dubno to the Ukraine, and as it cannot be imagined that they are only come to buy horses, it is thought they are stationed there to have an eye upon the approaching Polish diet, and prevent any disturbances that may arise.

Ferrol, April 29. The Dutch vessels sent us from Brest, with pitch, tar, hemp, and cordage for shrouds, and stays for lower masts, have unfortunately fallen into the hands of the enemy ; the Tamer and another British privateer are gone with them, as we suppose, for Lisbon. The loss is most severely felt, especially as they cannot spare any from Cadiz.

Amsterdam, May 6. The admiralty of this city have, with the concurrence of the prince Stadtholder, put into commission, under the command of count Byland, the Amsterdam, of

68 guns, the prince Hereditaire, of 56 guns, and the Mars, of 36.

Amsterdam, May 9. We have accounts from Stockholm, that the Danish charge d'Affaires has given notice to the ministry, that his court had not only agreed to the proposal of the empress of Russia to join the rest of the neutral powers in an armed neutrality by sea, but that minister at the same time, in the name of his master, invited his Swedish majesty to agree to the same. These letters add, that the court of Sweden had not yet given any final answer to the above mentioned proposal.

Hague, May 11. We have accounts from London, that count Welderen had a conference with lord Stormont on the 4th of this month, when he delivered him a memorial conformable to the resolutions of their High Mightinesses of the 25th of last month. After lord Stormont had read this memorial, he said he should deliver it to the king his master, and wait his orders, but that he could declare, that his majesty not only approved of what commodore Fielding had done, but also of the manner in which he did it. In England it was thought that commodore Fielding had behaved entirely agreeable to treaty, and that count Byland had gone beyond it. Such an answer gave rise to a warm altercation between count Welderen and lord Stormont, in which each defended his own country, and in answer to that part where their High Mightinesses require that all the ships detained should be released without any further proceedings, lord Stormont said, the king was not empowered to make any alteration in the sentence of the court of Admiralty ; but that the way of appeal was open to those concerned. In consequence of all this, the two ministers separated, as one may easily imagine, not very well pleased.



H O M E N E W S.

L O N D O N. *April 24.*

HIS majesty, the Prince of Wales, and Bishop of Osnaburgh, accompanied by the Lords Amherst and Townshend, &c. went on horseback to Dartford in Kent, and made choice of a spot of ground for a new encampment of 10,000 men there during the summer.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, April 26, 1780.

Extract of a Letter from Sir Henry Clinton, Knight of the Bath, to Lord George Germaine, dated Head Quarters, James Island, South Carolina, March 9, 1780. Received by the Swift Packet, Captain Nichols, from New-York.

MY last dispatch, No. 83, will have informed your lordship, that the admiral and I only waited for positive information concerning Count d'Estaing's fleet to put to sea. Intelligence of their having quitted the coast arrived late in December, and the troops having been some time embarked, the admiral was enabled to sail the 26th.

I will trouble your lordship with no other particulars of a very tedious voyage in uncommon bad weather, than to mention, that in our losses of transports the lives of the crews have been saved ; that only one ship is missing, having on board a detachment of Hessians, and supposed to have bore away for the West Indies ; but that we have to regret the total loss of

of an ordnance ship which foundered at sea, and of much the greater part of the horses brought for cavalry or other public uses.

It was judged best to proceed by a second navigation from Tybee to North Edisto, and from thence to pass to John's and next to James Island. By a bridge over Wappon Cut we have from this last gained the Banks of Ashley River.

My intention is to pass to the Neck of Charles-Town as soon as possible. The enemy, I find, have collected their whole force to that place. This is said not to exceed 5000 men at present; but reinforcements are daily expected.

In the mean time, as the rebels have made the defence of Charles-Town their principal object, I have determined on my part to assemble in greater strength before it; and, with this view, have called immediately to this army a corps I had left in Georgia.—They will pass the Savannah River, and join me by land.

The force afloat at Charles-Town is four rebel and one French frigate, with an old 60 gun ship, and some brigs and galleys.

Although our long voyage and unavoidable delays since have given the rebels time to fortify Charles-Town towards the land, a labour their numbers in negroes has greatly facilitated; yet, adding in the merit of the troops I have the honour to command, in the great assistance I have from Earl Cornwallis, and the further co-operation of the navy, I entertain great hopes of success.

I cannot close my letter without expressing how much I am obliged hitherto to Admiral Arbuthnot for the assistance given me through Captain Elphinstone, who as yet has been chiefly employed in the naval transactions immediately relative to the army. This gentleman's unremitting attention to us from his so ably and successfully conducting the transports into North Edisto to this hour, with the great benefit I have derived from his knowledge of the inland navigation of this part of the coast, merit my warmest thanks.

P. S. Since the above reinforcement is arrived in Charles-Town, said to consist of 2000 men from the northern army.

Extract of a Letter from Major General Pattison to Lord George Germaine, dated New York, Feb. 22, 1780.

THE intense frost, accompanied with great falls of snow, which began here about the middle of December, shut up the navigation of this port from the sea, within a few days after Admiral Arbuthnot's fleet, with the troops under the commander in chief, had taken its departure from Sandy Hook. The severity of the weather increased to that degree, that towards the middle of January all communications with this city by water were entirely cut off, and as many new ones opened by the ice. We could scarcely be said to be in an insular state. The passage of the North River,

even in the widest part from hence to Paulus Hook (2000 yards) was about the 19th practicable for the heaviest cannon, an event unknown in the memory of man; and very soon after provisions were transported upon sledges, and detachments of cavalry marched from New York to Staten (11 miles) upon the ice. The East River to Brooklyn on Long Island was also, for many days, blocked up.

Thus circumstanced, my lord, the city was laid open on many sides to an attack from an enterprising enemy: and notwithstanding the unsuccessful attempt they made upon Staten Island the 14th of January, it was nevertheless strongly reported that General Washington was meditating a great stroke upon New-York, with his whole force, by different attacks; and although the undertaking would perhaps have been too daring and unwarrantable, yet the repeated intelligence we received of the many preparations they were making for that purpose, forbid the absolute disbelief of such a plan's being under contemplation: therefore, having received in November last an address, signed by the principal inhabitants, in behalf of themselves and fellow citizens, to put themselves in military array, I thought it a favourable occasion of putting the sincerity of their professions to the test, and of adding in the present instance to the security of the city and garrison, which the commander in chief was pleased to honour me with the care and command of, as well as establishing in future such an internal defence, as to make a garrison of less strength sufficient in general for its protection. I consulted with General Tryon upon the expediency of this measure, and, as he entirely concurred in my opinion; I did not hesitate (having taken the sense too of some of the principal citizens) to issue a proclamation, calling upon all the male inhabitants, from the age of seventeen to sixty, to embody and take arms. The cheerfulness and alacrity with which it was universally complied, exceeded all expectation; and, in the space of seven days after the proclamation, we had the pleasure to see forty companies, from the six wards of the city, enrolled, officered, and under arms, to the number of 2660, many of the most respectable citizens serving in the ranks of each company. Above 900 purchased arms at their own expence, and the whole were desirous of doing the same, if there had been a sufficient number of firelocks in town for sale; but that not being the case, it was necessary to supply the deficiency from the king's stores. I ordered them however to be issued only as a loan, and upon condition of each captain's becoming responsible, under his hand, to the storekeeper, for returning to him, when called upon, the number he received, or to pay thirty-six shillings for each stand of arms, if required. The officers appointed to these companies are all persons of known well-affected principles.

The laudable spirit and ardor being happily

raise^d, quickly diffused itself amongst all orders of men. The several public departments vied with each other who should be most forward in offering me their services as volunteers. I readily accepted their offers, and formed them into companies accordingly. The old volunteer companies likewise augmented their numbers, and in a very few days I reviewed them all together under arms, most of them clothed in uniform at their own expence. General Knyphausen, General Tryon, and all the general officers were present, and expressed the highest satisfaction at so respectable a body of men. The return, which I have the honour to enclose, will shew your lordship the number of these new-associated companies, with the effectives of each. I have besides received a memorial from fifty gentlemen of the city offering to form themselves into a troop of cavalry, to mount, clothe, and arm themselves at their own expence, and to serve, if called upon, either on York or Long Island.

The very meritorious and distinguished zeal, which the officers of the royal navy have testified upon this singular occasion, demands my most grateful acknowledgments. The several captains Edgar, Brenson, Osborne, Ardesoff, and Apin, whose ships were fast locked up, personally offered me their services, to act with all their seamen on shore; and Captain Howe, of the Thames, as commanding the whole, signified to me officially by letter the desire of all the officers to serve under my orders, as commandant, in any manner they could be most useful. These handsome offers were most gratefully embraced, and a circular redoubt near the East River, with 8 twelve-pounders, and 1 nine-pounder, was made over to their charge; and, as a compliment due, it was immediately called the royal navy redoubt. The number of seamen, about 350, were divided into ten companies, each commanded by a lieutenant of a man of war. Two of them have mounted daily in this redoubt, and were to be reinforced by five more, in case of an alarm. The other three companies were then to repair to a post, the most suitable for them, upon a height covering the king's dock-yard, which was also to be defended by the company formed from the artificers of the yard, under the command of the naval storekeeper, as captain.

The sailors belonging to the victuallers, transports, small craft, and private trade, armed with pikes, and under the direction of Captain Laird, the agent, were destined to guard and protect the whole chain of wharfs and shipping, from the ship-yard to the lower battery at the other extremity of the town.

The several captains of militia, desirous of making it permanent, and as useful as possible for the service, have readily agreed to, and subscribed many regulations for the good government of it, for fining delinquents, absentees from any parade, or from their tour of duty on the city watch; for keeping in re-

pair and in good condition their arms and ammunition, &c. They are likewise out every Saturday, and the volunteer companies every Sunday, in order to be trained and instructed in the use of arms. I have appointed Mr. Amiel, who served for twelve years as an officer in the 60th regiment, to act as major of brigade to this corps of militia, with an assistant under him; both of whom are to be paid out of the city funds.

The rigour of the frost is now happily abated and we are flattered with the prospect of a complete thaw; so that all ideas of an attack are now at an end. Indeed it was much to have been wished they had made one, as we were so well prepared to repel it to their cost. We already learn, that the recent display of loyalty here, with the great acquisition of force it produced, has had its effects upon the friends of government without the lines, as well as upon the enemy, who have been apprehensive of an attack being intended upon their main force at Morris Town. It has probably too contributed to the great desertion, which has lately prevailed amongst their troops in the Jerseys, upwards of 160 having come over within these few weeks, and enlisted here with the recruiting parties of our Provincial corps.

Present Strength of the armed Force in New-York, exclusive of the King's Troops of the Garrison, the 19th of February, 1780.

OLD COMPANIES.

New-York Rangers (cloathed) 1 company. 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 4 non-commissioned officers, 100 privates. Total 107.

New York Highlanders (cloathed) 1 company. 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 4 non-commissioned officers, 100 privates. Total 107.

New-York Volunteers (cloathed) 7 companies. 7 captains, 15 lieutenants, 28 non-commissioned officers, 405 privates. Total 455.

NEW ASSOCIATED COMPANIES.

New-York Marine Artillery (cloathed) 1 company. 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 1 non-commissioned officer, 95 privates. Total 98.

Commissariat Loyal Volunteers (cloathed) 2 companies. 2 captains, 4 lieutenants, 6 non-commissioned officers, 195 privates. Total 207.

Ordnance Volunteers, artificers (cloathed) 1 company. 1 captain, 3 lieutenants, 4 non-commissioned officers, 63 privates. Total 71.

Ordnance Volunteers, seamen, 3 companies. 3 captains, 3 lieutenants, 8 non-commissioned officers, 149 privates. Total 166.

Engineer Volunteers (cloathed) 1 company. 1 captain, 6 lieutenants, 9 non-commissioned officers, 118 privates. Total 134.

Quarter Master General's Volunteers, 1 company. 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 3 non-commissioned officers, 50 privates. Total 56.

Barrack Master General's Volunteers, 1 company. 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 4 non-com-

commissioned officers, 84 privates. Total 91.

King's Dock-Yard Volunteers, 3 companies. 3 captains, 4 lieutenants, 6 non commissioned officers, 148 privates. Total 161.

City Militia, 40 companies. 40 captains, 80 lieutenants, 160 non-commissioned officers, 2382 privates. Total 2662.

Total of companies embodied 62.

Royal navy, acting on shore. 5 captains, 10 lieutenants, 340 privates. Total 355.

Seamen from the transports, navy victuallers, small craft, New-York pilots, and private ships, armed with pikes. 5 captains, 5 lieutenants, 1119 privates. Total 1129

Total Captains	—	—	72
— Lieutenants	—	—	139
— Non-commissioned officers	—	—	237
— Privates	—	—	5348

5796

N. B. A troop of 60 light cava'ry, formed from the artillery horse department, to act as occasion may require, are armed with sabres and pistols, and clothed at their own expence, commanded by Captain Scott. New-York Marine Artillery, formed from the Marine Society established by Royal Charter.

(Signed) J. A. PATTISON, M. G.

May 2. By virtue of a commission from his majesty, the royal assent was given to forty-two public and private bills; the lords commissioners who sat in their robes, were, Earls Bathurst and Mansfield, and Lord Amherst.

Among the bills which received the royal assent, were, the Grenada bill, the wine duty bill, the stamp duty bill, the bill for the more speedy manning his majesty's navy, the bill for taking off the duty on pearl ashes imported, the corn exportation bill, the Walton Bridge bill, &c.

3. Dispatches have been received by government from New York since the receipt of Sir Henry Clinton's last letters, which mention that Sir Henry is arrived with his army within fighting distance of Charles Town; that they were employed in erecting batteries against the town; and that an experiment had already been made of the bomb ketches, and other instruments of devastation, which were near enough to reach the town. Sir Henry has sent to General Robertson, the governor of New-York, and commander of the forces there in Sir Henry's absence, for a reinforcement of 3000 men, the enemy being better provided for resistance than was originally supposed. This detachment Gen. Robertson has been able to send, by the help of the loyal inhabitants of New-York, whose zeal and spirit he much commends, and they embarked towards Tybee on the day preceding that on which this dispatch was transmitted to England. Sir Henry farther informed General Robertson, that he was in daily expectation of a considerable reinforcement from Georgia, after the arrival of which, and of the other troops

from New-York, he meant to proceed upon an immediate attack upon Charles-Town.

8. This day the salt duty bill, and five other bills received the Royal Assent by virtue of a commission under the Great Seal for that purpose.

12. A petition has been lately presented to his majesty, from Calcutta, signed by 600 Whites, and a great number of Gentoos, stating, in a forcible manner, the various hardships the inhabitants have suffered since the introduction of the English laws amongst them.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty office, May 16 1780

Extract of a letter from Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parker, Commander in Chief of his majesty's ships and vessels at Jamaica, to Mr. Stephens, dated on board the Salisbury, Port-Royal-Harbour, April 7, 1780.

"The 15th ult. the Pallas sent in a Spanish storeship, of 20 guns, laden with 2100 quintals of gunpower, and some ordnance, intended for the garrison on the Spanish main.

"The 25th of last month the Janus arrived, much damaged in her rigging and hull, with an account from Captain Cornwallis, that, on the 20th past, in the morning, off Mont Christi, he fell in with four sail of French ships of the line and a frigate, with a number of merchant ships under their convoy. Our ships, consisting of the Lion, of 64, Bristol, of 50, and Janus, of 44 guns, formed the line a-head, and were chased by the French, who came within gun-shot at five o'clock in the evening, and a running fight was maintained during the whole night; the enemy not choosing to go along side of our ships, though they had it in their power. The morning of the 21st was calm, and the Janus being near the French commodore, kept up a constant and well-directed fire, which obliged him to take the advantage of a light air of wind to sheer off; with the loss of his mizen-top-mast and foretop-gallant-mast. The Lion and Bristol towed with their boats to the assistance of the Janus, which brought on a general firing for two or three hours; the remainder of the day was employed by the enemy in repairing their damages, and just before sunset, they made sail again after our ships, but did not come within gun-shot the whole night; soon after day-light on Wednesday morning, the 22d, captain Cornwallis saw three sail to the leeward, which he imagined and afterwards found to be the Ruby, and the Niger and Pomona frigates. The French immediately hauled their wind, and captain Cornwallis chased them for five hours, but they declined the combat, notwithstanding the Janus was disabled, and captain Cornwallis had only two 64 and one 50 gun ship to oppose to four sail of the enemy's line of 74 guns each, under the command, as I have since been informed, of M. de la Mott Piquet. The names of the French ships are the Hannibal, Hero, Vanquero, Diadem, and Amphitrite frigate. The French fired so injudiciously, that there were only

only twelve men killed and wounded in our three ships. The marked conduct and intrepidity of capt. Cornwallis, and all the officers and men under his command, will, I flatter myself, give entire satisfaction to their lordships. Capt. Cornwallis expresses himself much obliged to capt. Pakenham, (now acting in the Bristol, in the room of capt. Caulfield, sick on shore) for his great attention and diligence during the whole time of the action, and also all the officers and seamen of the three ships, who behaved with the greatest spirit and good order; capt. Glover, he said, was very ill, and died on Tuesday morning, in the very hour he so ardently wished to see."

From the LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY of May 25.

Admiralty-Office, May 25, 1780.

Captain Uvedale, late commander of his majesty's ship Ajax, and Captain Bazely, of his majesty's ship the Pegasus, arrived late last night with dispatches from Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, Bart. commander in chief of his majesty's ships at the Leeward Islands, to Mr. Stevens, giving the following account of the defeat of the French fleet under the command of the Comte de Guichen.

Extract of a Letter from Sir George Brydges Rodney to Mr. Stephens, dated Sandwich, off Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, April 26, 1780.

SINCE acquainting their lordships of my arrival, at Barbadoes and St. Lucia, and taking upon me the command of his majesty's ships on this station, the enemy, who had paraded for several days before St. Lucia with 25 ships of the line, and 8 frigates full of troops, and were in hopes of surprising the island, were disappointed in their views by the good disposition made of the troops by General Vaughan, and of the ships by Rear-Admiral Parker. They retired into Fort Royal Bay a few hours before my arrival at Gros Islet Bay on the 27th of March.

As soon as the fleet could possibly be got ready, I determined to return their visit, and offer them battle; and accordingly, on the 2d of April, proceeded with the whole fleet off Fort Royal Bay, where, for two days, I offered the enemy battle; the fleet being near enough to count all their guns, and at times within random shot of some of their forts. Monsieur de Guichen, notwithstanding his superior number, chose to remain in port. I thought it most proper for his majesty's service to leave a squadron of copper-bottomed ships to watch the motions of the enemy, and to give me timely notice should they attempt to sail.—With the other I anchored in Gros Islet Bay, ready at a moment's warning to cut or slip, in order to pursue or engage the enemy, should they leave Fort Royal Bay.

In this situation both fleets remained till the 15th instant, when the enemy with their whole force put to sea in the middle of the night; immediate notice of which being given me, I pursued them, and having looked into Fort

Royal Bay, and the road of St. Pierre's, on the 16th we got sight of them about eight leagues to leeward of the Pearl Rock. A general chase to the north-west followed; and at five in the evening we plainly discovered that they consisted of twenty three sail of the line, one fifty gun ship, three frigates, a lugger and cutter. When night came on, I formed the fleet in a line of battle a-head, and ordered the Venus and Greyhound frigates to keep between his majesty's and the enemy's fleets, to watch their motions, which was admirably well attended to by that good and veteran officer, Captain Ferguson.

The manœuvres the enemy made during the night indicated a wish to avoid battle, which I was determined they should not, and therefore counteracted all their motions.

At day light in the morning of the 17th we saw the enemy distinctly beginning to form the line a-head: I made the signal for the line a-head at two cable's length distance. At forty five minutes after six I gave notice by public signal, that my intention was to attack the enemy's rear with my whole force; which signal was answered by every ship in the fleet. At seven A. M. perceiving the fleet too much extended, I made the signal for the line of battle, at one cable's length asunder only. At thirty minutes after eight, A. M. I made a signal for a line of battle abreast, each ship bearing from the other N. by W. and S. by E. and bore down upon the enemy. This signal was penetrated by them, who discovered my intention, wore, and formed a line of battle on the other tack: I immediately made the signal to haul the wind, and form the line of battle a-head: at nine A. M. made the signal for the line of battle a-head at two cables length on the larboard tack.

The different movements of the enemy obliged me to be very attentive, and watch every opportunity that offered of attacking them to advantage.

The manœuvres made by his majesty's fleet will appear to their lordships by the minutes of the signals made before and during the action. At eleven A. M. I made the signal to prepare for battle, to convince the whole fleet I was determined to bring the enemy to an engagement. At 50 minutes after eleven A. M. I made the signal for every ship to bear down and steer for her opposite in the enemy's line, agreeable to the 21st article of the additional fighting instructions. At 55 minutes past eleven A. M. I made the signal for battle. A few minutes after, the signal that it was my intention to engage close, and, of course, the admiral's ship to be the example. A few minutes before one P. M. one of the headmost ships began the action, At one P. M. the Sandwich in the center, after having received several fires from the enemy, began to engage. Perceiving several of our ships engaging at a distance, I repeated the signal for a close action. The action in the center continued till 15 minutes

nutes after four P. M. when Monsi. Guichen in the Couronne, in which they had mounted 90 guns, the Triumphant and Fendant, after engaging the Sandwich for an hour and a half, bore away. The superiority of the fire from the Sandwich; and the gallant behaviour of her officers and men, enabled her to sustain so unequal a combat; though, before attacked by them, she had beat three ships out of their line of battle, had entirely broke it, and was to leeward of the wake of the French admiral.

At the conclusion of the battle, the enemy might be said to be completely beat; but such was the distance of the van and the rear from the center, and the crippled condition of several ships, particularly the Sandwich, who, for twenty-four hours was with difficulty kept above water, that it was impossible to pursue them that night without the greatest disadvantage: however, every endeavour was used to put the fleet in order; and I have the pleasure to acquaint their lordships, that on the 20th we again got sight of the enemy's fleet, and for three successive days pursued them, but without effect, they using every endeavour possible to avoid a second action, and endeavoured to push for Fort Royal, Martinique. We cut them off: to prevent the risque of another action; they took shelter under Guadaloupe.

As I found it was in vain to follow them with his majesty's fleet in the condition they were in; and every motion of the enemy indicating their intention of getting to Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, where alone they could repair their shattered fleet, I thought the only chance we had of bringing them again to action was to be off Fort Royal before them, where the fleet under my command now is, in daily expectation of their arrival. I have dispatched frigates to windward and to leeward of every island, to give me notice of their approach.

Admiral Parker acquaints me, that several ships of the enemy's van were greatly disabled, and forced to bear away; his own ship was damaged, and the main-mast in great danger.

I cannot conclude without acquainting their lordships, that the French admiral, who appeared to me to be a brave and gallant officer, had the honour to be nobly supported during the whole action.

Captain Uvedale, of his majesty's ship Ajax, whose health would not permit him to remain in this country, and Capt. Bazley, of the Pegasus, are charged with my dispatches, and will acquaint their lordships with every particular they may wish to know. Enclosed I send a list of the killed and wounded.

LINE OF BATTLE

On the Day of Action, April 17, 1780.

The Sterling Castle to lead with the starboard tack, and the Magnificent with the larboard tack.

Rear-admiral Parker's division.

	Guns.	Men.
Sterling Castle, Capt. Cerkett	—	64 500
Ajax, Capt. Uvedale	—	74 600

Elizabeth,	Hon. Capt. Maitland,	74	600
Princess Royal,	Rear-adm. Parker	} 90	770
	Capt. Harwood,		
Albion,	Capt. Bowyer,	—	74 600
Terrible,	Capt. Douglas	—	74 600
Trident,	Capt. Molloy,	—	74 500
Greyhound Frigate.			

Sir George Brydges Rodney, Bart. commander in chief, his division.

Grafton,	Com. Collingwood,	} 74	617
	Capt. Newnham,		
Yarmouth,	Capt. Bateman,	—	64 500
Cornwall,	Capt. Edwards,	—	74 600
Sandwich,	Sir George Bridges	} 90	732
	Rodney, Bart.		
	Capt. Young,	—	
Suffolk,	Capt. Cresspin	—	74 600
Boyne,	Capt. Cotton	—	68 520
Vigilant,	Capt. Sir G. Home,	64	500
Venus, (to repeat signals)	Deal Castle, Pegasus frigates.		

Rear-admiral Rowley's division.

Vengeance,	Capt. Hotham,	} 74	617
	Capt. Holloway,		
Medway,	Capt. Affleck,	—	60 420
Montagu,	Capt. Houlton,	—	74 600
Conqueror,	Rear-adm. Rowley,	} 74	617
	Capt. Watson,		
Intrepid,	Hon. Cpt. H. St. John	64	500
Magnificent,	Capt. Elphinstone,	—	74 600
Andromeda frigate, Centurion to assist the rear in case of need.			

G. B. RODNEY.

List of killed and wounded in the engagement with the French Fleet on the 17th of April, 1780.

Ships.	Killed.	Wounded.
Sterling Castle,	—	4 34
Ajax	—	4 15
Elizabeth	—	9 15
Princess Royal	—	5 14
Albion	—	3 2
Terrible	—	—
Trident	—	14 26
Grafton	—	2 30
Yarmouth	—	5 15
Cornwall	—	21 49
Sandwich	—	18 51
Suffolk	—	— 12
Boyne	—	2 —
Vigilant	—	— 2
Vengeance	—	1 6
Medway	—	2 3
Montagu	—	9 26
Conqueror	—	13 36
Intrepid	—	7 9
Magnificent	—	1 10
Total	120	353

OFFICERS killed.

Hon. Capt. St. John, of the Intrepid.
Lieut. Deacon, 1st Lieut. of ditto.
Lieut. Hooper, 2d Lieut. of ditto.

Mr.

Mr. Dam, a Danish Lient. of ditto.

Lieut. Mackton, of the Sandwich.

Lieut. Wigmore, of the Medway.

OFFICERS wounded.

Capt. Houghton, of the Montagu.

Hon. Alexander Cockrane, 4th. Lieut. of ditto.

Capt. Carey, of the marines.

Capt. Ogle, of the 87th regiment, doing duty on board.

Capt. Newnham, of the Grafton.

Lieut. Stewart, 3d. Lieut. of ditto.

Lieut. James Smith, 5th Lieut. of ditto.

Lieut. Edward Smith, of the Sandwich.

Lieut. Harriott (Marines) of the Elizabeth.

Gunner of the Intrepid.

G. B. RODNEY.

A M E R I C A.

Jamaica. Montego Bay, Feb. 26. We are extremely sorry that occasion is given us to acquaint our readers with the following disastrous fate of the shipping that were in the harbour during the late storm. On Tuesday evening, about 11 o'clock, we were threatened with a gale of wind from the N. W. which continuing to blow with increasing violence, excited such a prodigious swell of the sea, that early on Wednesday morning the vessels were utterly unable to support it, and gradually began to give way, in spite of every effort for their preservation. That evening the whole harbour was covered with the wreck of the different vessels, for neither ship nor boat has escaped the undistinguishing destruction; most happily for us, we have not to add a list of souls who have perished, fortunately no lives being lost, owing most probably to the fury of the storm's being exerted in the height of day. The houses that were situated near the beach have suffered considerably; one in particular was entirely driven down by a shallop beating against it, and many others are much damaged by the sand and waves, which in a manner tore them from their foundations. The wharf, late Forbes's, is entirely unplanked, and several of the piles forced from their hold. The channel from the creek is almost totally choaked up, and in fact, on every side, an affecting scene of desolation is presented to the view. The oldest person living remembers not an instance of such a storm happening at this season of the year. We cannot, however, help remarking, that some unforeseen change in the atmosphere was strongly indicated by an extraordinary alteration both in barometer and thermometer a day or two preceding the gale. How far an attention to such alterations in future, may be the means of our endeavouring to guard against such threatening danger, is a question we leave to the determination of others.

Twenty-seven vessels, eleven of which were square rigged, four schooners, three large sloops, and the rest smaller craft, all bearing canvas, are either bilged or beat to pieces; and what is much to be feared, not one of them will ever be fit for sea again.

New York, March 29. We are informed that the present government of the province of Connecticut have refused their consent to the requisition made by the continental congress, dated October 3. for raising and paying into the rebel treasury on the first of February, and the first day of every succeeding month to the first of October, their quota to make the monthly assessment of 15,000,000 of dollars. The same disposition prevails in the province of Maryland.

On the 3d inst. his excellency Gen. Clinton published the following proclamation:

"ALTHOUGH the wicked and daring rebellion which hath been raised in several of his majesty's colonies and provinces in North-America, still continues to subsist, his majesty is nevertheless earnestly desirous to deliver all his subjects and every part of the dominions of the crown of Great-Britain from the calamities of war, and other oppressions which they now undergo, and to restore them to his protection and peace, and hath therefore been pleased by his letters patent under the Great Seal of Great-Britain, to nominate and appoint me, with full powers and ample authority to be his commissioner in that behalf, and as I most anxiously wish that these his majesty's most gracious and benevolent intentions should have their full effect,

"I have thought fit to issue this my proclamation to notify the same, and to signify to all such persons as have been seduced by the arts of faction, or hurried away by the tumult and disorder of the times from their natural loyalty, and their just obedience to the laws, that if they speedily return to their duty, it is his majesty's pleasure I should grant unto them a free and general pardon for all treasons and treasonable offences heretofore committed; which I do hereby promise, together with the strongest assurances of effectual countenance, protection, and support, and I do hereby forewarn all persons of the guilt and danger they will incur, if instead of accepting the gracious offers hereby tendered to them, and those blessings which are derived from living under the mild authority of a free British government, they shall by an obstinate perseverance in rebellion continue to protract the calamities of war, and further involve this lately happy and flourishing country in misery and ruin.

"Given under my hand and seal at headquarters on James-Island, the 3d of March, 1780. H. CLINTON."

A List of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, in our next.

THE Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For J U N E, 1780.

This N U M B E R contains

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. An elegant Pattern for working a Gown or Apron.
2. A beautiful historical Picture of the Shipwreck : And,
3. A new Song, set to Music by Mr. Stone.

LONDON : Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

WE think it incumbent on us to declare, that the unsettled state of the metropolis during the late scenes of riot and anarchy, and the anxiety which our numerous correspondents in the country might feel for the safety of their friends in this capital, has obliged us to postpone the favours of several of our patronesses, which, though delayed, are decreed to be inserted. Permit us to add, that the matter pouring in upon us from all quarters relative to the late commotions, will enable us to give a more explicit and more authentic detail of the legal proceedings against the rioters, either with respect to their commitments or their trials, than are, or can be given, in any other publication.

We must beg leave to inform our friendly correspondent, *Henrietta R—*, that our store is entirely exhausted, and request her to send us a recruit early in the month.

The translator of *Rousseau's Emilie* will excuse us for taking the liberty of desiring either an immediate supply, an apology for the *suspension*, or leave to continue the remainder of the work ourselves, as it was always our principle to *gratify*, not to *torture* curiosity.

Our *Friend and good Customer*, will be pleased to advert, that the advertisements complained of are never inserted even in a *corner* of the Magazine; though sometimes a proposal in that line is stitched up with the Magazine, which may easily be taken out and destroyed (by the purchaser) if not agreeable.

We have not been at liberty, amidst the late numerous conflagrations, and scenes of devastation, to find out the particular month or year when the late Dr. Cook's *receipt for preventing the growth of superfluous hair*, was published; but, if E. G. will give us longer grace, we intend to satisfy her.

The hint with respect to cuts, and the natural history of shells, we must inform our *constant Reader*, has been already done in the *Gentleman's Magazine* some years ago, and that as our resuming the subject might be looked upon as an act of *plagiarism* and literary piracy, we have too much honour to lay under such a disgraceful imputation, even to make an effort on that subject.

With respect to the frequent requests received from *Bessy Bluit* on the important subject of *melting butter without flour*, &c. we must refer her either to her own cook, or to those which are employed in the genteel houses and taverns of her own place of residence, or those of the *hotels* in the metropolis: but in answer to her menace of troubling us with a letter every *week*, tho' our Magazine is published only once a *month*, we will favour her with an extract which we have received on account of her importunities, and which, were it not for her threatenings, we intended to have suppressed. The author, after expressing her surprise on the *Queries respecting melted butter*, proceeds thus—"I was angry, and thought it an affront even to ask such a question. Did the lady suppose you made *cooking* your study? She need not wait a month for an answer; I suppose any good cook would have informed her. Her last letter, pardon me, does her and her sex no honour. With respect to her child, had she applied to any physician, he could have told her how far *milted butter* might affect her or her child, &c."

Amidst a variety of other pieces in prose, we are favoured with a continuation of the *Letters from Miss Wallis*, &c. *A Translation of a Tale from Marmon-tel*, by *Louisa D'Argent*, the translator of the former. *An Essay on Matrimony*, by *S—P—k—s*. *Letter and Short Catechism to teach the difference between Protestantism and Popery*, by *Bob Short*. *Letter from E. W. to E. M.* with a variety of other pieces, too long to specify.

In the *poetical line*, we return thanks for *The Water-Cress Girl*, by the *Author of Shakespeare*. *Verses by a Young Lady*, signed *Clarinda*. *A Song*, by *Pastorella*. *Acrostic*, by *Louisa*. *Morning, the Address*, and *Verses spoken spontaneously in Vaux-ball Garden*, by *M. Wrench*. *To the amiable Miss M. T—r*, by *J. D—tt*, &c. &c.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For J U N E, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

By a LADY.

"Be good, let heaven answer for the rest."

LETTER VIII.

Lady BAB HARDWICK to the Hon.
Mrs. ASKEW.

AH! madam, what a scene! The various agitations of my soul will hardly permit me to describe to you the woe, the unutterable misery caused by the tempestuous winds of Tuesday evening!

The jarring of the windows, the falling tiles, and a stack of chimnies sinking into the room adjoining ours, allowed us not to think of rest. In momentary expectation of being buried in the ruins of this ancient building, we threw on our morning gowns, and hastening to the apartment of my brother, besought him to warn his friend of the impending danger. He laughed at what he termed our childish fears, begged we would depart and suffer him to sleep, and actually disposed himself to renew that repose from which our entrance had disturbed him.

Though undisturbed by the hurricane, our voices in the gallery had awakened Lord Fitzwilliam. He arose, and with that good-nature peculiar to himself, endeavoured to calm our fears. Seeing us determined to watch the remainder of the night, he kindly offered to bear us company, and taking a volume of Hervey, endeavoured to beguile the hours in reading to us the Winter-Piece.

By the return of morning the wind subsided, and our minds resumed their wonted calmness; but all the intreaties of his lordship could not prevail on us to invoke the influence of the drowsy god. After refreshing ourselves with a dish of coffee, I proposed a walk, and leaving the indolent Morceton in the arms of Somnus, we each took an arm of our companion, and sallied forth to contemplate on the ravages of the preceding evening.

What a scene of devastation presented itself before our eyes! — On one hand we beheld sturdy oaks measuring the ground with their stately branches; on the other deer innumerable, covered with the ruins of those humble structures erected purposely to protect them from the inclement skies! — The fleecy fold had in vain sought asylum within the oxen's pen! The storm pursued them every where! The vegetative tribe sunk under the ponderous weight of bricks and mortar, and, in short, far as the eye could reach nough

presented itself save one continued scene of death and desolation.

My unruly tongue was going to arraign the will of Providence, but the unuttered sentence died upon my lips. We live, (thought I) and might it not have rendered us inanimate as the animals now before us?—The Power who bestows life has an undoubted right to recall the gift whenever he thinks proper!—Rather let me thank that goodness which has exempted us from the influence of the destroying winds.

Wrapt in contemplation, we continued our melancholy ramble till within sight of the cottage where dwelt the pretty Ella. As we drew near, the groans of misery assailed our ears. One sentiment appeared to actuate Orlando and myself. I relinquished his arm, and without a sentence escaping either, we flew to the spot from whence it seemed to issue. Lady Mary stood at a distance, wondering at the sudden impulse; but a few moments explained to her the shocking cause. Fright gave me wings!—I was the first who reached the gate which leads to the humble dwelling. Heavens! what a scene!—Never will it be thoroughly erased from my remembrance!

One side of the cottage was levelled with the ground, and my sweet favourite (drowned in tears) endeavouring to extricate her aged grand-father from the dust and rubbish which environed his bed! Her innocent, helpless brothers were buried in the ruins, and but for our approach the lovely Ella would herself have been no more!

In trying to disencumber the poor old man from the weight of bricks which had overwhelmed his feeble limbs, a large beam fell upon her shoulders.—Think, Madam, what must be the sensations of a feeling heart! Forgetting the weakness of my sex, I ran to her assistance: but it was needless—With swiftness incredible your nephew performed what in vain I might have attempted, and taking her in his arms, conveyed her from the fatal spot to a place of safety. While my sister and self were endeavouring to sooth her to

composure, he returned to succour her dying parent. But tho' able to extricate him from the rubbish, the sparks of life were too far extinguished to admit a hope of restoring him to happiness and Ella!

When the unhappy girl beheld the poor old man respire his latest breath, she sunk lifeless on the ground. In vain did I endeavour to calm her sorrows, by assuring her of protection.—Inattentive to my soothing, she appeared to be hastening to the blissful regions of eternal happiness.—Pale, trembling, and in agonies inexpressible, Lord Fitzwilliam raised her from the grass.

“Fly, dear ladies, to procure the dying angel some relief!”

Fortunately a labourer, at that instant, passed the yard. I bade him hasten to the house, and order the carriage immediately to attend us.

The loud exclamation of his lordship revived the fainting maid. She opened her lovely eyes, and, on beholding her situation, the glow of gratitude and confusion flushed upon her cheek. Joy again re-animated his features. Suffering her to disengage herself from his arms, he delicately seated her on the bank, and by the force of argument strove to reconcile her to the dispensations of her Creator. By this time the coach arrived, and placing her between us, we drove gently to the Abbey.

Amidst a thousand sobs and tears, the poor girl told us, that, a few days since, a quarrel had happened between her grandfather and her father, and that the latter, in the height of his passion, had set out for London, and enlisted himself as a volunteer in his majesty's service; that unable to manage the farm, the poor old man had nearly broke his heart in lamenting the fate of herself and brothers, when Providence thought fit to end his life and troubles in the shocking manner we had been witness to, and left her destitute of relation or support.

“Say not so, my good girl,” cried I, wiping away the falling tears: “virtue is never destitute of friends! Con-

tinue

tinue to be good and innocent as you now are, and every blessing will be your's. I think I may venture to affirm you have now before you three persons who will, with pleasure, render you every service in their power. Lord Fitzwilliam cannot, with propriety, afford you an asylum; nor can we, while under the guardianship of a brother too susceptible of the powers of beauty: but his lordship has a relation who, I am sure, will teach you to forget that you are unfortunate."

I then named Mrs. Askew. Pardon me, dear Madam, if I said too much. The known goodness of your disposition left me not a doubt of your accepting from my hands the care of this friendless orphan. The eyes of your nephew glistened with pleasure at my plan.

"Amiable Lady Bab! you anticipate my wishes. I was myself thinking of recommending our unfortunate charge to the protection of my aunt; but such a request will be far more proper from yourself than me. I am sure it would be denied to neither, but your knowledge of the world must point out to you the natural suggestions that might arise from such a step."

As this was spoken in French, it was unnoticed by Ella, who, till the carriage stopped, sat buried in silent grief, leaning her head upon the bosom of my sister. Lord Moreton had just arisen, and seeing us from his window, was astonished beyond measure. Imagining some accident had befallen us, he flew down stairs, and was instantly at the door. In a few words I acquainted him with the fatal catastrophe, and bidding him send the housekeeper to assist us, took advantage of his absence, and led the sweet girl immediately to our apartment.

There she has ever since continued, for I ordered her a little bed in the dressing-room; and to prevent her giving too much indulgence to her grief, desired Sally to read to her, and endeavour, as much as possible, to divert her melancholy during the hours in

which I was under the necessity of being absent.

Lord Fitzwilliam condescendingly suffers me to act entirely as I think proper, and however interested he may be in the fate of Ella, has not once expressed a desire of seeing her, a circumstance to me not a little wonderful, as few young men, at such an early age, attain the art of self-denial. But probably he sees the motives of my conduct, and his reason (if not his heart) approves them. A decent burial has been given her grandfather and ill-fated brothers, and we have furnished her with mourning from the adjacent town.

Lady Mary declares she looks so infinitely beautiful in her sable dress, that she cannot behold her without envy: yet the unaccountable endeavours to render her still more irresistible, by employing every leisure moment in contributing to her improvement. To do my sister strict justice, pride is not among the number of her foibles. She would be amiable, but for the fear of being styled unfashionable, and her behaviour to Ella does honour to her heart.

The good girl displays her gratitude by endeavours to overcome her grief, and is indefatigably assiduous in pursuing the little employments we allot her. On a disposition so grateful, and a mind flexible as the yielding wax, what good impressions might not be implanted?—With pleasure should I take upon me the task of forming her youthful mind; but 'tis a happiness in which (for her sake) I must not think of indulging myself.—Lord Moreton has already been very inquisitive concerning her. The heart of man (at least his inclination) is capacious: even his present passion might not prevent him from forming designs unfavourable to her innocence: and were I to lay him under temptation by keeping about me such an assemblage of native charms, I should look upon myself as the author of whatever folly he might happen to commit. The house of Mrs. Askew will be the properest

erest asylum for such a treasure. You see, Madam, I make myself perfectly sure of your compliance. Your tenderness for Lord Fitzwilliam would, I am sure, be an inducement, if no other offered; but I flatter myself you will, on her own account, acknowledge my little favourite entirely worthy your protection. The day on which we brought her to the Abbey, the dear girl attained only her fifteenth year! What a dangerous age to be left destitute
 "Of ev'ry friend save innocence and heaven!"

Possessed of such attractions, many might have assumed that tender name to lure her to her ruin; but Providence has, I hope, kindly made us the instrument of her happiness, and what she now terms the greatest misfortune of her life, will, with its peculiar blessing, turn out a felicity to herself and every person interested in her fate. I am sure all apologies for the length of this epistle will be unnecessary. The motives by which I am actuated will be a sufficient excuse for trespassing on your patience. With infinite respect believe me,

Dear Madam,
 Your most devoted,
 B. HARDWICK.

(To be continued.)

THE SHIPWRECK;
 OR
 THE UNHAPPY LOVERS.

A moral Tale, founded on Fact.

[Embellished and illustrated with an elegant Engraving by an eminent Academician.]

THE first impression, and the progress of love in both sexes, are not to be accounted for. Our parents know this; but having mellowed the fire of youth by the decaying rays of autumn, and the pruning hand of experience, they make no allowance for those who stand upon the tip-toe of inexperience, and love without making any incursion into futurity, or giving to

Minerva those offerings which they intend for the altars of Hymen. Their decisions may possibly be the decisions of reason, but in the warm climates of passion the cool breezes of prudence are seldom expected, and as seldom desired. The sons of fire, as they call themselves, would scarcely endure, even in idea, to be transported to the icy winds of Zembla, though that of their own regions relaxes all the fibres, and the inclemencies of a frozen clime might serve to brace them.

The loves of Fawkner and Anna may serve as the comment, if not the proof of what has just been advanced; may serve as a warning both to the inexorable parent, and to the giddy or improvident child.

Fawkner was the son of a rich merchant, and his darling; his form was of the middle size, but framed by the hand of elegance and delicacy: none of his own sex could be in company with him without being captivated by the gracefulness of his manner, and the sublimity of his sentiments; the fair sex heard him with pleasure, and listened to him with admiration. His father dwelt with pleasure on the manner in which he was received by both sexes; and being of an avaricious disposition, hoped to join his hand with one who might increase his family estate, and bring great accessions to what he owned in the funds. He not only hoped, but was determined it should be so. But how soon are the gaudy clouds of imagination dispersed! How frequently do weak mortals counteract their own intentions, and break the cobwebs which they imagine to consist of cables interwoven!

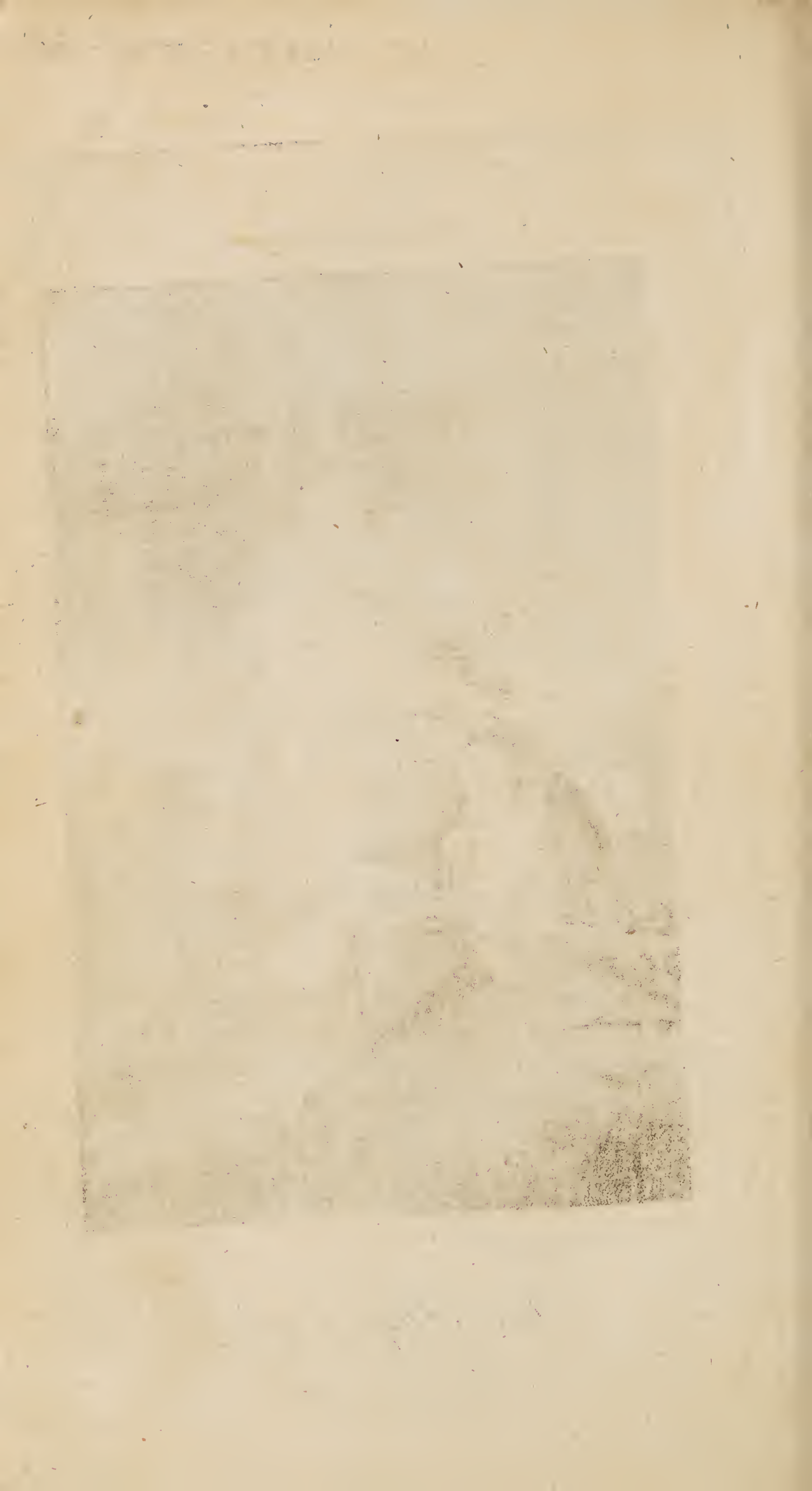
A rich cargo arriving from Italy by Captain Morris, of which the elder Fawkner was owner, he sent his son to him, on his arrival, at Rotherhithe, desiring the clearances, the invoice, &c. Fawkner, who never yet had disobeyed the will of a parent, discharged his duty with the greatest eagerness.

After delivering his message, he was prevailed upon by Morris to accept of some refreshment, and was introduced by him to his wife and the lovely Anna,

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Ship-wreck.



Anna, his daughter. Anna was not brought up in the *ton*, but in the strictest line of religion, of virtue in general, and of modesty in particular. Tho' not unpossessed of beauty, she seemed more a stranger to her own charms, than any who ever saw her. Her elegance of form was heightened by her innocence, and the blush of May, and the glance of complacency, gave a finishing to her graces.

As soon as Fawkner saw her he was captivated; he endeavoured to pay her the usual compliments. The accents died upon his tongue; and tho' he resumed his courage, he could not speak without faltering. He summoned reason to his aid, but the charms of Anna seduced his reason, and he fell a victim to the shrine of beauty.

As business served him for a pretext to visit the captain frequently, his acquaintance with the lovely Anna increased into a familiarity, and Morris not foreseeing the consequences, indulged him with his confidence, and permitted him to take an evening's tour with his daughter on the banks of the Thames. In these little excursions Fawkner had an opportunity of disclosing his attachment to the amiable Anna, and assuring her of his constancy.

When Anna heard his captivating tale, her bosom breathed with tumultuous joy. Having never trod in any other path but that of innocence and truth from her earliest infancy, and being an entire stranger to the art of her who captivates the vacant soul by frothy pertness, she willingly listened to his professions of kindness; she cast her eyes downwards, and her cheek was crimsoned over with a rosy blush. From this period their excursions were more frequent, and too happy to expect permanency.

An officious friend of the father informed him of the private meetings between Anna and Fawkner, who heard the tale with indignation, and resolved to break the attachment. Thinking to work on his son by the powerful motive of shame, he first of all endeavoured to depreciate Anna, to re-

present any connection with her as a disgrace, or, at least, a demeaning of himself. Finding that this had very little effect, he endeavoured to divide his attachment, thereby thinking to annihilate it. With this view he introduced him to all the riots of dissipation, to all the haunts of beauty, whether attended with innocence or with too easy virtue. But finding all his attempts abortive, he determined by absence to put an end to his passion, and insisted on his going a voyage in a vessel which he had freighted for the Levant.

Fawkner acquainted Anna with his fate, and, the evening prior to the sailing of the ship, had an interview with her by moon-light. The joy with which she received him was soon turned into despair, and she fell in a swoon with her head on his bosom. Recovering soon, she blushed at her situation, and bursting from his arms with a tear-bedewed cheek, she broke out into these exclamations:

“Why should I ever have had the presumption to entertain such flattering ideas? I have, in imagination, strayed through a scene which Providence has destined for another! I am doomed ever to feel the sharpest stings of grief; but doomed never to alleviate them with the cordial of hope. It is your duty to atone your father's rage; it is mine only to torture myself with grief. Tell your father that you are all resignation. Why should you tempt the faithless seas? You may be blest with another on whom fortune has smiled with more indulgent rays, and feel all the joys and all the blessings of prosperity. You know that the too frugal, the too irascible temper of your father cannot be resisted by that of mine: The hate of your father would overwhelm, would inevitably ruin mine. Go then, dear youth, I charge thee, by the love I bear my father, that you would not involve him in the consequences of your disobedience. Let me feel the whole weight of this affliction: my heart will gladly embrace it to rescue thee. Haste then, Fawkner, and do not

not think to oppose the decrees of fate."

She ceased, and her beautiful face was overclouded with anguish. Palemon eyed her with inexpressible agitation, and replied, "Can so delicate a fabric stem the tide of affliction! Canst thou dedicate the spring of life to the tempests of sorrow? And can I have the perfidy to leave so much sweetness devoted to misery on my account. Sooner may I visit 'those bourns from which no traveller returns.' I protest, by the moon, who sickens at this mournful sight, I protest by all the pangs of divided lovers, by all the horrors of the sea, that though the tyranny of a parent forces my obedience; though fortune should smile or frown upon me in my absence, her smile or frown shall never change my heart; a heart which is incapable of changing, which is, which ever shall be thine, and thine alone. Cease then thy tears; the clouds of sorrow will melt away. In the rugged journey of life, it is the fate of mortals to drink the bitter cup of woe: the great often enjoy only a splendid wretchedness; but the gloom of adversity, when dispersed by the rays of prosperity, serves to render the contrast more vital, more brilliant."

Anna heard him with attentive silence, but could only express some ominous presages on the terrors of the ocean, and the danger he was likely to encounter. Palemon endeavoured to sooth her anguish, and tore himself from her with a bleeding heart.

His father, who had expected him with impatience, was rejoiced at his return, and took a last farewell of him, after giving him his blessing.

The voyage was very agreeable till their landing at Candia, where they staid a short time, after taking in a fresh lading for Cape Colonna; but on their way they met with a tempest, when the ship was driven upon a rock. Fawkner and three more endeavoured to save themselves on oars and rafts, but they all sunk to the bottom, and only one of them escaped alive. The distressed survivor obtained a passage to

his native shore, and informed Fawkner's father of the melancholy catastrophe, who lost his senses, on thinking his avarice and obduracy was the cause of his son's unhappy end. Anna was for some time insensible; and on being told that Fawkner had left her all he had, by his will, with a generosity which only virtuous love can feel, she employed the bequest in erecting an hospital for the daughters of seamen, who should be swallowed up by the boisterous billows of a tempestuous sea.

R—.

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

A curious Neapolitan Anecdote.

AT Naples, there was a very particular man of honour, whose name was Bandoli; he was the greatest bravo of his time, and it was said, that he had with his own hand, dispatched upwards of eighty persons by assassination, for that was the profession he got his bread by. He made use occasionally of pistol, sword, poniard, and stiletto, but he scorned to poison any one he was hired to make away with, alledging, that there was something unmanly in it. That it was not an action any *person of honour* would be guilty of, and that it was as much beneath a bravo to turn poisoner, as it would be for a regular bred physician to commence quack-doctor.

Two Neapolitan gentlemen quarrelled one evening at an assembly, and according to the honourable custom of the times, each sent separately for Bandoli, and gave him fifty pistoles a piece to make quick work with each other. The last man he dispatched as soon as he had paid him, and then returned to the first person, who, on hearing Bandoli relate how he had slaughtered his adversary, commended the bravo greatly, for his dexterity in his business. "Yes, Sir," replied Bandoli, "every one who employs me shall always find me punctual, for I am a *man of honour*, Sir; and to convince you I would not forfeit it, the gentleman whom I have just sent home, by your own order, gave me fifty pistoles to make an end of you: now I, although he is dead, and cannot call me to an account for not doing what he employed me in, yet, I am so much a *man of honour*, that I scorn to be guilty of a breach of promise to any gentleman;" he then thrust his stiletto deep into the other's breast.

*Description of a PAINTING on BOARD,
of the Time of JAMES I.*

THE painting is on two leaves of wood, made to shut together like the ancient altar pieces. Each leaf or flap is four feet two inches to the point of the pediment, by three feet four inches. On the outside of the right hand leaf is a view of London, Southwark, and the river. Among five churches on the Surry side, St. Saviour's is the most distinguished, and before it appears the bishop of Winchester's palace, out of which the procession hereafter to be mentioned proceeds. Under the gates of this palace are two men in gowns and white sleeves. The trumpeters come out before them, preceded by a number of men in black gowns with white sleeves, who advance after another numerous train over London Bridge, which appears sided by houses, and crossed by a gate, with a pointed pediment, surmounted by a cross. On the right hand of this is thrown by the perspective the heavy tower of St. Magnus' Church, with its pyramids at the corners. Beyond the bridge, along Watling-street, walk men in black gowns, three and three; then nine aldermen, three and three, in red gowns and chains, preceded by the lord mayor in his gown, and the sword-bearer: before these go twelve clergymen in black gowns, following twelve bishops in lawn sleeves, with the archbishop at their head, holding his cap in his hand, and preceded by nine noblemen, some in black, others in red doublets, who are preceded by twelve ladies in black and red gowns, with stiff ruffs, five pages walking before them in cloaks. These are now arrived at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, under which is the king in a red doublet, trimmed with ermine, the crown on his head. On one side the door stands a page lifting up a scroll in his right hand, his cap in his left, and opposite to him a little girl full drest in a ruff, &c. On the left, just without the gate, stands a bishop, probably the bishop of London, who seems to have given way to

the king. Over the gate this inscription in Roman capitals:

"Behold the king cometh with great joy!"

Twenty churches appear in the city; and on the river side we see Baynard's Castle and the Tower: the latter a square fort, surrounded by an embattled wall, with round towers in the corners, a gate to the water, and in the center of the south side a large building as the Tower of Babel is commonly represented, with a lofty cross on it. In the Borough are five churches besides St. Saviour's; that in the left corner has a lofty steeple, seemingly round, surmounted by a small spire.—The Thames is covered with ships, who have the union flag. The hills appear beyond London, and one very high to the right. From the sky proceed these two lines in capitals:

"For thy temple's sake I will with thee all
prosperity, [sayre citie.]
Many good things are done in thee, O thou

Round the black frame of this leaf is written in gold capitals,

"And when it came into the kinge's minde to renew the house of the Lord, he assembled the priests and the levites, and said unto them, Go into the cities of Judah, and gather of all Israel money to repair the house of God from yeere to yeere, and haste the thinge; and they made a proclamation throughout Judah and Jerusalem. 2 Chron. xxiv. 4, 5, 9."

At bottom:

"Amore, veritate, & reverentia.—
So invented, and at my costs made for
me H. Farley, 1616. Wrought by
John Gipkyn. Fyat voluntas Dei."

On the inside of this leaf are depicted the old church of St. Paul's, without the spire; a number of rooks flying over it. Against the south wall of the nave without is a gallery with the king, queen, and prince sitting, and in pannels under each inscribed, "Vive le Roy. Vive la Reine. Vive le Prince."—On their left hand ten lords,

dies, and bishops, under whose gallery is written,

"Mr. William Parker, citizen and merchant-taylor, gave 400 poundes towards repaires of my windowes."

On the top of this gallery stand twelve choristers in surplices, and in a gallery below sit the mayor and aldermen: a croud of citizens of both sexes sit before Paul's Cross, a hexagon building, which appears to be leaded at top, and surmounted by a massy iron cross: a bishop is preaching in it, (an hour-glass at his elbow) and several persons appear within it behind him, a vergier waiting at the steps behind.— Within the brick wall that incloses it in front sit several persons taking down the sermon, their inkhorns lying on a step under the preacher, on which one writer is mounted for the same purpose. By the side of the cross is seated in a chair an elderly man, who, to a person coming up bowing cap in hand, and asking, "I pray, Sir, what is the text?" answers, "The 2d of Chron. xxiv." At the west door is a coffer, superscribed the offering chest, and over the door,

"Therefore the king commanded, and they made a chest, and set it at the gate of the house of the Lord without. 2 Chron. xxiv. 8."

The north side of the nave is built up with houses, whose chimneys are smoaking, and the following lines pass from them to the king:

"Viewe, O kinge, howe my wall-creepers
Have made mee worke for chimney-sweepers."

Round the frame:

"Haggai, i. 2. Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, This people say the time is not come that the Lord's house should be built. 3, 4. Is it time for you, (O yee) to dwell in your seiled houses, and this house lay waste? It is written, my house is the house of prayer."

On the opposite or left-hand leaf within, is represented the same church repaired, and embellished with gilded spires, turrets, images of the king and

queen, &c. the houses cleared away, and the gallery beautified, with the arms of England, London, and the sees of Canterbury and London, and these inscriptions on it:

"Blessed be the peace-makers.

"Touch not the Lord's anointed, nor do his prophets any harm.

"Peace be within thy walles, and plenteous prosperitie within thy palaces.

"I was glad when they said, Let us go up to the house of the Lord."

On each side the steeple are four angels, with trumpets, sounding these verses:

"His roial seed shall mightie bee and many,
And shall encrease as much as e'er did any.

"Like as the sandes, or sea, or starres in skeye,
So shall his people growe and multiplie.

"This goodlie king shall reigne and rule in
peace,
Because by him the gospel doth increase.

"He shall be prosperous in all his ways,
And shall have healthe, long life, and happie
days.

"He shall have conquestes when he goes to
fight,
And shall put all his enemies to flight.

"He shall plant colonies in ev'ry nation,
To forward still the gospel's propagation:

"And at the laste, to ende our blessed story,
He shall be crowned in heaven with endless
glory,

"Where angells and archangells ever singes
All praise and honour to the kinge of kinges."

Above are the dove and glory.
Round the frame,

"Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers, which putteth such things as these into the heart of our good king, to beautify the house of the Lord. Ezra 7. Vivat, vincat, regnatque Jacobus. Amen."

The deviser of this painting was one Henry Farley, who for eight years solicited and importuned the king and people with his schemes and applications for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral, which had remained without a spire ever since it was burnt by light-

ning in 1561, and otherwise defaced. The money collected, and the timber prepared for its repair lay unapplied till the 18th of January, 1620, when the king came in procession to the church, where a sermon was preached by Dr. King, bishop of London, from a text chosen by the king himself, and a feast served up in the bishop's palace. The royal commission issued the year following for the immediate repair; as did another 7th of Charles I. but nothing was carried into execution till 8th of Charles I. when it proceeded with vigour, till the civil war not only put a stop to the repairs, but defecrated and ruined the church by every possible means. This display of Master Gipykin's art must be considered only as one of the many efforts of Farley's zeal and invention to prompt his sovereign to this good and necessary work, which at last brought him to Ludgate prison. The painting is dated 1616, and James I. did not go to St. Paul's till 1620, and then in great state on horseback, with all the lords and great officers of his court; Sir William Cockain, Knt. being then lord mayor, who, with the city in their liveries, then also gave their attendance. Dugdale's Hist. of St. Paul's, first edition, page 135. The order of the procession may be seen in the Appendix. After hearing an anthem in the Choir, he went to the Cross to hear the sermon by bishop King. This sermon was printed by his majesty's command, 1620; and Mr. Oldys says, the bishop shewed his knowledge of history in it. Mr. Farley published, in 1616, "The Complaint of Paule's to all Christian Soule's, or, an humble Supplication

To our good king and nation,
For her new reparation." 4to.

And, in 1612, "St. Paule's Church, her Bill for the Parliament, as it was presented to the King's Majesty on Midlent Sunday last, and intended for the view of that most high and honourable Court, and generally for all such as bear good will to the re-flourishing estate of the said church: partly in

verse, partly in prose. Penned and published for her good by Henry Farley, Author of her Complaint." 4to. To this farrago of prayers, petition, dialogues with the church, and dream and visions about it for eight years together, is prefixed a print of the cross. In 1622, Farley printed "Portland Stone in Paule's Church-Yard; their Birth, their Mirth, &c. Buy or go by." 4to. Bishop Mountaine, who succeeded King, disbursed a considerable sum to provide stone from Portland for this work. (Dugd. ib. 137.)

This painting was for many years in the family of the Tookes, of whom three had been successively rectors of Lamborne, in Essex, from 1704 to 1776. On the decease of the late rector, it was purchased as a neglected piece of furniture, which had never quitted the garret, for a few shillings, by Mr. Webster, a surgeon at Chigwell, who is the present proprietor.

A M A N T O R and E M M A.

A MANTOR was a youth whose beauty and sweetness of disposition made him admired and beloved by all who knew him. "He seemed to be of a superiour race of beings to the rest of the inhabitants of the village. His dutiful behaviour, and refined piety frequently drew tears of joy from his affectionate parents, who were worthy, honest people. Their habitation was a humble cottage, rather detached from the rest of the village. It was situated on the side of a hill, adorned with a fine hanging wood, where a variety of birds, pouring forth the melody of their little throats, charmed the ear with a most delightful concert, while a clear stream, gliding in murmurs by the bottom of the hill, completed a most romantic pleasing scene. On the other side of the brook were fertile meadows, whose rich pasturage furnished the lowing herds with milk, and fattened the innocent sheep.

When each of the rural inhabitants had finished the labours of the day, they amused themselves with culti-

ating their little garden, or the old people sat down on their grassy seat, over which hung, in sweet irregularity, a flaunting woodbine, to listen to their son, who trilling his artless notes upon a shepherd's pipe, made the wood-echo with the sound. After which having eat their homely meal, which the labour of the day made them relish, they gratefully praised their great Author and Preserver, and retired to rest. Sleep, though oft a stranger in palaces, seldom fails to attend the humble cottager, who, when thus refreshed from the labours of yesterday, rises with fresh vigour to those of to-day. So passed the time of this virtuous pair and their amiable son; but their recluse way of life did not secure them from afflictions: no; they had had them, and severe ones too.

They lost, when at an engaging age, a charming daughter. Emma, (the name of the little innocent) when her father and mother were busily employed, said, "I will go to my brother, and hear him play upon his pipe while he keeps his sheep."—"Do," said the affectionate mother: "Amantor will take care of you."—Away tripped the charming Emma, all mirth and gaiety, and her unsuspecting parents continued her employment.

Amantor returned in the evening, and as he entered the cottage, said—"Where is my little sister?—I have brought her a bird."

"Heaven!" said the astonished parents, "protect my child! Have you not seen her?—She left us this morning to go, she said, to you!"

"Oh! I have not seen her!" said the afflicted Amantor, bursting into tears. They then looked in vain for her in the wood, in the meadows, and in the village, but no Emma could they find. They then concluded she must have fallen into the brook and been drowned.

The afflicted parents refused all consolation, till the lenient hand of time, and Christian resignation to the will of the Most High, alleviated their griefs.

Amantor was now eighteen, benevolence beamed in his fine blue eyes,

and when he spoke the Graces danced upon his lips, the rose and lily decked his cheeks, and his fine flaxen hair hung negligently down his back, in the most graceful ringlets. He was one afternoon going through the wood in search of a lamb that had left his flock, and he heard the voice of two females, who seemed as if they had lost their way. He turned, and saw two of the most beautiful nymphs eyes ever beheld. A native grace sat fair proportioned on their polished limbs. Their dresses were white muslin, loose and flowing, but tied up on the sides with pink ribbons. They wore on their heads wreaths of flowers, and straw hats carelessly stuck on one side. The elegant simplicity of their dress, and the sweetness that appeared in their countenances, could not fail to fill the young shepherd, who had never before seen such accomplished loveliness, with surprise and admiration; nor were the two young females less surprised at seeing the beautiful Amantor.

One of the lasses, who seemed to be the eldest, approached Amantor, and said, "Young shepherd, the sweetness of your looks has dissipated the uneasiness I should otherwise have felt at thus addressing a stranger. That young lady and myself strolled out to enjoy the sweetness of the evening, and coming too far into this wood, we have lost our way, and may we hope you will shew us into a path that will conduct us home. My father lives at a mansion-house, about, I believe, two miles from this place, and he will, I am sure, reward your care and civility."—

"I shall think myself sufficiently rewarded in relieving you, ladies, from your uneasiness," said Amantor, "but I fear it is now too late, and you are too much tired to think of returning home to-night. My father and mother live in a cottage at the bottom of this hill, and there you will, I am sure, be welcome to the best bed and repast our homely condition will afford."

By this time the other young lady had reached them. Amantor looked

at her with attention ; he felt unusual delight, and his bosom glowed with the most pleasing sensations. He conducted them to the cottage, where they were received by the old man and woman with the greatest hospitality. They were much delighted with the situation of the place.

“ I could with pleasure leave the gay world,” said one of the young ladies, “ and retire to this cottage. I think one could not fail to be happy.”

“ Alas !” said the old man, “ you are yet too young to know the misfortunes that attend this life.”

“ True,” replied the young lady ; “ but in this peaceful habitation, and with such a son as your’s, your days must pass serene and unclouded.”—Amantor bowed.

“ My son is, indeed, a blessing,” said the old man : “ but we had once a daughter !”—“ And where is she ?” interrupted the young lady. He then described his daughter, and the fatal accident that they thought had deprived them of her, and then added—“ I shall never see my Emma more !”

“ Forbid it, heaven !” said the young lady, who had listened with great attention, springing up, and throwing her arms around his neck, “ in me behold your Emma—your child—your ever-dutiful daughter !”

Words cannot paint the joy of this truly happy family !—Amantor now accounted for the sensations he felt at seeing her. But far different were those he felt for the charming Matilda !

After the first effusions of joy were over, they begged to know by what accident they had met with her ?

“ My father and myself,” said Matilda, “ were walking one evening, and we saw a sweet young girl sitting crying upon a bank of flowers. The tears that trickled down her infant cheeks excited both our pity and attention. We asked her what she cried for ?—She replied she could not find her way home. We then asked who was her father and mother ?—She said she could not tell.—Finding she was not likely to inform us where we might

return her to her parents, my father resolved to take her home, and as we have no sisters, we have been educated together, and loved each other such.”——The old man and woman were much rejoiced at this account. After partaking of a rural repast, the cottagers and their guests retired to rest.

Amantor for the first time in his life, was prevented from sleeping by the impression the beautiful young woman had made upon his heart, nor was Matilda less pleased with Amantor. The next morning the young ladies, and their guide Amantor, walked to the mansion, where they were received with no small pleasure, by Matilda’s father, and her brother Edwin. They were both surprised and rejoiced at the adventure of the preceding evening, and begged Amantor would make some stay with them.

During Amantor’s visit, Matilda’s charms operated so powerfully, that, one day as they were walking, he ventured to disclose his passion, and was happy to find that Matilda returned it with equal fervor.

As soon as she had an opportunity, she flew to Emma to tell her ; but how surprised was she to find her brother Edwin had been telling the same tender tale to Emma, who had listened to it with equal attention and pleasure. Edwin then mentioned the affair to his father, who, far from making objections to Amantor and Emma’s want of fortune, said, “ their virtue is sufficient riches, and they are indeed worthy my Edwin and Matilda.”

He then proposed, that they should live in his mansion, to which they readily agreed. After this, he made the old man and woman a present, which enabled them to pass the rest of their days without labour. Some time after, the young couples were united, who flourished long in tender bliss, and raised a numerous offspring, lovely like themselves, and good, the grace of all the country round.

MARIA.

ME-

MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION.

the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Answer to your correspondent who complains, page 255, of a remarkable complaint in the back part of the head, and descending to the heart, and when returning, signed a constant reader, I beg leave to say that I am of opinion that gentle electricity would be means of preventing the return of it, as I take it to be a nervous stagnation. The blood, on any sudden surprize or agitation, stops in the small vessels, and then as suddenly rushes through them. To procure, therefore, an equal circulation, by giving warmth and strength to the nerves, would, I should presume, be the most probable method of cure.

If the person is out of the reach of a gentle apparatus for electricity, then I should recommend laying a bag of thin flannel, full of camphor, on the back of the head, and down the neck, every night, and to take eight grains of milk of sulphur every night or morning, and five drops of tincture of castor at noon; the neck also to be washed with rum and milk every other day.

If this should afford relief, it will be a sensible pleasure to

PHILANTHUS.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS I was reading your Magazine for May, I observed a request made by M—S—, whereby she desired one of your correspondents to communicate a remedy for *Black Worms in the Stomach*. As I do not pretend to any scientific knowledge in medicine, it cannot be expected that I can prescribe a recipe from my own experience; but as it is the height of my ambition to please the world in general, and to render all the service that lies in my power to the fair sex in par-

ticular, I cannot avoid reminding you of a recipe by the late Dr. Cook, which was inserted in your Magazine four or five years back, and which to me seems applicable to M—S—'s case.

N—P—.

His MAJESTY'S SPEECH to both Houses, Monday, June 19.

THE outrages committed by bands of desperate and abandoned men, in various parts of this metropolis, broke forth with violence into acts of felony and treason, had so far overborne all civil authority, and threatened so directly the immediate subversion of all legal power, the destruction of all property, and the confusion of every order in the state, that I found myself obliged, by every tie of duty and affection to my people, to suppress, in every part, those rebellious insurrections, and to provide for the public safety, by the most effectual and immediate application of the force entrusted to me by Parliament.

"I have directed copies of the proclamations issued upon that occasion, to be laid before you.

"Proper orders have been given for bringing the authors and abettors of these insurrections, and the perpetrators of such criminal acts, to speedy trial, and to such condign punishment as the laws of their country prescribe, and as the vindication of public justice demands.

"Though I trust it not necessary, yet I think it right at this time, to renew to you my solemn assurances, that I have no other object but to make the laws of the realm, and the principles of our excellent constitution in church and state, the rule and measure of my conduct; and I shall ever consider it as the first duty of my station, and the chief glory of my reign, to maintain and preserve the established religion of my kingdoms, and, as far as in me lies, to secure and to perpetuate the rights and liberties of my people."

Ac-

Account of the late Commotions in the Metropolis, resulting from the Protestant Petition, presented by Lord George Gordon to the House of Commons.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

As several of your country correspondents and customers may have been more alarmed, tho' at a great distance, than the inhabitants of the metropolis have been, who were resident on the spot of anarchy, to give them a true idea of what the Londoners might feel, and what has been *concealed* by other writers, I have sent you the following concise detail of events, and leave you at pleasure to *serve up* the joint at once, or to cut it into chops, as may best suit your publication.

ON Friday, June the 2d, at ten in the forenoon, an immense concourse assembled at the place appointed, some with serious intentions, some with wicked, and others out of curiosity; and, notwithstanding the intense heat, which was, that day, very remarkable, kept parading the fields with their flags, singing hymns, marshalling themselves in ranks, and waiting for their leader.—About eleven o'clock, Lord George arrived among them, and gave directions in what manner he would have them proceed, and about twelve, (that the whole city might be convinced how serious the people were in their demands) one numerous party was ordered to go round over London Bridge, another over Blackfriars, and a third to follow him over Westminster. A huge roll of parchment, almost as much as a man could carry, containing the names of those who had signed the petition, was borne before them.—They proceeded with great decorum and decency on their route, and the whole body was assembled, about half past two, before both Houses of Parliament, on which occasion they gave a general shout.

But though they came as *petitioners*, they assumed the authority of *dictators*. They obliged almost all the members to put blue cockades in their hats, and call out, “No Popery!” Some they compelled to take oaths to vote for the repeal of the act. They took possession of all the avenues from the outer door to the door of the House of Commons, which they twice attempted to force open. The like attempt was made at the House of Lords; but by the exertion of the door-keepers, and the care of Sir Francis Molyneux, it did not succeed. The Archbishop of York was one of the first they attacked, and he was obliged to say “no popery, no popery!” The Lord President of the Council, Lord Bathurst, they pushed about in the rudest manner, and kicked violently on the legs. Lord Mansfield had the glasses of his carriage broken, and the pannels beat in. The Duke of Northumberland was exceedingly ill treated, and had his pocket picked of his watch. The Bishop of Litchfield had his gown torn. The wheels of the Bishop of Lincoln's carriage were taken off, and his lordship fled to Mr. Atkinson's, attorney, where he put on the servant's great-coat for a disguise, and saved himself by walking over several houses.

The Lords Townshend and Hilborough came together; and were sent into the house without their bags, and with their hair hanging loose on their shoulders. The coach of Lord Stormont was broken to pieces, and himself in the hands of the mob for near half an hour; but was rescued at last by a gentleman who barangued the mob, and prevailed on them to desist. Lords Ashburnham and Boston were treated not only with most unwarrantable indignity, but with a merciless and unmanly severity, particularly Lord Boston, that it was thought necessary for the peers to go as a body and endeavour, by their presence, to extricate him, but they were prevented by the entrance of his lordship, out of breath, with his coat all powdered and

and his hair disheveled. The front glass of Lord Trentham's vis-à-vis was broken. Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord St. John, Lord Dudley, and many others, were personally ill treated: and Wellbore Ellis, Esq. was obliged to take refuge in the Guildhall of Westminster, the doors of which were forced, and Justice Addington, with all the constables, expelled. Mr. Ellis escaped.

The behaviour of Lord George Gordon was thus represented. He came several times to the top of the gallery stairs, whence he harangued the people, and let them know the bad success their petition was like to meet with.

He came once more, and said, he saw little reason to hope redress from the decisions of parliament.

He came a third time, and said, "Gentlemen, the alarm has gone forth for many miles round the city. You have got a very good prince, who will, no doubt, send down private orders to his ministers to enforce the prayer of your petition."

When the mob was raging and roaring in the lobby, General Conway sat down by Lord George, and addressed him to the following purpose: "My lord, I am a military man, and I shall think it my duty to protect the freedom of debate in this house by my sword. Do not imagine that we will be overpowered or intimidated by a rude, undisciplined, unprincipled rabble." Soon after General Conway had done speaking with Lord George, Colonel Gordon, a near relation of his lordship's, went up to him, and accosted him in the following manner: "My Lord George, do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do—the first man of them that enters, I will plunge my sword not into his, but into your body."

Lord George, very much dismayed, came to the top of the gallery stairs, and desired the populace to be quiet, and to trust to the goodness of their cause, and to his majesty's clemency and justice.

While his lordship was making his second speech, General Grant came behind him, and by a gentle violence endeavoured to draw him back into the House, and said to him, "O Lord George! Lord George!—For God's sake, Lord George, do not lead these poor people into any danger!"—His lordship, however, made the general no answer.

Alderman Sawbridge and others endeavoured to persuade the people to clear the Lobby to no purpose; and about nine o'clock different members conjured them, in the most earnest and pathetic manner, to disperse. The assistant to the chaplain of the House of Commons addressed them, but gained nothing except curses, and "You be ———! Lord George Gordon for ever!"—Justice Addington appeared now at the head of the horse, and was received with a volley of hisses; but on his assuring the people that his disposition towards them was perfectly peaceable, and that he would order the soldiers away, he gained their good will.

When the House had obtained some degree of order, Lord George introduced his business with informing them, that he had before him a petition signed by near *one hundred and twenty thousand* of his majesty's Protestant subjects, praying "A repeal of the act passed the last session in favour of the Roman Catholics," and moved to have the said petition brought up.

Mr. Alderman Bull seconded the motion.

Having brought up the petition, his lordship moved to have it taken into immediate consideration, and was *again* seconded by Mr. Alderman Bull.

After some debate, there appeared six for the petition, and one hundred and ninety-two against it.

(To be continued.)

Account of the new Prelude call'd THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS, performed at the opening of the Hay-Market Theatre, on Tuesday, May 30.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dapperwit, the manager,	—	{ Mr. Aickin.
Mr. Easy,	—	Mr. R. Palmer.
Bustleton,	—	Mr. Palmer.
Speaking Ladies,		{ Mrs. Cuyler,
		{ Mrs. Jewel,
		{ Mrs. Pouffin,
		{ and Miss Hale.
Irishman, (in the pit)		Mr. Egan.
Debating Lady, (in one of the boxes)		{ Mrs. Webb.
Mimic, (in an opposite box)	—	{ Mr. Bannister,
		{ Jun
Ladies near him,		{ Mrs. W. Palmer,
		{ er, and
		{ Mrs. Le Fevre.

MR. Colman has considerably added to the entertainment of those who are partial to the Hay-Market theatre, by taking occasion in this dramatic trifle, with perfect good humour and abundant pleasantry, to ridicule and laugh at those embarrassments which the news-papers have thought proper to throw in his way, and to lay at the door of the winter patentees.

The piece opens with a conversation between Mr. Dapperwit and his friend Easy, in the little parlour of the Hay-market playhouse, where, over a bottle of wine, the manager is rallied on his success, and is told by his friend that he shall call upon him for a few hundreds about September. The manager allows the generosity of the town, and is warm in expressing his gratitude, but declares that the chief part of his receipts hitherto has been cheerfully appropriated to the satisfaction, convenience, and accommodation of the public, by alterations of his theatre, additions to his wardrobe, scenery, &c. &c. The other agrees to the manager's account, but reminds him that stock in trade is essential wealth. At this instant a scene-man brings word that Mr. Bustleton has just en-

tered the theatre, and is in search of Dapperwit: the latter hopes he may not encounter him, and desires his newly arrived friend may be conducted to the boxes. While the messenger is withdrawn, Dapperwit tells Easy that Bustleton is the *idle man of business*, and very laughably describes him as the *riding magazine*, perpetually on the gallop after news, who, tho' he has nothing to do on his own account, is eternally employed on the affairs of other people. He has scarcely finished the description, before Bustleton enters, accoutred in a kind of horseman's loose *surtout*, and a pair of riding-stockings. His character answers Dapperwit's description exactly, and opens itself very pleasantly, by a conversation not only extremely whimsical and singular, but richly comic. At length, amidst a variety of odd digressions, he informs Dapperwit that he cannot commence his season that evening, for that the winter patentees, convinced that his influence with the town "had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished," had determined to *abolish* his *board* of actors, render his *wardrobe* useless, and diminish his *civil list*. He adds, in confirmation, that a committee of patentees sat the preceding evening upon the business in the treasury of Covent-Garden theatre, and a sub-committee that morning at Drury-Lane, and that the chairman of the latter had drawn up a most ingenious *report* on the occasion. Dapperwit refuses credit to the assertion, and says he is sure, if such were the intention of his competitors, he should have heard of it himself. Bustleton on this remarks, that every day gives him a fresh proof of his knowing more of other peoples affairs than they do themselves, and while he is pluming himself on the occasion, the prompter brings on a letter, the superscription of which Dapperwit recognizes to be the hand writing of Mr. Parsons, of Drury-Lane theatre. This staggers Dapperwit, who, observing that it comes from one of his best, and of the town's most favourite performers, declares he is al-

most afraid to open it, lest it should confirm Bustleton's intelligence. At length he breaks the seal, and reads the contents. The letter is dated "*Frog Hall*," and states "that the subscriber had some time since, *for the sake of his health*, taken a house about half a quarter of a mile from Westminster-Bridge, upon a *long* lease of three years, but that the heat of the Hay-market, and the damp air of Lambeth-marsh, agreed so ill together, that he could not join the company, being under the necessity of giving up both his house and his business, and retiring to his apartments in Drury-Lane for the dog-days." As soon as Dapperwit has read the letter, which Bustleton comments on, and styles '*real* information, and matter of *fact*, the former is visited by four actresses, who come to decline performing under his management, as they got so much more, and with so much less trouble, for speaking at Carlisle-House, Freemason's-Hall, *La Belle Assemblée*, the Female Parliament, and the University of Rational Amusements. Terrified lest the rest of his company should have abandoned and deserted him in like manner, Dapperwit rings for the prompter, and finding that not one of the actors or actresses had come down into the green-room, despairs of a possibility of performing that evening, and bids Hitchcock make a handsome apology to the audience for dismissing them, desiring him, at the same time, to take Baddeley with him, that in case he should see any of the *corps diplomatique* in the boxes, or any ladies of fashion there, who are fond of having French plays performed at their houses, Baddeley may address them in that tongue. Dapperwit tells the prompter that Baddeley has nothing to do but shrug his shoulders, drop his arms, extend his hands, hang his chin, play off a grimace or two, and say *je suis au desespoir*, talk of *la cabale*, and use a few more cant phrases, and he is sure of success; he also directs the prompter to attend to what Baddeley says, and *translate*, for the sake of the country gentlemen in the galleries.

Dapperwit and his friends withdraw after this, and the scene changes to the ordinary representation of the stage, when the prompter approaches in form, and informs the audience there can be no play that evening. An Irishman rises immediately in the pit, and humorously shews the absurdity of the ground of complaint, by declaring, "that the audience is the most essential part of every play-house, and so long as there is a crowded audience, it matters not the value of one of Wood's halfpence whether there are any actors or not." He mentions, also, the prevailing rage for acting, and after stating that the manager had blacked his own little face in North Wales at Christmas, and alluding to the two houses of parliament, and the various debating societies, says the manager must be little better than a fool to pay performers to speak for him, when the public would be glad to pay them for speaking for themselves. A lady in the boxes, with great form, and all the management of oratory, takes up the subject in the parliamentary way, and *debates* it in a style which favours strongly of the true burlesque. She compliments the Irish gentleman *in her eye*, on being so fully possessed of his own subject, that it was impossible for him to make it clear to any body else, and says, the question, as she conceives it to be stated by the gentleman *on the floor* (the prompter) is, "*The distress of the manager*," and how to get troops enough for the service of the campaign, when the other dramatic potentates refuse auxiliaries upon any subsidy. "In her mind, there are *able-bodied* actors to be found else-where than in the hundreds of Drury. Do not the hot-beds of Covent-Garden produce them? Is there a shop between Whitechapel-Bar and Hyde-Park Corner that does not teem with would-be actors and actresses? Is there a milliner's apprentice, in her teens, who has not applied to one or other of the managers for an engagement, and declared herself *ready* in Jane Shore and Lady Townly? In short, let the manager produce *new faces* and *good pieces*, and he need not doubt

doubt of success." A gentleman in an opposite box recommends the revival of *pasteboard* performers: he reminds the prompter that the actors of Theſpis, Menander, Plautus, and Terence were all pasteboard, and advises Britain to follow the classical example, and restore pasteboard to its ancient possession of the stage, offering, if the painter will give the faces and figures, to furnish the voices and manners of the most popular comedians himself, exhibiting, by way of sample, two or three imitations. Other ladies are preparing to speak, when the call-woman brings the prompter word that the performers are all dressed and ready in the green-room. Learning that Mr. Palmer, Mr. Aickin, Mr. Edwin, and Miss Farren are there, he puts an end to the debate as *Moderator* of the assembly, and changes his mode of address to the audience, by begging a few minutes patience, and informing them of the bill of fare for the evening.

From the above hastily-written sketch of the business of this prelude, the reader will be able to guess its tendency and main purport: trifling as the object of the whole is, Mr. Colman has been singularly successful in the conduct and execution of it. Every part shews the hand of the master, and no one characteristic of it does the author more credit than the great good-humour with which it has obviously been written.

A prelude is, in our opinion, a mere prance of an author's Pegasus; one of those sportful exercises, in which he may let his muse divert herself, and gambol at will, being tied down to no critical rule, nor any limitation whatever: if the effect of the whole is pleasant, the spectator has no right to complain, and the end is fully answered. In the *bagatelle* before us, there is something of strong comic character, something of genuine wit, and something of sterling humour. Buxton is a dramatic blossom of so agreeable a complexion, that we almost lament the nature of the situation would not admit of a fuller expansion. The allusion to Mr. Dunning's celebrated

motion is easily brought in, well applied, and most laughably handled.—The satire aimed at the political farce of parliamentary debate, and the satire aimed at the scarcely more obvious farce carried on at the debating societies are so well mixed, and so pleasantly exhibited, that amidst the ridicule each farce seems to deserve, there results strong proof that neither is barren of information and entertainment. Upon the whole, though some part of the debate amongst the audience might be spared, we scruple not to pronounce the new prelude as agreeable a *jeu d'esprit* of the kind as has for many years been produced, and heartily wish the *Manager in Distress* may be the occurrence of every year to Mr. Colman, if his *ideal* embarrassments are to be the source of so much substantial entertainment to the public.

SELECT PIECES of LITERATURE, in PROSE and VERSE.

By several Female Hands.

(Continued from Vol. X. Page 694.)

NUMBER X.

REFLECTIONS on SUPERSTITION.

IT shews great ignorance of the human heart, and the springs by which its passions are moved, to neglect taking the advantage of the impression which particular circumstances, times, and seasons naturally make upon the mind. The root of all superstition is the principle of the association of ideas, by which objects, naturally indifferent, become dear and venerable, through their connection with interesting ones. It is true, this principle has been much abused; it has given rise to pilgrimages innumerable, worship of relics, and priestly power. But let us not carry our ideas of purity and simplicity so far, as to neglect it entirely.—Superior natures, it is possible, may be equally affected with the same truths at all times, and in all places; but we are not so made. Half the pleasures

of elegant minds are derived from this source. Even the enjoyments of sense without it would lose much of their attraction. Who does not enter into the sentiment of the poet, in that passage so full of nature and truth ;

“ He that outlives this hour, and comes safe home,
Shall stand on tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian :
He that outlives this day and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, to-morrow is St. Crispian.

But were not the benefits of the victory equally apparent on any other day of the year ? — Why commemorate the anniversary with such distinguished regard ? Those who can ask such a question, have never attended to some of the strongest instincts in our nature. — Yet it has lately been the fashion, amongst those who call themselves rational Christians, to treat as puerile all attentions of this nature when relative to religion. They would

Kiss with pious lips the sacred earth
Which gave a Hampden or a Russell birth.

They will visit the banks of Avon with all the devotion of enthusiastic zeal ; celebrate the birth-day of the hero and the patriot ; and yet pour contempt upon the man who suffers himself to be warmed by similar circumstances relating to his (divine) master, or the connection of sentiments of peculiar reverence with times, places, and men which have been appropriated to the service of religion. A wise preacher will not, from a fastidious refinement, disdain to affect his hearers from the season of the year, the anniversary of a national blessing, a remarkable escape from danger, or, in short, any incident that is sufficiently guarded, and far enough removed from what is trivial to be out of danger of becoming ludicrous.

MRS. BARBAULD.

VERSES to STELLA.

No more, my Stella, to the sighing shades,
Of blasted hope, and luckless love complain,
But join the sports of Dian's careless maids,
And laughing Liberty's triumphant train.

And see, with these is holy Friendship found,
With crystal bosom open to the sight ;
Her gentle hand shall close the recent wound,
And fill the vacant heart with calm delight.

Nor Prudence slow, that ever comes too late,
Nor stern brow'd Duty, check her gen'rous flame ;

On all her footsteps Peace and Honour wait,
And Slander's ready tongue reveres her name.

Say, Stella, what is Love, whose tyrant pow'r
Robs Virtue of content, and Youth of joy,
What nymph or goddess, in a fatal hour,
Gave to the world this mischief-making boy ?

By lying bards in forms so various shewn,
Deck'd with false charms, or arm'd with terrors vain.

Who shall his real properties make known,
Declare his nature, and his birth explain ?

Some say of Idleness and Pleasure bred,
The smiling babe on beds of roses lay,
There with sweet honey-dews by Fancy fed,
His blooming beauties open'd to the day.

His wanton head with fading chaplets bound,
Dancing he leads his silly vot'ries on
To precipice deep, o'er faithless ground,
Then laughing flies, nor hears their fruitless moan.

Some say from Etna's burning entrails torn,
More fierce than tygers on the Libyan plain,
Begot in tempests, and in thunder born,
Love wildly rages like the foaming main.

With darts and flames some arm his feeble hands,
His infant brow with regal honours crown ;
Whilst vanquish'd Reason, bound with silken bands,
Meanly submissive, falls before his throne.

Each fabling poet, sure, alike mistakes
The gentle pow'r that reigns o'er tender hearts ! [shakes,
Soft Love no tempest hurls, nor thunder
Nor lifts the flaming torch, nor poison'd darts.

Heav'n-born, the brightest seraph of the sky,
For Eden's bow'r he left his blissful seat
When Adam's blameless suit was heard on high, [treat.
And beauteous Eve first cheer'd his lone retreat.

At Love's approach all earth rejoic'd, each hill, [p'ring gale ;
Each grove that learnt it from the whiffling
Joyous, the birds their liveliest chorus fill,
And richer fragrance breathes in ev'ry vale.

Well pleas'd, in Paradise awhile he roves,
With Innocence and Friendship hand in hand ;
'Till Sin found entrance in the with'ring groves,
And frighted Innocence forsook the land.

But

But Love, still faithful to the guilty pair,
With them was driv'n amidst a world of
woes,
Where oft he mourns his lost companions dear,
And, trembling, flies before his rigid foes.

Honour, in burnish'd steel completely clad,
And hoary wisdom, oft against him arm;
Suspicion pale, and Disappointment sad,
Vain Hopes, and frantic Fears his heart alarm.

Fly then, dear Stella, fly th' unequal strife,
Since Fate forbids that Peace should dwell
with Love! [live,
Friendship's calm joys shall glad thy future
And Virtue lead to endless bliss above.

MRS. CHAPONE.

A LETTER from a LADY in RUSSIA
to her FRIEND in ENGLAND, giving
an Account of a RUSSIAN CHRIS-
TENING and WEDDING.

Moscow, Nov. 4, 1730.

Dear Madam,

YOUR last letter is kind and cruel. You say a great many obliging things, give an account of many of my friends, but forbid me to say any thing of them, or ask any questions, but directly answer the enquiries you make. This is very tyrannical; but I shall obey. As to your first question, what conversation I have, it is hard to answer. I daily converse with people of high rank. The Polish minister's lady has an assembly every night, where all the people of fashion meet; but to my great mortification, the greatest part meet to play, tho' nobody is pressed to it. As I still am amazed how rational minds can fall into this trifling yet dangerous amusement, I need not tell you I am a spectator, and moralize on human weakness, as you know Miss Bell used to tell me. For some time past I have met with a young lady who does not play, whether from the stupid mind that I have, or from her heart being filled with a softer passion, I will not determine. She has softness, good-nature, good-sense, and politeness, inclosed in a pretty person of eighteen. She is sister to the favourite prince Dolghorucki. The German ambassador's brother is her beloved object; all things are agreed upon, and they

only wait some forms necessary in his country, to be (I hope) happy. She seems very fond of marrying out of her own country, shews great civility to foreigners, and a strong love to him, and he to her. At this assembly you go away when you will, and nobody asks you a question; there is a supper for those who will stay, and I fancy one might find agreeable conversation, if cards were not known in Russia.— Your next question about religion, I can say but little of, as I speak very little of the language. It seems to consist in outward form, and much superstition. I have seen a christening and a wedding; the child was dipped three times in a tub of water; the gossips had, every one, a wax candle in their hands; after the child had been dipped, the priest (who, by the way, was very drunk) put on the shirt, and then exorcised it, and at the end of every sentence, he and the gossips spit, to shew they triumphed over the d—l. The wedding was one of my servants; the match was proposed to the girl's parents, and they, approving of it, came, in form, to ask my consent: when that was obtained, the man sent her a present, consisting of a comb, some paint, and patches; then he was admitted to see her for the first time; they gave each other a ring, and a promise of marriage, and the wedding was appointed for that day se'ennight. From that time to the day of their wedding, the girls of her acquaintance took turns to be with her night and day, continually singing songs to bemoan her loss out of their society: when the day came, they took a formal leave of her with many tears, and the man's relations came to fetch her and her fortune, which was a bed and bedding, a table, and a picture of her patron saint. My own maid was admitted to go with her, which was a great favour, for none of the woman's friends are permitted to go with them. As to the rest, I must refer you to the Bible to satisfy your curiosity, and that I may not hinder you from so good a study, I'll take my leave.

The

The young lady mentioned in this letter as attached to the German ambassador's brother, was soon after betrothed to the emperor Peter II. much against her inclination; but he died of the small-pox before his wedding-day.

(To be continued.)

MEDITATIONS on SPRING.

TIS come! the lovely Spring is come with all its beauteous scenes and blooming treasures! cutting gales no longer blow, nor fleecy snow drives through the darkened skies chilling the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and spreading destruction all around; but balmy breezes, mild as the opening day, fan with humid wings the fertile earth, and dispense their fostering influences to every part of nature's extensive landscape. The air is all serenity, the skies display their brightest azure, the vivifying sun looks more effulgent, and darts a warmer beam, the hills regain their lost verdure, and lift their green heads to the clouds. Flowers of brilliant hues disclose their painted bloom, and in wild profusion spring spontaneous. Nature, clad in the richest robes of vernal pomp, calls the Graces around her, and with majesty inimitable walks in state, while mother earth hails the genial approach, and exulting at the glorious change smiles and looks gay.

"Now from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Now no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
But full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them, thin,
Fleecy and white o'er all surrounding heaven."
THOMPSON.

Hark! the voice of music awakes! and floating along the lucid air salutes the ear with its softest strains. Sullen Silence, which long had sat brooding in the barren groves and roaring woods, diffusing a gloomy melancholy through nature's wide domain is fled: gay Spring, enemy to the solitary contem-

plative, drove him from her haunts, and compelled him to take up his abode in the gloomy cavern's den, or the footy realms of ancient night: there we may find him arrayed in fable robes, reposing in the darkest recesses, or with raven wing hovering in those obscure shades, where man's chearful voice is never heard; where mirth's light foot never trod, nor any animated beings frequent, save the dreary bat, which sometimes visits the dark abodes, and skimming about him in circular sweeps, flaps her footy wings.

What a charming concert echoes around and resounds from every bush! The blackbird, the thrush, the lark, the linnet, and innumerable other choristers, hail the glad Spring, and straining their little throats pour forth their very souls in various notes mellifluous. The laughing meads and verdant plains, the flowery lawns, the irreguous vales, well pleased, listen to their melody, and in return replenish them with food, and shew them all their beauty; while man, lord of the creation, with majesty stamped on his forehead, walks abroad to join in the general joy, and catch the harmonious strains.

Ye choristers of the woods, plummy songsters, whose ravishing notes delight the mind, and exalt the soul, soothing the tumultuous passions, which heave the breast, and torture every sense, how oft have I stood and listened with admiration to the sweet modulations!—how oft have your gay warblings raised my dejected spirits, and pour'd a kind of brightening sunshine over all my inward powers! Inhabitants of air again assemble unanimously, and strive with united melody to congratulate the season of love—strive to hail the pleasing approach of Spring.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches

T,

The barrenness of winter is now succeeded by a boundless universal fertility; a fertility charming to behold, amazing to conceive! The spacious terrene, no longer look'd in winter's icy

icy arms, is impregnated with the vernal showers, and feels within a prolific heat. See, she conceives, and brings forth numbers innumerable! the suckling myriads are expelled from her capacious womb, and hang at her breasts imbibing purest nutriment. The universal parent smiles on her numerous offspring, and does her utmost to preserve the tender tribes. The sovereign of the day, legitimate progenitor, drives from them Boreas's nipping blast, and diffuses his own vital warmth to cherish and support them. At night Nox spreads over them his sable wings, and showers down on them with a liberal hand the beneficial humidity from his watery stores. Then, flushed with new life, they unfold their verdant covering, and thrive in all their wonted luxuriance.

What gorgeous robes does nature wear in this infancy of the year! Survey her face, and see the unrivalled beauty which adorns it. Survey her attentively, and contemplate her charms, which she offers freely to thy view: lost in admiration and wonder I fall down and worship. But to whom must I pay homage — what invisible hand rolls round the ever changing seasons? Thee ALMIGHTY FATHER!

——“Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm,
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
And every sense and every heart is joy.”

T.

Gentle zephyrs breathing from the warm chambers of the south, and wafting fragrance on their wings, now play over the earth and fan the sultry air. The increasing warmth of the sun wakes the buzzing people, and induces Flora's painted race to disclose their richest tints and various beauties. The flowery nations, which appear about us, are inconceivable, and past the art of the botanist to number their tribes. Favoured with the kindly influence of Spring's reviving presence, they unlock all their magazines of sweets, and convert the whole atmosphere into balm and rich perfume.

The vernal season is now confirmed;

the birds of passage are all arrived: a mantle of vivid green is spread over the earth, chequered with a beautiful profusion of gayest flowers, which gives it a peculiar elegance, and throws an air of grandeur over the spacious carpet. The trees now dance and sing, unfold their leaves, and open all their bloom. What a waste of blossoms array the branches and whiten all the country! The bees (little animals of industry) hum about the air, and visit every blooming spray to gather their mellifluous treasures. Myriads of evanescent insects burst their winter tombs, rise to new life, and sport about invisible, while millions more which are perceptible, glossed with gold and azure, and covered with the finest down, fan their silken wings, and gliding through the air exult in the sunny ray.

The garden, which a few weeks ago was an un delightful dreary waste, again assumes its charms, and recovering its primitive beauty, ravishes the eye with its rosy bowers and gay parterres. The whole is one unmingled wilderness of flowers, and here fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace. How delightful to rove through the paradisaical spot, and view the blooming tribes glowing in the richest colours of nature's pencil, while inhaling the balmy breeze we swim as it were in a sea of odoriferous sweets!

Animated by the vigorous warmth, the feathered people prepare with assiduity and anxious solicitude their little mansions, longing to behold their tender progeny. The angler now pursues his rural diversion, and standing on the margin of a murmuring stream, under the shade of closing willows, decoys the finny tribe. The contemplative, fired with the charms of the blooming season, and struck with the beauty that every way surrounds him, indulges in the serious walk, and, lost in a transport of joy, admires the gay creation.

Tempests no longer toss the ocean; but the sea is smooth as glass. The silver brook glides unmolested, and the crystal river reflects the bending azure, and

and displays its polish'd surface unruffled. The fleecy clouds, light and thin, spread over the pure expanse of heaven, are edged with gold, and sometimes descend in gentle showers to refresh the tender herb, and nourish the new born flowers. Butterflies, arrayed like the coxcomb in all the pomp of dress, proudly shew their painted wings, and powdered over with shining meal, frisk in the sunny gleam, or rob the flowers of their luscious sweets. Swallows twitter aloft, and sweeping through the liquid air commit violent depredations among the buzzing race, who, unconscious of their enemies, sport and play in the aerial regions, till on a sudden, snatched away by the horny beak, they are crushed in a moment, and glide through the slimy road into the tremendous gulph.

Is it not thus with the majority of rational beings? How many of the sons and daughters of mortality pursue with the same thoughtlessness, and with the same avidity the flowery roads of pleasure? In the midst of their joy and mirth, when all their wishes bloom, how often does fate laugh at their folly, and disappoint them in a moment? How often does grim death seize them unawares, and blot them from the book of life!

The Spring, which now appears in all its perfection, who can contemplate without secret sensations of joy? Send your eye over the pleasing scene, let your imagination dwell on the vernal topic, and your heart must needs beat high with satisfaction. Look abroad and see the wild luxuriance of the fields: look abroad and see the earth cloathed with trees, and flowers, and plants, and shrubs innumerable: striking display of the *Infinite Creative Power*!—Beauty, joy and love appear all around, and reigns triumphant through the universal landscape of nature.

Thus the seasons are constantly revolving, and in harmonious succession run their ample rounds. Improve them, 'oh! my soul, improve them as they pass; for every one of them cuts shorter thy days, and wafts thee nearer to thy eternal home. Watch them

with attentive eye as they roll impetuous away, and do not suffer the short number which thou art appointed to see, fly from thee without keeping equal pace with them in thy road toward heaven. Stop winged time! on the wings of devotion I will take my flight with thee, and soon thou wilt guide me safe to the mansions of everlasting rest.

Lavington.

J. L—G.

(To be continued.)

Account of Mrs. ABINGTON.

From Davies's *Life of David Garrick*,
Vol. II. p. 169.

HER person is formed with great elegance, her address is graceful, her look animated and expressive. To the goodness of her understanding, and the superiority of her taste, she is indebted principally for her power of pleasing; the tones of her voice are not naturally charming to the ear, but her incomparable skill in modulation, renders them perfectly agreeable. Her articulation is so exact, that every syllable she utters is conveyed distinctly, and even harmoniously.

Congreve's Millamant of past times, she has skilfully modelled, and adapted to the admired coquette and the lovely tyrant of the present day. All ages have their particular colour and variations of follies and fashions; these she understands perfectly, and dresses them to the taste of the present hour.

In Shakespeare's Beatrice she had difficulties to encounter, and prejudices to conquer: remembrance of Mrs. Pritchard's excellence in that favourite part had stamped a decisive mark on the mode of representing it; notwithstanding this Mrs. Abington, knowing her own peculiar powers of expression, would not submit to an imitation of that great actress, but exhibited the part according to her own ideas; nor did she fail of gaining great applause, wherever her judgment directed her to point out the wit, sentiment, or humour of Beatrice.

In the widow Bellmour of Murphy's Way to Keep him, her disengaged and easy manner, familiar to one who had been used to the company of persons distinguished by high rank and graceful behaviour, rendered her the delight of a brilliant circle of admirers. Mr. Garrick, in his character of Lady Bab Lardoon, in the Maid of the Oaks, written on purpose for this actress, has, in a very delicate strain of panegyric, paid a lasting tribute to her merit. When this lady of high life, to impose on Dupely, a young travelled coxcomb, assumes a character of great simplicity, and tries her skill at a little *naiweté*, she says to one who is a witness of the diversion, "You shall see what an excellent actress I should have made if Fortune had not unluckily brought me into the world an earl's daughter."—This elegant compliment needs no comment.

Though the theatre would have been almost deprived of the accomplished and well-bred woman of fashion without the assistance of Mrs. Abington, yet so various and unlimited are her talents, that she is not confined to females of a superior class: she can descend occasionally to the country girl, the romp, the hoyden, and the chambermaid; and put on the various humours, airs, and whimsical peculiarities of these under parts; she thinks nothing low that is in nature; nothing mean, or beneath her skill, which is characteristical.

The decency of her behaviour in private life has attracted the notice, and gained the approbation of many persons of quality of her own sex. Like another Oldfield or Cibber, she receives visits from, and returns them to ladies of the most distinguished worth and highest rank. Her taste in dress is allowed to be superior, and she is often consulted in the choice of fashions by her female friends in high life; but as it would be absurd to confine her merit to so trifling an accomplishment, she cannot be denied the praise of engaging and fixing the regard of all her acquaintance by her good sense,

elegance of manner, and propriety of conduct.

The following little poem, written by a gentleman of fashion and considerable eminence in literature, will, I hope, be esteemed no unwelcome present to the reader, though it has already been published.

On Mrs. ABINGTON's Appearance in the Character of Charlotte, in the Hypocrite, occasioned by the Report of her quitting the Stage.

Scarce had our tears forgot to flow,
By Garrick's loss inspir'd,
When Fame, to mortalize the blow,
Said, "Abington's retir'd."

Sad with the news Thalia mourn'd,
The Graces join'd her train,
And nought but sighs for sighs return'd
Were heard at Drury-Lane.

But see!—'tis false!—in nature's style
She comes, by Fancy dress'd,
Again gives Comedy her smile,
And Fashion all her taste.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

As you have omitted giving us correspondents an account of the new musical farce called the *Siege of Gibraltar*, I have prevailed on a London friend to send you one, and hope you will insert it.

ON Tuesday evening, May 23, a new musical farce, called *The Siege of Gibraltar*, was performed, for the first time, at Covent-Garden theatre. The characters of it were thus represented:

Major Bromfield,	Mr. Reinhold.
Beauclerc, —	Mr. Mattocks.
Ben Hassan, —	Mr. Quick.
Muley, — —	Mr. Whitefield.
Serjeant Trumbull,	Mr. Wilson.
Serjeant O'Bradley,	Mr. Egan.
Woolwich, —	Mr. Edwin.
Zayde, — —	Mrs. Morton.
Jenny, —	Mrs. Wilson.

This little piece is the production of Mr. Pilon, author of *The Invasion*, *The*
R r Li-

Liverpool Prize, and *The Deaf Doctor*.—The fable of the present piece is built upon the passion of Beauclerc, an officer in the garrison, for Ben Hassan's daughter. The action commences a few hours previous to the opening of the batteries at St. Rocque.

The first scene discovers a party of officers over the bottle, in which the favourite song of *How stands the glass around, my Boys*, is introduced, which was highly relished by the audience. During this scene a good deal of laughter is excited by the bulls of Serjeant O'Bradley, an Irishman, who comes with orders from the governor. Upon being asked for a toast, he gives "*The land we live in*," for his native country; and, to improve the blunder, when he perceives that it has raised a laugh, he says, "By my soul I expected as much, for the last time I gave *the land we live in*, it was at sea, and I was served just in the same manner."

The plot then proceeds with the passion of Beauclerc and Zayde, in which Muley, and Ben Hassan's slave discover great ingenuity in promoting the escape of the lovers. Upon the unexpected arrival of his master, he disguises the young soldier in a turban and Moorish habit, and persuades the old man that Beauclerc is his brother, who had been a mute in the seraglio at Constantinople. This scene is worked up by very whimsical circumstances, and had a strong comic effect.

The inside of the garrison is next exhibited, when a good deal of pleasantry and humour pass between Woolwich, a drunken matross, and his comrades, after the demolition of the works at St. Rocque. Woolwich and a party of soldiers come in, drawing on a cask of liquor, supposed to have been given by the governor to the troops for their good behaviour. This scene is very laughable, and terminates with a striking incident, for Woolwich, in the zeal of intoxication, gets astride the cask, in order to prevent his fellow-soldiers from *drinking too much*. In the mean time Ben Hassan, who had long known his daughter's attachment to

Beauclerc, determines to take her privately off to Barbary. This is communicated to them by the faithful Muley, in consequence of which they are intercepted by the patrol when about to embark.

Ben Hassan is taken into a dark room, which he is made believe to be a dungeon, and supposing he was to be immediately executed for maintaining a correspondence with the Spaniards, gives up all his property to his daughter.—Here an eclairsissement takes place, and the piece concludes with the relief of Gibraltar by the English fleet.

The music does Mr. Shield great credit. The overture was most masterly. The accompaniments to *How stands the glass*, &c. were in a style of peculiar taste and spirit. Messrs. Quick, Wilson, Edwin, and Egan were excellent in their several characters, and indeed Mr. Whitefield appeared to great advantage in Muley.

The scenes by Carver and Richards are admirably executed. The entering of Admiral Rodney's fleet into the Bay of Gibraltar is as beautiful a spectacle as has been seen on the stage for some time. The piece was received with universal applause.

LETTER *wrote* to a YOUNG LADY of
a very thoughtful Turn of Mind.

Dear Miss,

AS you have so chearfully complied with whatever I thought would be any ways to your advantage during the time I have been so happy to enjoy your company, I make no doubt but what I shall write will be of some service, if you attend seriously to the perusing of it.

You must now consider you are going into a way of life, which, to oblige you, your mama has condescended to indulge you in, notwithstanding she rather disapproved of it: therefore I hope the tenderness she has always shewn to you will now meet with a return. As the only acknowledgment which parents ever desire is a dutiful be-

behaviour, and perfect obedience to their commands, so no child can ever suppose a parent would desire them to act repugnant to their duty to God or themselves.

Be careful before you undertake any thing of importance ; consult your mama if it is proper for you, as you are sure your interest is more to her than her own, and in her you will always find a truly sincere friend, that will sympathise with you in all your little troubles, and make them more agreeable. But beware of seeking friends in strangers, as they may have, perhaps, some selfish views, and persuade you contrary to prudence.

Remember a thing once said or done can never be retrieved, and that for want of thought you may be led into many errors. Be particularly careful of your character, as a young person like you is as a piece of white paper ; the least blemish is immediately seen, and will be remembered as long as you live : the most exact life afterwards will never obliterate the first stain.

You may be certain the best accomplishments a young lady can acquire are discretion and modesty, as they will always render her amiable. Let prudence always attend your pleasures ; it is the way to enjoy the sweets of them, and not be afraid of the consequences. Be wary, and do not give way to silliness, as that passion will spoil the finest face in the world, as you are certain your superiors will despise you for it, and those who are any ways dependant on you will make no alteration in their behaviour on that account, but rather take a pleasure to ruffle your temper.

In short, never do any thing before you have considered the consequences ; and if you should chuse to receive the same as you are going to do to others, and if you should be persuaded to any step in secret, which would call a blush if known, avoid it as you would a serpent preparing to sting you. I sincerely wish you all happiness, and remain,

Dear Miss,

Your's, &c.

E — K —.

Suite Histoire d'EPAMINONDAS.

(Continued from Page 243.)

DANS le même pays, un songe pareil avoit autrefois coûté la vie à l'infortunée fille d'Agamemnon. Agésilas, qui quelque tems auparavant en avoit eu un de même nature auquel il n'avoit point satisfait, se crut forcé par les mauvais succès qu'il eut la foiblesse d'attribuer à sa desobéissance de congédier ses troupes, & d'abandonner son entreprise. Plusieurs faits célèbres dans la Grèce autorisoient le respect que l'on avoit pour ces effets informes d'une imagination agitée, que l'on confondoit avec la voix des dieux ; mais c'étoit un homme éclairé qui avoit eu le songe dont il s'agit : c'étoit un philosophe versé dans la connoissance des dieux, considérés comme pères & créatures des hommes. Convaincu que le premier Etre, auteur de la raison universelle, qui en communique à notre ame une étincelle, ne peut rien ordonner qui lui soit contraire, il rejettoit tout ce qui ne pouvoit se concilier avec ces principes. L'horreur & la cruauté d'un culte si barbare, lui paroissent incompatibles avec la bonté & la clémence des dieux. Dans ces sacrifices faits pour les apaiser, il ne voyoit que des outrages monstrueux & contre eux & contre l'humanité. D'ailleurs, où trouver sur le champ une vierge jeune & rousse ? De quel pays, de quel sang la demandoit ce songe homicide ?

Toutes ces reflexions font naturellement croire qu' Epaminondas, qui ne pouvoit se résoudre à répandre imprudemment le sang humain, gagna un devin pour prévenir les soupçons d'impiété qu'auroit excité contre lui une desobéissance ouverte.

Epaminondas, Pelopidas, & les autres Béotarques tenoient conseil sur la résolution qu'ils devoient prendre. — Tout étoit bien ordonné & l'embaras alloit bien-tôt finir, une jeune cavale qui n'avoit point été montée, s'échapper d'un lieu voisin, vient au camp en bondissant, & en faisant des hennissemens, qui la firent remarquer de toute l'armée. Elle étoit belle, fière, fougueuse, & les soldats ne se lassoient

point de l'admirer : ce qu'il y eut de plus heureux, c'est que ses crins étoient du roux le plus vif, & le plus parfait que l'on puisse se représenter. Un Devin se trouve là par hasard ; il s'approche, & tandis que l'on étoit embarrassé où trouver la victime.

“Voilà celle que les dieux demandent, seigneurs Béotarques,” dit-il, en leur montrant la cavale ; “n'en cherchez point d'autre ; puisque les dieux s'expliquent eux-mêmes par cette rencontre, faites-leur-en le sacrifice.”

L'explication du devin se répand ; on se saisit de la cavale, on la conduit au tombeau de Scedalus, on la couronne de fleurs, on invoque les dieux, & par forme d'expiation on baigne de son sang cette terre criminelle. Toute l'armée ne douta point que les dieux ne fussent satisfaits.

Il n'en eût pas fallu d'avantage à Agamemnon, & à ceux qui s'étoient réduits par ignorance, ou par une superstition insensée & barbare, à la même extrémité, pour s'épargner la douleur, le crime, & les remords, d'avoir injustement prodigué le sang le plus innocent.

Le sacrifice étant fait, & les présages étant devenus favorables, Epaminondas, pour profiter de ces dispositions, présenta la bataille. La seule vue d'une armée aussi supérieure en nombre que l'étoit celle de Cléombrote à celle des Thébains, eut été capable de décourager les plus braves ; outre qu'elle étoit d'abord beaucoup plus forte, Arcidamus, fils d'Agésilas, l'avoit encore considérablement augmentée par la jonction des troupes, qui avoient été levées dans la Laconie.

Cette multitude d'ennemis n'excita d'autre sentiment dans l'armée Thébaine, que l'espérance d'une victoire d'autant plus glorieuse qu'elle étoit plus difficile. Epaminondas se forma dans un ordre de bataille inconnu jusqu'alors, dont l'invention & la conduite n'appartenoient qu'à un général tel que lui.

Cléombrote avoit rangé son armée en phalange, suivant l'usage des Grecs ; sa cavalerie étoit rangée par escadrons

sur la première ligne de l'aile droite qu'il commandoit.

Epaminondas ne pouvoit raisonnablement espérer de vaincre les Lacédémoniens qu'en excitant parmi eux le désordre & la consternation, par la perte, ou la prise de leur général. C'étoit l'aile gauche des Thébains qu'il devoit attaquer celle où il étoit.

Epaminondas y plaça ses soldats pesamment armés, & ce qu'il avoit de plus braves hommes éprouvés dans la guerre précédente. Il mit à leur tête sur la première ligne le peu de cavalerie qu'il avoit pour faire tête à celle d'ennemi. Il sçavoit que le premier feu des Thébains étoit insoutenable. Il ne douta point qu'ils n'enfonçassent les Lacédémoniens.

Une seule chose étoit à craindre, & ce malheur eût été inévitable pour un général moins prévoyant ; c'étoit que ses troupes ne fussent enveloppées lorsqu'elles chargeroient. Pour remédier à cet inconvénient, Epaminondas dépouillant, pour ainsi dire, son aile droite, à quoi il ne laissa que cinq ou six hommes de hauteur, en fortifia tellement sa gauche, que chaque rang étoit composé de cinquante hommes de hauteur. Il s'étendit ensuite par un mouvement prompt & facile à exécuter, afin de déborder Cléombrote, & de l'attirer à lui en l'éloignant du gros de son armée.

(To be continued.)

* * We beg our friend *Henrietta* to transmit the sequel.

The G O V E R N E S S.

(Continued from Page 265.)

I Confess I by no means thought I could, in the smallest degree make myself suitable to Mrs. Classic, but she seemed to be of a different opinion, as she, without farther hesitation, proposed terms which were not, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson imagined, to be refused. Had I been inclined, indeed, to reject them, Mrs. Masters would not have permitted me. She declared,

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in her lively manner, I should find both profit and diversion in such a family: she, accordingly, insisted upon my acceptance of this new place.

I went to Mrs. Claffie's about eight o'clock in the evening, and found her in her library, sitting before a table covered with books and papers, with a pen in her hand. Mr. Claffie was placed at another table at some distance, pouring out the tea. The young lady sat between them, looking intently on a paper, while she sipped her *bj-jon*, when the servant in waiting announced me.

"Oh! come in, Miss Haywood," said she; "that, I think, is your name. I am very apt to forget such trivial circumstances. You are come in time to assist Mr. Claffie, who *will* have his tea, and as neither I nor Livia can be taken off from our studies upon such an insignificant business, I told him he must make it himself if he would have it; but as you are now here, you may take the office upon yourself.

In consequence of the conclusion of this speech, I advanced towards the tea-table. The master, with great politeness, declined giving me so much trouble, and presenting a cup to me, opened a conversation, to which his daughter appeared not to be inattentive; but her mother reprimanding her sharply for listening to such common-place stuff, bade her mind what she was about—"My daughter," continued she, (addressing herself to me,) "is assisting me in the correction of a treatise I am writing, on the difference between antient and modern manners, a work which, as it will contain a considerable share of erudition, and the most refined critical disquisitions, must be invaluable: and yet Mr. Claffie is perpetually calling me off from these sublime subjects to attend to the most puerile trifles, and has, at this moment, you see, entirely disarranged Livia also, whose head is not, by any means, equal to her mother's.—I charge you, therefore, Haywood," added she, still more emphatically, "to say nothing to her that may in the least

disturb the operation of those ideas which I, with so much care, infuse into her mind; nor to trouble her with domestic affairs, which are only fit for the vulgar, and people who are both low-born and low-bred to think upon. My daughter, who is descended from an antient stock, a family famous for their intellectual attainments, and the extensiveness of their capacities, ought to soar as high as any of her learned ancestors in the regions of literature."

"Well, but though it may be proper," said Mr. Claffie, interrupting her, "for Livia to have a liberal education, it is certainly most proper also for her to be capable of performing every branch of domestic duty; and I dare say this lady (bowing to me) is every way capable of giving her the necessary instructions."

"But I don't want to have her instructed," said Mrs. Claffie: "I have taken Haywood on purpose to do every thing for her."

"That is wrong, that is wrong, indeed, Mrs. Claffie," replied he: "if you will never let your daughter take a needle in her hand, assist in doing the honours of the table, make tea, &c. how should she be able to acquit herself in a becoming manner?"

"I don't desire she should acquit herself at all," answered the lady; "I have told you so a thousand times, and have, therefore, hired a person to take all that trouble off her hands; let her only mind what I teach her, and she will render her name famous thro' the world; she may come to be recorded in history; her life may be written for the instruction and improvement of her sex; and make them, animated with the spirit of emulation, eagerly solicitous to become as scientific as herself."

"To be as ridiculous as herself," cried he, shrugging up his shoulders, and giving me a significant look. "But come, my dear," continued he, turning to his daughter, "lay aside your papers for the present, and let us endeavour to entertain Miss Haywood in the best manner we can."

"Pray,

"Pray, Mr. Claffic," said his lady, "let me beg of you, once more, not to disturb Livia, who is looking over a work of the greatest importance; but since you are desirous of improving Haywood, I will permit Livia to read it to her."

"Well," replied Mr. Claffic, "it is something quite new for a young lady to undertake the improvement of her governess, from whom she ought to receive it."

"Why surely, Mr. Claffic," said she, drawing up her head, "you cannot presume to think that *my* daughter has not more knowledge, I say not only than any other young lady, but than any of those dependant females who call themselves *gouvernesses*—a very improper appellation, in *my* opinion; but it arises entirely from an ignorance of the true meaning of the word. The ignorance of some people, indeed, is excessive and deplorable. But I will give you the real etymology of the word, with its actual derivation and termination in seven languages. To begin with the *Greek*—"

"Hold, hold, my dear," exclaimed Mr. Claffic; "do not let us enter upon so learned a business at present. Miss Haywood is quite a stranger, and as she is now refreshed with a dish of tea, would be glad to see the house, and the apartment which you have allotted to her:—she would also, no doubt, be glad to know where the servants have put her cloaths."

"Why, I believe," said Mrs. Claffic, with a disdainful air, and a look of ineffable contempt, "she has no taste for learned researches, and curious investigations; and, indeed, I did not take her into my house for that purpose; she may, therefore, go and look after her wardrobe; I shall not want her till supper: she may then sit down and help us, by which means I shall be able to read and eat at the same time: but I cannot spare Livia above five minutes."

Glad was I to be dismissed from the library; and I thought that even the young lady did not discover any sort of dislike to the permission of

shewing me my room, which was at the top of the house, in a very dirty condition; and the furniture in it was very old-fashioned and shabby, and seemed to want not only the attention of a housewifely-mistress, but the brushes and labour of a rubbing, scrubbing servant. In short, the whole house exhibited the most striking proof that the mistress of it was too much in the clouds to attend to any earthly affairs; and the servants, taking advantage of her *celestial occupation*, did just what they pleased, followed their own devices, and left the house to take care of itself.

Mr. Claffic, who was so polite as to wait on me to the door of my apartment, (which he had, most probably, never seen before) lifted up his hands and eyes upon leaving me, with a handsome apology for the nastiness which appeared in every part of it, and with which more than one sense was not a little offended. Miss Livia, too, seemed to be ashamed, and said, with a downcast look, "that her mother being always engaged with her books, frequently forgot to give orders to the servants; adding, that she hoped, as I was come to live with them, I would be so good as to see that they did their duty."

I told her, in reply, that I thought a young lady of *her* age, and the daughter of the house, might very properly direct the servants belonging to it, when her mother was either absent or engaged.

"Ayè," replied she, in a mild, good-natured tone, "so I might, Miss Haywood, if my mother could spare me; but you see she takes care to keep me as much engaged as herself: and I must not stay now," continued she, "for she ordered me to come back to her directly."

With these words she hurried away, and left me to contemplate in my garret, for it deserved no better name. Finding no drawers, cabinet, or commode, &c. nothing but an old dirty trunk, with a rusty lock, and without a key, I resolved not to unpack my cloaths, thinking it would be quite need-

needleless employment, concluding, indeed, that I should soon be obliged to remove them to another quarter.

(To be continued.)

THE MATRON.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER LXXXIV.

THE following letter being just come to hand, I shall send it to the press with an answer, for the benefit of those young ladies who may happen to be in the same predicament with the fair writer of it.

To Mrs. GREY.

MADAM,

THOUGH I have reason to believe that you are rather of a serious turn, and have expressed yourself averse to excessive dissipation, as I also believe you are in every respect just opposite to my mother, I flatter myself you will not only read my letter with some attention, but shew some pity for a poor girl who is beset with numberless temptations, and is yet denied the satisfaction of indulging herself in one of them. The true state of the case is this: I have the misfortune to be the daughter of a woman who, though she has had three husbands, and three times as many children—(the number of the muses) still thinks herself handsome. One would be inclined to imagine, indeed, that as eight of them have been nursed to the Lord, as the old women commonly term it, I might derive some advantage from their removal; especially as my father, who was my mother's first husband, left me a genteel fortune on my coming of age, of which I shall in a few years be mistress: I should, therefore, think it reasonable to expect a few pleasures; to expect, that my mother would take me herself, to public places, or permit me to go with some friends to them, in order to enjoy the charming

variety of amusements so much frequented by people of all ages, but which are—(you will, I believe, allow) more calculated to divert the younger part of both sexes.—So far from letting me partake of such amusements, or even now and then in company with some of the most rigid of relations, she will not suffer me to appear at any of them: she locks me up with an old *gouvernante*, who, having past the age for pleasure herself, does all she can to put me out of conceit with it. Believe me, my dear Mrs. Grey, she takes the very worst method in the world, for every thing she says against the pleasures of life serves only to make me long to enjoy them ten times more. Besides, as my mother takes in all the magazines, and as her husband (who is, to do him justice, a quiet man enough) takes in all the newspapers, plays, and pamphlets, &c. &c. I have so many opportunities of reading the most animated description of every scene of the mirthful kind, that I must be a philosopher in petticoats indeed, not to be wild to engage myself in what I am continually reading, so warmly displayed in the most glowing colours. My imagination is naturally fertile, and my ideas are numerous; you will not be surprised, therefore, when I acquaint you with the plans I have formed to go here, and to go there: to be seen at this place, at that place, at every place. You cannot conceive what sweet dresses I have fancied for Ranelagh, the Pantheon, and Carlisle-House, in order to astonish the men with the appearance of a new face among them: and how many lively repartees I have made, at which I have been astonished myself—I have met with an infinite number of adventures; I have been thrown into the most critical situations; I have been powerfully attacked, and I have powerfully repelled: in short, the number of my hairbreadth escapes would amaze you—even you, madam, with all your knowledge of the polite world.—But, alas! all these adventures, situations, attacks, repulses, and escapes are imaginary.

ginary.—Whenever I awake from one of these visions of fancy, and find myself reclined upon a sofa in a dull, dark, dismal back parlour, in a scanty jacket and coat, close cap, with my hair uncurled, and unpowdered, unbraided, and with no creature by me but my old Sibyl poring through her spectacles, I really, like poor Leonora in the Padlock, wish I had a pair of wings, that I might fly out at the window never—never to return. But this is not all the provocation I receive: my mother, though she keeps me in this trim, no better dressed than the daughter of one of her tenants in Cumberland, adorns—or thinks she adorns—her own person in a very expensive manner, in all the variation of the fashion: the most elegant gauzes, nets, flounces, flowers, ribands, laces, trimmings, tiffanies are continually before my eyes, so that I am exactly in the condition of the mortified Tantalus, eagerly gazing at what I am never permitted to enjoy. In short I cannot tell how much longer I shall be able to contain myself, to keep myself within the bounds prescribed to me by my mother, who has really effected a thorough transformation, and has, herself assumed all the gaiety of the girl, while she wishes to infuse the spirit of age and seriousness into her giddy daughter. What is then to be done, my good Mrs. Grey? There are no hopes of any change in my situation, till these tedious four years are expired.—What a barbarous loss of time. Besides, I may be so altered in my person, so ugly, when I am out of my teens, as not to be capable of giving pleasure to any body, nor of receiving it myself. “Youth’s the season made for joy.” Is not my mother cruel then to deprive me of that which she may not have it in her power hereafter? To conclude, if I am confined much longer, I shall—I am sorry to say it—I am afraid I shall be tempted to do something of which I may, perhaps, repent.—I am really apprehensive, my dear madam, that I shall elope; nor can I, in my own opinion, be much blamed: the blame,

indeed, ought to be laid on her who drives me to it.—Let pity, therefore, plead in the behalf of

Your constant reader,

And admirer,

GATTY GAYLESS.

Before I begin to give my opinion of this young lady’s situation, I will freely declare that it is, in some degree, to be pitied. Let me tell her, however, as freely, that I am sure she may, by acting in the manner she hints at, make it much worse: I must also inform her that it is in her own power to render what now appears so disagreeable, the most advantageous circumstance in her life. She is of an age which is most capable of improvement; she is at a time of life when the two sexes should be most attentive to their instructors: but partly from the natural vivacity of youth, its unsteadiness, and its irresistible fondness for pleasure, many young people do not allow themselves sufficient time to study some things, and to practise others: things absolutely necessary for the completion of their education, if they are desirous of being able all-proficients in the several branches of it, as their friends wish them to be. What an almost enviable opportunity then has this young lady, in consequence of her being secluded from company and diversions, of acquiring all the exterior and internal accomplishments with which a female person and a female mind can be embellished! accomplishments, to which others, continually hurrying from one scene of dissipation to another, have not leisure or inclination to attend?—How many hours has she to practise both the vocal and instrumental part of music? How much time has she to touch, and re-touch with her pencil any design, formed by her own fancy, which may be denominated a kind of creation? How many days has she at her disposal, in which she may make herself mistress of any language, and to vary her literary pursuits in the agreeable and improving manner; amusing

musings her imagination with the most entertaining, and enriching her mind with the most instructive compositions, written by the most elegant authors, undisturbed, unembarrassed by the toils of pleasure, and the solitudes of dress!—She who disposes of her time in this rational manner, will lay up a store of knowledge, and intellectual amusement, sufficient to compensate for the want of all those frivolous entertainments which have a natural tendency to satiate those who are the most warm in the pursuit of them; the keenness of disgust commonly keeping pace with the eagerness for enjoyment. By the methods above-mentioned, Miss Gayless, in that *season* which is certainly *made for joy*, may make herself very happy if she pleases, and render herself extremely agreeable to all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance. But what superiority over the triflers of her sex will she gain, when her youth and beauty are gone, without the accomplishments I have pointed out to her attention?—Without them she may have reason to deplore the loss of her personal charms, while no other remain: on the other hand, how may she triumph in the possession of beauties which bid defiance to the depredations of age.

However, whether she is possessed of such beauties or not, she may be assured that an *elopement* will not add any lustre to her attractions, in the opinion of him who takes her upon such terms; he will be, most probably, attracted by her fortune, and not by her person—still less by her mind. Such a man may, perhaps, treat her with civility, if he has tolerable principles; but civility alone will not content the heart of a woman whose sensibility is acute. How much more happiness may Miss Gayless fairly promise herself if she waits *patiently* till she meets with a man who not only loves her with fondness, but esteems her with sincerity; who has good sense enough to admire her more for the improvements of her mind, than for the mere attractions of her person, which, if spared by sickness [the lot of every

human being] must inevitably be injured by time; who admires her for those attractions which will gain strength by increase of years. What madness then is it in my fair, giddy correspondent, to murmur at the excellent opportunity she has to acquire those charms which are the most durable, and which will give her *consequence*, married or unmarried, and make every rational creature ambitious of her acquaintance, and transported with her conversation.

(To be continued.)

The History of the DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

(Continued from Page 210.)

“THE attack was a little strong: Henry did not expect it. I observed him heedfully, and saw his countenance change; but recovering himself immediately, that his mistress might not perceive it, he continued to tell her, in the same tone, that she might spare herself the trouble of having recourse to so many artifices on so slight an occasion.

“Sensibly affected at this reproach, she redoubled her tears, saying, that she plainly perceived she was abandoned, and that doubtless it was to augment her shame and my triumph, that the king had resolved to make me a witness of the severest behaviour that ever was shewn to a woman.

“This thought seemed to plunge her into a real despair.—“By heaven, Madam,” said the king, losing patience, “this is too much!—I know to what all this artifice tends: you want to prevail on me to banish a servant whose assistance I cannot be without: I declare to you if I was reduced to the necessity of chusing to lose one or the other, I would rather part with ten mistresses like you, than one servant such as him.”—He did not forget the term of groom which she had made use of, and was still more offended that she had applied it to a man whose family had the honour to be allied to his own.

“After this harsh speech, the king quitted the duchess suddenly, and was going out of her apartment, without seeming to be moved at the condition he left her in, probably because he knew her well enough to be sensible that all this violence of grief was affectation and grimace.

“As for me, I was so far deceived by it as to be greatly concerned for her, and was not drawn out of this error till Madame de Beaufort, perceiving the king was going to leave her so much offended, that she had reason to apprehend he would never return, changed her behaviour in an instant, ran to stop him, and threw herself at his feet, no longer to impose upon his tenderness, but to sooth him to a forgetfulness of her fault. She began by apologizing for her past conduct, assumed an air of gentleness and complacency, and vowed she never had, nor ever would have any will but his.

“Never was there a change of scene more sudden!—I now saw a woman perfectly agreeable, easy, and compliant, who acted towards me as if all that had just passed had been a dream, and we separated very good friends.”

The duchess of Beaufort, however, still entertained hopes of being queen of France. She employed every artifice which her own cunning, and the more subtle policy of her relations suggested to her, to secure the success of her designs. The king having recovered from a dangerous fit of illness, she engaged his first physician, who was absolutely devoted to her, to persuade him that he could have no more children.

She had practised so successfully upon some of his ministers of state, that they made no scruple to advise Henry to secure the succession by marrying the duchess, and legitimating the eldest of the children which he had by her.

That the king was but too well disposed to admit this counsel, appears by the following conversation which he had with the duke of Sully, who, of all his ministers, was the only one that had

courage and resolution enough to oppose a design so injurious to his honour.

“The king, (says the duke of Sully, in his Memoirs) at certain intervals, appeared so pensive and reserved, that it was not difficult to guess some secret uneasiness preyed upon his mind; and I was the more convinced of it, when his majesty, who often diverted himself with hunting, ordered me twice to follow him apart, that he might have an opportunity of conversing with me alone, yet when I did he was silent.

“I then remembered that the same thing had happened at St. Germain and Angers, and I concluded that he had a design in view, which he had some difficulty to disclose to me, knowing with what freedom I sometimes opposed his opinions; but what his design was I could not guess.—Returning from a visit to the duke of Bouillon, his majesty, being at the foot of the stair-case, saw me as I entered the court, and calling me, made me go with him into the garden, which was extremely large and beautiful, holding my hand with his finger between mine, as usual, then ordered the door to be shut, and that no person should be allowed to enter.

“This prelude made me expect to hear a secret of great consequence.—Henry did not enter upon it immediately; but, as if he had not sufficient resolution to explain himself, began to tell me what had just happened between him and the duke of Bouillon. This conversation was followed by news relating to the negociations of Vervins, and led him insensibly to reflect on the advantages France would receive from a peaceable government.

“One circumstance, the king said, gave him great uneasiness, which was, that not having children by the queen, his wife, it would answer no purpose to be at so much trouble to procure peace and tranquility to the kingdom, since, after his death, it must necessarily fall into its former calamities, by the disputes that would arise between the prince of Condé, and the other

princes of the blood, concerning the succession to the crown.

“ His majesty confessed to me that this was his motive for desiring with such ardor to leave sons behind him ; unless his marriage with the princess Margaret could be dissolved, it was not possible for him to be absolutely happy. But the informations he received from the archbishop of Urbin, Messrs. du Perron, D’Offet, and de Marquemont, his députies at Rome, of the pope’s favourable dispositions in respect to that affair, gave him great hopes of its success. In effect, Clement the Eighth, who was as good a politician as any prince in Europe, revolving in his mind what means were most likely to hinder France and the other Christian kingdoms from falling again into a state of anarchy and confusion, could find none so effectual as to secure the succession to the crown of France, by authorising Henry to engage in a second marriage, which might produce him male children.

“ Our conversation being fixed upon this subject, it was easy for me to perceive that it was from hence his majesty’s uneasiness proceeded ; but I could not so soon know what was the particular thing that disturbed him. The king began to consider with me what princess of Europe he should chuse for a wife, in case his marriage with Margaret of Valois should be dissolved ; but indeed he set out with a declaration that shewed that any reflections on that head would be fruitless.

“ That I may not repent, (said he) of taking so dangerous a step, nor draw upon myself a misfortune, which is, with justice, said to exceed all others, that of having a wife disagreeable in person and mind ; it is necessary that in her I marry I should find these seven things, beauty, prudence, softness, wit, fruitfulness, riches, and a royal birth.”

“ But there was not one in all Europe with whom he appeared entirely satisfied.—“ I should have no objection to the Infanta of Spain, (pursued Henry) altho’ she is a little advanced

in years, provided that with her I could marry the Low Countries, even if I should be obliged to restore the earldom of Bethune ; neither would I refuse the princess Arabella* of England, if, as it is publicly said, that crown really belongs to her, she were only declared presumptive heiress of it ; but there is no reason to expect that either of these things will happen. I have also heard of some princesses of Germany, whose names I have forgot ; but the women of this country do not suit me ; I should always fancy I had a hoghead of wine in bed with me : besides, I have been told that France had once a queen of that country, who had like to have ruined it. All these considerations have given me a disgust to the German ladies. The sisters of prince Maurice have likewise been mentioned to me ; but besides that they are protestants, which would give umbrage to the court of Rome, and the more zealous catholics, they are daughters of a nun, which, together with a certain reason that I will inform you of some other time, has prevented my entertaining any thoughts of them. The duke of Florence has a niece, who is said to be handsome, but she is descended from one of the most considerable families in Christendom, that bear the title of prince, it not being above threescore or fourscore years since her ancestors were only the first citizens of Florence : she is likewise of the same race with the queen mother Catherine, who did so much mischief to France, and to me in particular.”

(To be continued.)

* She was daughter to Charles, earl of Lennox, who was grandson to Margaret, queen of Scotland, eldest sister to Henry VIII. Her cousin german, James VI. king of Scotland, having in 1602 been declared lawful heir to queen Elizabeth, the following year a conspiracy was formed in her favour, and she died in 1616 a prisoner in the Tower of London.

A LETTER from a LADY in the Country to a PHYSICIAN, her near Neighbour, with regard to a particular Case.

S I R,

AS the use of mounds and fences has in all ages obtained, as well for the security of property, as the safety, ornament, and defence of the proprietor, I take the liberty to address you, not as a mechanic or lawyer, but as a doctor of physic, upon the manifest infirmity of your pallisades. You must undoubtedly have observed, in your perambulations towards the little edifice at the bottom of your garden, that they have been for some time in a declining, cachectic state; that there is a manifest decay of the fluids, and that the solids have lost their tone and elasticity. But while you yourself were taken up in the contemplation of the human fabric, it could not be expected that this shattered frame should claim much of your attention, and therefore Mrs. —, in your absence, has sometimes assayed the medical art in support of the tottering edifice. Her practice was chiefly some of the woods, with great quantities of steel, and other astringents, which she generally administered with her own hands. But as her remedies were sometimes pretty violent, and at best but topical or palliative, they only shattered the weaker and more contiguous fibres, and by plaistering and patching up the unsound parts for a while, precipitated the ruins of the whole:—as scarcloths, on a weakly person, seem to strengthen one part, while they debilitate all the rest. However, she did what she could on so frail a subject; but having at first mistaken the case, and seeing your unwillingness to be called in, 'tis no wonder she missed of the cure. In the mean time, several eminent persons, who have looked upon the infirm and deplorable state of your frontier, have considered the case in different lights: some imputing it to the total decay of the radical moisture; others to the manifest defects of the stamina; others to the violent shocks and concussions of neighbouring bodies;

but the more judicious to worms. In short, whatever the cause be, the cure is only to be expected from you; which I fear nothing but the most powerful alteratives can bring about.

I am sensible a ruin has a very good effect in a prospect, and I would by no means have your garden defective of ornament: but you have already on the south side a malt-house magnificently shattered; on the north a barn or hovel in its last perfection; besides Dragon's kennel in the western view; so that you want no decoration of this sort; and, indeed, can have no pretence for not making a general discharge of the morbid matter, and thoroughly purging the whole system. If you were to have a consultation, the whole faculty, I am persuaded, would be of this opinion.

Indeed it is not for me to direct so able-minded a physician in the minutest part of his art, and I should have been entirely silent on this head, if I was not myself a sufferer in the calamitous scene. But having long since satisfied my eyes and ears with seeing and hearing in public, I would now gladly pass the rest of my time in silence and obscurity; but those lamentable fractures and disjoinings in your partition-fence expose me to all the world. Many, whom your skill in the laws of motion (particularly the peristaltic) has sent on hasty errands to the bottom of your garden, have stopped short to contemplate me in my hortensical operations, to the obstruction of your physical ones. Sometimes I have been surprised with a paddle, or some other instrument of husbandry in my hand, generally in some ignoble occupation, and always in dishabille. 'Tis true these dreadful chasms, in return, naturally enlarge my views, and discover to me objects well worthy the observation of a philosopher. Thus

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Let's in new light thro' chinks which time
has made.

I say, thro' the gaps and breaches of this corruptible fabric, I have seen you, Sir, busied in contemplation of the works

works of nature, and Mrs. ——— in those of art; but then it must be sufficiently mortifying to be seen myself in (the last light in which our sex would chuse to be seen) an undress. However, seeing you so regardless of the weak fence between us, as if you chose to be under no restraint or bounds, but were for having all things in common; I say, finding there were little hopes from the physician, I, one day, applied myself to Mr. —, whom every body knows to be a gentleman of a fair character, and well skilled in chirurgical operations. I shewed him the fractions, dislocations, strains, &c. here a rotten member, and there a limb quite dropped off, and the whole tending to a mortification and putrescence; but indeed to very little purpose. He likewise was for repeating the palliatives; for bracing up, strengthening, and corroborating the weaker parts; and, in short, what with plaistering, patching, trepanning, and other terms of art, he put me out of all patience. I left him with some indignation, (as well knowing the surgeon is always in fee with the physician) and resolved, from that moment, to apply myself to you, from whom only I expect a cure, and that too by total excision.

And now, in this miserable situation, good doctor, behold your frontier!—Naturally of a thin, scurvy habit, and now in advanced age, attended with a constant trepidation, lowness, and sinking, subject to violent paroxysms, and even epilepsies in a north-easterly wind; and, in short, by length of time, and inclement seasons, reduced to the last stages of an atrophy. And will you thus suffer the ornament and defence of your person and house to sink in ruin, and not stretch out your healing hand to build it up again?—Give us then a cast of your art in support of this miserable sinking frame. But if the case is too far gone, and, (as I fear) absolutely out of the reach of physic, nothing remains but that you convince the world of the effect of your lyre, and, like a true son of Apollo, make the stones

dance up into a wall, as a standing monument of your fame to future ages.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

P. S. There has lately appeared a little swelling, tumor, or protuberance, (called by the Italians *Terraccia*) of a livid colour, and quite schirrous, upon the extremities of the bottom of your garden, which is extremely offensive to me; in that the spectator has from thence a full view of that little temple of ours, dedicated to Cloacina. But as Mr. ——— has brought it to a state of maturation, I hope you will take proper methods to disperse it, as I would by no means have the mysteries of *that* goddess exposed.

*A curious old ANECDOTE relating to the
CITIZENS of LONDON.*

AFTER the death of Henry V. his young son Henry VI. was crowned in France. On his return to England, the citizens of London expressed their loyalty in a very extraordinary manner.—The lord mayor, dressed in crimson velvet, with a large furred hat, a girdle of gold about his waist, and a bawdrick of gold about his neck, waving down his back, met the royal infant on Black-Heath. He was followed by three horsemen, dressed in scarlet and silver, and attended by the aldermen, in scarlet gowns and crimson hoods, while the citizens were clothed in white gowns and scarlet hoods, with the symbol belonging to each mystery richly embroidered upon their sleeves. They were all on horseback, and from thence preceded his majesty to London, where he was received with the utmost pomp. The city, on this occasion, was decorated with rich silks and carpets, and on the bridge, and in the streets thro' which the cavalcade passed, were erected a variety of stately pageants, filled with persons representing the muses, graces, and sciences, and from these pageants orations were made, and concerts performed

formed of vocal and instrumental music. Two days after, the lord mayor and aldermen attended the king at Westminster, and presented him with a golden hamper, containing 1000*l.* in nobles.

A remarkable LAW passed in the REIGN of HENRY VI.

THE most remarkable law which passed in this reign, was that for the due election of members of parliament in counties. After the fall of the feudal system, the distinction of tenures was in a great measure lost; and every freeholder, as well as those who held of mesne lords, as the immediate tenants of the crown, were by degrees admitted to give their votes at elections. This innovation was confirmed by a law of Henry IV. which gave right to such a multitude of electors, as was the occasion of great disorder. In the eighth and tenth of this king, therefore, laws were enacted, limiting the electors to such as possessed forty shillings a year in land, free from all burden, within the county. This sum was equivalent to near twenty pounds a year of our present money; and it were to be wished that the spirit, as well as the letter of this law had been maintained.

The preamble of the statute is remarkable—"Whereas the elections of knights have, of late, in many counties in England, been made by outrageous and excessive numbers of people, many of them of small substance and value, yet pretending to a right equal to the best knights and esquires; whereby man-slaughter, riots, batteries, and divisions among the gentlemen and other people of the same counties, shall very likely rise and be, unless due remedy be provided in their behalf, &c."—We may learn from these expressions what an important matter the election of a member of parliament was now become in England: that assembly was beginning in this period to assume great authority: the commons had it much in their pow-

er to enforce the execution of the laws; and if they failed in their duty in this particular, it proceeded less from any exorbitant power of the crown, than from the licentious spirit of the aristocracy, and perhaps from the rude education of the age, and their own want of a due sense of the advantages resulting from a regular administration of justice.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE ridicule that is daily made of my sex in the news-papers, &c. &c. by the gentlemen, is enough to provoke the patience of any female, as some of them are equally deserving of ridicule themselves.

You must know, Sir, I am a young woman lately married, and, as I thought, to a very handsome young man, but was unhappily convinced of my mistake; for a short time after our marriage, being seated in the parlour, I was surprised by the entrance of my little monkey in great haste, and with his face covered with *rouge*. My husband immediately followed in a violent passion, when, to my great surprise, I perceived he had no teeth, and upon a second survey, instead of a fine blooming complexion, beheld that of a mulatto. At first sight I could scarcely believe it was he; but his voice soon convinced me it was, frightened to death.

I flew out of the room, with an intention of instantly repairing to my chamber, but seeing the door of my husband's dressing-room open, I ventured to step in, and beheld the relics of false teeth, *rouge*, white paint, &c. &c. scattered in different parts of the room. It seems the occasion of this disaster was my husband's being engaged for the evening, on which account he was preparing to appear with fresh lustre; but happening to be absent a moment from his toilet, Pug, willing to be as handsome as his master, made free with some of his *rouge*; but, being rather clumsy, unfortunately

fortunately overfet the whole fabric ; which my husband hearing, and going to revenge himself on the poor animal, was the reason of his appearing before me with fuch a horrible phiz, and which fo frightened me, that I have hardly been able to ftir out of my chamber fince.

If you think the above curious particular worthy of a place in your agreeable Magazine, of which I am a conftant reader, you will by inserting it much oblige

Your humble fervant,
MARIA RUSTIC.

The TRUE POINT *of* HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(*Translated from the French.*)

By a LADY.

(*Continued from Page 124.*)

LETTER LV.

From the Countefs de SOLMES, in reply to the laft Letters of M. NORTHON.

HEAVENS! the agitations you have experienced have been violent indeed. I have read your letters ten times over, and every time I trembled as much as if I had been a fpectatrefs of all the events which you describe fo minutely. I am obliged to you for not apprifing me of the danger of your nephew till it was over. You have fpared me a great deal of trouble : but do not infer from hence that I would participate only in the pleasures of my friends : I folemnly proteft that I fhould always have enjoyed a real fatisfaction in fharing or in diminishing their burthen ; but on this occafion my concern could only have heightened your's. You have forefeen it, and have acted accordingly, and very kindly in this fingle instance. Had I been at Paris, and in a condition to confole you, I fhould have regarded your referve as fomething criminal. At laft, then, my dear Eliza is near the end of her troubles : I muft

confefs that for a girl of her age fhe has experienced very great ones ; as you have faid before, that even a part of what fhe has felt, would have been too much for any other perfon of her age. Really, now thefe incidents are over, I cannot be concerned that fhe felt them. Happinefs lofes all its falt ; it palls when uninterrupted ; and to give it a relifh, it is neceffary to have tafted mifery. As I have grounds to think you have informed her of every thing, when you receive this letter, I beg you would fhew it to her. Tho' it might appear fomewhat inhuman to rejoice on account of her fufferings, I have a watchful eye over all her actions. Your filence with refpect to thefe points, makes me think that you are in want of further information. Do not delay one moment between the reception of this and your answer. If your hand fhould deny you this kindnefs by fatigue, employ an amanuensis : you ought to make the fame allowances for my curiofity as you would for your own. My kindeft refpects to all your friends. Do not leave the Marquis out, whom I have a great regard for, though I am not acquainted with him.

LETTER LVI.

From Mad. NORTHON to the Countefs de SOLMES.

My dear Countefs,

I Begin this *letter*, or rather this *volume*, but every one of us will have a hand in it. I enquired for news before I fat down to write, for it would fignify nothing to tell you that Northon is cured. I am perpetually in fear leaft Northon fhould flipe through our fingers ; fear has made fuch ftrong impreffions on my mind. Really he is well ; very well indeed. I faid before I was going to begin a volume, and that without fearing to give you *ennui*. I refume the fubject at the period in which I finifhed my laft letter.

The Marquis and my brother politely complied with the request made them to take a few hours reft, and they fo

so literally fulfilled it, that they laid down in their cloaths. Their former want of sleep betrayed them: they staid till the next morning, buried in so profound a sleep, that I thought it would have been a pity to wake them; and had they been between the sheets, I should have let them take another revolution of a day and night.

A domestic who entered their chamber awaked them, to inform them that Northon was going for the first time to take some refreshment. This news set our sleepers upon their legs, and as one might enter in without interrupting their *toilette*, I appeared at the door, and informed my brother how long he had slept. 'Till this moment the Marquis was so absorbed in grief, that he could scarcely distinguish me from my women. When he recovered, after expressing some doubts of the good estate of his friend, he began to ask my pardon for appearing before me in so great a dishabille; and indeed his dress was not fit to shew his person to any advantage; his hair was all in confusion; his beard as black as that of a capuchin novice, and from its length, seemed to promise that it would not do any dishonour to that order; he had likewise two mustachios, which would have had their effect had they been suffered to grow. His linen was soiled; in some places bloody, from his not thinking to change it, or our not offering a change; the rest of his dress resembled that of a man who had laid *rough* for a whole week. A large pier glass which he had not noticed before, showing him in his present form, he cried out, and made his excuse, as I said before. My dress, and my brother's, were not much more elegant; and after diverting ourselves with our respective appearances, the Marquis begged us to send a servant to his house to fetch his valet de chambre.

I have not informed you of my curiosity to know from the Marquis the causes of an event which seemed so mysterious: you may judge of mine by your own; and you will learn from me to endeavour to restrain it; for I

was obliged to go to Eliza, who might have been alarmed at my staying any longer. I entered again into our room, whither the Baron came to us some hours after, to beg us to repair to the *toilette*.—"Are we going out, dear Sir?" said the recovering patient.

"No," replied he, "but you may, perhaps, receive a visit, which will not be disagreeable to you, because I expect a messenger with news from M. Northon and his son. But this is not all, for I cannot keep any secrets from you; he gives us room to expect him here in three or four hours. Northon has expatiated on your charms, and he would be sorry that the gentleman, who is a friend of his, should be able to accuse him of exaggeration."

"Are you not under a mistake?" said she. Is it possible that he should forget my cousin?"

"I love you for your jealousy, replied her father; it is a good sign: dress yourself immediately, and I shall go out, to leave you at liberty to do it."

We were scarcely by ourselves when I saw some tears steal from Eliza's eyes. "My dear friend, said she, I am going to unbosom myself without the least reserve. I love Northon, I can never love any one but him. If I did not depend on a parent, whose will shall always be an inviolable, a sacred law to me, I would add, that I would never marry any other. Yet, notwithstanding my inclination, what must I feel in giving my hand to him, till at least I am well secured against a relapse? Can he see Miss D'Erlac again without danger?"

"Away with these unseasonable delicacies, said I, Northon does not stand in need of your indulgence in that respect: his cure is radical, but in courtship, which has the sanction of duty, our sentiments should be manly and less squeamish, or else a marriage which might be the most happy would be in danger of being sowed with bitterness."

"Certainly it is owing to those inevitable bitterneesses to a heart like yours, which have estranged you from an attachment."

"You

"You forget, replied I, what the Baron has told you on that head. At an age when it was seasonable to think of marrying, I was too much taken up with you to think to share with a husband that tenderness which I had devoted to you: at present, when I am verging towards the autumn of life, I have passed the season for taking a master; a maid of three and thirty is an old maid, who should give over all thoughts of captivating; and besides, you are sufficient for my heart."

Eliza made no reply, but ran into my arms overwhelming me with the most tender caresses, and saying a thousand handsome things of my person: but certainly she looked through that end of the glass which magnifies objects. I should not have troubled you with the repetition of our conversation, were it not for the consequences which attended it; for when I told it to her father, the Baron, with a grave air, said that he would marry me.

"I shall not be much afraid of that," answered I, laughing, "while I shall not think of marriage myself: that is not one of the things which people do against their wills."

"It is in my power to force you to it," replied the Baron; "but I flatter myself I shall have no occasion to make use of my cannon against a place in which I keep some intelligence.—Let us change the subject. I approve of your dress," my dear, said he, turning to his daughter: "you could do no less, out of respect to one who comes from M. Northon. He is one whom I should have chosen for my son, had I lost my prodigal; and I shall not be easy a single moment till I have united him to the best and most worthy of my female friends."

The Baron quitted the room on saying these words, and left me in such a confusion as I cannot express. Surely this fancy could never have entered the head of the Marquis, who has scarcely seen me! I was apprehensive of the Baron's frankness and warmth; he was capable to offer me to his friend, together with some part of his own fortune. He did not leave me time

enough to rally my scattered ideas. I had scarcely collected them, when he entered again, leading the Marquis by the hand. I blushed monstrously, and I must have appeared to him both awkward and silly. What does this mean, my lady?—Am I in love with this gentleman?—That would certainly be very odd, and very ridiculous for one of my age!

Though you should indulge the suspicion, and increase my fears, (for, joking aside, I have real ones) I think the man is well made, and you thought so yourself. This reflection encourages me. You have done him justice, and I do so too—But that signifies nothing—I am quite calm—besides, his attachment for my nephew ought to raise him, in my eyes, above those that are indifferent. Our conversation turned only upon the father and his son, whose arrival, he announced, would be very soon. The physicians assure us that every thing which can give him pleasure will prove the best balm to close his wounds, and the Baron has given it me in charge to lead his daughter gradually to the knowledge of what has passed. The Marquis's visit was but short, and he has left Eliza very much prejudiced in his favour. She is incessantly speaking of him, which appears as odd to me as my own sentiments for him. Pray what can they be founded upon? Upon his friendship for my nephew?—Heigh-ho! but can I do less, when he has saved his life? Thus we are entirely engrossed by mere nothings, and a *bagatelle* turns aside our thoughts from the most serious things. Has not this young man of thirty deranged his affairs? Would he not have sold himself, to retrieve them, to a woman whom he does not like? What a shocking thing! Indeed I was foolish enough to imagine that a man in such circumstances could even have made a scratch on my heart!—I laugh, at present, at the folly.

The Baron has staid with his daughter to give me time to write this letter, which I shall conclude by informing you of what happened in the inter-

view ; after which I shall give up the pen to the gentlemen, to explain the mystery, for so it is to me, for certainly they are let into the secret ; but I should have staid away too long from Eliza to hear the eclaireissement ; and all the time that Northon was in danger I could think of nothing else.

(To be continued.)

An ESSAY on RESIGNATION.

Is Resignation's lesson hard ?

Examine, we shall find

That Duty gives up little more

Than anguish of the mind.

YOUNG.

OF all those blessings which originate in the mysterious fountain of redemption, and flow to mankind through the gospel of peace, the duty and grace of *resignation* is, assuredly, the most valuable. It is through the assistance of this visitant that we are enabled to yield passive obedience to the all-wise Disposer, and providential disposition of all sublunary events ; and it is on this basis that the beautiful structures of present satisfaction and eternal felicity are erected. When our breasts are tortured by discontent, soured by disappointment, or chagrined by calamity, one look of this heaven-born cherub puts anxiety to flight, and opens a door to easy quiet, calm peace, and pleasing satisfaction. In short, it is the only restorative for fallen, sinful man ; the sole *catholicon* that expels the fever of uneasiness, or abates the rage of passion. By resignation, as above described, I understand a cheerful, ready acquiescence with the issues of providence, as well when they oppose, as when they coincide with our favourite schemes, wishes, or inclinations.

A moment's reflection will easily point out to us both the difficulty of obtaining, and the utility of possessing this temper ; and it is to excite the most ardent desires after it, and the most vigorous efforts to obtain it, that I now sit down to throw together a

few obvious reflections, which tend to elucidate and recommend this virtue.

Considered as a Christian duty, it has its foundation in that divine precept, which enjoins the pious petition *Thy will be done*, and in the apostolic exhortation—*in every thing give thanks*. Had it no other basis in those lively oracles, these already noticed are sufficient to establish it an universal duty, and prove its necessity beyond dispute. To this, if I may be permitted to add a real and encouraging truth, that the divine will and our interest always coincide, it may serve as a valuable recommendation of that obedience, which every precept of the everlasting gospel claims at our hands.

If we attend to reason, it points out cheerful submission to a merciful Creator, and the dispensations of his providence as an essential obligation. The very idea of an universal parent, ordering every dispensation, is inseparably connected with the reasonableness of resignation to each of these dispensations, especially when we add the additional reflection, that when permitted to indulge our own wishes, to break over the fence of moral rectitude, and riot in disobedience, that permission always subjected us to some supernumerary uneasiness, which more than doubled every satisfaction the indulgence imparted.

This last reflection is as strongly rooted in experience, as it is countenanced by reason. Would we but seriously examine ourselves, after we had given way to any suggestion of folly or enticement of discontent, we should find its truth strongly recorded in that useful volume. Indeed reason and experience reciprocally act the part of the mirror and the substance, and each shews the other that their evidences are true, and their assertions real.

The necessity of obedience to this duty being established, its reasonableness will appear self-evident to an attentive mind. A kind father, from a principle of love and wisdom united, has ordained that resignation should be the test of unfeigned gratitude to him, and the cement that unites to us our

own happiness. By boldly warring with our wrong desires, manfully resisting our irregular inclinations, and steadily adhering to the voice of reason, we evidence our obedience to the plan of Providence, our value of integrity, and aptitude for those blissful regions where discontent never comes.

This was the path in which the great Captain of our Salvation walked before us. He quitted perfect happiness for a life of pain, shame, and contempt, in order that he might purchase peace and happiness for us; and he evidences his kindness to us still more expressly, by making the condition so much easier to us than it was to himself: we are only enjoined to forsake our own misery, and embrace our own happiness. Should we minutely examine into the nature of sufferings, we should find them comprehended under the two heads of active and passive obedience; the former of which is fulfilled by steadily performing whatever we are enjoined to suffer when it lies, as it were, out of our way; and the latter by cheerfully submitting to all those disagreeable circumstances of sickness, poverty, contempt, disappointment, and malice, which an all-wise Creator sees good to lay upon us.

But here we would do well to observe, that many of the ills and calamities of life originate in our own unguarded wishes, and heedless misconduct. These ought not to be imputed to a beneficent Creator, nor attributed to an unkind Providence: and yet they claim a more than ordinary share of resignation, with a particular attention to avoid, and an extraordinary caution to defeat the bad consequences of such follies and such errors.

We should also take notice, that tho' suffering constitutes a part of the business of life, it constitutes no more than a part of it. Indulgent heaven has ordained that much of our time should be employed in the necessary duties, the pleasing attentions, and the more agreeable pleasures of humanity. That part which is selected for the storms of life is not devoid of the marks

of infinite love, as it was ordained to act as a gentle alternative, to prevent our feeling the bad consequences of prosperity, or setting our affections on things below.

Should we add to this the necessary but much neglected reflection, that the joys of this life are joys of conquest, it would act in the double capacity of an incitement and a proof. Both stir us up to universal obedience, and prove the necessity we have for resignation, in order to our being content here, and blessed hereafter.

Without doubt resignation is the perfection, as well as the criterion of virtue. Whoever is not virtuous cannot be resigned, and whoever has a measure of virtue, has, in the same degree, a measure of submission to his Creator's will.—This admitted, it proves the excellence of this grace, the utility of virtue, and that we should not despise, but cherish the least glimpse of both.

Some zealous partizans of resignation contend that every ardent wish is a wrong wish, and their arguments have in them much of plausibility. But least some might be hurt by this assertion, and induced to look upon the Christian religion as stoical and severe, I shall beg leave to wave the discussion of this point, and substitute the following succedaneum, which may serve tolerably well in most common occurrences. Whenever we find ourselves under the influence of any violent wish, and want to know whether that vehemence is wrong or not, we should have respect to the object of that wish, and the measures we are ready to adopt in consequence of it. If its object be the welfare of the community in general, or any individual in particular, and the measures we adopt in consequence of it be such as are authorized by reason and revelation, we need not, in this state of imperfection and mortality, make ourselves unhappy about the notions of others.

Indeed, in the invisible and eternal state of happiness and bliss, we shall meet with things widely different.—There we shall either have no more

or our wishes will be gratified as soon as created. This is essential to perfect happiness, as it is universally agreed that every ardent or unsatisfied wish implies unhappiness: but as we are unacquainted with the œconomy of that endless and blissful state, we are able to draw no certain and conclusive arguments from these premises.— One thing is obvious, and it is also necessary to our present satisfaction, I mean resignation to that station of life we are placed in, and to those contingencies of Providence which may fall to our lot. This is a duty from which none are exempted. Few, indeed, pursue it with sufficient earnestness, because, apprehensive of the difficulty of obtaining it, or unacquainted with the blessings that attend it; but the former will vanish before patient endeavours, and the latter afford a reward which will more than repay all the toil.

Borwer.

T. P—K.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of GENTLEMENS NAMES in LEEDS, Page 268.

1. Billham. 2. Waddington. 3. Smithson. 4. Sturdy. 5. Samson.
6. Teale. 7. Pearson. 8. Mirfield.
9. Brayley. 10. Peacop. 11. Sifon. 12. Hardwick. 13. Whitaker.
14. Carter. 15. White. 16. Wilkinson. 17. Rhodes. 18. Williams.
19. Oats. 20. Cockell.

PATIENCE C—M.

* * * Angelica K—n. Dorothea. Priscilla, Antonietta, Henrietta. Second-Sight. Trim. Marescotti. Laura. Petronilla. Adonica. Joan S—. Enzetta. P—e. S—r. W—D—n. Harriott, &c. have likewise honoured us with solutions, which agree with Patience, &c.

Enigmatical List of TOWNS in KENT

1. A tree, and the title of a nobleman, changing a letter.

2. A fruit, and the entrance of a house, changing a letter.
3. A number of trees.
4. Two fifths of an infernal spirit, a vowel, and a consonant.
5. A Poet.
6. A point of the compass, half a wooden hammer, and a fish.
7. A heavy weight, and part of a musical instrument.
8. A harmless bird, and a consonant.
9. A composed countenance, one fifth of a venomous reptile, and a conclusion.
10. A virgin, two fifths of a weight, and a singular number.
11. The reverse to old, a liquor, changing a letter, half the reverse to yes, and two thirds of part of the human frame.
12. A disorder, changing a letter, a serpentine letter, and a standing dish.

A CONSTANT READER.

Enigmatical List of the GENTLEMEN of IPSWICH, in SUFFOLK.

1. Two fourths of what makes a good pudding, and a cross letter.
2. A liquor that is frequently used when a company is dancing.
3. Three ninths of nonsensical talk, and a male child.
4. Two sevenths of a province of the United Netherlands, and half of seven days.
5. The sharp part of a weapon.
6. Two thirds of a beast, an occasional vowel, and the ladies favourite liquor, leaving out a letter.
7. A character in King Henry the Eighth.
8. Two fourths of a gaming utensil, and half a small village in Kent.
9. A water fowl, and a vowel.
10. Three sevenths of happiness, and half a town in Norfolk.
11. A beast, changing a letter, and three sevenths of what highwaymen generally come to.

CLARISSA and CLEOPATRA.

POETI-

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE for his MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, June 4, 1780.

Written by WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;
Poet-Laureat, and set to Music by Mr.
STANLEY, Master to the King's Band of
Musicians.

STILL o'er the deep does Britain reign,
Her monarch still the trident bears:
Vain-glorious France, deluded Spain,
Have found their boasted efforts vain,
Vain as the fleeting shades when orient light
appears.

As the young eagle to the blaze of day,
Undazzled and undaunted, turns his eyes,
So unappall'd, where glory leads the way,
'Midst storms of war, 'midst mingling seas
and skies,

The genuine offspring of the Brunswick name
Proved his high birth's hereditary claim,
And the applauding nation hail'd for joy
Their future hero in the intrepid boy.

Prophetic as the flames that spread
Round the young Iulus' head
Be that blest omen of success; the muse
Catches thence ecstatic views,
Sees new laurels nobly won
As the circling year rolls on:

Sees that triumphs of its own
Each distinguish'd month shall crown;
And, ere this festive day again
Returns to take the grateful strain,
Sees all that host of foes

Both to her glory and repose,
Bend their proud necks beneath Britannia's
yoke, [broke.
And court that peace which their injustice

Still o'er the deep shall Britain reign,
Her monarch still the trident bear;
The warring world is leagued in vain
To conquer those who know not fear.

Grasp'd be the spear by ev'ry hand,
Let ev'ry heart united glow:
Collected, like the Theban band,
Can Britain dread a foe?

No, o'er the deep she still shall reign,
Her monarch still the trident bear;
The warring world is leagued in vain
To conquer those who know not fear.

The GLOW-WORM.

An EMBLEM.

By the AUTHOR of SHAKESPEARE.

I.

THOU ray-clad insect of the night,
From whence dost steal thy silver light?
Thou emblem fair of truth divine,
That in thyself art seen to shine;
When error's night is on thee set
Then brighter do you soon beget.

II.

None ever sees thy guiding spark
But he who wanders in the dark;
We never should thy being know
Did not the shade thy presence show:
If always day were to remain,
You might be crush'd by careless swain.

III.

Thus darkness—it is all we see—
Preserves existence unto thee,
And truth no longer would appear
Unless by error's gloom made clear;
Therefore, ye carping wifings vain,
At nature never dare complain.

IV.

Ask now no more why falsehood, pain,
Should our creation's fairness stain?
Why beauty should attended be
By hideous, foul deformity?
Lest glow-worm answers that you were
Created to contrast the fair.

A SON'S ELEGY on the loss of a MOTHER.

WHERE is fled the charm of life? All
nature mourns! [range;
In pensive, scarce-moving steps the flocks
The lambs bleat accents mournful as my song;
Why cease your gambols?—Yonder is your
dam—

There lies my mother in yonder earth-vault!
I should indeed be sad—you should be merry.
Come, trip along—be cheartful—I want mirth.
You hear or heed me not! then fare you well!

That's kind, sweet lark!—those notes are
gay—sing on! [send you?
What! does my voice chill your's?—Why de-
Your notes are falling with yourself to nest!
You need not to have dreaded ought from me:
Your younglings I would have guarded, not
ta'en:

I would

I would have been to them a second mother,
Guarding, preserving them from ev'ry danger:
I know the loss, and therefore this my kind-
ness—

You would not trust me! I have none to trust!

The noise of yon cascade displeases me:
It seems to be more in anger than sorrow.
The murmurings of yon pebbled brook please:
I'll sit me down, and listen to them.—Hark!

hark!

[ther!

They have lost something too—perhaps a mo-
The winds are sighing! Are they mother-left?
The clouds come slowly on, and mourning-
clad—

Perhaps they're going to entomb a mother!
Why bend so dismally to the stream, willow?
Have you a mother lying at your feet?
I see in the church-yard a yew and cypress!
Sure they have not appear'd since she left me!
I never saw them until this sad time!
I look'd not for them—I was then too cheer-
ful!—

Ah! cling, thou ivy, to thy matron-wall!
Let her not drop to earth before her time—
Although she is old, she is your support—
You could not live but in embracing her.
I would I had a mother to embrace!

Ah! trees, why do you tremble?—change
colour?

[tears!

Your leaves are dropping dew while I drop
If 'tis in sympathy I then must thank ye;
But if in mockery, you are cruel!

The swallow skims the brook—shrieks as she
passes,

[struck!

Nor stays to dip her wing!—She's sorrow-
The herds were wont to low in yon meadow,
Now they stand ruminating in yon pool!

I would take out my pipe to cheer nature,
But that it would refuse its cheering tones:
Nothing but melancholy would it breathe!
But why do I impose this grief on all?

It is for me to sigh—It is my loss!
No birds, beasts, trees, streams, nor flowers
should rue;

[closet

Therefore I'll leave them, and retire into my
To read her epitaph, which I have there co-
pied.

EPI TAPH ON ELIZABETH W—N.

Here rests Eliza W****n's mortal part,
Her rising soul by angels was upborne,
And with it went that fond, that noble heart,
Which felt for all the friendless and forlorn.

Pattern for—I cannot read further!

A V A R I C E triumphant over L O V E.

A LONZO's pensive looks declare
His heart-distracting grief:
Unhappy youth! may lenient time
Afford his woes relief!

Ere while in smiling rounds of joy
His circling hours flew;
Uninterrupted scenes of bliss
Seem'd op'ning to his view.

His temper, gen'rous, mild, and free,
Had made the swain belov'd;
His sprightly sense and pleasing form
All those that knew approv'd.

No care disturb'd his tranquil breast,
Content sat on his brow,
But ah! forlorn and wretched youth,
The case is alter'd now!

He lov'd, alas! he lov'd a maid,
In beauty's gayest pride,
In humble strains his suit preferr'd—
His suit was not deny'd.

Propitious smiles the fair bestow'd,
And lent a gracious ear:
Th' enraptur'd lover lavish'd gifts
Upon his artful dear.

Their friends agreed, the day was fix'd,
And vows of endless truth
The treach'rous charmer often gave
The unsuspecting youth.

But mark th' event—a richer man,
A worn-out debauchee,
In manners and in form uncouth,
Address'd the faithless she.

Her hand he sought in abject terms,
And all his wealth display'd;
For gold she broke her plighted faith,
He gain'd the perjurd maid!

Alonzo heard the killing news,
Yet heard without belief;
But convinc'd 'twas really so
What words can paint his grief!

A thousand nameless feelings join
His troubled soul to vex,
And for the sake of one false girl,
He execrates the sex.

Perfidious Kitty finds no peace,
But 'midst her splendor weeps,
Nor will her sad remorse have end
'Till in the grave she sleeps.

From hence, ye fair, learn to despise
The sordid views of gain,
For, trust me, wealth is not exempt
From misery and pain.

Let nothing tempt you to desert
A virtuous worthy youth;
Tho' fortune frown, yet heaven will smile
And thus reward your truth.

FANNY B—

LINES wrote by a discarded and disconsolate LOVER, on seeing the native Place of his MISTRESS for the first Time, and to her most humbly inscribed.

HAIL happy town! that boasts the birth
Of so much beauty, so much worth!
Of so much sweetness, so much grace!
Hail this my Betsy's native place;
Whom mistress Nature's soft'ring care,
And partial hand hath form'd so fair,
That she (so kind the dame hath been)
For to be lov'd need but be seen;
Possess'd her with a face divine,
And eyes which do the sun outshine;
A most engaging, 'witching mien,
Of all the graces made her queen;
Withheld no charm she could impart
To please or captivate the heart;
Not sparing e'en her sacred store,
But in her mind did lavish pour
Such brilliant wit, such native fire,
As youths and sages both admire;
Bestow'd upon her all she cou'd
That's either amiable or good,
Which lovely work of Nature's hands
Amidst her sex unrivall'd stands.

Hail! happy place! that boasts the birth
Of so much beauty, so much worth!
Such worth! to paint it numbers fail!
Hail! happy town! hail! Hertford, hail!
And as tho' thy ambient air
Diffus'd from this enchanting fair
Enchantment fill'd—when distant more
Than a full mile—and long before.
Such strange emotions in my breast
Arose, as scarce can be express'd,
Unaccountable, but by George,
My heart, that beat just like a forge,
And as thy hallowed paths I tread,
Each way I take, the lovely maid
Seems just before me—I with amaze
And admiration on her gaze,
And view with pleasure and surprize
Her matchless form, her killing eyes,
Till quite absorb'd in ecstasies,
And fancied bliss, I reach the skies.

O Hertford! could affection pure,
And loving truly, but secure
Like return, then, Hertford, then,
This thy fair daughter, beauty's queen,
So amiable and so divine,
Could be no other youth's than mine.
'Tis not so—for her I love,
I swear by all the pow'rs above,
Far more than even poets brains
Her feign'd of love, or dying swains,
Or burning flames, or pointed darts,
Or despairing youths, or bleeding hearts:
Much more than these, much more by far,
I, and ever shall love her;
And well she knows it, yet my pain
She treat with scorn and cold disdain,
So once I fondly did believe,
Pretty she did deceive,

With kissing, sighing, laughing, crying,
That she for me was almost dying:
But now things so much alter'd are,
And why I know not I declare,
She shuns me as she wou'd a bear
Who comes her precious limbs to tear;
Nor have I any hopes that ever
We two again shall meet together.

What's to be done then, but to find
A maiden that will prove more kind;
And if I should, can I forget
This said bewitching angel Bet?
No, never; tho' dame Fortune shou'd
Get in an unexpected mood,
And to my arms waft for my life
A gentle, kind, and loving wife,
Who can of wealth and honours boast,
And handsome as some famous toast,
All would not do, for oftimes yet
Should I be wishing for my Bet.

Half-Moon Inn, Hertford.

J. T—N.

The M O R N of M A Y.
A S O N G.

By the AUTHOR of SHAKESPEARE.

I.

AURORA climbs yon eastern steep,
Her rosy fingers see!
Upon the mountain's top she'll leap
Her day-bright couriers free;
While she Cephalus woos,
Tho' chill as matron dew's*,
He's borne with her away
On this fair morn of May.

II.

The flowers waken'd, now expand,
They sweetly 'gin to breathe
Their od'rous loves—unhappy band!
Alas! the fatal wreath
Will end your short-liv'd joy,
For Phœbe claims the toy—
But comfort take, I say,
Tho' 'tis the morn of May.

III.

The chaplet will more close entwine
Your soft and tender charms;
And where more gaily cou'd you shine,
Or free from rudest harms
Than round my Phœbe's brow?
Believe what here I vow,
You'll envy raise to day,
So bless the morn of May.

IV.

Before their time are wak'd the birds,
This day to welcome in,
And hear what lows yon lab'ring herds
Our holidays begin:

* I use the epithet matron, by reason of the nurture they afford nature, and that the matron may be supposed colder than the maiden.

To plough no more we go,
But range this vale below,
Therefore, in sportive play,
We'll greet this morn of May.

V.

But see, my Phœbe, birds rejoice,
It is your queen appears!
I pray thee, Sol, cheer nature's voice
By drying up her tears;
Then will you gallant prove
In pleasing thus my love;
A kiss I'll let her pay
To you each morn of May.

VI.

The Morning's grief is borne on air,
To Night is wasted o'er,
And now the world is free from care,
My Phœbe will adore.
She's come—all nature bows,
As witness of my vows:
From you I'll never stray
While life is morn of May.

S O N G

Written at the Request of a LADY, as an
Answer to *Guardian Angels*.

CEASE, dear charmer, thus to vex thee,
Constant, lo! thy swain appears;
Let not groundless fears perplex thee,
Faithfulness to thee he swears:
Cease thy trouble, cease thy pain,
Never will we part again;
Then let calm content and rest
Possess again thy peaceful breast.

From thy tender bosom banish
All those vain and groundless fears;
See the clouds of sorrow vanish,
And the sun of joy appears:
Thy trial now, fair maid! is o'er,
Never shalt thou sorrow more,
But together will we prove
The joys of constancy and love.

Now, in Hymen's bands united,
We a happy pair will prove,
Loving each, and each delighted,
Taste the joys of truth and love:
Then in peace our days shall flow,
Sorrow will we never know,
But, resign'd to heav'n's decrees,
Live in happiness and ease.

J—C—

O N M A Y M O R N I N G.

I.

COME, you syrens, from yon bower,
Come, ye sylphs, and haste away;
Ye muses, lend your aid this hour,
High to extol the queen of May.

II.

Hear the warblers join in choir!
See the sportive lambkins play?
All enraptur'd do admire,
All own Nancy queen of May.

III.

See in yonder eglantine,
Cloath'd in garments fine and gay,
Shepherds with their lasses join
To celebrate the queen of May.

IV.

I must go and join the throng,
All is mirth and glee to day;
Each doth tune the rural song
In honour of the queen of May.

V.

See her with her group appear,
Flow'ry garlands round them lay,
They each drooping heart do cheer,
Her they own as queen of May.

VI.

Verdant lawns, and pastures green,
Trees their beauty now display,
Fleecy flocks again are seen
Hon'ring of the queen of May.

VII.

While they to the church repair
Shepherds on their pipes do play,
Each, with joy quite debonnaire,
Praise the lovely queen of May.

VIII.

When the nuptial knot is ty'd,
For the happiness all pray
Of Damon and his virtuous bride,
The blooming beauteous queen of May.

IX.

They to dancing then do hie,
Whilst the bridals lead the way,
All the village then draw nigh,
And thus end the first of May.

STREPHON.

R I D D L E.

WHEN Virtue smil'd, and spread her
purple wings [kings,
O'er senates, laws, and held the crowns of
How happy I, who by a just applause
Converted all to one essential cause!
Bid merit rise, and held imperial sway
Till Athens fell—O black and awful day!
Then lofty Rome, to ev'ry virtue prone,
To arts and arms, with heighten'd lustre shone,
Smil'd in the records of immortal fame,
And rais'd a temple sacred to my name;
Approv'd my worth, ador'd my tender care,
And made me guardian to the charming fair.

Rotherhithe.

TTOCLUOB.

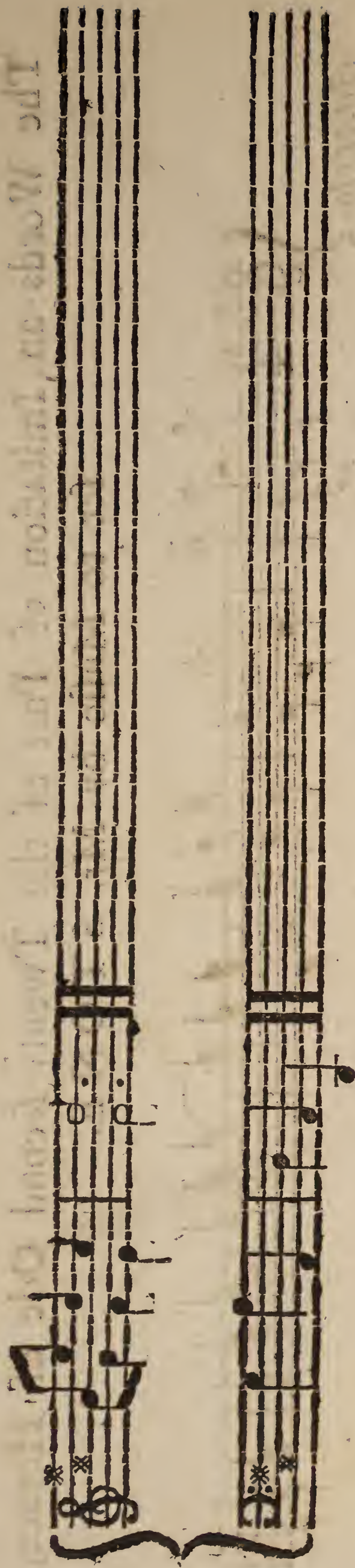
FOREIGN

A SONATA.

The Words an Imitation of Part of the Twenty-second Ode of Horace,
set to Music by Mr. STONE.

Amoroso.

Place me where ne-ver sum-mer's breeze Unbinds the glebe, on
warm's the trees. Where e-ver lour-ing clouds ap-pear, And an-gry
Jove de-forms th'in-cle-ment year—, *Sym.* And
an-gry Jove de-forms th'in-cle-ment year. *Sym.*
Cres. Pia.



II.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Sicily, April 4.

THOUGH the court of Naples has the strongest desire to cultivate a good understanding with the king of Great-Britain, yet the neutrality she has resolved to adopt towards the belligerent nations will not suffer her to permit the Neapolitan ports to be opened for the reception and sale of prizes brought in by the British cruizers. The very solemn representations which have been made to the British envoy on that head, will, it is expected, prevent any further solicitations, especially as the most positive assurances have been given of the friendly disposition of his Neapolitan majesty to the English, and the most plain methods of carrying on commerce with the several belligerent powers adopted, to prevent any disputes or misrepresentations. This court has now at sea 11 ships of war to protect its trade.

Constantinople, April 4. The plague has again broke out in a village near this capital, but we hope that some means may be found to stop the contagion from spreading.

17. His Highness the Sultan has come to a resolution to repair the castles of the Dardanelles, which are in a very shattered condition; and also to form a camp of 80,000 men in the neighbourhood of Adrianople.

The Tefadar, or Treasurer of the Porte in Crimea, having been recalled from that province, and being returned here, went on Friday in great pomp to the palace of the Grand Vizir, pursuant to his order, when the latter accused him with "having communicated to Gianakli Pacha the command he had received from the Porte to arrest him, which information, occasioned Gianakli to take refuge at the Chan of the Tartars in Crimea." The Grand Vizir, in spite of all he could alledge in his justification, ordered him to go to the Grand Seignior, and explain his conduct to him; upon which the unfortunate Tefadar repaired to the Seraglio; but the moment he entered it he was seized by an executioner, who waited for him there, and who, without any form of law, cut off his head. His body was exposed the three following days before the Seraglio, according to the usual custom in such cases.

We are assured, that in the archives of the Porte an ancient ordinance has been found lately, expressly regulating the limits, beyond which neither ships of war nor privateers of belligerent nations may pass in the Ottoman seas. This will be of great advantage to the vessels of neutral powers.

Vol. XI.

Madrid, April 28. They write from Cadiz, of the 14th instant, that out of 38 Dutch ships which had been carried in there, 34 have been already set at liberty; and it was thought that the remaining four will also soon continue their voyage.

Stockholm, May 2. Our court has accepted of the plan of an armed neutrality proposed by the Empress of Russia, and has, in consequence, given orders to equip six more ships of the line; so that our naval force will be equal to that of Denmark, and consist of ten sail of the line and six frigates. Six ships of the line will remain at Carlscrona properly fitted out, and ready to be employed on the earliest notice.

Copenhagen, May 9. The court has agreed to the proposal of the Empress of Russia; in consequence of which, measures are taken to fit out the intended armament; besides the four ships of the line, and two frigates now equipping, the court has put two more of 70 and 60 guns into commission, and sailors are raising with all speed for this armament.

Madrid, May 12. The last advices received by this court from the camp at St. Roche, contain nothing of consequence; only intimating that the governor of Gibraltar had sent back a great number of prisoners, in exchange for those he had received. We understand that the enemy continue to augment their batteries towards Europa Point; and that, notwithstanding all the vigilance of Don Barcelo, they take the advantage of the night and favourable winds for introducing live cattle in small vessels from the African coast.

Warsaw, May 17. By the last advices received, the emperor is in Galicia, and pursues his journey with great attention, and particularly examined those domains ceded to the house of Austria. The Porte, no less curious than other powers to know the result of the interview between the Emperor of Germany and the Empress of Russia at Mokylow, and of all the occurrences of their journey, has ordered the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia to send Emissaries for that purpose to all the principal places through which these sovereigns intend to pass.

Warsaw, May 18. The Russian troops which daily pass through the Grand Duchy of Lithuania observe the most rigid discipline, behave extremely well, pay for every thing in ready money, and march in small detachments of 250 men, that they may be less burthensome to the places they pass through. All these troops it is said are to assemble at Mokylow, in

U u

number

number about 5000 men, to be ready to prevent any disturbances that may happen by the concourse of people that will probably assemble at the intended august interview on the 25th of June.

Paris, May 18. The convoy which sailed from St. Maloe's is still detained by the winds at Cherbourg: it is the more valuable, as it chiefly consists of brass cannon and other pieces of artillery, and arsenal carriages for the descent which was to have been made last year. The English are sensible of the importance of this convoy, and seem unwilling to lose sight of it. 'Tis even said that they have an inclination to attempt the bombardment of Cherbourg, or at least to burn the ships which are in the port.

Messina, May 23. On the night of the 8th inst. we felt eight shocks of earthquakes, some of which were so violent as to crack several houses, but no material damage was done. Messengers were sent to know what passed at the volcanoes: *Ætna* was quiet, but *Stromboli* threw out fire. A noise has been heard, such as usually foretells an eruption, and seems to come from Mount *Scudero*, the top of which is said to be inflamed: this mountain is reported to have been a volcano formerly; perhaps it may open again.

Hanover, May 23. The recruits from Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel, Zerbst, and Waldeck, were put on board the British transports, for America;

Hague, May 27. We have advice from Constantinople, that on account of the sinister and false insinuations that have appeared in many foreign public prints, tending to render the pacific sentiments of the sublime Porte towards the august court of Petersburg rather doubtful, the Ottoman minister, after having perfectly satisfied the Russian Ambassador on that head, has thought it necessary to request all the other foreign ministers residing in that capital to notify to their respective courts, that the sublime Porte was never in greater friendship with Russia than at this time, and that so far from actually making any warlike preparations, they had not the most distant idea of any such thing, being persuaded the sentiments of the court of Petersburg are entirely conformable to those of the Porte.

Hague, June 7. The states of Holland and

West Friesland, in the report they delivered to the States-general relative to the violation of territory committed by some English colliers by taking a French privateer off *Goree*, after setting forth the circumstances of the fact, say, they look upon this audacious action of the colliers as a direct violation of territory, and a premeditated act of hostility; that they are of opinion, that their High Mightinesses cannot suffer such an excessive act of insolence to go unnoticed, without hurting that neutrality they have adopted, and wounding the dignity and independence of the state; and that their High Mightinesses should in the most serious manner reclaim the vessel that was taken, and demand an ample satisfaction from his Britannick majesty for this action of his subjects.

In consequence of this report, the States General resolved to send the particulars, &c. of the fact to Count *Welderen*, their ambassador at the court of London, to notify the same to that court; and to complain in the name of their High Mightinesses of the above-mentioned insolence of the English or Scotch colliers, who with open violence committed an act of direct violation of territory, and the right of nations. That their High Mightinesses cannot think his Britannick majesty can, or will suffer his subjects to commit such excesses; and in consequence Count *Welderen* is ordered to demand ample satisfaction, that the captains of the colliers be punished, and that the French vessel which was taken be returned, and the damages made good that the said privateer suffered on the territory of the republick, where it ought to have enjoyed the same security which the above-mentioned colliers did in the road of *Helvoet sluys*, and throughout the whole territory of their High Mightinesses.

Hague, June 8. The Russian fleet are just ready to sail. They are formidable and well appointed, and are to be reinforced by another equally so. The ostensible business of their fleet is, to scour the Baltic, &c. of all corsairs; but the fact is, they are equipped to preserve and maintain the neutrality not long since published in the maritime code of that court; that is, that no English ship shall dare enter the Baltic, nor shall, as usual, search or examine any neutral ship which may be suspected of carrying stores to the enemy.



H O M E N E W S.

L O N D O N, *May 23.*

ALL the forces belonging to the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, which consists of five regiments of 1100 men each, are taken into the pay of the electorate of Hanover this year, in which they will continue during the absence of the electoral troops in America.

Portsmouth, May 24. This morning Admiral *Geary* hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, at Spithead, being appointed to the command of the Channel Squadron in the room of Sir *Charles Hardy*.

June 2. Letters from *Brest* have brought an authentic account of the force which sailed from

from that port on the 2d instant, under the command of M. de Ternay. It consists of *Le Duc de Bourgogne*, of 80 guns, *Le Neptune* 74, *Le Conquerant* 74, *L'Eveille* 64, *La Provence* 64, *Le Jason* 64, *L'Ardent* 64, *Le Fantasque* 64, *La Surveillante* 32, *L'Amazone* 32, *La Guepe* 14. Twenty-three transports, carrying the first division of the army under Lieutenant-General the Count de Rochambeau. The whole corps which are embarked amount to 5100 men, exclusive of the piquees distributed in the different ships, amounting to above 1200 men.

Plymouth, June 5. Our lines are nearly compleated, and very compleat they will be. There are about 100 pieces of cannon mounted upon them, with some very strong redoubts in the front of them; which makes the place of much more consequence than it was last year, and we consider ourselves in a much greater state of security than we were at that time.

7. The judges met in Lord Chief Justice Mansfield's Chamber, Westminster-hall, and chose their respective circuits for the ensuing summer assizes, &c.

Home, Lord C. J. Mansfield and Baron Eyre.

Northen, L. C. J. De Grey and Baron Hotham.

Norfolk, Baron Skynner and Justice Willes.

Midland, Justice Gould and Justice Ashhurst.

Western, Justice Nares.

Oxford, Baron Perryn and Justice Buller.

8. Six regiments of militia were encamped in Hyde-park, which are to be joined by several other regiments, which will make their number 10,000 men,

Portsmouth, June 8. Sailed this morning the following ships:

<i>Guns.</i>	<i>Captains.</i>
100 Victory	Admiral Geary, Capt. Clayton.
98 Barfleur	Vice Ad. Barrington, Capt. Hill.
100 Britannia	Vice Admiral Darby, Capt. Pole.
98 Prince George	Rear Admiral Digby, Capt. Parten.
100 Royal George	Rear Admiral Ross, Capt. Bourmaster.
98 Duke	Capt. Douglas.
98 Formidable	Capt. Stanon.
98 Queen	Capt. Innis.
90 Namur	Capt. Fielding
90 Ocean	Capt. Ourry.
90 Union	Capt. Dalrymple.
84 Princess Amelia	Capt. M'Cartney.
80 Foudroyant	Capt. Jarvis.
74 Alexander	Lord Longford
74 Bellona	Capt. Onslow.
74 Canada	Sir George Collier.
74 Defence	Capt. Cranston.
74 Dublin	Capt. Wallis.
74 Invincible	Capt. Saxton.
74 March	Capt. Duncan.
74 Edgar	Capt. Elliot.
74 Courageux	Lord Mulgrave.

64 Nonfuch	Sir James Wallace.
36 La Prudente	Capt. Waldegrave.
32 Emerald	Capt. Marshall.
32 Ambuscade	Capt. Phipps.
32 Diana	Capt. Conway.
28 Proserpine	Capt. Byron

the Incendiary fireship, and several cutters.

9. The Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Gascoigne read their recantation from the errors of the Church of Rome, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, last Sunday, and received the sacrament; and have taken the oaths before Mr. Baron Hotham. His lordship is candidate for Carlisle, and Sir Thomas for Beverley, in Yorkshire.

12. Orders are given for an additional regiment to be added to the troops already encamped in St. James's Park; and on Saturday the tents were pitched for that purpose.

On Friday night last a great riot happened at Bath. Its beginning, we hear, was accidental, and arose from the slightest cause. About eight o'clock in the evening some boys were playing on St. James's Parade, near the Romish chapel, when one of them threw a stone, and broke one of the windows. A man who lived in an adjoining house, coming out and reprimanding the boy, a number of people gathered together, took the boy's part, and threw the man over a wall into St. James's church-yard. They then proceeded to demolishing the windows and doors, and entering the chapel, threw every thing that was moveable into the street, and burnt them. While this was transacting a party of the Bath volunteers came armed, and endeavoured to disperse the mob; one of them fired, and killed an officer. This, instead of having the desired effect, served only to enrage them still more. They immediately set fire to the chapel, which in a short time was burnt down, together with six or seven new built houses adjoining, the property of Roman Catholics. Their numbers were by this time increased to eight or ten thousand. We do not hear that they committed any further mischief, and when our intelligence came from thence, they had apparently dispersed.

St. James's, June 13. The king has been pleased to grant unto the Right Hon. Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Chief Justice of his majesty's Court of Common Pleas, and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, the dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain, by the name, title, and style of Lord Loughborough, Baron of Loughborough, in the county of Leicester.

14. Guildhall Chapel is ordered to be got ready as soon as possible for the reception of prisoners, as they are brought in so fast, that both Comptrols will be unable to hold them.

15. In consequence of the late happy reconciliation between the royal brothers, the Duke of Gloucester's children paid a visit to their majesties yesterday at the Queen's Palace, and continued there till ten in the evening.

Dispatches were brought to the Plantation-office, from the Governor of Nova Scotia, mentioning that everything was quiet in that province, and trade in a flourishing condition.

From the LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Whitehall, June 15, 1780.

THIS morning the Earl of Lincoln, aid-de-camp to his excellency General Sir Henry Clinton, Knight of the Bath, arrived at this office, with the following dispatches for the Right Hon. Lord George Germaine.

Charles-Town, May 13, 1780.

MY LORD,

I will not trouble your lordship with a repetition of the delays and difficulties which protracted serious operation until the 29th of March, on which day the landing on Charles-Town Neck was effected.

By this time a depot was formed; the admiral had passed the bar, and I had the essential assistance of officers and seamen of the royal navy for my operations. I was also strengthened with the corps from Georgia under Brigadier General Paterson, which, thro' a country intersected with rivers, and rendered more difficult by heavy rains, had advanced, not unopposed, in the space of twelve days, from Savannah to Ashley River.

The passage of Ashley, under the conduct of Captain Elphinstone, and by the good service of the officers and sailors of the fleet, was accomplished with order and expedition, and without resistance on the part of the enemy.

The day succeeding it the army moved towards Charles-Town, and on the night of the first of April broke ground within eight hundred yards of the rebel works.

By the 8th our guns were mounted in battery; and I had the satisfaction to see the admiral pass into Charles-Town Harbour, with the success his conduct deserved, though under a very heavy fire from Sullivan's Island.

At this period we judged it advisable to send the enclosed summons to the place, which returned the answer I have the honour to transmit with it.

The batteries were opened the next day. From their effect we soon observed the fire of the enemy's advanced works to abate considerably: the attention of the engineers, and diligence of the troops but increasing as they proceeded. A second parallel was completed on the 19th of April, and secure approaches opened to it. We were now within 450 yards of the place.

My communications had hitherto required the greatest attention. They had been chosen from Perreneau's landing in Stono River across the Wappoo, and by small inlets, leaving only a mile of land carriage into the part of Ashley River opposite our camp.

Works for the protection of the stores and shipping in Stono, others on the communication, and several redoubts and batteries on

Ashley, were the labours necessary to give security in so important a point.

The presence of the fleet in the harbour relieving me from apprehensions on that part, and the admiral taking to himself the defence of Fort Johnson, I was able to detach 1400 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, of the 33d regiment, to break in upon the enemy's remaining communication with the country.

Our success but for this measure would have been incomplete, as I had reason to fear a naval force could not be got into Cooper's River, nor consequently the place be totally invested.

Your lordship will observe, that Colonel Webster had, in the execution of his orders, rivers to cross, and other difficult operations to effect, in presence of a very superior cavalry, which might harass him much. It was therefore of the utmost importance to strike at this corps, and as suddenly as possible, to seize the principal passes of the country.

The surprize and defeat of the collected cavalry and militia of the rebels, and the possessing Biggin's Bridge over Cooper by Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton with the horse, the Legion, and Major Ferguson's detachment, gave the command of the country to Colonel Webster, threw into his hands great supplies of provision, and enabled him to take a post near the head of Wandoe River, forbidding by land all further access to the town from Cooper to the inland navigation. An armed naval force which the admiral sent into Serree Bay, and another stationed in Spencer's Inlet, completed the investiture to the sea.

A considerable reinforcement joining me from New York the 18th of April, I immediately strengthened the corps beyond Cooper's River, which, thus augmented, I requested Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis to take under his command.

On the 6th of May the third parallel was completed close to the edge of the Rebel Canal, and a sap carried to the dam, by which means a great part was drained to the bottom.

We could now form juster opinions of the defences of the town towards the land, which extended in a chain of redoubts, lines and batteries, from Ashley to Cooper. In front of either flank of the works, swamps, which the canal connects, ooze to each river: betwixt these impediments and the place are two rows of abatis, various other obstructions, and a double picketed ditch; a hornwork of masonry, which, during the siege, the enemy closed as a kind of citadel, strengthened the center of the line and the gate, where the same natural defences were not found nearer the water: eighty pieces of cannon or mortars were mounted in the extent of these lines.

On the 6th of May our batteries were ready in the third parallel.

New and very forcible motives now prevailed to induce the place to capitulate. Ad-

Admiral

Admiral Arbuthnot had landed a force of seamen and marines on Sullivan's Island, under Capt. Hudson, to whom, on the threat that ships should batter the fort, the garrison delivered themselves up on terms.

Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis had been no less successful in the country. The cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, had again the good fortune which conduct and gallantry deserve, and overtook at the Stantee a body of horse the enemy had with infinite difficulty collected together. They were most spiritedly charged, and defeated. Most of the riders fled to the morasses, or threw themselves into the river from whence few can have extricated themselves. Fifty or sixty men were killed or taken, and every horse of the corps, with the arms and appointments, fell into our hands.

Although, in a second correspondence which the enemy solicited, they had thrown in their proposals for a surrender, far too extensive pretensions, the admiral and myself could not refrain from attempting once more to avert the cruel extremity of a storm. In this renewal of treaty however we did not find the discretion much abated.

The batteries of the third parallel were therefore opened, and a manifest superiority of fire soon obtained; the corps of Yagers acting as marksmen were on this occasion extremely useful.

Under this fire we gained the counterscarp of the outwork which flanked the canal, the canal itself was passed, and work carried on towards the ditch of the place.

The 11th General Lincoln sent to us his acquiescence in the terms he had two days before objected to. Whatever severe justice might dictate on such an occasion, we resolved not to press to unconditional submission, a reduced army, whom we hoped clemency might yet reconcile to us. The articles of capitulation were therefore signed, such as I have the honour to inclose them.

On the 12th Major-General Leslie took possession of the town.

There are taken, seven general officers, a commodore, ten continental regiments, and three battalions of artillery, together with town and country militia, French and seamen, making about six thousand men in arms. The titular deputy governor, council, and civil officers, are also prisoners.

Four frigates and several armed vessels, with a great number of boats, have likewise fallen into our possession, and about four hundred pieces of cannon.

Of the garrison, artillery, and stores, your lordship will have as perfect returns as I shall be able to collect.

I have yet, my lord, to add to this letter the expressions of gratitude I owe to the army, whose courage and toil have given me success.

I have most warmly to thank Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis, Major Generals Leslie, Huxley, and Koscibor, and Brigadier

General Paterson, for their animated assistance.

I trust I do not flatter myself vainly, that the good services, during the siege, of the officers and soldiers of the royal artillery, of Capt. Elphinstone, and the officers and seamen of the royal navy serving with us on shore, of the corps of engineers, of the officers and soldiers of every corps, British and Hessian, and particularly the Yager detachment, will receive his majesty's gracious approbation.

I have especially to express my obligations to Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, and the corps which acted under him. And I have to give the greatest praise to Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, and the cavalry, for their conduct, bravery, and eminent services.

But to Major Moncrieff, the commanding engineer, who planned, and, with the assistance of such capable officers under him, conducted the siege with so much judgment, intrepidity, and laborious attention, I wish to render a tribute of the very highest applause, and most permanent gratitude; persuaded, that far more flattering commendations than I can bestow will not fail to crown such rare merit.

Your lordship has seen how great a share Admiral Arbuthnot and the fleet have had in every measure. I can add, that had we been necessitated to make an assault, I am persuaded a very conspicuous part would have been taken by the ships, to favour us at that important crisis.

I have the honour to send your lordship returns of our loss.

I have the honour to be &c.

H. CLINTON.

Admiralty-Office, June 15, 1780.

His majesty's ship the *Perseus*, commanded by the Hon. Keith Elphinstone, arrived late last night at Spithead, from Charles-Town in South Carolina, from whence she sailed the 17th of last month, having on board Sir Andrew Hammond, who came to this office this forenoon, with a letter from Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot to Mr. Stephens, of which the following is a copy.

Roebuck, off Charles-Town, May 14, 1780.
S I R,

I Have the satisfaction to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that Charles-Town, with all its dependencies, the shipping in the harbour, and the army under General Lincoln, have surrendered to his majesty's arms.

My last letter, by a Dutch ship bound to Amsterdam, which sailed the 16th of February, will have informed you of my departure from New-York, and my arrival off Savannah, with a squadron of his majesty's ships escorting a considerable body of troops under the command of Sir Henry Clinton.

Most of the missing ships having arrived, no time, was lost in prosecuting the intended expedition. I shifted my flag from the *Europe* to this ship; and the transports having repaired

ed their damages sustained on the passage, I proceeded with the fleet on 10th of February, to North Edisto, the place of debarkation previously agreed upon. Our passage thither was favourable and speedy; and although it required time to have the bar explored, and the channel marked, the transports all entered the harbour the next day; and the army took possession of John's island without opposition.

The general having made a requisition for heavy cannon, and a detachment of seamen from the fleet, the latter were put under the command of Capt. Elphinstone and Capt. Evans, and the guns forwarded to the army as soon as they could be collected from the line of battle ships, which the bad weather had forced from their anchors.

Preparations were next made for passing the squadron over Charles-Town bar, where, at high water spring tide, there are only nineteen feet water. The guns, provision, and water, were taken out of the *Renown*, *Roe buck*, and *Romulus*, to lighten them; and we lay in that situation on the open coast in the winter season of the year, exposed to the insults of the enemy, for sixteen days, before an opportunity offered of going into the harbour, which was affected, without any accident, on the 20th of March, notwithstanding the enemy's galleys continually attempted to prevent our boats from founding the channel.

I inclose a list of the rebel naval force, which, at this time, made an appearance of disputing the passage up the river, at the narrow pass between Sullivan's island and the middle ground, having moored their ships and galleys in a position to make a raking fire as we approached near Fort Moultrie; but on the squadron arriving near the bar, and anchoring on the inside, they abandoned that idea, retired to the town, and changed their plan of defence. The *Bricole*, *Notre Dame*, *Queen of France*, *Truite*, and *General Moultrie* frigates, with several merchant ships, fitted with *cheveaux de frize* on their decks, were sunk in the channel between the town and Shute's Folly; a boom was extended across, composed of cables, chains, and spars, secured by the ships masts, and defended from the town by strong batteries of pimento logs, in which were mounted upwards of forty pieces of heavy cannon.

Every thing being in readiness for crossing the army over the Ashley River, the boats of the fleet, with the flat boats, under the command of capt. Elphinstone and capt. Evans, of the *Raisable*, the whole army, with the artillery and stores necessary for the siege, were landed under cover of the galleys on the town-side with astonishing expedition.

As soon as the army began to erect their batteries against the town, I took the most favourable opportunity to pass Sullivan's island, upon which there is a strong fort and batteries, the chief defence of the harbour; accordingly I weighed at one o'clock on the 9th ult. with

the *Roe buck*, *Richmond*, *Romulus*, *Blonde*, *Virginia*, *Raleigh*, and *Sandwich* armed ship, the *Renown* bringing up the rear; and, passing through a severe fire, anchored, in about two hours, under James island, with the loss of twenty-seven seamen killed and wounded. The *Richmond's* foretop-mast was shot away, and the ships in general sustained damage in their masts and rigging, however, not materially in their hulls; but the *Acetus* transport, having on board a few naval stores, grounded within gun-shot of Sullivan's island, and received so much damage that she was obliged to be abandoned and burnt.

Having stationed ships and armed vessels off the different inlets upon the coast, and the town being now nearly invested, attempts were made to pass a naval force into the Cooper River by Hog's island (the main channel being rendered impracticable), and small vessels to carry heavy guns were fitted for that service; but on being found the enemy had also sunk vessels in that channel, and its entrance was defended by the works of Sullivan's island and Mount Pleasant, it was resolved to dispossess them of the latter by the seamen of the fleet; and, in the mean time, to arm the small vessels that had been taken by lord Cornwallis in the Wando River.

For this purpose a brigade of 500 seamen and marines was formed from the squadron, and under the command of the captains Hudson, Orde, and Gambier, landed at day break on the 29th at Mount Pleasant; where, receiving information that the rebels were abandoning their redoubt at Lempri-point (an advantageous post on Cooper River) they marched with a view of cutting off their rear; but, on a near approach, found the garrison had escaped in vessels to Charles-Town; but their sudden appearance prevented the rebels from carrying off their cannon and stores, or from destroying their works. About the same time a major, a captain, and some other commissioned and non-commissioned officers, with 80 privates were made prisoners by the guard boats of the fleet in retiring to the town.

Captain Hudson being relieved in his post by colonel Ferguson, returned to the fort at Mount Pleasant, which, being in the neighbourhood of Fort Sullivan, brought us in deserters daily, from whom I learnt very favourable accounts of its garrison. I therefore formed a plan to attack it, which should not interfere with the important operations the army were carrying on, and which now became every day more and more critical.

The attention of the rebels I found had been chiefly directed to the south and east sides of the fort, which were most open to attack; but the west face and north west bastion, I discovered had been neglected. I therefore determined to attempt to carry the fort by storm, under cover of the fire from the ships from the squadron. The captains Hudson and Gambier, and Capt. Knowles, Agents for transports, with

200 seamen and marines, embarked in the boats of the Squadron in the night of the 4th inst. and passing by the fort unobserved, landed before day light, and took possession of a redoubt on the east end of the island; whilst other boats were preparing to carry over the same number of seamen and marines from Mount Pleasant, under the command of capt. Orde. On the whole being ready, and the ships only waiting for the tide to begin the attack, the fort was summoned by capt. Hudson, when, after a little consideration, the garrison surrendered themselves prisoners of war. A copy of the capitulation *, and the return of prisoners and stores, accompany this letter.

The reduction of the city followed four days after; for the preparations to storm it in every part being in great forwardness, and the ships ready to move to the assault, the town was summoned on the 9th, by his excellency Sir Henry Clinton, to surrender; terms were in consequence proposed, and the enclosed capitulation signed by the general and myself the 10th instant.

I have commissioned the rebel and French frigates in the king's service, and have given the command of them to officers of long service, and acknowledged merit.

The conduct of Sir Andrew Hammond, of the Roebuck, who bears this dispatch to you, deserves particular mention: whether in the great line of service, or in the detail of duty, he has been ever ready, forward, and animated. The captains Hudson, Norde, Gambier, Elphinstone, and Evans, have distinguished themselves particularly on shore; and the officers and seamen, who have served with them on this occasion, have observed the most perfect discipline.

Our whole loss in the ships and galleys, and in the batteries on shore, is twenty-three seamen killed, and twenty-eight wounded; among the latter is lieutenant Bowers, of the Europe; but in a fair way of recovery.

The fleet has endeavoured most heartily and effectually to co-operate with the army in every possible instance, and the most perfect harmony has subsisted between us.

I just add, that rebel privateering has recently received a severe check; the Iris and Galatea, having lately, in the space of ten days, taken nine privateers, (two of which were ships of twenty guns, and none less than sixteen) and eight hundred seamen.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

M. ARBUTHNOT.

A List the Rebel Ships of War taken or destroyed in the Harbour of Charles-Town.

The Bricole, pierced for 60, mounting 44 guns, twenty-four and eighteen pounders, sunk; her captain, officers, and company prisoners.

The Truite, 26 twelve pounders, sunk, her captain, &c. prisoners.

Queen of France, 28 nine pounders, sunk, ditto.

General Moultrie, 20 six pounders, sunk, ditto.

Notre Dame (brig) 16 ditto, sunk, ditto.

Providence, 32 guns, eighteen and twelve pounders, taken, captain, officers, and company prisoners.

Boston, of the same force, taken, ditto.

Ranger, 20 six pounders, taken, ditto.

F R E N C H S H I P S.

L'Avanture, 26 nine and six pounders, commanded by the Sieur de Brulot, lieutenant de Vaisseaux, taken, ditto.

Polacre, 16 six pounders, taken.

Some empty brigs lying at the wharfs, with other small vessels, were also taken, with four armed galleys.

M. ARBUTHNOT.

16. General Clinton, soon after the capitulation of Charles-Town, returned to New-York with 6000 men. We are further informed, that it was the general's intention to march against Washington immediately, and endeavour to force him to an action. Government, it is said, are in daily expectation of accounts of this event being accomplished.

Admiral Rodney was very soon after his engagement with Monsieur Guichen, reinforced with two ships of 74 guns each, from Admiral Arbuthnot's Squadron on the American station.

19. On Friday night dispatches were received from the islands of Jersey and Guernsey by a cutter which arrived from the above places on Thursday morning at Portsmouth; and on Saturday a council was held on the above, and a messenger sent off express with the necessary directions, in case of any visit from the French, which is seriously expected to happen, from the great preparations making at the contiguous ports.

Extract of a letter from Rear Admiral Drake, to Mr. Stephens, dated in the Downs, June 17, 1780.

"You will please to acquaint my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that his Majesty's ship Apollo, is just returned to the Downs, having been in a very smart action with a French frigate, which she drove on shore near Ostend; for the particulars of which I refer their lordships to the inclosed letter to Capt. Murray, from Lieut. Pelew, who has brought her in, and whose gallantry and conduct deserves the highest commendations."

Apollo at sea, June 15, 1780.

(C O P Y.)

S I R,

"I have to acquaint you of the proceedings of his majesty's ship Apollo, from the time of our chasing a sail in the south-west quarter, agreeable to your signal made at half past seven A. M. Captain Pownall continued the chase of the cutter until half past ten, when being nearly within gun-shot of her, we perceived a large sail, to all appearance a cruiser, standing towards

* Omitted to be sent.

wards us; we instantly turned the pursuit to her, and having fetched within three miles, she hauled her wind, and crossed us, standing to the northward, Ostend steeple then in sight. At eleven A. M. she tacked and stood to the southward, as did the Apollo, until we had brought her abaft the quarter, and tacked at twelve o'clock: at half past twelve passed her close to leeward, received and returned her fire, tacked immediately, and in a few minutes got close along-side, and engaged her with all sail set, she steering in for Ostend; we continued a running fight for two hours and a quarter. She was a frigate-built ship, with thirteen ports on her main deck, but mounted only 26 twelve pounders, and several very large swivels on her quarters and fore-castle.

"To say I am grieved, is but a faint description of my feelings to relate to you the death of Captain Pownal, who received a ball through his body in the midst of the action; on which occasion, having resumed the command, I still continued closely engaged until within two or three miles of the shore, a very little to the westward of Ostend: I then thought it prudent, with the advice of the officers, to wear; I did so, and brought too with her head to the northward, intending to have re-attacked her as soon as we could have taken in our sails, which from the situation of the ship, in chase and action, were all set and much torn, nor had we one brace left; in a few minutes after the enemy's fore-mast and main top mast fell by the board, with the main-top and main-yard: we supposed she had struck the ground, as she appeared to keel very much, and did not bring up to the wind, and was in a very shattered condition. Ostend then bore S. S. E. and distance from the shore about two miles.—After some consideration, and perusing the very strict orders given by you to Capt. Pownal, with the extract of Rear Admiral Drake's to you, relative to the breach of neutrality committed on the coasts of her Imperial Majesty, and the enemy having fired a signal gun to leeward, (which was answered by two or three from the garrison) seeming to claim protection, she being to all appearances aground. These circumstances made me think it not advisable to recommence the action, the masts being much wounded in several places, and the rigging in a very shattered condition, having three feet water in her hold, by several shot received between wind and water.

"I cannot close my letter without expressing in the warmest terms, my gratitude for the very great assistance, in every circumstance, I received from each officer on board, whose

personal gallantry could be only equalled by the ship's company.

"I herewith inclose you an account of the number of the killed and wounded on board the Apollo.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"E. PELLEW, Lieutenant."

An account of the killed and wounded on board the Apollo.

Killed—The Captain, 4 Seamen, 1 Marine.

Wounded—16 Seamen, 4 Marines.

21. Certain advices is received from Macao, a settlement of the Portuguese in the river Canton, of the arrival of the Resolution and Discovery in great distress, and in want of provisions. Upon the death of Capt. Cook, Capt. Clerke succeeded to the command of the two ships, and Lieut. Gore to be Captain of the Discovery; but on the death of Capt. Clerke, a fatal misfortune to the world in general, and his friends in particular, Lieut. King succeeded to his palace.

26. It is an undoubted fact, that Mr. Washington has resigned the command of the rebel forces.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer in the Army, dated New York, April 23.

"The rebellion is nearly at an end. The rebels, in large numbers, daily come in here with their arms; and the intelligence which we receive from them is of the most flattering kind. Washington's army consists only of 1500 men; most of whom, as soon as an opportunity occurs, will soon come in. His head quarters are at Morristown. He is apprehensive that some of his lifeguards have meditated a scheme to bring him in, and they are relieved every twelve hours. His men are miserably supplied; and the poor wretches who have deserted to us are spectres, famished almost to death, without shoes, and scarce a rag to cover them. The congress at Philadelphia have been quarreling, and knocking each other down. The mob, wherever they appear, throw dirt and mire at them, execrating them as the authors of their miseries, and exhorting them to accept of any terms and put an end to their calamities."

A M E R I C A.

Besseterre, March 18. By a vessel from St. Eustatius, we learn, that the captain of his majesty's ship the earl of Albemarle, had sent a summons to the French governor of St. Martin's, to surrender his government to him; after a short deliberation, he thought proper to capitulate, and the captain of the frigate took possession of it in the name of his Britannick majesty.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths are obliged to be omitted for want of room.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For J U L Y, 1780.

This N U M B E R contains

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. An elegant Pattern for a Shawl.
2. A beautiful historical Picture of the Fortune-Teller: and
3. A new Song, set to Music by Mr. Shield.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

AS the late alarming riots in the metropolis have been productive of such scenes of consternation and mischief as are of the most interesting nature, we thought a more minute and authentic account of them than has hitherto appeared, would be highly acceptable to our fair patronesses, especially to those who reside at a distance from the metropolis; for this purpose we have made the most minute enquiries among those who lived in the vicinage of those who were sufferers by the outrages of the rioters, and have added such circumstances as we were spectators of in person. To the historical narrative of these horrid events, we intend to add, in our future publications, an impartial account of the trials of those who were apprehended as accomplices in trampling on the laws of society, endangering the subversion of the constitution, and bringing a disgrace on the name of *protestantism*. A subject of this magnitude has obliged us to postpone several pieces from our correspondents, who will accept of this intimation as a sufficient apology for what is not the result of negligence, but of gratitude, of necessity.

Henrietta R— will accept our best thanks for the liberal supply she favoured us with, of *La Vie d'Épaminondas*.

The lady who has obliged us with a new translation of *Lauretta*, from *Marmontel*, will excuse our not inserting it this month for the reason already assigned.

The writer of *Letters from Captain Herbert*, &c. is called upon by a correspondent to give her the pleasure of reading the continuation of those interesting letters.

Our Friend and Good Customer will be pleased to advert that the advertisements which she reprobates, are not inserted even in a corner of our Magazine: sometimes, indeed, a proposal of that kind may be stitched up with our collection; but then it should be adverted to, that it may easily be torn out by those to whom it is not agreeable, without any ways mutilating the Number.

Amidst a great variety of pieces received this month, we are to thank our fair correspondents for an *Enigmatical Dish of Fish*, by *E. H. Uxbridge*. *List of Ladies*, and a solution of an article omitted in the Magazine for March, by *W. D. P.* *List of Towns in Warwickshire*, by *Mira*. *Young Ladies in White-Chapel*, by *C. G.* *List of Ladies in Rochester*, by *J. H—r—n*. *List of young Ladies in the Tower of London*, by *Juvenis*. *Gentlemen's Names in Isleworth*, by *Emily Truclove*. *List of Actors and Actresses in the Theatres of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden*, by *Julia R—m—d*. *A Prescription in Answer to the uncommon Case in the Magazine for May, Page 255*. *Solution to Enigmas not answered in the Magazine for January*, by *B. C.* *Request of a Recipe for converting diminutive White Eye Brows, into Black ones of a moderate Size*, by *Nanny Colt*. *Application for a Recipe to prevent the Growth of Hair*, by *E. G.* *A Medical Case*, by a *Valitudinarian*. *A Ditto*, by *Lucretia*, and an ungentle Letter from *Bessy Bluzit*, which deserves not even this acknowledgment. While we were writing the above, we were favoured with a *Description of the Dress for this Month*, by our old correspondent.

In the poetic department we are thankful for the following pieces—*Extempore to Miss Indiana B.* by *C. F—y*. *Verses to —*, by *Incognito*. *An Enigma*, by *Clara*. *Answer to the Riddle*, by *Trocluoob*, in *Mag. for June*, by *Strephon*. *Verses written after losing some agreeable Company in Denbighshire*, by *Scratiater*. *Acrostic to young Mr. —*, by *Aurora*. *A Recal to the Genius of A. B—p S—d*, *Geni.* by *Anna L. G.* *To a Lady afraid of Wasps*, and *Melancholy*, a *Fragment*, by *Pastora*. *The Passing-Bell*, by *Phœnix*. *On the Death of Mr. B—n*, by *S—p—n*. *Elegy*, by *Aristius*. *To Miss H.* by *J. L.* *A Song*, by *J. S.* *The Roze returned*, by *W. M.* *To a Canary Bird presented to a Lady*, and a *Song*, by —. *To Miss C.* by *Horatio*. *Solutions to the Riddle*, page 272, by *Rebecca W—s*, *Mary R—s*; *M. C. H. Harmonia*, and *Answer to the Enigmatical Description of a noble Edifice*, page 158, by *Harmonia*, &c. &c.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For J U L Y, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;
OR,
The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.
In a Series of Letters.
By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 286.)

"Be good, let heaven answer for the rest."

LETTER IX.

*The Hon. Mrs. ASKEW to Lady BAB
HARDWICK.*

I Had ever the most favourable opinion of your ladyship's disposition; but your last letter has converted it to admiration. When a female, in the bloom of youth and beauty, deigns to take upon herself the guardianship of virtue, it shews a heart attached to goodness, and in this age of folly, bespeaks it also benevolent from innate principle. The misfortunes of the poor child (you describe so amiably) affected me beyond description. With pleasure do I accept the care of her; she must be worthy my protection, if deserving half the encomiums you so generously bestow.

How much do I revere the motives of your conduct! Few young ladies at such an early age accustom themselves

to reasonable reflection. In promoting the happiness of your favourite, you suffer no interested considerations to prevail, but deny yourself the pleasure of beholding her gratitude, rather than hazard her peace and reputation. Go on, my dear young lady, in this glorious path: the world must then behold in you one of its brightest ornaments.

The heart of my nephew is tender and generous, and of course susceptible. On a mind like his, a first impression is greatly to be dreaded. The gay, unthinking libertine may by one attachment obliterate another, and form new chains from every new face; but when Orlando loves, constancy will be his motto. I fear the object of his tenderness lives in the lovely Ella; but to appear sensible of such a truth would be to fan a flame, which, at present, it must be my care to stifle.

I am convinced, if it be so, he will long combat with his passion ere he suffers it to predominate: but the misfortune is, that tho' other propensions may be overcome by the force of reason, reflection generally adds strength to love. I will send for her immediately, that absence may, if possible, erase the impression already made; but least it should be totally eradicable, will endeavour to render her worthy the distinction. Honour has been ever the rule of Orlando's conduct: if he thinks of Ella, it is not with senti-

ments injurious to virtue. The pride of birth will not permit him to indulge more just ones; he will therefore nobly exert himself to oppose the flame, and that exertion only will render him dearer to my friendship.

For the better furthering my designs, it will be proper to let him remain in an error concerning my intentions. I shall take her as if with the view of rendering her capable of servitude, and, believing her in that humble state, it will help to damp the progress of his passion; for though I would do the utmost to promote his happiness, yet, were it consistent with his peace, should wish him to preserve the dignity of his family.

Your ladyship is not insensible of the tender interest I hold in whatever relates to the only surviving child of a beloved sister, yet you will believe me when I affirm, that though I would be the last who should encourage him to an imprudent act, I would rather see him allied to lowly virtue, than sacrificed to splendid misery.

Misfortunes, that cannot be prevented, must be submitted to with patience. I had other views, views which even now may not, perhaps, be incompatible with his happiness; but should destiny over-rule them, will at least soften the disappointment, by giving to the object of his wishes all the advantages of nobler birth.

My woman shall be at B--- about twelve o'clock on Saturday. If your ladyship will permit your's to accompany Ella in the carriage to that place, it will render her journey less tedious, and I shall place more dependence on her safety. My best wishes attend Lady Mary and Lord Moreton. The latter has, I hope, ere this, forgot his folly, and the simple girl her ambitious notions. Lord Fitzwilliam receives a line from me with this: I have, therefore, no occasion to trouble you on his part, but with true esteem remain,

Your admiring friend,

C. ASKEW.

LETTER X.

Miss TASTY to Miss BETSY EVERGREEN.

WELL, Betsy, what say you to a wedding? I believe there is one in our family very near at hand. Have you sagacity enough to guess the parties? Even Lord Moreton and your little friend. But not a word of this for the world. It is to be quite a stolen march. The day after to-morrow I am to meet him in Church-Lane, step into a chaise, whirl away for Richmond, and there the parson makes us one. O how happy shall I be! *Lady Moreton!* what music is in the sound! Be sure, Betsy, do not forget to alter my address. I cannot now positively acquaint you where to direct, but as soon as I am settled, will write to you again.

When my dear lord first proposed my going off with him, I was in a thousand troubles concerning my cloaths, which, though smart enough for a farmer's daughter, I knew would cut but a so-so figure in the character of his bride. I hinted my sentiments on the subject, and he generously bid me take no thought about them, but slipped into my hand a note of fifty pounds, and begged I would dispose of it as I thought proper in our road thro' London. Such a sum, my dear, will buy an immense number of pretty things. I have been taking down in my pocket-book what will be absolutely necessary to my first appearance. See the inventory as it lays before me—

“A white lutestring night-gown, and white satin petticoat. A muslin gown, and pink Persian coat. A dark silk, and two or three morning dresses.”—These, with the addition of hat, cloak, caps, linen, &c. &c. will nearly employ the whole. But when the nuptial benediction is passed, I shall have it in my power to increase my wardrobe. Fanny knows not a word of the affair, but both she and my mama have remarked, that within this week my spirits have been raised a key above their usual height—reason
good

good if they knew all. How I enjoy the surprise they will be in, when a footman, in new livery, presents them a letter from my ladyship, to acquaint them of our stolen wedding.—“ Married!” cries papa,—“ Aye, and to a lord too!” says mamma—“ I always told you the girl was born to noble fortune!”

“ I declare,” cries Fanny, “ old Dame Ashby is a witch! She always said that Kitty would ride in her coach; and it was but a week ago that she shewed her the horses in her cup!”

So she did, Bessy, and if there is any such thing as true fortune-tellers, that old hag is surely one. I have often and often stole out of an evening to make her throw the cards, and whenever I did, she used to tell me of jewels and finery, and describe to me a tall young gentleman in purple cloaths, which certainly must mean Lord Moreton, for I know no other that wears that colour. Besides, last Midsummer-eve, when I put a snail upon the dough-trough in the bake-house, it wrote as perfect an M as ever you beheld.

Well, 'tis strange I vow to Cupid! But marriages they say are made in heaven, and whatever our situation, fate will prevail. I am so full of my expected happiness, that I forgot to tell you of an accident that has happened in the village.

You knew farmer Worthy: his cottage has been blown down by the late winds, and himself and two little grandsons buried in the rubbish. I hear the old man was taken out alive, but died immediately afterwards, and his son, but a few days before, took it into his head to enlist for a soldier, so poor Ella was left to shift entirely for herself.

Lord Fitzwilliam and the ladies chanced to be walking that way at the time the accident happened, and taking pity on her distress, took her home with them, and it is reported that she is to be sent to London to wait upon his lordship's aunt. Now as I am go-

ing to be married, I should have liked her much to have attended on myself: but then she is so pretty, my lord might, perhaps, have taken a liking to her, and that you know, would not have been altogether so agreeable; so believe, upon the whole, the girl is better where she is, for if that had been the case, I should have kept her but a very short time.

I must now leave off writing, for it is past four o'clock, and at five I promised to meet my lover in the yew-walk.

Adieu, Betsy; depend on hearing from me again very soon, and believe me your's,

K. TASTY.

(To be continued.)

The FORTUNE TELLER.

[Decorated with an elegant Plate, taken from the PERSONAGES of the DRAMA, by an ACADEMECIAN, and engraved by an eminent ARTIST.]

WHETHER more stratagem is displayed by the fair sex than the male, has for a long time been a subject of dispute. If the jury should be a jury of matrons, our sex would not doubt of a victory, and for this reason, that females seldom do, never ought to swear, unless amen before a court where life or death are to be decided: but if the trial should come before the other sex, as it is no capital cause, the men will sometimes swear any thing, and, heavens! what must be the decision!—I would not choose to adopt the burthen of an old song on this occasion, “ It is artifice, artifice all,” but must leave it to my own sex to judge, whether the male did not shew more artifice than the female in the tale now to be told.

Wardley had courted Belamira for years, but could not gain even a promise or negative from her. Her fortune, which was very considerable, her person, which was the most engaging in the vicinage, were not the objects which

which he pursued: her mental accomplishments, her rigid virtue, her charitable disposition to all around her, were the virtues which captivated him; but he knew not how to communicate his sentiments for her: her beauties dazzled, her virtues awed him.

Her maid, who had conceived a predilection for Wardley, on his taking leave at one of his visits, conducted him to the door, whispered to him—"Sir, you have a regard for Miss; but you play off at too great a distance. You must not imagine she must court you. But believe me, Sir, you must employ many an artifice to make her what you would wish her, your own for life. She is coy, and tho' she is discreet, has something of superstition in her character: this is the bulwark you are to play against. Should she take it into her head that marriages are made in heaven, and some females imagine so, your business is done: the walk from Dulwich to Norwood is pleasant: you have nothing to do but to apprize the old gipsy there of your intentions: she will then inform her of what fate has decreed her: she will believe it, and your lot, as well as her's, will be settled in a trice."

Wardley, tho' he did not relish the deceit, yet out of a fit of gaiety resolved to make trial of it. He applied to the gipsy in Norwood, found her sitting almost double in her hut, and approached her with a trembling step and slow. The gipsy eyed him for some time, and when he entered her mud-built hut, asked him, "Son, what is thy business? I am thine, and thy friend's friend." After describing the person of Belamira, he gave her the proper instructions, enforced them by crossing her hands with a couple of guineas, and departed with a profound bow.

The season invited Belamira to make an excursion. Her woman, who always accompanied her on such occasions, proposed going to Norwood to have her fortune told.—Belamira laughed at her maid's simplicity, but paid her the compliment of hearing the

pretended decrees of the footy sybil. They repaired to her hut: Wardley was apprised of their coming, and the gipsy being then sunning herself, and seeing a lady of elegant form approaching towards her hut, raised herself as well as she could to receive her commands.

"Gammer," said she, smiling, "can you tell me my fortune?"

"Cross my hands with a piece of silver, my lady, and I will."

Belamira complied with her request, and then the oracular priestess, looking on her fingers, and perceiving no mark on a particular one, began thus: "My lady, you are single; you *must* be married. You do not dislike the man who would think himself happy with you: he is——" Then she described his person, as Belamira had done to her before. Wardley was present, tho' not perceived, and was not displeased at the manner in which the gipsy topped her part.

While Belamira heard her description of Wardley, she blushed, she looked at her woman, and expressed much in her looks. Wardley perceived all this from his *covert*, and was resolved to make the best of it.

The next morning he renewed his addresses to Belamira. She listened to him with acquiescence. But mark the end!—The maid who had thus by treachery betrayed her mistress, broke her leg as she run down stairs the evening of the wedding, which turned into a mortification that carried her off.—The gipsy, who was the secondary instrument, perished in her hut by cold: and Wardley himself, who had gained so amiable a woman by fraud, was so racked by the rheumatism, that he was unable, for years, to walk abroad. So true it is that honesty never fails, and deceit ever will.

R——.

A SKETCH of a COMICAL FELLOW.

THERE is not a word in the whole compass of the English language more grossly abused than the term

term *friendship*, which, at present, means no more than that men eat together, walk together, game together, and are grave or merry, drunk or sober together, without ever conceiving any real regard for each other's happiness and interest. I believe every day's experience will point out many who are dupes to this florid outside of *friendship*. In the course of my observations I have marked out a particular character, that falls more egregiously into this error than the rest of mankind.—The character I mean is that of the *Comical Fellow*, or *The Agreeable Devil*, or *The Cursed High Fellow*, or *The Man of Infinite Humour*, or *The Genius*, or by whatever names (for many names will suit him) you may please to distinguish the person, whom a chearful flow of spirits, and a quick circulation of the ideas that fall to his share, conspire to render an entertaining companion.

HISTOIRE D'EMILIE.

(Continued from Page 240.)

LE Marquis se vit donc, par-là tiré du mauvais pas, où sa fureur l'avoit engagé. On prit soin de lui cacher la main généreuse, qui l'avoit si bien secouru ; mais quelques précautions qu'on ait prit, il ne put s'empêcher de la reconnoître. Ce service essentiel fit, sur lui, les mêmes impressions que ceux qu'il avoit déjà reçus du même côté.

Sa rage, au lieu de sa mortir par la reconnoissance, en prit de nouvelles forces, & quand il vit qu'on lui étoit la liberté pour toujours, il ne douta point que son protecteur n'allât recueillir le fruit de sa détention auprès de son épouse.

Cette idée jointe à l'alteration que la frayeur & la prison avoient déjà fait sur sa santé, l'impuissance d'exécuter ce que les transports les plus violens lui suggeroient, le réduisirent, peu de temps après, à un état de démence & d'égarement, qui fit craindre qu'il ne pût jamais recouvrer l'usage de sa rai-

son. Cette crainte n'étoit que trop bien fondée : peu de jour après être arrivé dans le lieu fixé pour sa prison, il fut saisi d'une fièvre violente, qui le réduisit à la dernière extrémité. Un redoublement de délire augmenta le désordre dans tous ses sens & il finit, dans cet état déplorable, un vie qui ne pouvoit être pour lui qu'un supplice, & dont le souvenir devoit malheureusement perpétuer l'horreur pour tous ceux à qu'il avoit appartenu.

Bristol.

GERTRUDE.

(To be continued.)

ON EDUCATION.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS the education of youth is undoubtedly of the utmost consequence, the following observations are submitted to the consideration of those to whose superintending care that important trust may be committed.

To adopt, and strictly adhere to certain invariable rules, as the *criterion* of every language, is as necessary, as that a person should speak and write in such a manner as to be universally understood, for otherwise perpetual incroachments, and needless innovations would be introduced, and the language, instead of being comprehensible, for want of a proper standard, would be so perverted and mangled, to satisfy the whim or caprice of every fantastical inventor, as to dwindle into unintelligible jargon.

Grammar being the foundation on which all literature, properly so called, should be raised, it behoves parents to be particularly careful to place their children under the management and tuition of those persons, who are capable of instructing them in the fundamental principles of learning, those of writing grammatically. The mistaken notion which prevails in this part of the country, led me to those reflections. Regard-

gardless of the interior abilities of the man, under whose immediate tuition the child is to be placed, it has been the constant practice to prefer that superficial master who could write a fine hand, or strike a well-proportioned letter, although unable to write a single line with propriety in his own mother tongue, to those of known and tried abilities. — Nothing is more common (nor can any thing be more absurd) than to dignify the writer of a fine hand, without any other recommendation, with the flattering appellation of a *good scholar*.

To a mind endowed with just and useful ideas, and a genius thirsting for fame in the literary path, how disparaging must it be, and what a loss to the public, that such an one should be intimidated from a pursuit which might accomplish his own fame, be beneficial to himself, and entertaining to society, for want of grammatical knowledge? without which it would be needless to enter the lists of fame as a candidate for literature, however qualified in every other respect. To attempt to write in the English language, without having a perfect knowledge of the rudiments of that tongue, would be an attempt to build castles in the air, which must fall, and the builder could not avoid being crushed in its ruins. — So it is with the man who attempts to deliver his sentiments on any public occasion, for altho' the speech might be eloquent, and the words well adapted to the purpose, were not the composition strictly grammatical, instead of gaining upon the audience, it would not only deservedly lose its effect, be looked upon as beauty without virtue, as the shadow, not the substance of learning, but would assuredly draw down, at least from the sensible part of his auditors, the utmost disgust and contempt, and afford a grammarian, disposed to take the other side of the question, an opportunity to take every advantage, by distorting his whole speech, and signalizing himself at his expence. What a fine pigeon for a severe critic is an ungrammatical

writer or orator! The plucking, whilst it gratifies the spleen of the critic, never fails also to afford a delicious repast to the readers or auditors. In what a contemptible light was that popular man held, and how much the subject of ridicule in the public prints, who, in an oration at Guildhall, instead of speaking in the superlative degree, (which he wished to have done) thro' ignorance made use of the double comparative *more better*.

And yet, notwithstanding this degradation in the eyes of the public, we still see many men, some in elevated stations too, who may boast of long and expensive educations, and yet with all can scarcely write a grammatical sentence. Even the very prints teem with incongruous expressions.

Is not this evidently owing to the neglect of an early tuition in the rudiments, elements, and leading principles of grammar? — The English language is allowed, of all others, to be the most simple in its form and construction, the words being subject to fewer variations, and when reduced to a system of regular rules, comes within the comprehension of the meanest capacity.

To encourage what of late years has been so much neglected, *an early application to the study of the English grammar under proper teachers*, is my only aim in this address to the public: but whilst I am declaiming against ungrammatical productions, tho' aware that these hasty observations may merit the like censure, yet I shall kiss the rod of the severest critic, invite, rather than shrink under the poignancy of his censure, from a conviction that it will operate with me as admonitious lessons, and that whilst it stings, I shall suck the honey.

I remain, Sir,

Your's, &c.

Warminster.

Ac.

ACCOUNT of the RIOTS in the METROPOLIS.

(In continuation from page 296.)

THE house adjourned afterwards, the mob being dispersed by a manœuvre from justice Addington.

But it ought to be observed, during this day's business, that Lord George addressed the petitioners in this manner, and to this effect, "You have nothing to hope from the temper of the House, and it was resolved to consider their petition on Tuesday; but he did not like *delays*; and lastly, he *advised* them to *depart peaceably*, and *rely* upon the *goodness* of their *gracious king*, who now that he knows the *desires* of his people, would be glad to *meet* their wishes." With this assurance the petitioners dispersed; and perhaps all those who had assembled upon a *religious* view went away—but what can we say of those who had *no religious* view?

They began their manœuvres by dividing their forces, one party—but it ought to be observed, that the guards, who were on duty to *protect* the parliament, drank with the rioters. Mr. Justice Addington headed a party of horse; but what was the effect?—he was glad to be safe.

In the night the rioters collected again, in different parts of the town; and about eleven in the evening, one party directed their march to the Sardinian ambassador's chapel, in Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn-Fields, another to the Bavarian ambassador's, in Warwick-street, near Golden-square, and finding little or no opposition, they demolished the altar pieces, and other ornaments, and committed all their depredations to the flames. It is said that in the Sardinian chapel, a painting of *Casali*, which has been reported to have cost 2,500*l.* was destroyed in the universal pillage. But it should be remembered likewise, only as a report, that in the Bavarian ambassador's chapel, near Golden-square, or in some apartments belonging to it, large quantities of tea, and other dry goods, were found and destroyed.

We must now recur to the transactions of that day in the House of Peers. Lord Mountfort informed the House, that Lord Boston had been *dragged* from his carriage, and was in the hands of the mob. The Duke of Richmond was instantly fired; reprobated in warm terms the outrage, and added, that he would to the faces of the mob avow his espousal of the act, which they seemed to reprobate. Lord Radnor was likewise for facing the mob, and rescuing Lord Boston. The Speaker was called upon to appear for the same purpose, with his *regalia*; but the Duke of Gloucester, with a reminiscence which should not have escaped the House, observed, "that there could be no house without their speaker."

The House being yet undetermined, Lord Boston entered with his hair very much disarranged—no hat! no bag! and his cloaths equally out of *ton*!

He related what he had suffered from the mob, in a melancholy tone; but as soon as he had finished his lamentable tale, Lord Shelburne rose, spoke rather severely, though some folks say justly, against the ministers, who could upon a late occasion, whisper danger to his majesty, and arm the guards to sally forth on the first notice; and yet when it was requisite, when notice was given to the ministry, that a large body was to assemble in St. George's fields, no measure, no precaution was made use of to stem the torrent of outrage, which might be expected to join those who had *too much* religion, tho' they themselves had none.

Lord Hillsborough was certainly warm on this occasion, for he took the application to himself. He said, a word had dropped which seemed to say that he had *avowed* to his majesty. He said *more*.—He ever spake out,—entered into a justification of administration, with respect to internal government, insisted that what Lord S—— had intimated, had been *a* *ut*. The civil power had had notice to attend, and the military were in readiness too.—

The justices, Wright and Reid, happened then to be in the lobby of the House, and imagined that they must be interrogated. But they said they attended not out of duty, but mere curiosity, and for fear they should be wanted. Though asked whether they had received any previous call to preserve the peace; though the rights of parliament, in respect of the freedom of voting was dependent on the exercise of their duty as civil magistrates; though Lord G—— G——'s advertisement appeared in several newspapers some days before; tho' in his own advertisement he desired that the magistrates of the counties of Middlesex and Surry, &c. &c. would send their officers into St. George's-fields, they sent none, but were excused by the House, and the supreme magistrate of the City of London, was amended before a privy council, for not preventing a mischief which neither the ministry, nor the Surry nor Middlesex justices endeavoured to prevent; because, if they had done so, in the first instance, it would not have spread into the city; when on Saturday, June 3d, the riots so alarming the preceding day, *seemed* to have subsided, all appeared to be peace, all seemed to be quietness! But a coal, an ember, will sometimes, notwithstanding its seeming deadness, burst forth, and cause a conflagration.

Twelve persons had been seized and brought before the Middlesex justices, and, after a long examination, were committed. The charge against them was supported by Mr. Rainsforth, the king's tallow-chandler: he had secured, by means of the guard, which he had applied for from Somerset-house, all those who were found in the chapel. In consequence of which *six* were seized and delivered into custody.

Sunday, June 4. The mob collected again about five in the afternoon in Rope-Maker's-Alley, Moorfields, where a Romish chapel had been erected, adjoining to which was a school for the education of those of the same persuasion, which they forced, brought

out all the benches, &c. and burnt them in the street. The deliberate manner in which they executed these outrages was amazing, and the expedition with which these houses were demolished indicated them to have been used to taking down houses in a more reputable way. The military were sent for; but knowing they could not act without the command of the civil power, were obliged to remain as spectators of those mischiefs, which they were assembled to prevent. They then made a virtue of necessity, smiled at what was doing, or otherwise would have met with such treatment as would have disgraced them to bear, and which some of their fellow soldiers had been involved in.

The Lord Mayor was present, but was too much intimidated to interfere. Among the spectators were Lord Beauchamp, Hon. Edward Foley, &c. The tameness of the military was, by the ignorant, imputed to their avowing the same sentiments with the mob; but the form in which they appeared afterwards is sufficient to wipe off the aspersion, and to re-establish their reputation.

Monday, June 5. This being his majesty's birth-day, was celebrated at court, a privy council was held in his closet, and a proclamation was determined to be issued in the next day's gazette, offering a reward of five hundred pounds to those who should discover any person or persons concerned in demolishing or setting fire to the chapels of the Sardinian and Bavarian ambassadors; and guards were sent to protect their houses and persons from any future outrages.

In the morning between one and two, the mob attacked the house of Sir George Saville, in Leicester-Fields, on account of his bringing in the bill in favour of the Papists. His windows were broken. The guards were sent for; but so little was Sir George intimidated, that he is said to have continued in the house during the depredations of the rioters, and to have slept there after they dispersed.

The

The persons that were apprehended for the riots on Friday, were examined by the magistrates in Bow-street, among which was one Bund, a foreigner, who was proved by several witnesses to have been seen coming out of the Bavarian ambassador's chapel in Warwick-street while it was in flames, and an altar cloth, called an *antependium*, and a door belonging to the ambassador, being found in his lodgings, he was committed for trial: he was one of the five who were escorted by a strong party of guards to Newgate, thirteen having been apprehended.

A large party of the soldiery attended in Bow-street during the examinations, which continued from ten in the morning, till half an hour after three in the afternoon.

The guards, in their return from escorting the prisoners to Newgate, were pelted by the mob, and one of them being wounded in the eye, was going to level his piece at the assailant, but his officer struck it down, and would not suffer him to discharge it.

The Lord Mayor being informed that the rioters were assembled again in Moorfields, repaired thither with his proper attendants to read the riot act; but a party of the guards being sent for, he submitted to their protection, and relinquished his original intention. Some of the mob repaired to Charles-square, Hoxton, to Mr. Bridgewater's academy, whom they charged with being a papist. He answered he was a protestant, and not a papist.—“But you teach your scholars the popish tenets.”—He replied, “I teach the children the Old and New Testament, agreeable to the principles of the church of England as by law established.”—After this answer, he was asked if he would permit six or seven of them to enter his house, and examine it in a peaceable manner?—He immediately consenting, seven went into the house, examined every room, behaved quietly and orderly, and returned to their companions, fully satisfied that he was no papist.

A ladies school in the same square was obliged to submit to the same in-

vestigation. The presence of mind shewed by the governess in so trying an occasion was remarkable: every question proposed to her she answered without hesitation. She shewed them the books of all her pupils, and convinced them that there could not be the least shadow of a suspicion of her not being a protestant.

Of the mobs which had assembled in Moorfields, one party paraded with the relics of havoc as far as Lord G. G——n's in Welbeck-street, and afterwards burnt them in the adjacent fields. Another party went to Virginia-street, and a third to Nightingale-lane, East-Smithfield, where they destroyed the Roman Catholic chapels, and were guilty of other outrages.

In the course of the day they went to Mr. Rainsforth's, the king's tallow chandler, in Stanhope street, Clare-market, which they ransacked from top to bottom, threw his stock of candles, bags of cotton, furniture, &c. into the street, and set them on fire in different piles.

About the same time another party collected before the house of Mr. Maberly, in Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, which they partly demolished, destroying an elegant front lately erected to his shop. The cause of their venting their rage on the two last-mentioned gentlemen, was their appearing as evidence against the rioters, and their vigilance in apprehending them.

In the general panic which seemed to have taken possession of persons of every description, a court of aldermen was summoned to meet to consult what measures should be taken to quell the tumults in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields, but there not being a sufficient number to make a court, a second summons was issued out for another the next morning at nine o'clock precisely, and an order was issued for the constables of every ward to be in Guildhall at the same time.

On the opening of the court the Lord-mayor acquainted them that he had received two letters from the Lords Stormont and Hillborough,

secretaries of state, requiring him to take such methods to quiet the disturbances, and prevent future mischief, as should appear most advisable. His lordship likewise added, that he had attended, with as much of the civil power as he could collect, with an intent to prevent the outrages which had been threatened by the populace, but found them insufficient to allay their fury; that the chapel was demolished, and several houses also supposed to have been inhabited by Roman catholics: and he concluded with desiring the assistance of the court in protecting the public peace, and in prevention of any future tumults.

After some debate, the city marshals, who attended, were called in, and ordered to provide two large bodies of constables, in addition to those of the several wards, and to place one division on the place where the riot happened, and the other in some convenient place, that they might be in readiness, if occasion called, to give their assistance to preserve the peace, and were to be relieved every six hours.

The protestant association, of which Lord George ——— was president, being made free with as if accomplices in the late tumults, to exculpate themselves, and to prevent any renewal of outrages, as the parliament was to meet to take the protestant petition into consideration, on Tuesday June the sixth, the following advertisement was inserted in all the daily papers.

PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.

“Whereas many riotous persons on Friday last, after the petition of this association was presented to the honourable House of Commons, did tumultuously stop the passages to both houses of parliament, and grossly insulted the persons of many of the members, and afterwards proceeded with violence to destroy the chapels belonging to foreign ambassadors, (sacred to all countries) to the great breach of the peace, the disturbance of private persons and families, and to the disgrace of the best of causes—

“Resolved unanimously, That all true protestants be required to shew their attachment to their best interest, by a legal and peaceable deportment, as all unconstitutional proceedings in so good a cause, can only tend to prevent the members of the legislature from paying due attention to the united prayers of the protestant petition.

By order of the committee,

G. GORDON, President.”

London, June 5, 1780.

As a farther preventative there appeared likewise this day a proclamation from the king, promising a reward of five hundred pounds, upon the apprehension and conviction of those who were concerned in pulling down the chapels of the foreign ambassadors; and if not the person who first began to break into, or pull down the said chapels, a pardon, though an accomplice, on his impeaching those who were concerned with him*.

These

* To authenticate this account of the proceedings of my Lord, we have subjoined the papers which were laid before the House of Commons, of the proceedings of the Court of Aldermen relative to the late riots and tumults, in a continued series from the 2d to the 24th of June, 1780.

K E N N E T T, Mayor.

Tuesday the 6th day of June, 1780, and in the 20th year of the reign of king George the Third, of Great Britain, &c.

THE right honourable the Lord Mayor acquainted this court, that on Saturday last his lordship was informed several people were assembled in Rope-makers-alley, in Little Moorfields, but not many in number; that on Sunday afternoon he received further information of a very great concourse of people being assembled in a riotous manner before the Roman Catholic chapel in the said alley, and thereupon sent for the two marshals, and marshalsmen; when Thomas Gates, the upper marshal, appearing, he directed him to collect what number of constables he could procure, and immediately go there, and en-

These precautions had not their effect. The number of persons who assembled in the environs of the Parliament House was more numerous than

endeavour to disperse the mob; that in the evening his lordship, attended by Mr. Alderman Clark, Mr. Alderman Peckham, and Mr. Sheriff Pugh, went to Rope-maker's alley, and staid there till three o'clock in the morning. Soon after his arrival there, not being able to procure a sufficient number of peace-officers to put a stop to the riot, and the burning of the furniture of the chapel, and other houses, and those constables who were there not exerting themselves effectually towards suppressing the same, his lordship thought it his duty to send to the commander in the Tower, for the military to aid and assist, who sent at one time 30 men, another time 15, and at last 30 men more; but finding that force insufficient, his lordship and the aldermen endeavoured to persuade them to desist, and be quiet, which they accordingly did, and then quitted the place, leaving Mr. Sheriff Pugh behind: that on Monday morning he was informed the riot had re-commenced, and he again sent to the Tower for a military force, when, in compliance with his lordship's message, more soldiers came, with a party of horse, who were there at this time, and the populace had already destroyed and burnt down the Romish chapel, and two or three of the adjoining houses.

The Lord Mayor further acquainted this court, that he had on Saturday last received a letter from Lord Viscount Stormont, one of his majesty's secretaries of state, on Sunday he received another letter from his lordship, and yesterday had received a letter jointly from Lord Viscount Stormont and the Earl of Hillsborough, the secretaries of state, and that his lordship had sent an answer to the said letters, which letters were severally read as follow:

*St. James's, June 3, 1780.
14 Min. p. Two, P. M.*

My Lord,

AS information which I have received gives me reason to apprehend that tumults may arise within your lordship's jurisdiction, I think it my duty to convey to you immediately this information. I cannot too strongly recommend the matter to your lordship's attention, and am confident, from your known activity, that you will not omit any legal exertion of the ci-

vil power which may contribute upon this occasion to preserve the public peace.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your lordship's

Most obedient

Humble servant,

STORMONT.

The Right Hon. the Lord

Mayor of London.

*St. James's, June 4, 1780.
25 Min. p. Ten, P. M.*

My Lord,

INFORMATION which I have just received makes me think it my indispensable duty to recommend the contents of the letter which I had the honour to write to your lordship yesterday, to your most serious consideration. I cannot but hope and trust, from your lordship's known zeal and activity, that every effectual legal method will be used by you to preserve the public peace, by guarding it against those dangers to which it stands exposed.

I am, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your lordship's

Most obedient

Humble servant,

STORMONT.

Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

St. James's, June 5, 1780.

My Lord,

WE learnt with pleasure, by your lordship's verbal answer returned to Lord Stormont's letter of last night, that you were then using your best endeavours to disperse the tumultuous assembly in Moorfields, and to prevent every outrage. Those endeavours seem to have been in some degree successful for a time; but we have just received intelligence which gives us equal concern and surprize, that there is actually a riotous meeting at the same place, and that a great number of seditious persons are employed in demolishing different dwelling-houses, and all this is done in broad day, according to our information, without the least interposition of the civil magistrates to preserve the public peace.

Under

than one hundred thousand. They did assemble as before in St. George's Fields, but came in separate parties, at different times, and by several ways. About half past one o'clock several parties of the light horse were stationed near the Parliament House; the doors of Westminster-hall were shut, and it was with great difficulty that any members could get admittance to the house: the carriages of such members as did not think themselves obnoxious were marked on the leather, or pannels, "No Popery," and the member's name; amongst which the Duke of Cumberland's coach did not escape, though he was received himself with loud acclamations.

Under these considerations, we think it our indispensable duty again to call your lordship's attention to such very serious objects, and we cannot but persuade ourselves that you will feel that a constant, uninterrupted exertion of every possible legal endeavour to prevent or quell such outrages, and to preserve or restore the public order and tranquility, and to seize and secure the principal delinquents, that they may be brought to justice, is an indispensable part of the duty of the high station in which your lordship is placed.

We have the honour to be,

My lord,

Your lordship's

Most obedient and

Most humble servants,

STORMONT.

HILLSBOROUGH.

*The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor
of the City of London.*

Mr. Thomas Gates, upper marshal, being called in by the desire of the Lord Mayor, acquainted this court, that upon receiving his lordship's directions on Sunday, he sent a messenger to all the marshalsmen, requiring their attendance at Rope-maker's-alley, Moorfields, immediately, and was informed that Joseph Bradley, one of the marshalsmen, gave for answer, that he would not come to protect any such popish rascals.

James Clarke, weaver, was called in, and acquainted the court, that seeing several people on Sunday afternoon assembled in Rope-maker's-alley, and boys

About three o'clock Lord Sandwich attempted to go down to the house, but could get no farther than the end of Bridge-street, when the populace attacked him, and insisted on his going back, which his lordship not acquiescing in, they broke the windows, and almost demolished his chariot, pelting it with stones, and continued these outrages to the imminent danger of his life, had he not been rescued by the vigorous exertions of a party of light horse, commanded by Col. Smith, and headed by Justice Hyde. The latter appeared active the whole day, and having ordered a soldier to cut down one of the most daring among the rioters, he drew their vengeance on him, and was the first that suffered by their depredations.

throwing stones, he applied to the said Joseph Bradley, to whom he was directed, desiring his attendance there as a constable, to do what was necessary on the occasion; that Bradley answered him, that he would not go to protect any popish priest, for he had taken the oaths of allegiance, abjuration, and supremacy, as a constable. The said Joseph Bradley was thereupon called in, and acquainted with what Mr. Gates and Clark had said, he answered, he could not contradict what Clark had said; but when Clark came to him, he asked him whether he came by the lord mayor's directions or the city marshals, he answered him in the negative; that the reason for his not going was his being a protestant, and having taken the oaths of allegiance to government, he did not think he should assist a papist, but was very willing to be informed of his duty, and to execute the same; and then they all withdrew.

This court doth recommend to the right honourable the lord mayor, to immediately suspend the said Joseph Bradley from his said place of marshalsman during his lordship's pleasure; and being called in, the lord mayor acquainted him that from that instant he suspended him from the said place of marshalsman, and then he withdrew.

This court doth recommend to the right honourable the lord mayor, to take the most effectual methods to prevent any riots or tumults within this city as his lordship shall think proper, and this court will defray all expences attending the same.

The

The house of Lord North, in Downing-street, was attacked, and preserved only by the activity of a party of light horse, who rode over, and wounded several of the assailants with their swords.

About four o'clock two hundred members had got into the house; where Lord George G — being observed by Captain Herbert, of the navy, brother-in-law to the Duke of Manchester, sitting with an unembarrassed countenance, with a blue cockade in his hat, the captain in an angry tone insisted on his taking it out, or he would go across the house and "Take the ensign of riot, and contempt of parliament" out for him. Lord George complied with this animated request.

After some time spent in public and private considerations, Mr. Buller moved the following resolutions, which were agreed to: 1. That his majesty should be addressed to indemnify the foreign ambassadors for the injuries and losses they have sustained in the destruction of their property. 2. That it is a breach of privilege of the house to draw together an assembly of the people into the lobby, or avenues leading to the house, so as to obstruct the members in passing to it, and the proceedings of the house. 3. That a committee be appointed to inquire into the cause of the assembling of such large bodies of people. 4. That the house will take the protestant petition into consideration when the tumults are subsided. And to adjourn the house till the eighth.

It was observed that the mob which surrounded the Parliament House this day, did not consist of the same persons as attended on Friday, the latter were generally orderly, but the former receiving continual reinforcements, and being joined by large parties armed with bludgeons, and carrying flags, appeared to be men of a different description. They consisted of men of the lowest rank, and were composed mostly of boys and apprentices. The public houses were not a

little benefited on this occasion, being filled from top to bottom with persons wearing blue cockades, who, by blunting their feelings by intoxication, were ripe for any degree of mischief.

On the rising of the house, Lord George G — went to the corner of Bridge-street, and informed the populace what had been done by their representatives, and advised them to depart quietly to their own houses; on which they took the horses from his carriage, and drew him along in a triumphal manner, amidst the loudest peals of acclamation.

Early in the evening Mr. Justice Hyde's house, in Little St. Martin's-Lane, was broke open, and the furniture, which was tossed out of the windows by mere striplings, was burnt in the street, and the house itself destroyed in less than an hour.

As soon as this act of devastation was perpetrated, a party of the rioters paraded through Long-acre, down Holbourn, armed with iron bars, crow's, sledge-hammers, &c. making no secret of their going to Newgate to release those of the rioters which had been there committed 'till their trials. About four in the afternoon, a considerable crowd had assembled there, huzzaed, and threatened to be there again in the evening. Mr. Akerman acquainted the proper persons with this menacing notice; but those whom he had sent to, either neglected the information, or wanted presence of mind to protect him. On the mob's knocking at Mr. Akerman's door, and peremptorily demanding the release of those who were committed as rioters, Mr. Akerman replied, "That they must be aware it was a question which he could not answer to their satisfaction; and as it was his wish to do his duty, without offending any person, he hoped they would not put him to the necessity of a refusal." On his refusal, they began to break the windows, some to batter the doors and entrances into the cells, with pick-axes and sledge-hammers, others with ladders which they had

had taken from St. Sepulchre's church, to scale the walls : they then proceeded to strip the house of its furniture, in which was an elegant collection of pictures, which they piled up against the prison door, and set fire to it, which spread to the house, from thence to the chapel, and afterwards all thro' the prison. A party of constables, nearly amounting to a hundred, headed by Mr. Millar, the city marshall, came to the assistance of the keeper; the mob made a lane for, and suffered them to pass, 'till they were entirely incircled, when they attacked them with great fury, broke their staves, and converted them into brands, which they hurled about to those places which the fire had not caught. As soon as the fire had destroyed Mr. Akerman's house, who, with his family, escaped with great difficulty and danger backwards, the flames communicated to the wards and cells, and all the prisoners, who assisted them in forcing the doors, were let out, to the number of three hundred; among whom were three or four men ordered for execution the Thursday following.—The activity which the mob shewed on this occasion, as well as others, was almost incredible. Many of the prisoners they dragged out by the hair of their heads, by their legs or arms, or whatever part they could lay hold of. They broke open the doors of the different entrances, as easily as if they had been acquainted with their intricacies all their lives. Great numbers of the prisoners were let out at the gate that leads to the Sessions-House, almost the only place which they did not force their way into; but they did not let this remain unmolested; for though they did not enter it, they broke all the windows. The cellars under Mr. Akerman's house were emptied; the liquors, of all kinds, were brought up in hats and pails, and drank in the streets by the populace. So well planned were all the manœuvres of these desperate ruffians, that they placed centinels at all the avenues, to prevent the prisoners whom they had

liberated, from being conveyed to any other jails. Thus was the prison, which to the common observer appeared to be built of nothing that could be burnt, and seemed impregnable, destroyed in a few hours by an undisciplined mob, and the damage sustained by the city was computed at no less than 140,000*l.* which sum they had expended in building it, though it was not then finished.

Flushed with their victory, elevated with the wine and other liquors they had drank, and joined by those villains whom they had liberated from Newgate, the rioters set forwards to other scenes of devastation. From the moment of their junction with those from Newgate their depredations seemed to take a new turn, and the freedom of others, who came under that description, seemed to be their primary object, as the pillage and destruction of private property was their secondary one. About half an hour after ten, a party came to the New-prison, in Clerkenwell, and insisted on a release of all the prisoners. They soon broke open the wicket doors, and brought shavings to set fire to the prison; but reflecting that the street being narrow, the flames might consume the neighbourhood, they desisted from their intention, and with pick-axes broke open the gates, and let the prisoners out.

After this they went to Clerkenwell Bridewell; but the keeper, having heard what they had just done at New-prison, in the neighbourhood, and intimidated with the conflagration that they had caused at Newgate, the strongest and most durable prison in England, thought it advisable to give way to a force which he was unable to cope with, and immediately opened the gates, on their demanding entrance.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS of MRS. PRITCHARD.

[Extracted from DAVIES's LIFE of GARRICK, Vol. II. Page 174.]

MRS. Pritchard, who for near thirty-six years had been admired for her superior merit in her profession, and beloved for her many virtues in her private life, in 1768 resolved to withdraw from public life, and spend the remainder of her time at Bath.

To this she was tempted by the prospect of great advantages, which were to accrue to her from a legacy of one Mr. Leonard, an attorney of Lion's-Inn, a distant relation, of whose will her brother, Mr. Vaughan, was the executor. But whatever might have been the intention of the testator, by his will the bulk of his estate fell to the heirs at law. Mr. Vaughan's conduct in this affair was publicly censured and legally questioned. Mrs. Pritchard was unhappily led into a gross error.

She was, when very young, recommended to the notice of Mr. Booth, who was exceedingly pleased with her manner of reciting several scenes of tragedy and comedy: he was then so great a valetudinarian, and so little connected with the management of the theatre, that it is thought he advised her to apply to Mr. Cibber, or some other governing person in that department.

Her first appearance was, soon after, at *Bartholomew Fair*! where she gained the notice and applause of the public by her easy, unaffected manner of speaking, and was greatly caressed and admired for singing, in some droll, a favourite air, which began with

"Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn."

Mrs. Pritchard set out a candidate for theatrical fame in 1733, at the time when Mr. Highmore, patentee of Drury-Lane theatre, quarrelled with his principal actors, who revolted from him, and opened the little play-house in the Hay-Market. To the seceders she applied for employment: they very

gladly embraced so promising an addition to their strength.

One of the first parts she acted was Belina, in a play called the *Mother-in-Law*, translated by Miller from Moliere's *Malade Imaginaire*, and adapted to the English stage. Her genteel person, for she was young and slender, her attractive countenance, which, in the phrase of Shakespeare, "was an alarm to love;" her unembarrassed deportment, and proper action, charmed all the spectators, who looked at one another with surprise and pleasure, as if congratulating themselves on seeing a rising genius, capable, perhaps, one day, of consoling them for the loss of Mrs. Oldfield, who was then lately dead.

When Mr. Fleetwood united the two companies of Drury-Lane and the Hay-Market, Mrs. Pritchard was of too much consequence to be neglected: but notwithstanding her claim to encouragement from the manager, he omitted to bring her forward to public notice, by not giving her a proper opportunity of displaying her talents; she was often, from pique or prejudice, thrust into characters unworthy of so great a genius, such as *Lady Loverule*, in the *Wives Metamorphosed*; and I remember, when Mrs. Cibber made her first essay in *Zara*, Mrs. Pritchard was cast into the inferior part of *Selima*, her friend and confidant.

But it was impossible to obscure the lustre of so bright a diamond as Pritchard: by degrees she convinced the patentee that it was his interest to have her often seen in parts of importance.

Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, at once established her theatrical character.—Her delivery of dialogue, whether of humour, wit, or mere sprightliness, was never, I believe, surpassed, or perhaps equalled. Her fame was now enlarging every day by the eagerness which the town expressed to see her in various attitudes.

Not confined to any one walk in acting, she ranged through them all, and what is singular, she discovered a large degree of merit in every distinct

class of it. Her tragic power was eminent, but particularly in characters which required force of expression, and dignity of figure.

She excelled in the *Queen-Mother* in *Hamlet*, *Zara* in the *Mourning Bride*, *Merope*, and more especially in *Queen Katharine*, the wife of Henry VIII.—She gave all those parts importance by her action, as well as speaking. Her few defects in tragedy proceeded from a too loud and profuse expression of grief, and her want of grace in her manner. Her natural ease of deportment, and grandeur of person generally hid the defect of this last requisite from the common spectator.

Her great force in comedy lay in a middle path, between parts of superior life, and those of humour in a lower class. Cibber's *Lady Townly*, *Lady Betty Modish*, and *Maria* in the *Nonjuror*, she conceived accurately, acted pleasingly, and with applause; but neither her person or manner were sufficiently elegant and graceful for the high-bred woman of fashion.

In Shakespeare's *Beatrice*, Vanbrugh's *Berinthia*, Farquhar's *Mrs. Sullen*, and all such parts as are thrown into situations of intrigue, gaiety, and mirth, with diversity of humour, wit, and pleasantry, she was inimitably charming, and has left no equal. She could descend to the affectation of a *Lady Dainty*, a scrivener's wife, in the *Confederacy*: but her powers seemed to be checked by such inanimate parts of assumed delicacy.

Notwithstanding the fulness of her figure, and her advanced age, the town was charmed to the last with her representation of Congreve's delightful portrait of wit, affectation, and good-nature in *Millamant*. Her disengaged and easy manner in speaking supplied the want of an elegant form, and a youthful countenance.

In the uttering of conversation, even upon the most trifling topics, she had an unaccountable method of charming the ear. She delivered her words, as the great poet advises the actor, smoothly and trippingly from the tongue; and however voluble in enunciation her

part might require her to be, not a *nota* of articulation was lost. Might I be allowed the expression, I should say she was a mistress of dramatic eloquence in familiar dialogue.

Her *Mrs. Termagant*, in the *Squire of Alsatia*, and *Mrs. Oakly* in the *Jealous Wife*, were finished pictures of female violence.

Her unblemished conduct in private life rendered her the great favourite of the people: few actresses were ever so sincerely beloved, and powerfully patronized, as Mrs. Pritchard.

Mrs. Pritchard took leave of the public in an epilogue written by Mr. Garrick. The tragedy of *Macbeth* was acted for her benefit. Mr. Garrick, out of respect to this very valuable woman, gave the public, and I believe for the last time, one of the principal and most masterly exhibitions, in the character of *Macbeth*. *Lady Macbeth* is the chief agent of the plot to carry on his grand plot; a woman of unbounded ambition, void of all human feelings, to gain a crown urges her reluctant husband to the murder of the king. Mrs. Pritchard's action before and after the deed was strongly characteristical. It presented an image of a mind insensible to compunction, and inflexibly bent to cruelty.

When she snatched the dagger from the remorseful and irresolute *Macbeth*, despising the agitations of a mind unaccustomed to guilt, and alarmed at the terrors of conscience, she presented to the audience a picture of the most consummate intrepidity in mischief.—When she seized the instruments of death, and said,

“GIVE ME THE DAGGERS!”

her look and action cannot be described, and will not soon be forgotten by the surviving spectators.

At the banquet scene in the third act of the play, she still discovered more characteristical skill, if possible, than in the preceding act. The guilty king, full of the horrors resulting from the murder of *Banquo*, by his alarming terrors of mind, betrays himself. Mrs.

Pritchard

Pritchard's art in endeavouring to engage the attention of the company, and draw them from the observation of Macbeth's feelings, equalled any thing that was ever seen in the art of acting.

In exhibiting the last scene of Lady Macbeth, in which the terrors of a guilty conscience keep the mind broad awake while the body sleeps, Mrs. Pritchard's acting resembled those sudden flashes of lightning which more accurately discover the horrors of surrounding greatness.

She spoke her farewell epilogue with many tears and sobs, which were increased by the generous feelings of a numerous and splendid audience.

She retired to Bath, and died there about four months after, of a mortification in her foot.

* * * Such of our correspondents as are curious to learn the most interesting anecdotes of the life of the late *David Garrick*, the history of the stage during his management, and the memoirs of the most remarkable persons who figured either as comedians or *litterati* during that interval, will find an ample fund in the two volumes from whence the above is extracted.

AN ESSAY ON MATRIMONY.

Triumphant beauty never looks so gay
As on the morning of a nuptial day;
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and ev'ry charm improves.

POMFRET.

Sine convictore amico insuavis vita est.

THE above lines of Mr. Pomfret, truly describe the happiness attending the marriage-state, when love, real esteem, and affection actuate the uniting parties, and inspire them with a desire to please and be pleased with each other. But, alas! how few are there, in these days, who are united by such lasting bands as love and friendship, and are urged to act by those noble principles, that flow from a desire of mutual happiness and content!—How many are there, who instead of acting from those honourable

motives that first gave birth to the sacred institution, make wealth, and not happiness their chief aim. Dr. Watts, in his few happy matches, after he has been describing many of the miseries that are the consequence of imprudent marriages, says,

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru,
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Marriage may be productive of the greatest happiness we can enjoy in this life; but we find by fatal experience that it often proves the greatest curse, though, upon strict enquiry, we shall perceive that it is owing to the imprudence of the uniting parties, and not to any imperfection in the state itself. For those who are actuated by the same principles that Thomson describes in his *Celadon and Amelia*, certainly must be happy. When he is relating their equal passion, he says,

'Twas friendship, height'ned by the mutual
 with,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd pow'r
Of giving joy.

Free should the sons of freedom wed,
The maid by equal fondness led,
Nor heaping wealth on wealth;
Youth pine in age's wither'd arms,
Deformity polluting charms,
And sickness blasting health.

But house for house, and grounds for grounds,
And mutual bliss in balanc'd pounds,
Each parent's thoughts employ;
These summ'd by Wingate's solid rules,
Let fools, and all the sons of fools,
Count less substantial joy.

ARMSTRONG.

The man who seeks in the object of his desires the agreeable companion, the sincere friend, the soother of his cares, and the partner of his joys, his counsellor and assistant in his domestic duties, and has the happiness to possess such a desirable help-meet, must, of consequence, be raised to the highest pitch of earthly felicity: but, on the

other hand, if youth and beauty are the only motives that are conducive to forming the nuptial tie, such a pair must not, and, if they reflect, cannot, expect lasting happiness.

Rest, mortal, e'er you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life,
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly flies away.
On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round ;
Let prudence with good-nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive :
Then come old age when'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still,
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

SWIFT.

A parent may chuse for a child one who is entirely agreeable as to person and temper, whose fortune is large, whose connections in the world are many and honourable, descended from a noble family, a person of wit and extensive knowledge, and who has had the advantage of a liberal education, all which qualifications are very desirable; and almost requisite ; but those alone will not constitute real happiness: no, there must be a similitude of sentiments, temper, and disposition, or else it is impossible they can possess lasting peace and happiness.

Let not the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind,
For love abhors the sight ;
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage, and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindred souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves ;
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

WATTS.

How happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings
blend.

'Tis not the courser tie of human laws,
Unnat'ral oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full exerts her softest pow'r,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
In flable, and sympathy of soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
will,

With boundless confidence ; for nought but
love

Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

THOMSON.

O happy state ! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law !
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast ;
E'en thought meets thought e'er from the lips
it part, [heart.
And each warm wish springs mutual from the

POPE.

Many parents would not scruple to give their young child, who is just in the bloom of youth and vigour, into the dull embraces of an old decrepit husband, with the false pretence of her being entirely happy, on account of his large fortune. But alas ! these are vain hopes indeed !—Many have experienced the futility of such a pursuit ; yea, many parents have lived to curse the day they gave them up to that misery which will be of as long duration as life itself. Armstrong very well describes the imprudence of such a conduct in his Marriage Ode.

The victim comes in rich attire,
Dragg'd trembling by her ruthless fire,
Thy child, O monster, save !
Better the sacrificing knife,
Plung'd in her bosom, end that life
Thy fatal passion gave.

With torch inverted Hymen stands,
The furies wave their livid brands,
Wild Horror, pale Dismay ;
Soft Pity drop the melting tear,
And lustful Satyrs grinning leer,
Sure of their destin'd prey.

Compell'd, the fault'ring priest slow ties
The knot of plighted perjuries,
For spotless truth ordain'd ;
More fitly had some dæmon fell,
Some minister of Sin and Hell,
The sacred rites profan'd.

ARMSTRONG.

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies :
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame,
Before true passion all these views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour, what are you to
love ?

POPE.

When youth is thus joined with deformity and old age, no wonder if they deviate from the principles of fidelity :
but

but if their union is owing to the unthinking parent, their's is the blame, and on them the curse will descend.

If nature will assert her claim,
Thine, rigid father, thine the blame
If injur'd beauty stray;
Thou should'st have heard the lover's voice,
Approv'd and sanctified the choice,
Nor curs'd the bridal day.

Welcom'd by thee, chaste love had shed
His blessings o'er that dismal bed,
Now wrapt in guilt and fear;
The lisping babe had blest'd thine age,
Now taught with more than infant rage
To chide thy loit'ring bier.

ARMSTRONG.

There are many, who, urged by custom, without any happy prospect before them, rush into matrimony with eager impetuosity, neither actuated by love, nor the desire of wealth: the conduct of such is highly blameable.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way;
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest'd as they.

WATTS.

In a word, the situation of those in the marriage state, if peace, happiness, and content are their constant companions, is abundantly more eligible, even in a cottage, than the splendor of a palace, if discord, strife, and jealousy are there.

Stourbridge.

S. P—K—S.

Account of the new Comic Opera, called
FIRE AND WATER! performed at
the Haymarket Theatre, for the first
Time, on Saturday, July 8.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Launch,	—	Mr. Bannister.
Tremor,	—	Mr. Wilson.
Frederick,	—	Mr. Du-Bellamy.
Ambuscade,	—	Mr. Edwin.
Sulphur,	—	Mr. Gardner.
San Benito,	—	Mr. Blissett.
Fireband,	—	Mr. Barrett.
Fripon,	—	Mr. Wewitzer.

Commode, — Mrs. Webb.
Nancy, — — Miss Harper.

Workmen, Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

THIS little piece is the production of Mr. Andrews, author of *The Election*, an interlude, and *Belphegor*, a musical piece of two acts, and joint author of the comic opera called *Summer Amusement*, with Mr. Miles. The comic opera now before us, in fable is mere matter of fiction, in point of construction it has a mixed kind of merit. The scene is laid at Portsmouth, where San Benito, Sulphur, and Ambuscade are represented as three incendiaries, the first a discarded Jesuit, the second a missionary from the American Congress, and the third a French fencing-master, all of them appointed to fulfil a scheme of the electrical doctor's contriving, to fire the dock-yard. The plot, like that of most two act pieces, is thin and barren of incident: the plan of the above-mentioned conspirators is the main-hinge of it, and in order to give the whole a dramatic shape, Mr. Andrews has presented Nancy, the daughter of Launch, with two suitors; Frederick, a naval officer, and son to Tremor, (a right worshipful tallow-chandler, and mayor of the town) and Ambuscade, the fencing-master. The former is a slight sketch of an English seaman, brave, sincere, and honest; the latter a portrait of a pleasant hypocrite, wearing the mask of constitutional levity, as the concealment of national treachery. The lady loves the British officer, but the French *maitre d'armes*, by his insinuating manner, works himself into the father's good graces, and thence procures easy access to the object of his interested professions of passion. The business of the piece consists in the progress of the designs of the incendiaries, and of the efforts of the lovers to gain their prize, till it ends in the discovery of the base intentions of the former, and a contrasted view of the honourable wishes of Frederick, and the dishonest aim of Ambuscade respecting the heroine of the opera. In order to make amends for the meagre fable,

fable, the author has endeavoured to give the town a touch of strong character, and to render the dialogue lively and pointed. Launch is a plain, blunt fellow, who innocently feels the pride of office, and is guilty of Cardinal Wolsey's error, of using the stile of *Ego & Rex meus*, without meaning to set himself up above his majesty.—Tremor is that kind of being, who, though the slave of most shameful timidity, is eager to talk of his detestation of fear, whenever he thinks the object to be dreaded is at a distance. Ambuscade scarcely utters a sentence without introducing a tag of some old song into it. In order to shew this character in the more ridiculous point of view, the author has contrived the following medley, (in imitation of the Canto in No. 72 of the *Connoisseur*) which Ambuscade sings in the first act.

Cast, my love, thine eyes around,
See the conqu'ring hero comes!
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Blow high, blow low,
No flow'r that blows
Is like this rose—
Hark forward! huzza! tally-ho!

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease!
Dearest creature
Of all nature,
Oh! how pleasing 'tis to please!
For he's aye kissing, kissing me,
Careless, airy, gay, and free.

By my sighs you may discover—the heavy
hours—

Here's my watch, and you may view it,
Tol de rol, de ra ra, &c.

Then come, pretty maid,
Nay, don't be afraid,

And we'll strew the way over with flow'rs.
Ribberi, bobberi, ribberi, bobberi bino.

This medley, to the mere reader, will appear rank nonsense, but when it is recollected that it was introduced chiefly for the sake of stage effect, and when it is known that each individual part of an old song, which forms the whole, is set to its proper tune, and is sung with admirable skill by the performer, the thought will be admired as a very happy one, and the mode of execution greatly applauded. Fripon and Commode, two French adventu-

rers, are ordinary national satires, which are thrown into the lump of the *dramatis personæ*, apparently for no other purpose but to make the whole a better bargain. The dialogue, especially of the first act, abounds with witty turns, and apt allusions: the second rather flags, and seems to have been written with a careless regard of the title of the piece, there being infinitely more of the element of water than that of fire in it.

The characters were well cast, but the performers seemed afraid of what the author in his prefatory advertisement deprecates (the natural effect of fire and water suddenly commixed) a violent hiss!—Edwin, as is usual with him in all characters which favour of the burlesque, played the part of Ambuscade admirably. Wewitzer was excellent to a fault: his Monsieur Fripon was too correctly French: had he been less faint, the impression of the character on an English audience would have been more strong. Mrs. Webb, in every character she performs, grows upon our opinion: she played the little part of Commode with critical correctness. Wilson was also remarkably successful in Tremor: he contrasted the expression of real fear and assumed valour, so as to produce a very good comic effect.

The characters were admirably dressed, and the piece was embellished with three very handsome scenes of Mr. Rooker's painting. The first represented the inside of a dock-yard, with the Prince Edward, a first rate, and other ships in great forwardness: the second exhibited the platform on the walls of Portsmouth, with a prospect of that part of the Isle of Wight called St. Helen's, as a termination of the sea view that intervened, between the island and Portsmouth: the third represented a garden rich in flowers, and bounded by a low wall, over which the eye comprehends another view of the sea and the Isle of Wight.

The music of this opera is the work of Dr. Arnold, and is partly composed for the occasion, and partly compiled from the works of others. It is very hap-

happily suited to the characters of the fingers, and is, upon the whole, extremely pleasing, the overture especially.

The following are selected as the most approved airs.

Mr. BANNISTER.

When we sound and we thump it,
The drum and the trumpet,
When Britain for vengeance and victory tries,
Do you think that our youth,
To indulge a colt's tooth,
Will abandon their truth,
And their country forsooth,
To mine and his majesty's enemies?

When our statesmen and heroes,
Like Cæsars and Neros,
Have carried our arms and our fame to the skies,
Then, my girl, if your mind
Is for wedlock inclin'd,
You may say something kind
To all that you find
But mine and his majesties enemies.

Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

The hardy sons of Britain's isle
Undaunted yield their breath,
And cheer their country with a smile,
In danger and in death.

When peace with soften'd brow invites,
And ev'ry hour's serene,
They seek fair virtue's calm delights,
And court the tranquil scene.

When hostile troops invade their shores
They move in dread array,
Resentment all its fury pours,
And terror marks their way.

Mr. WILSON.

If ever they venture to land on our coast
Myself I will march to attack 'em,
And soon they shall learn to know who rules
the roast,
Adzooks how we'll cut 'em and slash 'em!

Lord bless me! they're coming!

Good heaven preserve us!

This piping and drumming

Has made me so nervous!

Come, son, let's retire, and fall into the rear—

How I long to be at 'em! you know I hate fear!

O dear!

I hate fear,

O dear! &c.

Mr. EDWIN.

Tho' I practise the science of arms,
Yet trust me I think it an evil;
And fighting for me has such charms,
That I'd rather shake hands with the devil.

I aim the blow
At friend and foe,
But still I look pleas'd all the while;
I hit my mark
Secure in the dark;
Retire and advance,
Sing, caper, and prance,
And stab all the world with a smile.
Tol, lol, de rol.

Miss HARPER.

For thee all the hardships of life I could bear,
And brave the attacks of misfortune and care;
But care and misfortune my mind wou'd sub-
due, [too.
If the friend of my heart must partake of them

Had fate from its bounty propitiously lent
Enough but to furnish the cot of content,
The dictates of love in that cot I'd pursue,
For the friend of my heart wou'd partake of it
too.

But Nancy, with nought but her truth to en-
dear,
With nothing to lend to distress but a tear,
Can ne'er look for comfort with ruin in view,
And the friend of her heart to partake of it
too.

Mrs. WEBB.

Vid song and story idle
De foe we always lull,
And in a silken bridle
We lead about Jean Bull:
But if no more de ballad
Can make de tale belief,
Den hey for soup and sallad,
Adieu, adieu, roast beef!

Since you and I togeder
De die of Fortune cog,
We'll fly to sunshine weader,
And quit de English fog:
For when no more de ballad
Can make de tale belief,
Den hey for soup and sallad,
Adieu, adieu, roast beef!

*CATECHISM teaching the strong Lines of
Difference between the Religion of Pa-
pists and Protestants. By BOB SHORT.*

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MA-
GAZINE.*

S I R,

There have been melancholy effects
produced from lord George Gor-
don's convening the Protestants to
attend their petition when carried
to the House of Commons; but
still

still it is to be feared very few even of those who profess the Protestant religion, know the difference between the belief of a Protestant and a Papist: I have drawn up the inclosed catechism for the use of the younger part of both sexes, to teach them the difference, and doubt not, by inserting it in your Magazine, but it will be useful and acceptable.

A SHORT CATECHISM, to teach the children of Protestant parents, especially among the poor, the difference between Protestantism and Popery; shewing the beauties of the one and the absurdities of the other; suited to the meanest capacity, and recommended to be got by heart, by every real well-wisher to the Protestant religion.

Q. WHAT do you call yourself?

A. A Protestant.

Q. What is a Protestant?

A. A person who protests against Popery.

Q. What is Popery?

A. The religion of the church of Rome, the members of which are called Roman Catholics, or Papists.

Q. What is it to protest against Popery?

A. Solemly to declare my disapprobation of the doctrines of Popery, as not being according to godliness.

Q. What are the articles of faith, or principle doctrines of Popery you protest against?

A. The six following.

1. The pope of Rome being the head of the church.

2. The worshiping of *Saints, Pictures and Relics*, and praying to any persons, besides God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the three adorable persons in the glorious trinity.

3. The belief of more sacraments than *two*, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, whereas the papists make seven.

4. The doctrine of transubstantiation or the bread and wine in the

Lord's Supper being the *real* body and blood of Christ.

5. The doctrine of selling pardons for sins past, present and to come.

6. The doctrine of purgatory, or a place for the soul after death, between heaven and hell.

Q. Why do you protest against these doctrines?

A. Because they are not to be found in the sacred scriptures of the Old and New Testament, commonly called the *Bible*.

Q. Is there any thing else you dislike in Popery?

A. Yes, the reckoning every one who is not a papist an heretic, and believing it right to persecute all such even to death; witness the martyrs in bloody queen Mary's reign, and the inquisition in Spain and Portugal in the present day.

Q. What do you believe respecting the Protestant religion?

A. I believe the doctrines of the Protestant religion to be contained in, and therefore agreeable to, the truths revealed in the Old and New Testaments.

Q. What are the principal articles of your faith as a Protestant?

A. The six following.

1. That there is one God, the Father, Creator and Preserver of all things; that Jesus Christ is the son of God, but equal with him respecting his deity, power, and glory; that the Holy Spirit is the third person in the God-head or Trinity, who with the Father and Son are three persons, though but *one* God.

2. That Christ is the head of the church, and all real Christians are his members.

3. That I am to worship none but God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

4. That I am to be baptized, and after professing my faith in Christ as my only Saviour from the wrath to come, to partake of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, as a token of my faith in, and love and obedience to him

him and his command, *Do this in remembrance of me.*

5. That God in Christ alone can pardon sin, and the sinner will evidence his pardon by repentance for sin, faith in Christ, and perseverance in the ways of holiness and piety till death.

6. That after death, the departed soul immediately goes either to heaven or hell, to wait the resurrection of the body, and at the judgment day to receive according to the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil.

The GOVERNESS.

(Continued from Page 311.)

IN this place, however, I remained 'till it was almost dark; I then received a message from Mr. Classic, to desire my company in the parlour. I went down, because I was uncomfortable where I was. He received me as before with the greatest civility, and said he was shocked to find any part of his house in so wretched a condition; adding, that it was but too often the case with ladies who paid so much attention to their upper apartments, to suffer others to be totally neglected.—“But what is worst of all, Miss Haywood,” continued he, “my poor girl will be utterly spoilt: by being forced to attend to what she cannot understand, she is rendered incapable of learning what she might become mistress of.”—He then intreated me to make her sensible that she would be a very contemptible being if she did not endeavour to render herself both useful and agreeable in the family. I said in answer, that I supposed she thought it no easy matter to gain her mother’s permission to attend to any domestic duties, which might be otherwise very pleasing to her. He replied, that she must get the better of that, and added, “You must lend your assistance.”—We were soon afterwards informed that supper was ready. On going into another parlour, I found Mrs. Classic at the head of the table, on one side of which

a huge folio was placed, and into that she peeped every now and then, desiring me not only to help her and her daughter, but to cut her food for her, as if she had been a child; so that she had nothing to do but to cram it into her mouth, while she read and made comments upon the text with her pen, saying, that her time was too precious to be thrown away; and that she imitated Julius Scaliger, who wrote himself, dictated to an amanuensis, and gave orders at the same moment. And indeed she made her words good, for during the whole time of supper, which was considerably lengthened on her account, she appeared perfectly capable of attending to her food, discovering rather a voracious appetite, for a person who led so sedentary a life: she devoured with great avidity a pretty good-sized pair of foals, with shrimp sauce, the best part of a duck, a veal sweet-bread larded; she also swallowed tarts, jellies, fruit, &c. &c. with equal rapacity, and moistened the whole with a sufficient quantity of wine. This very good meal, however, did not seem to incapacitate her for her literary labours; at least for some hours. She then declared that nature required rest, adding, that she believed no human being allowed less indulgence of that kind.

Had I not, indeed, been to retire to the dirty apartment allotted to me, I should have been glad of a dismissal long before; and as it was, having been heartily tired of my company, (though Mr. Classic did his utmost to entertain me) I was not sorry to betake myself to rest. But here I was disappointed; for besides a very hard, uncomfortable bed, for want of good bedding, it had as many bad smells as Falstaff’s buck-basket.—I was tormented also, not to say devoured by vermin, so that I could hardly close my eyes: from these interruptions, and from many other vexatious circumstances, I concluded that it would be impossible for me to continue in the family.

When I met Mr. and Miss Classic at breakfast, (for the mistress of the house

house always took her tea in her study at a late hour) I acquainted the latter with the state of the garret, adding, that I could not possibly remain in such a condition. Mr. Claffie, having heard my information, perfectly agreed with me, and said, I should have a chamber next to his own, for I found he and his lady had separate apartments: Mrs. Claffie, declared, afterwards, to me, that she could not bear to have her ideas deranged, as she composed a great deal in bed, and wrote down her thoughts as soon as they rose; adding, that she always wished, like a late celebrated duchess, to have an amanuensis near at hand, having often the greatest conceptions, which centered in abortions, for want of being committed to paper: she also gave several hints how useful I might make myself in performing so grateful an office to her; as this office, however, was by no means agreeable to my taste, I took no notice of it: indeed I scarce thought of any thing but the means of getting out of a house which was so exceedingly unsuitable to me; yet as the family who had placed me there had appeared to be so much my friends, I did not care to be in too great a hurry, lest they might be offended, and as I believed I should have a justifiable apology for my conduct whenever I judged it necessary to make use of it, I was the more easy.

While we were at breakfast, Mr. Claffie desired me to assume, immediately, the entire command of the servants and family, and to instruct his daughter in every part of her domestic duty. To the latter request I readily assented; to the former I made some objections. I told him that I could not, with propriety, take so much upon me without the positive orders of Mrs. Claffie, who, doubtless, had already a servant who acted in the capacity of a housekeeper. To this he replied, that the servants were, every one of them, good for nothing, and that he would have a new set, who should be directed to obey *me* in every thing. In consequence of this resolution, he went up to his lady as soon as she was dressed. Soon

afterwards she sent for *me*, and told me she was so well satisfied with my attention to her at supper, that she should insist upon my making every thing easy to myself. — “You shall sleep in the room over mine,” continued she; “you must order the dinner and supper, and, in short, see that every thing is done as it ought to be; this will save me the trouble of thinking upon subjects which are beneath my notice, and for which I cannot spare Livia. — You may, however, give her, now and then, a lesson on domestic œconomy; but I charge you, at the same time, not to put too many things into her head at once, that are of no use, and may take her off from others of the sublimest nature.”

She then, by Mr. Claffie’s desire, ordered all her servants to be called, who were told, both by him and her, to obey me in every respect as their mistress. She then dismissed me, telling me to go and order the dinner. I asked her what she thought would be most agreeable to her. “Oh! never perplex *me*,” replied she, “with such questions: it is enough for me to find a moment to eat it in when it is ready: but indeed,” added she, “I have no appetite for gross, carnal food; my mental as well as corporeal part must be nourished: I willingly starve my earthly body, in order to gratify the longings of my heavenly and immortal soul.”

Here Mr. Claffie could not help smiling, especially as he, no doubt, recollected what his *ethereal* lady had stuffed down the evening before at supper. “It is well, my dear,” said he, that you have not a Mahometan for your husband: the Turks, you know, do not allow their women to have any divinity about them, and therefore—”

“Hold, Mr. Claffie,” exclaimed she, interrupting him, “pray do not insult my ears with the opinions of such a set of barbarous, illiterate infidels. I am now about a work to prove that women are infinitely superior to men in every respect, even without a learned education; and surely if we were sent to study at our universities,

ties, we should make a prodigious figure indeed."

"Ay, so I believe," said Mr. Classic, smiling at *me*; "but come, Miss Haywood, let us go down, that you may enter upon your new office."

I then asked Mrs. Classic at what hour she chose to dine.

She replied, "When I can spare a moment's cessation from my labours: however, as Mr. Classic, like most ignorant people, is always hungry, (such people, indeed, ever must be empty) you may get it ready about *four*, and then it may be kept back till I can leave my studies."

(*To be continued.*)

ORIGIN of the MUFF.

VENUS, a semi demi-rep of Paphos, a fine gay girl, a blooming, laughing, dimpled beauty, was long under the protection of a boisterous, blustering ruffian, who terrified people with his very name, and led her as uncomfortable a life as ever mortal mistress had to lament.

As a tragedy princess with us thinks she makes but an ill figure with all her maid-of-honour attendants, if she has not a handsome boy to hold up her robes, so this empress of the upper world thought herself but half escorted with the whole train of loves and graces, if she could not, when a good natured idea called on her, look back upon a face of the opposite sex. The antient mythologists always concealed morals under fables; the sense of this probably was, that love, beauty, and opportunity all signify nothing without an object to which they may be directed.

The deities of these early ages were all of them fond of some mortal flesh-and-blood beauty or other. Their Jupiter would leave his airy queen to sink into Amphytrion's lodgings in his absence; their Thetis would send away from all the sea-green gods, her cousins and acquaintance, and steal to an odd cave to pass an hour *tête-à-tête* with Peleus; and their Aurora,

not to say a word about the married Cephalus, is allowed, on all hands, to have absolutely debauched Laomedon's handsome son Tithonus. It would have been hard, amidst all this intriguing, that the goddess of love herself should have been denied the common indulgencies; but such has been the fate of the handsomest females of many ages, that while they have inspired ten thousand people with rapture, and been ready, with all their hearts, to return it to every one of them, some monopolizer or other has made possession his right, and kept all the world beside at a distance.

The queen of love, distressed as deeply on this head as the wretchedest of her mortal votaries, had singled out her favourite, but knew not how, with all her wits about her, to find him an opportunity. She had fixed upon Adonis, a pretty, smooth-chinned, cherry-cheeked little fellow, a youth with a fine blooming, vacant countenance, that looked as if it neither felt nor thought, and at all points cut out for a page to a woman of quality. Tho' she now and then found means to slip down to Mount Libanus, where she used to see him killing tom-tits and robin-red-breasts, in character of a sportsman, to make him a familiar visit; her ambition and her fondness concurred in wishing him eternally with her. She appointed him her page, and thought herself happy for ever as soon as she had fixed him about her person. — Alas! these immortal people, according to the accounts of their own historians, saw no farther into futurity than we can do. Mars had a mortal enmity to smooth faces, and was the most suspicious being that ever was formed, for your quarrelsome people are always the most jealous, as your jealous people are the most quarrelsome. He eyed the youth from every quarter; he saw many a soft look that his goddess cast over her shoulder, and it was not long before (as jealousy, rather than starve, will *make the food it feeds on*) he either saw, or persuaded himself that he saw, the handsome rascal lift up her train as they

passed over a fine clear cloud, something higher than he need to have done.

To earth descends the roaring deity in a whirlwind, plump he falls upon the top of Mount Libanus, and as these deities had of old as many tricks and changes as our modern Harlequins, he transformed himself into a boar. He made his way to the next thicket. He lay perdu till the young sportsman was warm in the pursuit of his sublunary game, and in an instant out he starts upon him. Alas! what can a pretty gentleman do in the hands of a soldier?—The battle was begun and ended with a blow, and the poor little fellow measured his length upon the cold ground.

Venus, they tell you, (and what, indeed, will not a woman do for a man she likes) followed him down into hell: she threw herself prostrate at the feet of Proserpine. The goddesses of the shades, out of sisterly affection, gave her a promise that Adonis should spend half his time with her for the future. The poor youth's fingers, were always chilled at his first coming up out of a warmer climate, and the sentence pronounced on the murderer was, that he should once again go down to earth, and kill as many fables as would furnish a large case into which he might thrust his hands when they were cold, and which he might, occasionally, buckle to his girdle.

This was the origin of the muff, a thing, like most of the other implements of life, devised for common uses, but in after time ennobled by superior offices. Adonis employed it the first three or four days only for the original purpose. He soon after became enured to the ethereal cold, and like a true genius, not willing to let any thing be made in vain, he began from that time to find out a better application of it. In short, he cuddled, and moulded, and tossed, and flirted, and brandished the new instrument of amour, with so much regularity, and so just meaning, that it was not a month before, as the chronicles of those times relate, the language of the

muff became as intelligible as that of the eyes. He soon after grew so perfect a master of the appropriation as well as expression of its several signs, that he would court his mistress with it before his rival's face, and make assignations for their next meeting, while that blind innamorato thought he was only playing at ball with it, as children do with apples and oranges.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS it pains me to behold human nature in an unfavourable light, upon any occasion, I wish you would assist me in accounting for the prejudices against the rising generation, entertained in general by the older part of the female sex.

I am very intimately acquainted with a lady in the seventieth year of her age, who is not only an honour to her sex, but an ornament to old age itself. Her sensibility, her meekness, her charity, are almost unexampled, and her conduct in the several characters of wife, mother, child, and widow, has been truly amiable. A few evenings ago, however, I had the mortification to find her as ready to condemn the follies and vanities of her grand-children, as if she had never possessed a youthful heart, or secretly cherished the preposterous desire of undoing the work of time, in order to shine forth once more in all the bloom of fifteen.

I have no intention to set up for a reformer; I love my neighbours, and the happiness of my friends will be ever dear to me; but, according to my notion, the business of reformation, except properly confined, becomes no less impertinent than unprofitable.—Can we trace actions to their source? Can we distinguish causes and effects in the bosom of another, yet be so liable to imposition in our own?—I would, therefore, only recommend the wise man's lesson to every individual, “know thyself,” as the most certain

THE MATRON.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER LXXXV.

HAVING just received the following letter, I take the first opportunity to publish it, as it seems to require haste.

To Mrs. GREY.

Madam,

As you have been so kind as to comply with the requests of many of your correspondents, not only by the publication of their letters, but by favouring them with your opinion concerning their respective cases, I take the liberty to address you upon a subject which demands immediate notice, lest it be too late, though I do not indeed believe all that can be said or done will avail; however, when we see our friends upon the very brink of a precipice, (as we suppose them to be) it is certainly a kind part which he acts to prevent their throwing themselves headlong to destruction, upon presumption that they are not sensible of the danger to which they are exposed, from their taking no precautions to avoid it. And should they not listen to the admonitions of those who can only be concerned on their account, from the operation of a benevolent desire to save them from ruin, they cannot surely blame the friendly hand stretched out to snatch them from the impending danger, though they may be powerfully urged by their ruling passions to prefer the indulgence of them to the most salutary advice of their most friendly monitors, who can have no end in giving them both advice and warning too, but the view to see them happy: but to the point in question.

There is a widow, agreeable in her manners, and good tempered, who has hitherto been thought to possess a good understanding: she is about fifty, and is going to throw herself away, with a handsome fortune, upon a young fellow of one and twenty, who has only a place which brings him in a very slender income; and it may easily

method upon earth to cure each mental disorder. The young would, by this home instruction, learn to restrain their giddy flights, and even the old confess that vanity and error are close and constant attendants on frail mortality.

But, Sir, notwithstanding my modesty with respect to reforming the human heart, I cannot help flattering myself that I could be of great use in the correction of the language of this country, I mean by restoring it to its original and beautiful simplicity. The thing has been attempted before, and, I grant, with little or no success; yet may there not be some periods more propitious than others?—It is at least worth the experiment.

I shall not trouble either you or your readers with many particulars at once, but as a specimen, what think you of suffering that sweet emphatic word *good-nature*, to be so grossly abused?—Shall the brightest perfection we can possess continue to be laughed out of countenance? Ill-nature retains its sense and malignity, why then should not its amiable contrast be allowed due consideration?—I see the narrow reason, and despise it: however, since *good-natured* women must be an object of contempt, pray give me your opinion of a cheerful one.

Cheerfulness (says an author I am very fond of) is to the soul, what health is to the body, the support, the animation: but I will take upon me to affirm, that nothing is more liable to misconstruction than even that lovely essential, when strikingly conspicuous in the female composition.

A cheerful heart displays itself in every feature; the eye will sparkle, and the cheek dimple with smiles; Yet tell me, Sir, is it want of discernment or confinement that induces the men to conclude from thence, that it is impossible for the utmost impropriety in their behaviour or conversation to be offensive.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

CLORA.

easily be imagined that he makes his addressee to the lady, entirely with a view of becoming master of her fortune—and of *her* too, you will say that is of course. Young women may readily submit to husbands suitable to them with regard to age, and may have reason to be glad of men who have sense enough to advise them, and good nature enough to conduct them thro' the world, in such a manner that their youth and inexperience may not lead them into improper, into dangerous situations; but when a widow, and a widow at the age abovementioned, thinks of marrying a mere boy, at least a young man, young enough to have been her son—or even grandson, and of making *him* her master, what can be advanced in her excuse? What apology can be made for such folly, but downright insanity? One would really imagine that she had heated her brain by reading a late publication, entitled “Love and Madness,” and worked up her passions to such a height as to *commit matrimony*; and the commission of matrimony in some cases, seems to be as rash an action as the commission of murder. I am very much afraid indeed that my widow will, by her *marriage* murder her peace; supposing nothing but her peace to be destroyed by it. Every old woman is not a Ninon L’Enclos, nor is every young fellow capable of becoming the passionate admirer of such a piece of female antiquity. Madame Ninon, it is true, was possessed of charms of a more durable nature than those which our modern beauties can boast of, by the charms of her mind, manners, and conversation, she was greatly superior to the majority of her sex. But admitting that our widow possessed all the charms external and internal of that celebrated French woman, our modern lovers are so totally different from the lovers of the last century, French or English, that scarcely can the youngest, most beautiful, and most accomplished females prevent their wandering fancies from flying from fair to fair, what chance

then has an old one for a lover to be permanently attached to her? The young gentleman in question it is said marries the old lady for love, and I can defend the report, he certainly *loves* the money in her possession, though she is so blind as not to see that the weight of her metal alone is the magnet which attracts him to her person. Now, for my own part, Madam, I must confess that nothing would hurt me more than the being mistaken, by setting a higher value on myself than I deserved; and becoming the dupe of a man, who had not lived half so long *in the world*, and who knew not half so much *of the world* as myself. I am sure if such a man was to swear from morning to night that he loved me with the utmost sincerity, I could not be so credulous a simpleton as to believe him. Besides, not only the lady in question will be disappointed, but the pretended lover too will probably find that he is engaged in a more disagreeable business than he at first imagined. It may not perhaps cost him little to swear and lie, whilst the fortune is shining in his sight, but when he becomes master of it, the pleasure arising from it will be lessened every hour, and the reflections occasioned by the remembrance of his deceitful proceedings, added to the irksomeness of keeping up a shew of fondness to a wife, who will hardly improve upon a nearer intimacy, may be attended both with penitence and disgust. To say nothing of the preference he may (most likely will) feel for some pleasing young person about his own age, whom he might have married, and with whom he might have stood a much fairer chance for happiness, as money alone will never give contentment—we are always apt to over-rate it, falsely believing that it can purchase every kind of earthly felicity, though we are every day convinced that it cannot; and so will the lady in question, who buying a young husband, imagines that he will always continue the same to her, she will soon find herself deceived. To prevent, therefore

therefore, the certain disagreeable consequences to both parties, especially to the lady, this letter is to intreat your assistance, Madam, in painting this affair in its true colours; as it may greatly contribute to the saving a woman from the commission of an egregious mistake, who has till now conducted herself in a very respectable manner; it may also be of service to other ladies in the same predicament. Happy might a late relict, who acted in a manner equally absurd, have been at this time, had she met with, and attended to a female friend, ready to charge herself with the trouble of informing her of what she would have the greatest reason to expect from an alliance so unequal and disproportioned. That all widows may avoid such an alliance, is the sincere wish of, dear Mrs. Grey, your constant reader, and very humble servant,

A LOVER OF PROPRIETY,
(especially in the female sex.)

This correspondent is indisputably right in her opinion with regard to the matter under consideration; and as she has said pretty nearly all that can, all that is necessary, to be said upon the subject, there is no occasion for the Matron to go over the same ground. My opinion, indeed, concerning second marriages has been so often made public, that it is quite needless for me to enlarge upon them here, especially as I am afraid I may venture to pronounce that if things be as the widow's friend relates them, matters are too far advanced for any thing which she or I can say to prevent the mischief apprehended. Besides, though I think exactly with my correspondent upon this point, I would not willingly appear too busy in an affair which does not concern us. The lady who is going to engage herself a second time does not ask advice; and as she is by her friend's account thought to be possessed of a good understanding (at least that she *has been* possessed of such an understanding) let that guide her future conduct. She is entirely arrived at

years of discretion, and will therefore most probably like to be her own mistress;—doubtless, till she puts herself a second time into the power of a husband; who, if he undertakes to protect her, has a right to govern, provided he governs with a gentle rein. Looking, therefore, on this marriage as compleated, and being well assured from a long and intimate acquaintance with numbers of my own sex, who *sometimes*, I hope not too frequently, are disposed to act in direct opposition to those who call themselves their friends, I will only give the lady a little advice how to conduct herself when the indissoluble knot is tied. Let her thoroughly consider that if her juvenile partner for life treats her with respect, or even complaisance, she can reasonably expect *no more* from him. In order to ensure the continuance of his *politeness*, let her always appear easy, cheerful, and obliging, never inquisitive, anxious, nor jealous; let her be particularly careful not to appear *over-fond*; that is one of the most capital errors in behaviour of which a married woman, especially an old woman married to a young man, can be guilty. There is a delicacy of deportment in some women, which enchants men at all ages; and if the *widow* in question is not already possessed of this fascinating charm, she is almost too far advanced in her journey through life to acquire it; it is too late in her to expect such an acquisition; but it is not too late for her to try what may be done to make herself attractive in the eyes of her young husband, when she thinks she has reason to believe that he married her only for her fortune.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THOUGH we feel the happy consciousness of acting justly, such is the infirmity of human nature, that we still wish for the approbation of those whose judgment we admire,

admire, to compleat our satisfaction. My life has little or nothing remarkable in it, either to boast or complain of: to have lost a father and mother in my infancy, to have had my fortune lodged in unsafe hands, to have been brought up by an aunt, whose jointure is her whole dependence, yet to have enjoyed the utmost affluence that jointure would admit, without the least prospect of future provision, are circumstances too familiar, and incidental to the species to procure much compassion or consideration.

But a circumstance, Sir, has lately occurred of so mortifying a nature, that it will, I flatter myself, at once plead my excuse for the liberty I now take with you, and engage your generous attention.

My aunt, though in reality a very valuable woman, has some few foibles that are ever productive of unpleasing effects; amongst the number of these is an almost unexampled aversion to whatever is vulgar, or, according to her ideas of the matter, industrious; for however foreign the true definition of these words may be to each other, they are with her almost synonymous; and I really believe she would rather see me starve genteelly, than in the most affluent situation behind a counter.

When I reflect on this preposterous prejudice, I cease for a moment to wonder at the still more preposterous proposal I have received from her; but my astonishment soon returns upon me with double force, on recollecting that pride alone, not to mention the delicacy of female education, ought to have secured her against this last error, into which she has fallen.

A near relation (an old and most original character) has long been her oracle, and best approved companion; nor had I any reason to be dissatisfied with the connection. I was their common favourite, till I unexpectedly discovered that the frenzy of grandeur had not only a considerable share in his composition, but was contagious; the symptoms becoming too striking in the good lady herself not to alarm, as she

was actually far gone in a scheme to give her niece an opportunity to captivate a nabob.

Now, Sir, the misfortune is, that I am unable to see things through the same medium; what they look upon as mere policy, is to me the most odious of practices. What kind of soul must that girl possess, who can submit to have applications made in her name to the East India company for credentials to ensure her estimation in a country, to which she voluntarily and declaredly transports herself for the purpose of obtaining a husband; yet I am assured that such applications are in no degree unfrequent.

We may in an hour of interest or gaiety, affect to despise the more rigid precepts of delicacy; but there is a monitor in every breast, that not only checks us when we are beginning to deviate from them, but everlastingly reproaches us for every such deviation so long as feeling remains. How then can I enter upon a character so repugnant to my inclination? How can I exchange simplicity of manners, and ingenuousness of sentiments, for artifice and allurements? Can I make a confident display of the little endowments I am mistress of to gratify mercenary ends, or deliver myself up to the best bidder, without conceiving myself to be the worst of prostitutes;—a prostitute upon principle? There are numbers of my sex, I well know, who are not so nice, but I glory in my singularity upon this occasion. Yours, &c.

F. H.

A Sketch of FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

FELICIA and Floretta had been bred up in one house, and shared all the pleasures and endearments of infancy together. They entered upon life at the same time, and continued their confidence and friendship; consulted each other in every change of their dress, and every admission of a new lover, thought every diversion

diversion more entertaining whenever it happened that both were present, and when separate justified the conduct and celebrated the excellencies of one another. Such was their intimacy, and such their fidelity, till a birth-night approached, when Floretta took one morning an opportunity as they were consulting upon new cloaths, to advise her friend not to dance at the ball, and informed her that her performance the year before had not answered the expectation which her other accomplishments had raised. Felicia commended her sincerity, and thanked her for the caution, but told her that she danced to please herself, and was in very little concern what the men might take the liberty of saying; but that if her appearance gave her dear Floretta any uneasiness, she would stay away. Floretta had now nothing left but to make new protestations of sincerity and affection, with which Felicia was so well satisfied, that they parted with more than usual fondness. They still continued to visit, with this only difference, that Felicia was more punctual than before, and often declared how high a value she put upon sincerity; how much she thought that goodness to be esteemed, which would venture to admonish a friend of an error; and with what gratitude advice was to be received, even when it might happen to proceed from mistake. In a few months Felicia with great seriousness told Floretta, that though her beauty was such as gave charms to whatever she did, and her qualifications so extensive, that she could not fail of excellence in any attempt; yet she thought herself obliged by the duties of friendship to inform her, that if ever she betrayed want of judgment, it was by too frequent compliance with solicitations to sing, for that her manner was somewhat ungraceful, and her voice had no great compass. It is true, said Floretta, when I sung three nights ago at lady Sprightly's, I was hoarse with a cold; but I sing for my own satisfaction, and am not in the least pain whether I am

liked. However, my dear Felicia's kindness is not the less, and I shall always think myself happy in so true a friend.

From this time they never saw each other without mutual professions of esteem, and declarations of confidence, but went soon after into the country to visit their relations. When they came back, they were prevailed on by the importunity of new acquaintances to take lodgings in different parts of the town, and had frequent occasions there to bewail the distance at which they were placed, and the uncertainty which each experienced of finding the other at home.

Thus are fondest and firmest friendships dissolved by such openness and sincerity, as interrupt our enjoyment of our own approbation, or recall to us the remembrance of those failings, which we are more willing to indulge than to correct.

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(Translated from the French.)

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 322.)

L E T T E R LVII.

From Mad. NORTHON to the Countess de SOLMES in reply.

I Could not help being very much embarrassed when I began to inform Eliza of the accident which happened to Northon; happily the turn which our conversation had taken, which was in consequence of what the Marquis had said, afforded us an opportunity which appeared quite natural.—“ You know, my dear friend,” said she, “ how much I abhor duelling: duels are, in my opinion, the disgrace of the French, for my papa assures me that they have spread to other nations only by the contagion of their bad examples, and that they are even there very rare. They were absolutely unknown to the Romans and Greeks,

whom our heroes esteem as their models, from whence we may conclude that courage has no dependence on these private combats: this is a national prejudice, and there are only those of every time and every age which ought to be cherished, because they are the voice of nature. For instance, the contempt of death and pain have been regarded by all men as the inseparable attendant of great souls; every one has agreed to despise a coward, who should decline to fulfil a duty, through the fear of losing his life. Certainly the first prejudice nourished in barbarous nations, has its source in the second misunderstanding, which is a deplorable circumstance.——Mankind do not read each other's hearts; their native malignity leads them to believe that he who refuses a duel does so through fear. This, I believe, is one of the most seducing temptations to a man of honour. What is more dreadful than the alternative, of either losing our souls, or passing for a coward?

“I esteem Northon the more for having the courage to *brave* this prejudice: but how very few are there who would think as I do? Every one else would accuse him of cowardice, which is very hard; I will, therefore, freely confess, that notwithstanding the dangers to which your nephew exposed himself, I was charmed at the resolution he had taken to go to Malta. Why does he return so soon?—I love him, indeed, but I love his reputation too. I am told that he has had an opportunity to prove his courage without going so far: why is this kept a secret from me?—Why must I have only a partial account?—I sometimes imagine that the wretched Marquis has set upon him, that he defended himself like a man, that he disarmed him, and gave him his life. In this case I have nothing to wish for, for he might defend himself without violating any of the laws of God. Provided his health and his reputation are safe, I care for nothing else.”

“You will believe me, my dear child,” replied I, “when I assure you

that I know hardly any thing of this adventure. I will not dissemble the little that I know of it, because I have some confidence in your courage, and, besides, the danger is over: you may find this from our tranquillity, and even from our joy.

“You have received a visit from the Marquis de V——, the very man whom Northon had challenged: he tells you that my nephew has saved his life, which was threatened by base assassins. Northon was very much wounded; we were apprehensive for his life; but he is so well recovered now, that you may see him, if what I have just told you does not make too deep an impression upon you.”

Eliza's countenance was covered successively by a mortal paleness, and the lovely blush. It was some time before she could speak. At last her eyes were brimful with tears, which I begged her to permit to flow without constraint. At length, turning her eyes upon me with such looks that every one was a sentiment, they were so full of expression, she said, “You will then promise to let me see Northon after dinner; he is then in Paris!—If he be he is in this house. Oh! I do not wonder any longer at your tedious absences, as well as those of my father, and at the violence he shewed me to make me keep to my own apartment!—But do you not deceive me? Is it a reality or a dream? What, Northon so near to me!—Northon dying, and had you the cruelty to keep it a secret from me!”

She devoured me with her looks as she spoke these words, to discover from mine how far she ought to credit what I had told her.

“This is the first time I ever experienced distrust,” added she: “you must forgive me for it, my dear friend; you have deceived me cruelly! I am unjust; I know it very well! O heavens! how dangerous are our passions! I felt only a lawful one, and however innocent it may be, it has brought with it a thousand sensations the most humiliating and painful!—But again,

my

my dear, why have you robbed yourself of the satisfaction of seeing me participate in your grief."

"How durst I, my dear child?—The dreadful state in which Northon's first letter involved you, reduced me to the necessity to conceal from you those misfortunes, which would have put an end to your life."

"I know that I am a silly girl," replied she briskly, "but the accident which you have concealed from me was a mere trifle in comparison of that which would have robbed me of my life. I certainly should shed some tears on account of his death, or your's, or my father's: I imagine I should be deprived of half my senses and existence if I should find myself irretrievably separated from either of you; but nevertheless, that grief would be nothing, or at least trifling, in comparison with that which I experienced on reading the fatal billet! I should have a strong hope of seeing you one day again; I should have thought myself assured of your eternal happiness: what is more proper to alleviate the thoughts of a temporary separation? for what is the longest life in comparison with eternity! But I was apprehensive lest Northon should die in the commission of a crime; the fear of finding him eternally an object of divine wrath, made such a dreadful impression upon me, that I am astonished that I was able to sustain the shock."

I must pause, my lady. Is it not remarkable that a girl of her age should be able to give us such sublime lectures in Christian philosophy. If one of the *haut-ton* saw what I have wrote, they would accuse me of fiction, and would not imagine that so much heroism were real; notwithstanding, nothing is more natural than this way of thinking in a person who is penetrated with the great truths of religion. How much are they who think them *outrés* to be pitied! But this is not the season to give up my pen to reflections, which I may have an opportunity to make at another time: you burst with impatience to know the *denouement* of our adventures; you shall be satisfied.

The Baron entered in a moment attended by my brother: they had been some time in the next room, and only waited for the signal, which had been agreed on, to make their appearance. Eliza gave each of them one of her hands, and then kissed that which they offered her, without being able to speak a word, the sight of my brother had so much overpowered her.

"You ought, my dear, to summon up your strength," said her father to her. "You have been informed of Northon's situation: the physician assures me that you will do no harm to the dear patient, providing you can appear calm before him, and without shewing any sign of resentment to him: on the contrary, you must let him see some marks of tenderness. I not only give you leave, but even order you to do it, if it be not against your will; for unless you should entreat me to retract the promise I have made to him, the period of his cure will be that of his marriage. Speak freely; I would not have you, whom he has despised, shew him any favour."

After he had said this, my brother, falling on his knees, said to her, "It is on his behalf, amiable Eliza, that I make the *amende honorable* for a weakness which he hopes he shall make you forget by his future behaviour throughout his whole life."

Instead of answering him, Eliza endeavoured to raise him, locked him in her arms, and bedewed his face with her tears. I strove to render the scene more sprightly, as it began to be too affecting. "My dear friend," said I to the Baron, "I admire the noble frankness with which you have given the dear girl leave to love my nephew, and let him see that she does: these are things in which the heart does not wait for orders."

"Not to love," replied Eliza, "but only to act in consequence of it. You would be unjust to me if you should think that it is out of my power to make such an effort to shew my obedience to my father."

"You may then be easy," added I, "with respect to any apprehension that

that she might shew the least reluctance to obey you. But see how she shakes off the yoke of her natural parent, by embracing before your eyes her second parent. I never had her taught these freedoms: I am quite shocked, and shall not forgive her but upon one condition, which is, that she shall give me half a dozen kisses at least."

My brother understood me, pretending to be piqued at what he called my jealousy, and the ball being kept up some time *en badinage*, he gave it unexpectedly a new turn, by saying; "What prevents our making immediately the visit, which we were pre-engaged for after dinner."

"What! in my night cap!" cried Eliza.

This exclamation, which was certainly extorted, set us a laughing.—Her father reproached her for her coquetry, and with an air of gaiety, having taken her by the hand, whispered to her, that if she would not come *de bon grace*, he would drag her after him.

My brother, during this friendly altercation, went before, and we found Northon on his settee, and as his countenance was animated by joy, he did not appear to us so much altered as he really was.

The Baron approached towards him, still keeping his daughter's hand confined, and said to him, "My dear boy, to speak my sentiments, I must say that thou art somewhat eccentric; but as this poor girl finds that your eccentricity itself is somewhat amiable, I give her to you. But mistake me not: we must, in some part of our lives, pay tribute to folly: I once thought that you had too much of the rigidity of Cato, but we have no reason, at present, to reproach you on that point: you have been put to the proof, and nothing can impeach your character. I am better pleased that you should have shown your foibles before marriage, than if you had made a reserve of a single one to play off after the solemn rite was finished."

After this good-natured address, the Baron joined his daughter's hand with

my nephew's, who saluted it with the greatest respect, and was opening his mouth to indicate his gratitude, but the Baron interrupted him.

"I am almost beside myself," said he, "in having united this young pair, for I look on the alliance as inextricable. This union brings me back into the days of youth, and stimulates me to make another. Is there no one here who stands in need of my little services?—I am quite disinterested, as you see I am."

You cannot foresee, my dear lady, the scene which was coming on; it had been concerted between my brother and my nephew, who were both accomplices in the conspiracy.

The Baron had scarcely ended, when the Marquis advanced with an air of timidity, which he affected, I am certain, for these gentlemen are not such novices as to disconcert themselves. My brother, whom I had not the least suspicion of, seized on my hand, and presented it to him, without my being able to prevent it, because I could not foresee what he aimed at.—Imagine what an awkward situation I appeared in!—You will certainly join in the laugh with the young ones. Be it so: but the scene must soon be shifted, and I most sincerely protest, that they ought to have chosen some other stratagem to surprise me in this manner.

"Believe me, Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, "that I should not have ventured to make so abrupt a declaration, without the utmost reluctance; I could wish by my attentions to have aspired to the honour of offering my services to you; my boldness, I see it, has displeased you; I shall punish myself for it, by burying in my heart the weakness which it has had the temerity to declare itself to you its respect for you, before it had your permission to do so."

I remained as immovable as a statue, after which I resumed courage enough to express some sentence in mere raillery. Indeed, Sir, you do me too much honour; but for all my life I never thought of marriage: no,

never,

never, I solemnly assure you, I am satisfied with my present condition, I

"I do not know what I say," said my brother, interrupting me: "I am not young now, and that is the reason that I do not think of matrimony."

"Sir you push me too far," said I to my brother, somewhat peevishly, "and had you thought I was really so, no one should treat an affair of so much importance with such levity; but after all I am too silly to take this pleasantry in so serious a light; I resume my first opinion, you mean only to divert yourselves. Indeed, gentlemen, it had all the effect you intended, Eliza and my nephew are at ease, let us divert the channel of discourse if you please."

At the same time I approached to my nephew, but casting a look at the marquis *en passant*, I found him so woe-begone, that I was affected myself, and shewed I was, in spite of myself.

All the company had their eyes upon me; the physician approached me, took me by the arm, and said very gravely, "Though I have not the skill of Antiochus's physician, who discovered by the pulse of that prince, that he was in love with Stratonice, the touch of that of mademoiselle persuades me that she is in danger of loving the marquis." He had fallen down on his knees, my dear, they had conspired to extort my consent.

"My dear aunt," said my wounded nephew, kissing my hand, "you cannot refuse to complete the happiness of one of my best friends, without hazarding mine. The baron has threatened me that he will defer my marriage with Eliza, till he shall have the pleasure to lead you to the altar with the marquis."

"This is an absolute tyranny!" cried I, shedding some tears, "Would you wish, Sir, to owe my hand to the importunities of my friends?"

"This is carrying the joke too far," said my brother, assuming an

air of seriousness. "No, sister, the marquis would not wish to have you without your own free, unconstrained assent. I know his sentiments; I insist upon knowing yours; I will be answerable for his probity, and his future conduct; he owes his wisdom to dearly-bought experience, and we may be confident in it. If you have no objection to his person; if you can without doing too much violence to yourself oblige your friends, suffer him to make use of the means to gain your affection; do not disavow that sentiment of pity which he excites in you; do not endeavour either to dissemble, or to constrain it, because your attachment for him is the only thing that can make us happy."

"I should get much," replied I, "to dissemble before persons so quick-sighted as you, gentlemen, seem to be. Believe me, Marquis, I am sincere, and you will soon find that I am so. You are the only man for whom I ever had a kindness, too different from that which I always had for your sex in general. I have never examined into the cause of this predilection, which I ascribed to the lively manner in which I find you was interested for my nephew; I believe it still. Give me time to examine it, and assure yourself, that if I should discover that there is any thing more in it, I will confess it without the least reserve. I must, notwithstanding, inform you, that if my discoveries should be favourable to the views of my friends, that will give you no advantage with respect to the proposal you have done me the honour to make to me. My heart has not the disposal of my hand, my reason must be the donor; give it only time to consider whether I am a proper object to make you happy, and whether I can reasonable hope that you can make me so."

"You make me the most happy man in the world," replied the Marquis

"Stop a little, Sir," said I, "the most material article has slipped me—I have no fortune; I am not much in a humour to receive one. I know that you

yours must be very moderate, when you have satisfied the calls of justice. You ought to consider whether you have courage enough to support a mere competency."

"I will not be guilty of dissimulation," replied he, "it would be very hard for me to support it, but only so far as you are concerned in it; I know very well that you would retrieve my affairs, and since I ever knew you, I have always thought that I would prefer a desert with you, before the most splendid palace without you."

"Is it true," replied I, with some briskness, "that the men have forced us to be upon our guard, on account of the habit they have contracted of exaggerating, and of expressing themselves with so much more energy, as their heart leaves them the choice of their words? Forgive me, Sir, I should be wrong to charge you with the crimes of the generality of your sex; yet, as I have at present no sufficient reason to make any exception in your favour, I must still demand further time, and beg of you to suspend your opinion. I will, nevertheless, assure you, that whenever I shall be convinced that your heart, and your tongue go together, I shall have very little to do in the decision."

I believe the Baron had determined that the conversation should not take a serious *ton*. "Certainly," cried he, "this would make a very good scene in romance, this lady would choose to be confined in a desert, and the other would choose to be obliged to no one, and I should be the only one that would not have a *choice*. Alas! I do not understand these *manœuvres*, we have always hitherto been one family, and I wish that it might endure for ever, and that the whole company would say *Amen*. I could never wish any thing good to him who should attempt to break the knots which are going to unite us. I have about two millions of crowns—and four children; I could not wish that there should be any difference between them. Northon shall bring a fourth

to Eliza, who shall likewise bring her as much, and I shall never forgive the Marquis and Madame Northon the refusal of an equal share: I have this morning ordered the settlements to be drawn, and I should be sorry to have flung away my pains."

"Dear Sir," cried my brother, "this is too much; I wished to have attributed to your generosity, and to my son the prospect of a moderate fortune, but I have for these three years been in possession of something which I thought valuable, only because I thought I might have the happiness of sharing it between my son and my sister; I only waited for the solemnization of their alliances, but you have *forced* me to *declare* myself. I am obliged to you, for your munificent offers to my son and my sister; but be so good as to grant me the same liberty, which I have had the pleasure of granting you, and let us prove by our example, that at the crisis of true friendship, the pleasure of *giving* and *receiving* is equal."

"Certainly," replied the Baron, "I accept your offers, be they what they may, and I accept them with the same pleasure as if fortune had deprived me of the happiness of offering them; for I am convinced that you would have been as happy to have *enriched* me as to have been a sharer in my fortune, and I should have been a partner in this pleasure. Nothing but stupid pride, under the mask of generosity, could make any one blush at the munificence of a friend: I have not that pride, and I am sorry to observe it in those for whom I have some esteem; but this tells me that their generosity is not built upon the same foundation as mine."

While the Baron was thus guarding against our refusal, my brother had *stolen* to his apartment, and brought a box with him; he presented his son with an instrument in writing, which he desired him to give to Eliza. At last he put the box into my hands, saying, "Dear sister, your share is equal, but your jewels are not set."

"Could you think, my dear lady, that

that this present which was given with such an easy air, amounted to about four hundred livres a-piece? I am far behind you," said my brother to the Baron, "but I am not *humiliated*, and I shall never forget that my son has been honoured with your choice, tho' you thought him worth nothing."

"We were astonished; the Marquis himself could hardly believe his eyes, and could not help exclaiming, 'O Christianity! thou art accused of *narrowing* the soul; but it depends only on thee to teach men generosity, to form the most solid, and most durable friendships.' Indeed, I must own it, I sink into such a littleness in your presence, that I cannot help thinking that I am unworthy of being admitted into so respectable a company, in which I can introduce only *false stones*, meaning that my virtues are such."

"We are not far from real jewels," replied I, "when we confess with so much ingenuousness, and so much courage; this *trait* will shorten my proof very much, and I would have said that it was decisive, if not a little *etiquette* had not prevented me;" and as I spoke these words, I presented my hand to the Marquis.

(To be continued.)

ON NOVEL-WRITING AND READING.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

WE look upon you as having in some degree the charge of a great part of female youth under your guardianship. "It is a large trust, and should be managed nicely. There is not any inclination they so much indulge as that of reading of books, wherein the passion of love is romantically displayed. This certainly contributes to impress false notions of that kind of felicity, which the sex were born to embellish and sustain. I am, Sir, not only the father of a family, but the secretary of a literary society, who have entrusted to me the choice of innocent and ingenious works of taste

and imagination. Many females compose our groupe, and some of them, I am sorry to say, prefer a novel drawn with the luxuriant pencil of Rousseau, to the chastest and most charming touches of a Richardson.—I have lately met with some sentiments that in the most masterly manner reprobates the every-day novel tribe, and gives such cogent reasons for his reprobation, as I hope will not only convince the small private circle of young ladies which I have in trust, but tend also to correct the false taste, Mr. Editor, of several of your fair wards, who may be disposed to approve, and follow the maxims of Eloisa, in preference to those of Clarissa. Though the critics have, I perceive, and, I think, with great judgment declared, that "the excellent Emma Corbett has more delicacy than the first, and less prudery than the last of these celebrated characters; at the same time that in point of literary composition she is not inferior to either of them."—Let your fair customers and admirers, Mr. Editor, duly attend to the sense of the following letter, written by a gentleman just come from seeing poor Emma put into the ground—"from whose bourne no traveller returns"—and they will then think of mere novels and novelists as—you and I—think of them; nor will they, or their friends, I presume, be wanting in gratitude to either of us, for putting in their way such rational sentiments on a point in which they are materially concerned. One of my wards is going to copy the extract for the service of yours.

I am, yours,

A Pastor and Parent.

Norfolk, July 12, 1780.

"I AM just come from the most agonizing ceremony, oh Frederick! that can probably pass under the eye of man; may you never feel what or otherwise you can never know; easy in your fortune, quiet in your situation, unconnected in your interests, you can, happily for you, have no conception

conception, at least no perfect one, of that rent in the heart, which is made by death; when youth, innocence, and beauty are committed to the dust—when the parent hangs his drooping head over the last sad tenement—when the orphans—what have I said? Youth, innocence, and beauty—and do all these then go down to the earth's cold bosom? Shall none of them ascend? The glooms of the soul almost carry sensation into sin—they shall all ascend; the one shall ensure everlasting existence to the others. Innocence shall immortalize beauty and youth. The romance of youth may teach you to expect that I should excrete—that I should summon to my assistance every infernal power—that I should tax heaven itself with cruelty, and take refuge from altercation man, amidst the friendly concealment of impenetrable woods—this may, perhaps, answer the purpose of the novelist, but it corresponds not with the nature of your friend: no, Berkley, it is not in a moment like this that the truly touched, and truly tender indulge themselves in outrage. The first burst is past, that which began with loudness, with vehemence, and with vociferation, settles into the still, the solemn, and the affecting; the temper, stormy and headstrong of Corbett himself, terminates in the eloquence of dumb distress—the tears fall fast from me as I write, more impetuous periods I have not felt; so awful, and so affecting a crisis never did I experience. You, who knew not Emma, and have not a regular, though you have a worthy heart, cannot know what I have lost. The manner of her death, the motive, and the whole tenor of circumstances connected with it, throw over every passage of the scene, a colour so movingly sad, that I sit wonder-struck in the room, and seem almost in my grave, with the world about me; I have exerted myself to say thus much, at the winding up of this solemn catastrophe, lest you, my dear Berkley, or any other person, into whose hands these incidents may fall, should presume to question the ways of Al-

mighty God, which are justifiable in every part of this pathetic story. Erroneous notions of punishment and reward, are perhaps the leading steps to irreligion and infidelity; the vile herd of novellists have done an essential injury to the cause of virtue, by sacrificing to the pleasure of the reader beyond the simplicity of truth; difficulty in the beginning of a narrative, love in the middle, and marriages at the end, make up almost invariably the recipe of a modern romance. This is called rewarding virtue: a bad character or two perhaps drops off, and that is called punishing vice: false, foolish conclusion: look into life; doth not heaven's blessed beam shine equally on the just and the unjust? Are all rewards so mechanically contrived? Hath virtue no joys of her own! joys which generous sorrow only can produce? Is the sacred struggle of a good man altogether afflictive? To pass through a road perplexed and thorny—to travel thro' a hard and difficult life, without tearing the finer principles from the heart; doth it require no better conduct than moves in the machinery of those contemptible pages, where all is given up to art, and distorted imagination? Are there no sweets in the pensive sigh—the pious tear? Break they from the mourner without offering him any balm? Hath heaven-born constancy no comforts? Consider the life of Emma—hath death, at once virtuous and christian, nothing to lift the survivor's spirit above every care of vulgar beings? Oh Frederick! I am touched by a very tender example, in lamenting as I now lament; say, my friend, are there no dear and welcome mitigations: yes, I feel—I feel that there are, would I part with this generous grief? Oh, no! what would I take in exchange? the universe should not buy it from me—I even anticipate the holy satisfaction, when I shall steal from the shout and strife of society, to the tomb of a virtuous woman.

Farewel! Let your heart be kind, and your life be pure.

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Continued from Page 267.)

LETTER XII.

Miss WALLIS to Miss GREVILLE.

Berry-Hill.

HOW uncertain is every thing in this vale of sorrow! How short-lived are all our joys? Some weeks ago I was happy, but am now quite the contrary.—I once flattered myself (foolishly so) that Mr. Gordon did not behold me with indifference, but alas! I am convinced now of more than that! his love for another person! No wonder Miss Willis refused so advantageous an offer as Sir Edward Ashly:—her heart was engaged—I am sorry to say to whom. But you are in amaze, and know not what all this means.—Though the recital may give me some pain, but that you may know I have some cause for grief will begin.

I was invited the day before yesterday to dine and meet Sir William and Lady Harcourt at Percy-Place. I went earlier than it is usual for company to come, but being so intimate did not stand on ceremony. As soon as I entered the house, I went up to Mrs. Percy's room: she was employed at her toilet, so told her I would not interrupt her, but go down to the drawing-room, the door of which was ajar, but could discern Mr. Gordon and Miss Willis sitting on the sofa. He had hold of her hand, and seemed to be pleading very hard, but for what I could not tell, as they talked low: something, however, that he said raised a blush on the cheek of Miss Willis.—I had seen enough to make me wretched, and determined not to go in, tripped up again to Louisa's chamber, and told her as the weather was so inviting, I would take a walk on the terrace till she was dressed: accordingly took my calash, and went into the garden. In about an hour afterwards Mrs. Percy came to me, and desired I would come in, as Sir William's carriage was just driving up to the door. At dinner I

did not dare to look at Mr. Gordon, so mortified was poor I. Soon after dinner the ladies withdrew to the drawing-room, and left the gentlemen at the bottle.

I could not help behaving to Miss Willis rather stately: she saw it and felt it I am sure. At tea the gentlemen joined us; cards after we had done were called for, but Lady and Sir William Harcourt begged they might be entertained with some music, which Mrs. Percy obliged them with. When she had played a piece of music, she sung a song, and Lady Harcourt and Mrs. Percy afterwards sung a duet together of Sacchini's composing. I was asked to play (sing I meant to say), but pleaded for an excuse a violent cold I had caught the other night in walking too late, it passed off very well. The company afterwards played at cards. Captain Percy, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, and Miss Willis played at whist: Mrs. Percy, myself, and Mr. Gordon were lookers on: stupid enough, to be sure. I avoided as much as possible any conversation with Mr. Gordon. When Sir William's coach came to the door, they obligingly asked me to let them set me down at Berry-Hill, which proposal I accepted of, that Mr. Gordon might not have an opportunity of attending me home.

This is the end of my narrative, but not of my woes, which heaven knows only when they will, and what I shall do when we go to the camp! I know not how to excuse myself from going with them: that will never do, as I expressed so much joy at the very thought of accompanying them. Indeed it was true joy! Then hope had not fled from me; but I now fear it is for ever.

Adieu, my dear Lucy. May you never feel the sorrow that now rends the bosom of your

SOPHIA WALLIS.

(To be continued.)

Solution to the Enigmatical List of
GENTLEMEN'S NAMES at Isleworth,
Page 156.

1. Benham. 2. Wilmot. 3. Knevet.
4. Philpot. 5. Nicols. 6. Taylor.
7. Farnell. 8. Featherston. 9. French.
10. Bunn. 11. Startup. 12. Porter.

Isleworth.

DIANA.

Solution to the Enigmatical Description of a
BEAUTIFUL EDIFICE,
Page 258.

Westminster-Abbey.

Highbate.

A—C—.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of
TOWNS in KENT, Page 324.

1. Ashford. 2. Aplemore. 3. Seven-Oakes.
4. Deal. 5. Milton. 6. West-Malling.
7. Tunbridge. 8. Dover. 9. Gravesend.
10. Maidstone. 11. New Romney. 12. Faversham.

Snodland, Kent.

M. LEWIS.

* * * *Almira*, at Brown and Reynolds' boarding-school, makes No. 6, *East-Malling*, No. 11, *Bromley*. *Mira* agrees with the above in No. 6, and No. 11. *Rebecca W—ll—s* makes No. 6 *Malling*, without the addition of *East* or *West*. *E. Harris* makes No. 5 *Rochester*, but omits No. 11.

Enigmatical List of YOUNG LADIES
at STREATHAM, SURRY.

1. The prime part of a hog, and a fallshood, changing a letter.
2. A laborious trade.
3. A holy prophet, a serpentine letter, and a male offspring.
4. The initial of a goddess, the first vowel, and a word used for benevolent, omitting the last letter.
5. An enclosed piece of ground.
6. Half a man's Christian name, two thirds of a triumphant vehicle, and a consonant.
7. Part of a prickly tree.
8. Two sevenths of a town corporate, half a covering for the face, a li-

quid letter, and the latter repeated.

9. A female pronoun, two sixths of a bower, and the produce of a forest.

10. The farmer's delight.

S. T—MB—Y.

Enigmatical List of PLAYS and ENTERTAINMENTS.

1. Half a garment, a fowl, exchanging a letter, two sixths of a skin, and a serpentine letter.

2. A loud-sounding instrument, two sixths of a woman's name, and a plot.

3. Part of a tree, a liquid consonant, and a negative reversed.

4. To fold, half a month, the initial of a man's name, and a weight, with the addition of a vowel.

5. Three fifths of a transgression, and half a fruit reversed.

6. A place of defence, a vowel, an insect, omitting a letter, and we.

7. Three ninths of a principal character in *Othello*, two thirds of what we all do, and half of fear.

8. To lay hold of, and what is not honestly come by, exchanging a liquid letter.

White-Chapel.

CHRISTIANA GOW.

Enigmatical List of SQUARES in London.

1. Three fourths of a limb, a vowel, and three sevenths of the resolution of a jury.

2. Four fifths of fat, half of a trader, and half a complimentary name given to one of the principal heralds of of England.

3. To halloo after a person.

4. The name of a saint.

5. The produce of summer, a semi-vowel, and to inter.

6. A harbour for ships, and the noblest work of God.

7. A precious metal, a vowel, and a consonant.

8. A hermit's habitation, two thirds of to finish, and a charger.

9. A great personage.

MARIA.

POETI.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

On a very beautiful and amiable young Lady,
who died of the Small-Pox, May 25, 1780,
at the Age of Eighteen.

HARK! what noise is that resounding
Thro' this awful, dreary gloom?
'Tis the voice of grief lamenting
Over lovely Nancy's tomb.

Courted, lov'd, and celebrated,
Lately shone the beauteous maid;
But how soon her charms are faded!
In the grave for ever laid!

Ev'ry grace of mind and person
Dignify'd the hapless fair;
Elegance and ease were blended
In her manners, form, and air.

In the bloom of youth and beauty,
All its worth not fully known,
Came grim Death and cropp'd the flower,
Ere its loveliest tints were shown.

But the chilling blasts of winter
Kill not virtue's budding flow'rs;
No, they spread thro' endless ages
Into higher heav'nly pow'rs.

Brighter suns there shed their influence,
Beauty there will never fade;
Weep not then with grief unceasing
For the dear lamented maid.

Oxon.

FANNY B——Y.

On RELIGION.

BLEST religion thee I sing,
Real pleasure's genuine spring,
source of happiness and joy,
Happiness without alloy.
They who love thee in thee know
Joys the world cannot bestow;
Thou it is that can'st improve
Gen'rous pity, friendship, love;
Thou it is that can'st impart
Balsam to an aching heart:
Thou can'st sorrow's self beguile,
With thy sweet benignant smile.
Heav'nly comforts, peace profound,
Ever may with thee be found;
Since such graces then are thine,
Blest religion be thou mine.

Oxon.

FANNY B——Y.

V E R S E S.

By a YOUNG LADY.

WHEN nipp'd by winter the enamel'd
plains

Lose all their sweets and odoriferous stains,
The beauteous trees their robes of green have
lost,

Render'd unpleasing by the chilling frost;
But then reflection warms the cold review
With hopes that spring will deck her plains
anew.

Ah! could the ventricle whence sorrow flows
But cheer my heart with such returns as those,
Then charm'd with spring should winter wing
her way,

Unnest her cares, like birds that hail the May.
Ah! gentle spring! with joy thy banks are
deck'd,

With joy receive, and with the same reflect!
Nurtur'd by thee, and welcome to thy plain,
By breezes fann'd, regal'd with show'rs of
rain;

To hate the man I love I strive in vain,
Thinking to lessen aggravates my pain!
O had my heart a flinty substance been!
Or had my eyes the object never seen!

Ah! cease such wishes in my breast to reign,
His flinty heart it is that gives me pain!
But when the Ethiop with the ermine vies,
And leopards change their variegated dyes,
Then shall I cease to love, and cease to moan,
And cease to sigh, and breathe a gentle groan.

CLARINDA.

A S O N G.

I.

THRO' the groves as I wandet alone,
The victim of love and despair,
To the flow'rets I make my sad moan,
And tell the cool zephyrs my care.
Ye lovely young nymphs of the plain,
Who with pity behold me distress'd,
Ye ask me the name of the swain
Whose image I bear in my breast.

II.

If e'er, as ye trace the green mead,
Ye chance a young shepherd to see,
Who by far all the rest does exceed,
Be assur'd that young shepherd is he:
The rose and the lily unite
His beautiful cheeks to adorn,
And his eyes dart a lustre so bright,
It resembles the op'ning of morn.

III.

By his lips is the cherry outv'y'd,
 His teeth with the pearl may compare,
 In his smiles such sweet graces reside
 As no painting or verse can declare :
 His locks of a lovely brown dye,
 For their charms not indebted to art,
 Like the Parthian as careless they fly,
 Convey a sure wound to the heart.

IV.

Alas ! e'er I saw this dear swain
 No tortures my bosom did prove,
 But now I am doom'd to complain,
 For I never must hope for his love !
 But oh ! by that fortunate maid,
 To whom he his heart shall resign,
 May his flame with a flame be repaid,
 As sincere and as virtuous as mine !

PASTORELLA.

M O R N I N G.

Written by Mr. WRENCH.

I.

YON' variegated skies announce the morn,
 Ethereal mildness ushers in her reign;
 Her virgin blushes orient heaven adorn,
 And joy is on the wing tow'rd ev'ry plain.

II.

Lo ! from his terrene nest the lark now springs,
 With rapid wing he soars toward the sky,
 And as he soars symphoniously he sings
 His song Pindaric, foul of melody.

III.

Behold ! from yon' bright oriental shade,
 Gilding the dawn of day, the radiant sun,
 With all enliv'ning grandeur he's array'd,
 And dimpled smiles, prepar'd his course to
 run.

IV.

Around his chariot soft'ring zephyrs play,
 Glad Plenty, rostrate Health attend his beams;
 Universal nature hails the god of day,
 His welcome universal joy proclaims.

V.

How softly sighs the breeze ! the sky-choir sing !
 To resplendent Sol they chaunt a placid strain;
 Flora to him doth her best treasures bring,
 And Nature's bounty gives a large domain.

VI.

Does ignoble sloth adorn monarchal man,
 By Jove enlight'ned with bright reason's
 rays ;
 No, seize the transient moments while ye can,
 Lest not by sleep invaluable days !

VII.

Nature fatigued claims its due repose,
 More than it asks becomes internal pain,
 This truth each sentimental being knows,
 Mortals let reason o'er your passions reign !

VIII.

O may I go as sensation points the way !
 And, scorning ease inglorious, enjoy
 The heav'n of life, the bliss of early day,
 Pregnant with pleasures too rapturous to
 cloy !

The A D D R E S S.

By Mr. WRENCH.

I.

SUPERNAL pow'rs ! convey me where
 No tumultuous throngs appear !
 Far from flatt'ry, far from care,
 O let me breathe the rural air !

II.

Bear me to some bushy grove,
 Blest retreat of peace and love !
 Where secure the warbling choir
 From the venal world retire.

III.

Where nature's beauty decks the ground,
 Thousand beauteous flow'rs abound ;
 Still, to make the scene more fair,
 Let lovely Sally meet me there.

IV.

Sally's beauty will improve
 The verdant beauty of the grove,
 Give each flow'r a pleasing dye,
 Brighter azure to the sky.

V.

Dione, to complete my joy,
 Hither send thy dimpled boy,
 And in this auspicious hour
 Let my Sally own his pow'r.

VI.

Roseate Health, fair Peace, gay Pleasure,
 Happiness and heav'nly treasure,
 When my Sally's heart possessing,
 Ever blest, and ever blessing.

On DR. MILNE'S SERMONS.

THY works, O Milne, delighted I explore,
 And view with reverence as I read them
 o'er ;

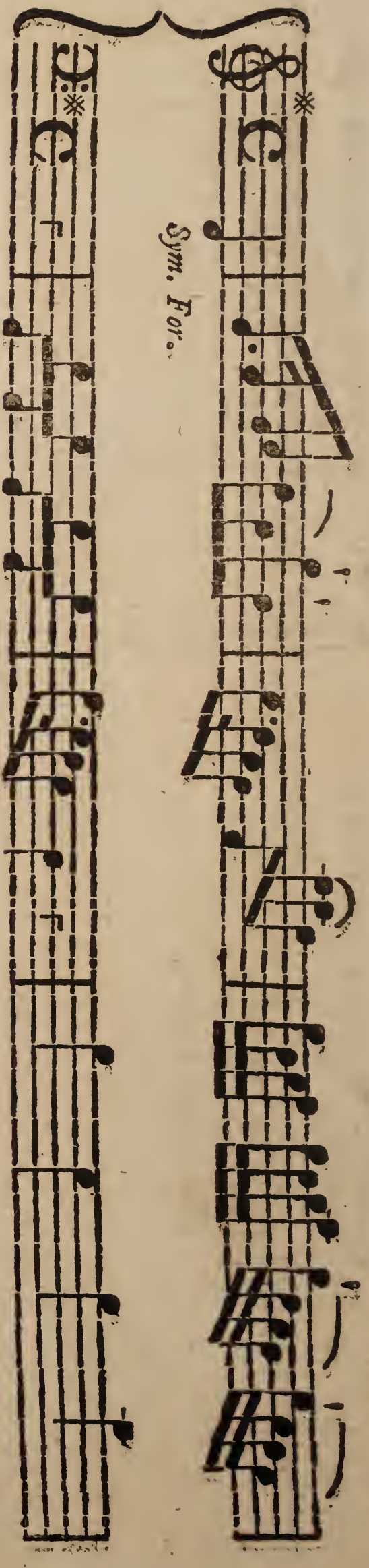
Thy thoughts sublime with energy display'd,
 In strongest sense, and pleasing grace convey'd ;
 Form'd to reprove, and for instruction lent,
 With mild persuasives as a blessing sent,

To

The Words by Mr. HAWKINS, set to Music by Mr. J. SHIELD.

Allegretto.

Sym. For.



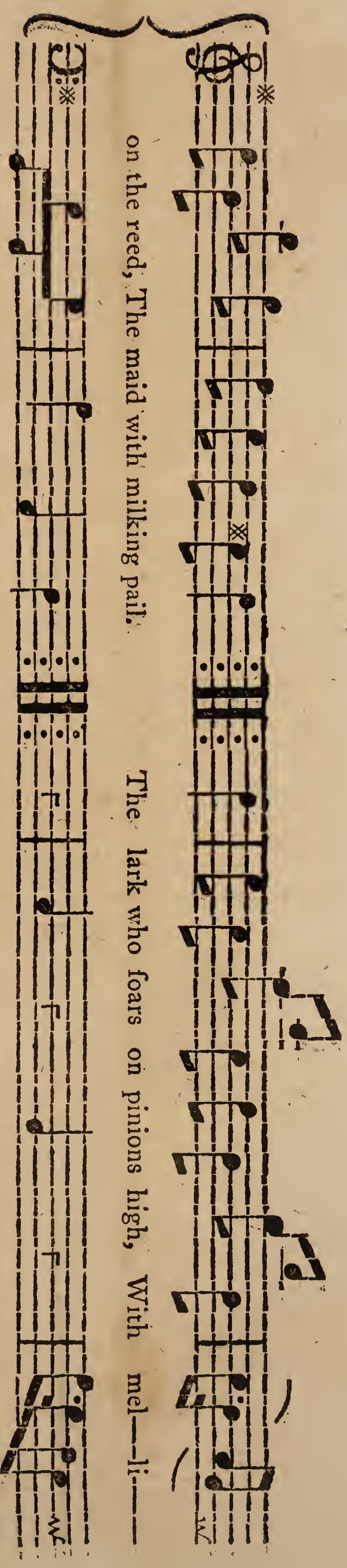
Pia.

Let poets praise the pasture mead, The moss-clad hill, the dale, The shepherd piping



on the reed, The maid with milking pail.

The lark who soars on pinions high, With mel—li—



—fl—ous note, The sheep, the herd, the but—ter—fly, The fril—ky fawn, the goat.

Sym. For.



II.

The bubbling brook, the grot, the grove,
 The blooming flow'rs so gay,
 The wood, the brake, the sweet alcove,
 Or smiling dawn of day;
 While I a loftier theme rehearse,
 And think on these no more,
 But praise, in fond and faithful verse,
 Dear Delia I adore.

III.

Her skin is like the lily white,
 Her cheeks red roses are;
 Her eyes outshine the sun-beams light,
 Her shape most debonair:
 Her manners mild as turtle-dove,
 In ringlets flow her hair;
 She looks, she is the queen of love,
 And fairest of the fair.

IV.

Her breath like spicy odours sweet
 Which scent the Eastern clime;
 Her mind, her ways are all compleat,
 And source of all sublime,
 To dwell with her through life's short space,
 And view her heavenly charms,
 Are all the joys I wish to trace,
 Then die within her arms.

To teach frail man to bear affliction's rod
 With meek submission to the will of God ;
 To his unerring sapience resign'd,
 From present ills we good remove may find.
 By thy sage counsel led at times to tread
 The gloomy mansions of the happy dead,
 By frequent thoughts of that fix'd awful day,
 When disunited from these bonds of clay,
 And mix'd with parent earth, become as they.

If we thro' life pursue thy wholesome plan,
 Become a child of God, and friend to man;
 Disarm'd of all his terrors Death appears,
 Void of his sting, and dissipates our tears;
 But borne on wings of seraphs hopes to join
 Effulgent brightness in the realms divine.

Divine preceptor, monitor, and friend,
 Whom but to know all fully must commend ;
 Whose life and doctrines do so well agree,
 They e'en escape the tongue of calumny !
 An humble female fain would sing thy praise,
 But stops unequal—to that worth I'd raise
 Those lofty strains ability denies,
 The warmest wishes gratitude supplies ;
 O may success thy pious labours crown !
 And may you reap a glorious renown !
 May years in health and peace unnumber'd
 flow ! [woe !
 Shield him kind heav'n from all distress and
 Encourag'd to pursue the track of fame,
 And endless ages shall revere thy name !
 Religion's advocate then still abide,
 Thyself our pattern, and thy works our guide !

D A M O N and F L A V I A.

THE ev'ning mild, the sky serene and red.
 And the bright sun had scarce resum'd
 his bed,

When Damon leaves the bus'ness of the day,
 A lonely shade of willows mark his way ;
 Slowly he moves in this retir'd recess,
 With pleasing prospect of his future bliss.
 Long Flavia had return'd his ardent love,
 Vow'd to be his, nor would her heart remove ;
 One thing remain'd, to fix the happy day ;
 The more he urg'd the greater her delay ;
 Scheme after scheme his wearied thoughts em-
 ploy,

To fix the maiden, and compleat his joy.
 Lost in a reverie of hope and fear,
 A doleful accent caught his list'ning ear ;
 A damsel's cries portended danger nigh,
 He needs no other cause to make him fly ;
 Swift as the light'ning scours the level lawn,
 His active hand the trusty blade had drawn.
 Conceive, ye swains, how motionless he stood,
 When near the borders of a tufted wood
 His lovely Flavia caught his faithful eye,
 A ruffian fell with savage face stood by,
 "Hold !" cries the trusty youth—"prepare
 to die !"

But not dispos'd to stand, his active heels
 Convey the monster o'er the neigh'ring fields.

Have swains conceiv'd young Damon's great
 surprize, [eyes !
 Then read, ye nymphs, the joy in Flavia's
 Beholds herself reliev'd, her fears remov'd,
 And in the conqueror views the youth she
 lov'd !

The present moment seiz'd the eager swain
 To urge his suit the wish'd-for day to gain ;
 His recent tenderness, a pow'rful plea,
 Prevails with Flavia now to fix the day,
 Consents, e'er ten days pass to be his wife,
 Who sav'd at once her virtue and her life.

PHILETUS.

To the Fair and Amiable MISS MARIA
 T—nn—r, of ———.

RESOLVED of charming Maria to sing,
 For ideas of beauty I search'd thro' the
 spring.

To flowers soft-blooming compar'd the sweet
 maid, [fade :

But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may
 Of sunshine and breezes next I thought to
 write, [bright ;

Of the breezes so soft, and the sunshine so
 But these with my fair no resemblance will
 hold, [cold.

For the sun sets at night, and the breezes grow
 The clouds of mild ev'ning, array'd in pale
 blue, [tering thro' ;

While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glit-
 Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
 Yet methought they look'd something like
 T—nn—r's fine eyes.

At length on a tree a fresh blossom I found,
 Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance
 around ; [pray'r,

I then thought the muses had smil'd on my
 This blossom, I cry'd will resemble my fair ;
 These colours so gay, and united so well,
 This delicate texture, and ravishing smell,
 Is her person's sweet emblem !—but where
 shall I find

In nature a beauty that equals her mind ?
 For this blossom so pleasing at summer's gay
 call, [fall :

Like each external beauty must languish and
 But the internal charms of my T—nn—r will
 last [are past,

When spring, and when summer, and autumn
 For sense and good-humour no season disarms,
 And the soul of my fair one enlivens her
 charms. [blossom, is o'er,

So with T—nn—er, when youth, that gay
 By her virtues improv'd she'll engage me the
 more ; [prime,

I'll recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her
 When her merit is ripen'd by love and by
 time.

JOSEPH DOSSETT.

STRE-

STREPHON'S LAMENTATION.

YE beauteous flow'rs that love the golden
 sun. [run;
 Meand'ring streams that gently murm'ring
 Ye warbling choiristers, that us'd to sing
 Your lovely notes, and welcome in the spring;
 Ye tuneful nine assist a youth to moan,
 Lucinda, dear Lucinda's dead and gone!
 But now she's heedless of my grief, nor hears
 My plaintive tale, nor sees my falling tears!
 Ah! cruel Death! why was you thus to cross
 To join with fate in this my woeful loss!
 With what majestic air she us'd to walk!
 How like Minerva did the fair-one talk!
 Her skin might with the brightest chrystal vie,
 And with the sloe my fair-one's sparkling eye;
 Her hair in wanton ringlets us'd to flow,
 O'er her fair breast, that sham'd the virgin
 snow!

Harmonious pow'rs! assist a youth to moan,
 All that was dear to me is dead and gone!
 And now she's gone. lament ye lofty woods!
 Swell up with sorrow all ye British floods!
 Let silver Cynthia, regent of the night,
 With all her train of num'rous beauties
 bright,

Cease to befriend us in the gloomy night;
 Let Phœbus cease to shed the genial ray,
 And darkness seize the oft-revolving day!
 Let blushing roses like the lily be,
 And keenest frost seize the anemone!
 Let universal nature now bemoan,
 The fair, the dear Lucinda's dead and gone!
 But now all things are chang'd, methinks I
 see

All nature mourn the loss alike with me!
 Where odorif'rous flow'rs in beauty grew,
 Now in their place flourish the baleful yew!
 Where flourish'd once the fairest lily bright,
 Now in their place grows the cold aconite!
 Where warbling choiristers in concert strove,
 The cooing turtle mourns her absent love;
 Before the usual time the trees are seen
 To shed their verdant livery of green!
 All things in unity with me bemoan,
 Lucinda, dear Lucinda's dead and gone!

St. Gregory's, Norwich. W. M—P—s, Jun.

Translation of a LATIN HYMN, entitled
 HYMNUS AGRESTIS.

WHILE thro' the airy fluid birds on
 wing, [sing;
 Or perch'd on boughs, their Maker's praises
 Whence springs the cause I should alone re-
 frain [strain.
 T'attempt th' Almighty's praise in humble
 Or in the heav'nly chorus bear a part,
 To pay the tribute of a grateful heart?
 Father of all! thy mighty works I'll laud,
 And frame an humble hymn to thee my God!
 Fountain of life! by thee were all things
 made, [spread;
 Thy hand alone did heav'n's fair curtain

The beasts, the birds, and all the reptile
 throng,

The sea, and all that sport its waves among;
 To earth and ocean fix'd the proper bound,
 And fleeting air, which doth the whole sur-
 round, [pend,

In which the mighty globes thou did'st sus-
 Ne'er to be moved till time itself shall end;
 Thy wond'rous works my wond'ring senses
 cheer,

Affording wond'rous prospects far and near.
 Whether 'mong beds of flow'rs I bend my
 way, [stray,

Or thro' the verdant meadows chance to
 Each an Almighty working doth display.
 The sun by thy command gives daily light,
 The moon and glitt'ring stars appear by night;
 To thee no one comparison can make,
 Whose awful nod shall cause the world to
 quake;

All things subservient to thy mighty will,
 Creations ev'ry part the same fulfil;
 By thy command each day the sun-beams glow,
 Shedding their influence on all below:
 By thy permission, Lord, he gives us light,
 Breathe but the word he's instant turn'd to
 night.

What tho' he nimbly whirls about his sphere,
 One breath of thine can stop his swift career.
 Here, mortal man, hither thy wonder bend,
 (Each man not void of reason must attend)
 View with amazement all the mighty deeds,
 How day to night, and night to day succeeds!
 What wond'rous miracles are spread abroad,
 When fiat issues from the mouth of God!
 Who at the first did all the world's create,
 And still supports them in a reg'lar state,
 And to th' eternal glory of his name,
 Grants me the power to survey the same!
 Who with his wonders daily feasts mine eyes,
 And fills my ears with glorious harmonies!
 Almighty founder! till my latest days
 Thy wond'rous works I will not cease to praise;
 And when thou call'st me from this world a-
 way,

Grant I may laud thee in eternal day.
 J—H—.

A C R O S T I C.

WHENE'ER I see thee, O too lovely
 swain, [rise;
 In my fond breast what tender transports
 Like thee no shepherd fills my heart with pain!
 Like thee no shepherd charms my partial
 eyes!

In thy pure mind does ev'ry virtue live,
 And in thy form does ev'ry grace combine;
 May heav'n to thee its choicest blessings give,
 Health, plenty, peace, dear, gentle youth,
 be thine.

Each bliss attend thee, nor may anxious care,
 Nor grief, nor pain thy calm repose molest!
 Rack'd is my heart with love and with despair,
 Yet will I ne'er repine if thou art blest!

LOUISA.

F.O.

F O R E I G N N E W S.

Messina, May 25.

ON Sunday last, the 21st instant, at eleven o'clock in the evening, after a violent earthquake, Mount Ætna opened on the south-west side, three miles distant from the summit: the lava took its direction on the side of the plain of Catania, and on Wednesday it had run eight leagues. The inflamed matter bursts out with a violent noise, rising about twenty-five feet in height, and immediately falling down again with great rapidity. They have measured its progress in the almost imperceptible declivity which leads to Belpasso, a town seven leagues from Messina; it then advanced near half a fathom a minute, and did not seem likely to abate, so that Belpasso is threatened with entire ruin. The lava is at the broadest part about four miles wide, and unless it should meet valleys to turn its course, it will very probably do some damage to Catania. We flattered ourselves, that when the irruption began, the earthquakes would have ceased; but we have had every day since fresh shocks. Those of Sunday, at eleven in the morning, and of Monday, at four in the afternoon, were very violent, but momentary; that of Wednesday was, in every respect, the same as that which happened on the 28th of March, and was preceded by a great compression of air in the upper region from the north. Messina is quite deserted, the people having encamped without the walls.

Petersburgh, May 26. A letter from Astracan, of the 14th of April last, confirms the account of the city of Tauris, in Persia, and several villages in its environs, being entirely destroyed by an earthquake; and adds, that scarcely 700 persons have saved their lives.

Leghorn, May 30. According to the last letters from Smyrna, the plague which broke out lately in the quarter of the Greeks in that city, continues daily to carry off a number of people; and the lands in the environs are not yet freed of the locusts, which increase, and destroy all the fruits.

Madrid, June 5. Although, by order of the king, the greatest part of the Dutch ships which had been taken and carried into our ports have been restored; that the freight of the ship of the same nation, whose cargoes have been sold in our ports, has been paid to the captains; that we have begun to pay to the owners of those vessels the produce of the said sales, and that orders have been given to treat the Dutch ships for the future with more respect: notwithstanding all this, letters from divers ports are still filled with complaints of

the ill treatment of the Dutch flag, which treatment is very far from being conformable to the orders of the king. We also learn that the Count de Reenteren, envoy extraordinary of the States General of the United Provinces, hath made some fresh representations in a memorial which he has presented to the ministry on that subject, who have returned him a very favourable answer with respect to the navigation of his nation.

Cadiz, June 9. An attempt formed to burn the enemy's ships in the road of Gibraltar has unfortunately miscarried: seven vessels were fitted out as fire-ships, and sailed in the night between the 7th and 8th instant for the above purpose, but they set fire to the preparations when they were above three miles from the ships they intended to burn. A former attempt of this kind was made, but failed from the light of the moon; and this attempt was rendered useless by the imprudence of those who conducted it, altho' every step to render it successful had been taken at Alguazeras.—The day before the holy sacrament had been exposed, and public prayers made for the success of this expedition. They had even made a recommendation of the souls of those who were to go on board these infernal machines. A general collection had been made, to raise money for masses for the good intention of those warriors who so generously devoted themselves for the good of their country. These pious and mournful ceremonies probably struck terror into this little incendiary fleet; and the fear of exposing themselves too much, made them too hasty in setting fire to these fire-ships. Three men perished in the useless explosion, and Captain Don Marcie, who had the conduct of this expedition, is cashiered.

Petersburgh, June 12. Her imperial majesty has lately published an ordinance regulating navigation, in which she still professes the most perfect neutrality with regard to the disputes between Great Britain and the house of Bourbon; restricts her subjects from taking the smallest part in the war between those contending powers, either directly, by giving any of the parties open assistance, or indirectly, by serving them with ammunitions of war of any kind; and declares a freedom of commerce that does not come within that description, on the Russian coasts, to all the subjects of the belligerent powers, those articles excepted which are specified in the XIth article of a treaty of commerce, subsisting between Russia and Great Britain.

Petersburgh, June 20. The fleet from Cronstadt, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, and

four frigates, sailed yesterday, and as the service it is destined for will not permit its return to this empire next winter, the ministry have sent couriers to all the maritime powers, requesting them, in case one or more of that fleet should put into any of their ports, to furnish them with every thing they want for ready money.

Vienna, June 21. One of the six noble Hungarian guards who accompanied the emperor on his journey, arrived here express on the 15th instant from Mohylow. This officer brought to the empress queen the agreeable news, that the emperor arrived there on the 3d instant in perfect health, and that the day following the empress of Russia made her public entry into that city. The particulars which we have already learned respecting this memorable interview, are, that the Prince Potemkin, and the Count de Cobenzel, ambassador from our court to that of Petersburg, arrived at Mohylow the day before the empress, in whose name they had the honour to present to the emperor a letter, in which her majesty made the following apologies to that monarch: "That her age did not permit her to travel so expeditiously as she wished, but that she had sent before her these two noblemen, that they might have the honour to wait on him."—When the empress made her entry, the emperor, dressed in a green uniform, unadorned with any of the ensigns of his orders, placed himself as a common Russian officer among the crowd of curious spectators: nevertheless, as soon as the empress arrived at the spot where he stood, she immediately recognized and saluted him. Then alighting from her carriage, the empress immediately retired with the emperor to her closet, where she conversed with him for two hours, after which there was a drawing room: when that was over, their imperial majesties were present together at a comic opera, the empress having for that purpose caused the company who usually perform at Petersburg to come thither. After their departure from the opera, their imperial majesties supped together in public.

Brest, June 21. Paul Jones has been at l'Orient, to take the command of the Alliance frigate, and return to Boston, but he found on board a Captain Landais, who has refused to restore that vessel to him, unless he could produce a commission from Congress of later date than his own. The state-major supports Capt. Landais; and Paul Jones, who has only a commission from Mr. Franklin, is not a little embarrassed to find himself thus abandoned by his com-patriots. In the mean time the Alliance frigate remains in port, and Capt. Landais is determined, it seems, not to give her up.

Hague, June 25. The States of Friesland have given their consent to taking the third man from the merchants to the government service only, on condition that the choice of them shall depend upon the master of the ships, and that the East-India ships and the

herring-busses shall give up every sixth man, as they do not see any reason why part of the trade should suffer so much, and the rest nothing.

Lisbon, July 1. Since her present majesty's accession to the crown, the affairs of this kingdom have put on a new face; our regiments are recruited, our fortifications repaired and enlarged, the marine augmented, and some men of war and several ships of force have been put on the stocks. These wise regulations enable us to support an independent neutrality, or to take such part in the present situation of affairs as may be equally consistent with our interest and honour.

Leghorn, July 1. Letters received here from Tunis announce, that the insurrection excited at Tripoli against the Dey in favour of one of his nephews, who has made an attempt to seize both his throne and person, was increased to such a degree, that the most dreadful consequences were expected to ensue. Very bloody skirmishes happen every now and then between the two contending parties, which throw the citizens into the utmost consternation. Some rich Jew merchants who were settled at Tunis having resolved to retire from the dangers that threatened them, embarked their families and effects on board a Barbary vessel, in order to reside in a more peaceable part of Barbary; but while they were steering their course to the place of their destination, they were met by a Maltese armed ship, who took possession of both ship and cargo, and carried them all to Malta.

Vienna, July 5. Letters were received two days ago from the emperor, dated at Moscow, where that monarch had arrived in perfect health.

Hague, July 8. The answer of lord Stormont to the complaint of this court against the English colliers, who had taken the Primitives French privateer, near the port of Goree, is this, "That the king his master would give their High Mightinesses every satisfaction they could require, and that he was even seriously employed on that subject."

Elfsneur, July 11. Six American vessels, laden with tobacco, are arrived at Maesterland, with a small English vessel which they took in their passage. It is confidently said here, that the Russian Squadron will remain five or six weeks in the Sound.

Lisbon, July 12. An earthquake has lately happened at Old Fez, in Africa, which overthrew several houses, and many of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins.

Aix-la Chapelle, July 15. The king of Sweden arrived here yesterday morning, but would not permit any one to visit him. This evening his majesty intends going to the play, but he has not visited the fortifications. We flatter ourselves that we shall enjoy his company six days longer, after which this august traveller will go to Spa, where he intends to stop only three weeks.

H O M E N E W S.

From the LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Whitehall, July 5, 1780.

THE following letters from Sir Henry Clinton, Knight of the Bath, commander in chief of his majesty's forces in North America, to the right hon. Lord George Germain, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, were this day received by Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce, one of Sir Henry Clinton's aids du camp, who arrived in the South Carolina packet.

Head Quarters, Charles-Town, South Carolina, June, 4, 1780.

My Lord,

I HAD the honour in my dispatch No. 88, by the Earl of Lincoln, to communicate to your lordship the surrender of Charles-Town. I am now able to give your lordship a return of the prisoners taken, amounting, as you will observe (exclusive of near a thousand sailors in arms) to 5618 men.

I informed your lordship, that lieutenant-general Earl Cornwallis was to march up the north side of Santée, whilst another corps moved up the hither shore of that river, towards the district of Ninety-six. These corps are in motion, as well as one up the Savannah river in Georgia.

The troops immediately under his lordship's command have pressed so effectually upon a body of the rebels which remained in the province, that the Earl, by detaching his corps of cavalry, and with them the legion of infantry (mounted) has completed the destruction of every thing in arms against us in this province.

Lieutenant-colonel Tarleton headed this detachment, whose celerity in performing a march of near an hundred miles in two days, was equal to the ardor with which they attacked the enemy. These refusing the terms which were offered them, were charged and defeated, with the loss of one hundred and seventy-two killed, add some taken, together with the remaining field artillery of the southern army, their colours and baggage.

With the greatest pleasure I further report to your lordship, that the inhabitants from every quarter repair to the detachments of the army, and to this garrison, to declare their allegiance to the king, and to offer their services, in arms, in support of his government. In many instances they have brought prisoners, their former oppressors or leaders; and I may venture to assert, that there are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners, or in arms with us.

I have also the satisfaction to receive corresponding accounts, that the loyalists in the

back parts of North Carolina are arming. I dare entertain hopes that Lord Cornwallis's presence on that frontier, and perhaps within the province, will call back its inhabitants from their state of error and disobedience. If a proper naval force can be collected, I purpose sending a small expedition into Cape Fear river, to favour the revolution I look for higher in the country.

I am, with the troops I could take, quitting the harbour of Charles-Town, on my way to New-York, hoping no foreign armament can yet have reached the coast, or have been able to attempt any thing in our absence against that place.

Lieutenant-colonel Bruce, my aid de camp, will have the honour of presenting these dispatches to your lordship. He has served with distinction during this whole war, and is well able to satisfy your lordship in any enquiries you may be pleased to make concerning the late operations in Carolina.

Your lordship will receive by Major-general Prevost, who sails in a few days, the account from Earl Cornwallis of what shall have occurred to that time.

I have the honour to be, &c.

H. CLINTON.

Total of the rebel forces commanded by Major General Lincoln, at the surrender of Charles-Town, May 12, 1780, now prisoners of war.

2 Major-generals, 5 Brigadier-generals, 3 Majors of brigade, 16 Colonels, 9 Lieutenant-colonels, 21 Majors, 145 Captains, 162 Lieutenants, 41 Cornets or Ensigns, 1 Paymaster, 7 Adjutants, 6 Quarter-masters, 18 Surgeons, 6 Mates, 329 Serjeants, 137 Drummers, 4710 rank and file. The above is a copy of a return signed by the British commissary of prisoners.

John André. Deputy Adjutant-General.

Romulus, off Charles-town-bar, June 5, 1780.

My Lord,

I HAVE just received from Earl Cornwallis a letter, inclosing a more particular report than had yet been received from Lieutenant-colonel Tarleton of the affair at Wac-saw. I have the honour to inclose both, together with a return of the killed and wounded, and of the artillery and other implements taken.

Your lordship will observe, that the enemy's killed, wounded, and taken, exceed Lieutenant-colonel Tarleton's numbers with which he attacked them.

I have the honour to be, &c.

H. CLINTON.

(C O P Y.)

Sir,

Campden, June 2, 1780.

IN my letter of the 30th of last month,

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Line

I inclosed a note from Lieutenant-colonel Tarleton, wrote in great haste from the field of action; and I explained my reasons for sending the detachment under his command in pursuit of the enemy.

I have now the honour of transmitting to you his account of the march and engagement, with the loss on both sides.

I can only add the highest encomiums on the conduct of Lieutenant-colonel Tarleton. It will give me the most sensible satisfaction to hear, that your excellency has been able to obtain for him some distinguished mark of his majesty's favour.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CORNWALLIS.

His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton,

K. B. &c. &c. &c.

(C O P Y.)

My Lord, *Wacshaw, May 30, 1780.*

I HAVE the honour to inform you, that yesterday at three o'clock, P. M. after a march of 105 miles in fifty-four hours, with the corps of cavalry, the infantry of the legion mounted on horses, and a three pounder; at Wacshaw, near the line which divides North from South Carolina, the rebel force, commanded by Colonel Burford, consisting of the 11th Virginia, and detachments of other regiments, from the same province, with artillery, and some cavalry, were brought to action.

After the summons, in which terms similar to those accepted by Charles-Town were offered, and positively rejected, the action commenced in a wood; the attacks were pointed at both flanks; the front and reserve by 270 cavalry and infantry blended; and at the same instant, all were equally victorious, few of the enemy escaping, except the commanding officer, by a precipitate flight on horseback.

It is above my ability to say any thing in commendation of the bravery and exertion of officers and men. I leave their merit to your lordship's consideration.

I have the honour, &c. &c.

BAN. TARLETON.

Lt. Col. Comm. Br. Legion.

Lieut. Gen. Earl Cornwallis.

Return of Rebels killed, wounded, and taken, in the affair at Wacshaw, the 29th of May 1780.

- 1 Lieutenant-colonel, 3 Captains, 8 Subalterns, 1 Adjutant, 1 Quarter-master, 99 Serjeants and Rank and File, killed.
- 3 Captains, 5 Subalterns, 142 Serjeants and Rank and File, wounded, unable to travel, and left on parole.
- 2 Captains, 1 Subaltern, 50 Serjeants and Rank and File prisoners

Taken 3 stand of colours, 2 brass six-pounders, 2 royals, 2 waggons with ammunition, 1 artillery forge cart, 55 barrels of powder, 26 waggons loaded with new

cloathing, arms, musquet cartridges, new cartridge boxes, flints, and camp equipage.

(Signed)

B. TARLETON, Lt. Col.
Comm. Br. Legion.

Return of British killed and wounded in the affair at Wacshaw, the 29th of May, 1780.

- Cavalry. 2 Privates, 11 horses killed; 1 Subaltern, 8 Privates, 19 horses, wounded.
- Infantry. 2 Subalterns, 1 Private, killed; 3 Privates wounded.

N. B. Lieutenant Pateschall, 17th Dragoons, wounded; Lieutenant Lanchlin Macdonald, of the Legion Infantry, killed; Ensign Campbell, of the Legion Infantry, serving with the cavalry, killed.

(Signed)

B. TARLETON,
Lt. Col. Comm. B. L.

Admiralty-Office, July 5, 1780.

Extract of a letter from Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, Barr. commander in chief of his majesty's ships at the Leeward Islands, to Mr. Stephens, dated in Carlisle-Bay, Barbadoes, May 31, 1780, received this morning from Capt. Man, of his majesty's ship the Cerberus, who arrived at Falmouth the 2d instant.

SINCE my letter of the 26th of April, from Fort Royal Bay, sent express by the Pegasus, I must desire you will please to acquaint their lordships, that, after greatly alarming the Island of Martinique, whose inhabitants had been made to believe his majesty's fleet had been defeated, but were soon convinced to the contrary by its appearance before their port, where it continued till the condition of many of the ships under my command, and the lee currents, rendered it necessary for the fleet to anchor in Chocque Bay, at St. Lucia, in order to put the wounded and sick men on shore, and to water and refit the fleet; frigates having been detached both to windward, and to leeward of every island in order to gain intelligence of the motions of the enemy, and timely notice of their approach towards Martinique, the only place they could refit at in these seas.

Having landed the wounded and sick men, watered and refitted the fleet, on the 6th of May, upon having received intelligence of the enemy's approach to windward of Martinique, I put to sea with nineteen sail of the line, two fifty-gun ships, and several frigates.

From the 6th to the 10th of May, the fleet continued turning to windward between Martinique and St. Lucia, when we got sight of the French fleet, about three leagues to windward of us, Point Saline on Martinique then bearing N. N. E. five leagues; Capt. Affleck, in the Triumph, joining me the same day.

The enemy's fleet consisted of twenty-three sail of the line, seven frigates, two sloops, a cutter, and a lugger. Nothing could induce them

them to risque a general action, though it was in their power daily. They made at different times motions which indicated a desire of engaging, but their resolutions failed them when they drew near; and as they sailed far better than his majesty's fleet, they with ease could gain what distance they pleased to windward.

As they were sensible of their advantage in sailing, it emboldened them to run greater risks, and approach nearer to his majesty's ships than they would otherwise have done; and for several days, about the hour of two in the afternoon, they bore down in a line of battle-a-breast, and brought to the wind a little more than random shot distance.

As I watched every opportunity of gaining the wind and forcing them to battle, the enemy, on my ordering the fleet to make a great deal of sail on the 15th upon a wind, had the vanity to think we were retiring, and with a press of sail approached us much nearer than usual. I suffered them to enjoy the deception, and their van ship to approach a-breast of my center; when, by a lucky change of wind, perceiving I could weather the enemy, I made the signal for the third in command (who then led the van) to tack with his squadron, and gain the wind of the enemy. The enemy's fleet instantly wore, and fled with a croud of sail.

His majesty's fleet, by this manœuvre, had gained the wind, and would have forced the enemy to battle, had it not at once changed six points when near the enemy, and enabled them to recover that advantage. However it did not enable them to weather his majesty's fleet so much, but the van, led by that good and gallant officer Captain Bowyer, about seven in the evening, reached their center, and was followed by Rear-Admiral Rowley's squadron, (who then led the van) the center and rear of his majesty's fleet following in order.

As the enemy were under a press of sail, none but the van of his majesty's fleet could come in for any part of the action, without wasting his majesty's powder and shot, the enemy wantonly expending a deal of theirs at such a distance as to have no effect.

The Albion, Captain Bowyer, and the Conqueror, Rear-Admiral Rowley, were the ships that suffered most in this encounter. But I am sure, from the slackness of their fire, in comparison to that of the van of his majesty's fleet, the enemy's rear must have suffered very considerably.

The enemy kept an awful distance till the 19th instant, when I was in hopes that I should have weathered them, but had the mortification to be disappointed in these hopes: however, as they were convinced their rear could not escape action, they seemed to have taken a resolution of risking a general one; and when their van had weathered us, they bore away along our line to windward, and began a heavy cannonade, but at such a dis-

tance as to do little or no execution; however, their rear could not escape, being closely attacked by the ships of the van, then led by Commodore Hotham; and with pleasure I can say, that the fire of his majesty's ships was far superior to that of the enemy, who must have received great damage by the encounter.

The Albion and Conqueror suffered much in this last action, and several other ships received considerable damage; a list of which, as likewise of the killed and wounded, I have the honour to inclose.

The pursuit of the enemy had led us forty leagues directly to windward of Martinico; and as the enemy had stood to the northward with all the sail they could possibly press, and were out of sight the 21st instant, the condition of his majesty's ships being such as not to allow a longer pursuit, I sent the Conqueror, Cornwall, and Boyne to St. Lucia, and stood with the remainder of his majesty's ships towards Barbadoes, in order to put the sick and wounded on shore, and repair the squadron.

We anchored in Carlisle Bay on the 22d instant, where every dispatch possible has been used both night and day in refitting, watering, and victualling the fleet; and I hope that every thing will be in readiness to proceed to sea to-morrow, in quest of the Spanish fleet which sailed from Cadiz the 28th of last month; intelligence of which has been brought me by the Cerberus, Captain Man, who parted company with them on the 4th instant, in latitude 31 and a half, steering W. S. W.

The Brilliant and Rattlesnake sloop have joined me since, with the same intelligence; the latter from Commodore Johnstone. I shall order them all back again to their station; but cannot forbear expressing to their lordships my approbation of the merits of those officers, who thought it their duty to leave their station, and convey to me with speed intelligence of such great importance.

I must desire you will please to acquaint their lordships, that Mons. de Guichen and the French fleet have got, in a shattered condition, into Martinico; where their lordships may be assured I shall keep a watchful eye over them; and hope I shall have an opportunity of giving a good account of the Spanish fleet, before the French are in a condition to put to sea.

A list of the killed and wounded on the 15th of May, 1780.

<i>Ships.</i>		<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Wounded.</i>
Vigilant	—	3	10
M. dway	—	1	10
Conqueror	—	2	13
Albion	—	12	62
Cornwall	—	3	5
		<hr/>	<hr/>
	Total	21	100
		<hr/>	<hr/>

Officers killed.

First Lieutenant William Law, of the Cornwall.

G. B. RODNEY.

A list of the killed and wounded on the 19th of May, 1780.

<i>Ships.</i>		<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Wounded.</i>
Intrepid	—	1	0
Suffolk	—	1	21
Triumph	—	4	14
Vigilant	—	9	15
Mecwey	—	2	11
Vengeance	—	3	16
Magnificent	—	5	23
Conqueror	—	3	10
Albion	—	12	61
Terrible	—	3	9
Cornwall	—	4	10
Preston	—	0	3
Total		47	193

Officers killed and wounded.

Lieutenant Twycross, of the Triumph, wounded.

Lieutenant Flight, 87th regiment, of the Magnificent, wounded.

Captain Watson, of the Conqueror, lost his arm, since dead.

Ensign Curry, 5th regiment, of the Albion, killed.

Mr Paven, master of the Albion, wounded.

Lieutenant Douglas, of the Cornwall, lost his leg.

G. B. RODNEY.

Westminster, June 23. This day the lords being met, a message was sent to the honourable House of Commons, acquainting them that "the lords authorized by virtue of his majesty's commission for declaring his royal assent to several acts agreed upon by both houses, do desire the immediate attendance of this honourable house in the House of Peers, to hear the commission read:" and the commons being come thither, the said commission, empowering the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Chancellor of Great-Britain, the Lord President of the council, and several other lords therein mentioned, to declare and notify the royal assent to the said acts was read accordingly, and the royal assent given to

An act to permit goods, the product or manufacture of certain places within the Levant or Mediterranean Seas, to be imported into Great Britain or Ireland in British or foreign vessels, from any place whatsoever, and for laying a duty on cotton, and cotton wool imported into this kingdom, in foreign ships or vessels, for a limited time.

An act to indemnify such persons as have omitted to qualify themselves for offices and employments; and to indemnify justices of the peace, or others, who have omitted to

register or deliver in their qualifications within the time limited by law, and for giving further time for those purposes; and to indemnify members and officers in cities, corporations, and borough towns, whose admissions have been omitted to be stamped according to law, or having been stamped, have been lost or mislaid, and for allowing them time to provide admissions duly stamped; and to give further time to such persons as have omitted to make and file affidavits of the execution of indentures of clerks to attornies and solicitors.

An act to allow the exportation of provisions, goods, wares, and merchandize, from Great-Britain, to certain towns, ports, or places in North America, which are or may be under the protection of his majesty's arms, and from such towns, ports, or places; to Great-Britain, and other ports of his majesty's dominions.

An act for exempting the city of Winchester, the county of Southampton, the town of Shrewsbury, and the county of Salop, out of the provisions of an act, made in the eighth year of the reign of his late majesty King George the second, intituled, an act for regulating the quartering of soldiers during the time of elections of members to serve in parliament, so far as the same relates to the removal of troops during the elections of members to serve in parliament, for a limited time.

And to one private bill.

24. After having lost several months time, and been at great expence, in the camp at St. Roche, against Gibraltar, the Spaniards seem now determined to make extraordinary efforts to take that most important place; four regiments of Walloon Guards, the regiment of Hellin, and the regiments of Africa, Zamora and Naples, are to reinforce the camp, and a corps of Engineers to augment that body. The squadron intended for the more effectual blockade of Gibraltar, is to have the addition of four sail of the line, six frigates, and five zebecs, so that we may soon expect some very interesting news from that quarter.

28. When the last letters came from Bengal, which had a passage over land, they had just then compleated the regiment of European horse, both officers and men; they consist of 800, and are the first attempt of the kind ever made in the East-Indies.

The advices from France, on Monday evening, say, that the whole of the army of France destined for the secret expedition, to the amount of 100 000 men, are moving to the sea coasts ready for embarkation; and that orders are gone to M. Du Chaffault, for him to put to sea at all events, as the English fleet was out, and endeavour to form as expeditious a junction as possible with the Cadiz fleet.

July 1. We have advices from Madrid, that Mr. Jay failed both with government and the

merchants, in the loan he was soliciting of 400,000 dollars in specie, for the use and on the security of congress, and that he is preparing to return to America; the loan being the chief object of his appearance there.

3. By virtue of a commission from his majesty, the royal assent was given to the following bills, viz.

The bill for vesting in the East-India Company, their territorial acquisitions in India. The bill to prevent the carrying copper in sheets, coastways, &c. The post horse act amendment bill. The starch duty bill. The sinking fund bill. The bill to extend and encourage the Greenland fishery. The bill for granting to his majesty one million on a vote of credit. The bill relative to the drawback on the duty on coffee. The bill for appointing commissioners to inspect the public accounts. The bill for granting a reward to persons discovering the longitude. And several inclosure and private bills.

The lords commissioners were the Lord Chancellor, Earl Bathurst, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

4. A draught was made last week from the royal regiment of artillery at Woolwich, to embark for Charles-Town, South Carolina. Also new cannon are shipping from Deptford, in order to make some additional fortifications to that place immediately.

5. The treaty lately concluded between our court and the Swiss Cantons, by the means of William Norton, Esq; his majesty's minister there, has prevented the hire of troops which the Spaniards were negotiating there.

The Grand Trimmer, Smedly; and Alligator, Craig, of London; and the Ranger, Hesselby, of Bristol, arrived at Falmouth the 1st instant, and carried in with them the Fortune and Victorieux, French West Indiamen, from St Domingo to Bourdeaux, convoyed by a frigate of 42 guns, which the Grand Trimmer engaged, while the Alligator and Ranger took possession.

8. This day his majesty came to the House of Peers, and being in his royal robes seated on the throne with the usual solemnity, Sir Francis Molyneux, knight, gentleman usher of the black rod, was sent with a message from his majesty, to the House of Commons, commanding their attendance in the House of Peers. The commons being come thither accordingly, his majesty was pleased to give the royal assent to

An act to prevent any mischief or inconvenience which may arise to the sheriffs, gaolers, suitors, prisoners, or others, by the prisoners in the several gaols in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, and the city of London, having been set at liberty during the late tumults and insurrections.

17. The king has been pleased to appoint Sir Hugh Palliser, bart. to be master of his majesty's hospital at Greenwich, in the county of Kent; and also one of the commissioners or governors thereof.

Admiralty Office, July 18, 1780.

Extract of a letter from Admiral Geary, commander in chief of a squadron of his majesty's ships employed to the westward, to Mr. Stephens, dated at sea, the 5th instant.

"MONDAY, the 3d inst. the Monarch, being a head on the look-out, at ten A. M. made a signal for seeing a fleet of twenty-five sail; which judging to be a squadron of the enemy's ships of war, and that no time might be lost, I immediately ordered a general chase, which was continued all the day. At five P. M. the Monarch made the signal to denote that she passed the sternmost of the enemy's ships without securing them, as soon afterwards did the Foudroyant, and some others of the headmost ships; and at the same time we could plainly discover from the Victory's mast head, that they were nearly up with the rest of the enemy's ships. Soon after seven a thick fog unfortunately came on, and I shortened sail, in order to close with the ships nearest me, steering the same course under an easy sail until day light the next morning after. I with pleasure acquaint their lordships, that all the ships have since rejoined me except the Monarch and Defence, which, I am informed, were left in chase of the enemy's ships of war, under whose protection the convoy had failed.

"The fleet which we chased proved to be a convoy from Port au Prince, of between 25 and 30 sail, under convoy of the Fier, of 50 guns, and a large ship *arme en flute*, of which the vessels named in the inclosed list have been captured; and had it not been for the sudden coming on of the fog at the hour I had mentioned, it is my opinion that every ship of them would have been taken.

A list of the prizes taken the 4th of July, 1780, by the squadron under the command of Admiral Geary, bound from Port au Prince to Bourdeaux, and other ports of France.

Brig Le Jeun Francois, by the Monarch.
Ship Le Compte D'Estaing, by ditto.
Ship Le Hazard, by the Proserpine.
Polacre Eleanora, by the Ambuscade.
Ship Maria Teresa, by the Diana.
Ship Count D'Argour, by the Canada.
Ship Courier, by the Royal George.
Polacre Cosmopolite, by the Queen.
Snow Voyager, by the Foudroyant.
Ship St. Bartholomew, by the Prince George.
Ship (name unknown) by the Defence.
Polacre le Solatire, by the Alfred.

The above vessels are chiefly laden with sugars, coffee, and indigo

FRAN. GEARY.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Extract of a letter from John Dalling, Esq; governor of Jamaica, to the Right Hon. Lord George Germain, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, dated Kingston, Jamaica, June

June 2, 1780, and received by the Tbyrne packet.

I HAVE the honour to congratulate your Lordship on the reduction of the important fort and post on the river St. John, by a detachment of his majesty's troops under the command of Captain Polson, of the 60th regiment. Suffice it to say, for I shall not take up your lordship's time with an uninteresting tedious detail of trifling matters, that the fort surrendered on the 29th of April, that there were found in it one brass mortar of five and an half inches, 20 pieces of brass ordnance mounted, besides swivels, 10 or 12 iron ditto dismounted, with a proportionable quantity of military stores.

Inclosed are copies of the capitulation, list of prisoners, and of the killed and wounded before the fort.

Art. I. The garrison shall be allowed the use of their batteaux, to transport themselves where they shall think proper, and the term of four days for the entire evacuation of the fort.

Ans. The garrison of Fort St. Juan shall surrender prisoners of war, and shall be conducted to some port (in my option) of North America, subject to the crown of Spain, and shall be furnished with vessels and provisions necessary to the voyage, provided they engage their parole of honour, not to bear arms against his Britannic majesty, until an exchange of prisoners shall have taken place, conformably to such cartel as is or may be established between the two nations.

II. The garrison shall march out with colours flying, each man with a ball in his mouth, lighted matches, drums beating, each soldier shall have twenty rounds, musket and side arms, together with two pieces of cannon, (three pounders) with twenty rounds to each.

A. The British forces must be put in possession of the principal gate of the fort between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, at which centinels shall be kept, to prevent the Indians from committing any act contrary to the rules of war or laws of humanity: and in favour of the gallant defence which the commandant has made, the garrison shall be allowed to march out, colours flying, drums beating, lighted matches, musket and side-arms, with two rounds each man, to the foot of the glacis, opposite to the south front of the castle, where they shall pile up their arms and accoutrements, (the officers keeping their swords) afterwards they shall return to the castle.

III. Every officer and soldier, on evacuating the castle, shall be allowed to keep their effects, baggage, money, and whatever else may actually belong to them.

A. The officers and soldiers shall be allowed to keep their baggage, and whatever money may actually belong to them, but every slave

must be detained for the use of his Britannic majesty.

IV. The prisoners made at the advanced post on the island of Bentole, shall be restored.

A. In case the garrison shall accept the terms of capitulation offered, the prisoners, made at the advanced post on the island of Bentole shall be included in it; provided, however, that all slaves shall appertain of right to the king my master.

V. The garrison shall be allowed ten days for the evacuation of the fort, during which time they shall not be molested by any person whatsoever.

A. The garrison shall not be molested by any person whatsoever, until their arrival at the place appointed.

VI. The garrison shall be allowed the use of their own provisions.

A. No other answer is necessary to this article, than that already given to the first.

VII. The garrison shall be allowed to carry with them all such ornaments and effects as are necessary to their religion and mode of worship.

A. Granted in the fullest sense.

VIII. The British forces shall treat the garrison with humanity and politeness, duties incumbent on all nations.

A. It is the characteristic of Britons to treat their prisoners with humanity and politeness; and I pledge my word to do my utmost to keep the Mosquitos within the bounds of moderation.

IX. Should any doubts arise in the preceding articles, they shall be explained in favour of the garrison.

A. As I do not mean to cavil, an answer to this article would be useless; immediately on being put in possession of the interior of the fort and its dependencies, I will appoint an officer who shall take charge of the military chest, and likewise name commissaries to take account of all warlike stores and provisions, artillery, slaves, and in general of every thing which shall be found in the stores, or elsewhere belonging to his catholic majesty.

(Signed) JOHN POLSON, Colonel and Commander in Chief.

JUAN DE AYSSA, Governor of the Castle of St. Juan.

*Head Quarters, Camp before Fort St. Juan,
April 29, 1780.*

*List of Prisoners taken in the Castle of St. John's,
April 29, 1780.*

1 Captain and governor, 1 lieutenant, 2 sub-lieutenants, 1 captain of engineers, 1 chaplain, 1 surgeon. 3 serjeants, 3 drummers, 9 corporals, 17 soldiers of artillery, 1 cadet, 31 Spanish soldiers, 61 soldiers of colour, 17 batteaux-men, 6 slaves, women and children, 3 malefactors, 17 women, 13 children, 1 master-carpenter, 1 carpenter, 1 blacksmith, 2 masons, 25 wood-cutters, 1 corporal of ditto,

2 off-

2 officers and chaplains servants, 14 taken at the advance post.

(Signed) JUAN DE AYSSA, Governor.
St. John's Castle, April 30, 1780.

Return of the killed and wounded at the taking of Look-out Island, and the Castle of St. John.

60th regiment, 1 rank and file killed; 1 serjeant wounded.

79th ditto, 2 rank and file killed; 3 rank and file wounded.

Loyal Irish corps, 5 rank and file killed.

Jamaica Volunteers, 1 rank and file killed; 2 rank and file wounded.

Total 15.

(Signed) JOHN POLSON, Colonel, commanding at the Castle of St. John's.

20. Advice was received at the Admiralty, that the *La Prudente*, of 36 guns, commanded by the Hon. Capt. Waldegrave, had taken the *Capricieuse*, of 44 guns, and 350 men, after an engagement of four hours. The French had the first and second captains and 50 men killed, and upwards of 50 wounded, and sunk as soon as they could take out the men. *La Prudente* had 19 men killed, the first lieutenant and 21 wounded. The *Licorne* frigate, of 32 guns, came in sight before the French frigate struck.

There were eighty-five persons tried for riots at the O'd Bailey, of whom thirty-five were capitally convicted, seven convicted of single felony, and forty-three acquitted.—At the commission at St. Margaret's-hill, fifty were tried for riots, of whom twenty-four were capitally convicted, and twenty-six acquitted. So that on the whole one hundred and thirty-five have been tried, and fifty-nine of them convicted.

Extract of a letter from Portsmouth, July 23.

“The Salisbury man of war of 50 guns, Capt. Inglis, is now coming up to Spithead with a large fleet of ships under convoy, consisting of above 70 sail from Jamaica. The ships for Bristol, &c. were left at the mouth of the channel to proceed for their destined ports, under convoy of the *St. Carlos* man of war; as none of them are yet brought to, I have not been able to learn any of their names, but do not hear that any are missing.

“The East India, The West India, and Irish fleets, have their topsails loose, and are preparing to sail.”

25. This morning advice was received at the Admiralty, that Commodore Johnstone, in his majesty's ship the *Romney*, had taken, after a smart engagement, the Count d'Artois, a French man of war, and carried her into Lisbon.

Advice is just received that the *Æolus*, Capt. Atkins, has taken a French letter of marque, of 28 guns, very richly laden, and carried her into Lisbon.

Advice was yesterday received by an express from Plymouth, that a French brig, a prize to Sir James Wallace, was just arrived there, the master of which brings an account that his majesty's ship the *Nonsuch*, fell in with a convoy of the enemy, conducting a fleet of 22 sail, bound from Brest to Nantz and Bourdeaux; that Sir James immediately attacked them, and captured (beside the vessel arrived at Plymouth) a brig and a sloop, and had run the *Lizard* frigate of 36 guns on shore, near the entrance of the Loire, and burnt her. When the prize left Sir James, the *Nonsuch* was in chase of two other sail, supposed to be frigates, and had nearly come up with them.

The following ships from London are safe arrived at Madras, viz. the *Granby*, Captain Johnson; the *Halfwell*, Capt. Pierce; the *Atlas*, Capt. Cooper; the *Fox*, Capt. Blackburn; the *Grafton*, Capt. Bull; the *Norfolk*, Capt. Bonham; the *True Briton*, Capt. Timbell; the *Earl of Oxford*, Capt. White; and the *Earl of Sandwich*, Capt. Dean.

The *Talbot*, Capt. Hindman, from London, is safe arrived at Bengal.

The *Walpole*, Capt. Abercrombie, from London to Bengal, parted from Sir Edward Hughes four or five days before he left the island of St. Pauls Ams.

The *Resolution*, Capt. Pointing, from London, was well at Bombay in February last.

The *General Barker*, Capt. Todd, expected from Madras, was preparing to sail for England the 22d of Feb. and the *Ganges* was expected there every hour.

The East India ships bound to England were expected to sail from China the middle of February.

A M E R I C A.

Providence, the Bahama Islands, May 1.

Since our landing here, and retaking this island from the Americans, the inhabitants have more than trebled the number we then were, so many having come with their property from the colonies of Georgia, both Carolinas and Maryland, on account of the severity of the congress laws, and the depreciation of their money (i. e. paper dollars)—a great many came to be concerned in our privateers, both as sharers as well as to serve on board them. We have now five sail at sea, and, during last month they sent in no less than nine prizes, great and small, some of them very valuable; two especially that came from Old France, and were bound to Carolina.

New-York, May 20. The Indians have struck great terror into the inhabitants on the frontiers of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and this province. They make it their particular business to destroy all the grist mills they meet with, in return for the cruel and wanton destruction of their houses, orchards, and crops of corn, committed in their country by the rebel army last year under General Sullivan. The rebels are

are truly in a wretched condition, almost destitute of every thing needful, and to all appearance, a famine must ensue amongst them; many thousands acres of wheat in the several provinces have been plowed up, and sowed again with summer grain. The severity of the winter, which has been more extreme than has ever been known in this country, has in a great measure ruined the crops of wheat. Some naval prisoners, lately exchanged, have come into this place, and brought with them their rations allowed by the rebel state of Pennsylvania, which consists of 15 dried clams (a small shell fish) and ten ounces of flour per day.

B I R T H S.

The lady of Sir George Brydges Rodney, Bart. of a daughter, at their house in Portman street.

June 21. The Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Fane, of a son, at Mr. Fane's house in Sackville street.

28. Mrs. Atkins, lady of Edward Atkins, Esq; of Kotteringham hall, Norfolk, of a son, at their house in Grosvenor-place.

July 2. The Countess of Shelburne, of a son, at Shelburne House.

5. The lady of Earl Percy, of a daughter. The Duchess of Athol, of a daughter, at Dunkeld, in Scotland.

9. The lady of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, of a daughter, at his lordship's house in the Temple.

17. The lady of Governor Penn, of a son, at his house in Cavendish-square.

22. The lady of the Hon. Henry Stawell Bilson Legge, of a daughter, at his house in George-street, Hanover-square.

23. The lady of Sir Francis Vincent, of a son, in Upper Grosvenor-street.

M A R R I A G E S.

The Hon. Capt. Arthur Cole, of the 11th regiment of light dragoons, to Miss Letitia Hamilton, daughter to Claude Hamilton, Esq; of Granby-row, Dublin.

The Hon. Mr. Clifford, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford, to the Hon. Miss Langdale, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Langdale.

The Hon. Mr. Neville, son of the Earl of Abergavenny, to Miss Grenville, at the seat of Earl Temple, at Stowe.

Major Vyse, to Miss Howard, daughter of Sir George Howard.

Lord Parker, son to the Earl of Macclesfield, to Miss Drake, niece of William Drake, Esq; of Amersham.

The Earl of Tyrconnel, to Miss Hussey Delaval.

July 6. Robert Smith, Esq; member for Nottingham, to the eldest daughter of L. B. Barnard, Esq; of South Cave, Yorkshire.

D E A T H S.

June 4. Thomas Hutchinson, Esq; formerly governor of Massachusetts Bay.

5. John Amyand, Esq; on Laurence Poulteney-hill, member of parliament for the borough of Camelford.

8. Silvanus Pennington, Esq; at Kingston upon Thames, in the commission of the peace for the county of Surry.

13. Master Monague, a son of Lord Viscount Hinchinbroke.

18. Lady Rachel Morgan, relict of Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, K. B. and daughter of William, second Duke of Devonshire.

20. At her seat at Chislehurst in Kent, aged 40 years, Miss Margaret Buckle, descended of a respectable family long settled at West Witton, in Wensley Dale, Yorkshire, where she passed the earlier part of her life. She was a woman of excellent sense, and of a still more excellent heart; possessing a liberality of sentiment, and a spirit of benevolence that did honour to human nature, and conciliated the respect and esteem of all who were acquainted with her. In her friendships she was sincere and generous; in her manners gentle and hospitable; in her conversation candid and open; to her dependents mild and beneficent. With a taste for polite literature, she was conversant in all the works of our most admired English writers, amongst whom Milton, Thompson, and Young, were her favourite authors. Convinced of the great truths of Christianity, and perfectly free from superstition, her piety was simple and unaffected; to this she owed the singular patience she displayed during a painful and lingering illness of five months, and the calmness and resignation with which she viewed the approaches of death. Her remains were interred at Chislehurst, on Monday June 26.

July 1. General Belford, at his house in Woolwich Warren.



T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For A U G U S T, 1780.

This N U M B E R contains

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16 Exhortation to learn to Whistle	429	26 Births	ibid
17 Miss Willis to Miss Eliza Willis	431	27 Marriages	ibid
18 Notes relating to the Drama and Stage	432	28 Deaths	448

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. An elegant new Pattern for an Apron or Handkerchief.
2. A beautiful and affecting Scene by Moon-Light: and,
3. A new Song, set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE kind writer of *Captain Herbert* and *Miss Nugent* will excuse us if we beg, at the request of several of her sex, the continuation of those letters as soon as domestic avocations will permit.

J. L—g is called upon very outrageously, by some ladies of spirit, for the continuation of the *Treacherous Husband*, who add, that unless he listens to their importunities, they shall insert his name in the list of *Treacherous Correspondents*.

The translator of *Rousseau's Emilia* is very much in arrears, and if he does not soon pay us an instalment, we shall deem him insolvent, and seize upon his effects for the benefit of ourselves and the rest of his creditors among our readers, so as to proceed ourselves in the translation.

The many interesting anecdotes relative to the late disturbances in the city which are pouring in upon us, will make us proud of presenting our patronesses with a more minute and more authentic narrative than any publication which has preceded ours, and we beg leave to inform those who may have any genuine remarks or narratives relating to that subject, that our collection is open to them, and that their communication will not only be a general benefit to the public, but likewise an honour to this collection in particular.

Among other favours received this month in the prose line, we beg leave to return our thanks to *Henrietta R—* for an ample supply of *Vie d'Epam. non-das*. To *Eugenia* for a *Series of Letters*, comprehending in the whole *seventeen*, of which she has honoured us with *six*. To *Harriet Eliza* for her answer to the *List of Squares*. A letter signed *Delia H—*. *The Effects of Poverty and Riches compared*, by S. P. *The History of Miss Emily B—*, by an *Enemy to Male Hypocrites*. *Enigmatical List of Young Ladies*, from M. W. Walsingham school. *Enigmatical List of Ladies at P—dd—gton*, of *Fish*, *Solutions to the Lists of Plays*, &c. page 378, and *Squares in London*, all by M. B—g—ll. *List of the Muses*, by J. Ric—n, at M. Brown's and Reynold's boarding-school, Stepney. *List of Ladies at Bath*, by Peter Puzzle. *Ladies of Bradford, Yorkshire*, by Crito. *Ladies in King-Street, St. James's*, and *Solution to the List of Squares*, by Angelina. *Ladies in Oundle, Northamptonshire*, and of *Ladies in Stamford, Lincolnshire*, by E. N. M—ch. *Enigmatical List of Names*, by P. C—m. *List of Fairs in Somersetshire*, and of *Heroines*, by *Philennigmalogos*. *An Acrostic on a young Lady*, &c. by Edwin, &c. &c.

In the poetic department we are favoured with *Nancy, an Eclogue, in Imitation of Bion*, by E. D. *The Rival Beauties*, addressed to *Miss E. P. C—n*, from D. D. D. *Domestic Happiness*, by *Henrietta C—p—r*. *Verses addressed to a Lady near Dartford*, by *Incognito*. *The Choice*, and an *Ode to Peace*, by T. B—ld—n. *On the Death of Miss S. O.* by R. D—re. To *Miss T—n*, by Mr. W—ch. To Mr. G. R. F. F—y, by Joseph Dosssett. *The Lucky Discovery*, by Mr. P. *The Blushing Rose*, by the *Author of Shakespeare and Water-Cresses*. *A Riadh*, by *Anonymous*. *Elegy on Friendship*, by *Pastora*, and a great variety of other pieces, which came too late either for insertion or specification.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For A U G U S T, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters,

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 341.)

"Be good, let heaven answer for the rest."

L E T T E R XI.

Lord MORETON to Captain BOSTON.

Richmond.

REJOICE with me, Charles!—The day's my own!—My plan succeeded to my wishes, and yesterday put me in possession of the most fascinating girl in all Europe.

What female is able to withstand the united attacks of gold and flattery? My little Kitty was unequal to the trial. Believing all I uttered true as holy writ, she made no scruple of intrusting herself to my protection, and leaving her friends to put what construction they pleased on her elopement, without one reluctant tear, flew to the arms of love and Moreton.—Fearful of alarming her too soon, I still kept on the mask of honour, and not till we reached the place of destination ventured to hint my impetuous wishes. We stopped one day in Lon-

don, and as she had left home with only the cloaths she wore, devoted it to *shopping*. The choice of her silks convinced me that she doubted not my intentions of making her Lady Moreton, and thinking it a pity to disturb her from the pleasing dream, I continued to top the part of a respectful lover. Knowing from experience that generosity is the most powerful pleader, I added to her purchases several valuable ones of my own, and afterwards consigned to her the remainder of my cash, to dispose of at her pleasure.

It was evening when we arrived at Richmond. Within a few miles of the place I began to assume a very serious air, sighed deeply, and appeared inattentive to every thing about me.

The scheme took: my fair one tenderly enquired the cause, caught the infection, and echoed sigh for sigh.

"Forgive me, dearest girl! I know I am unworthy your kind attentions, but they inspire me with the flattering hopes that you will pardon a deception which arose only from the fear of losing you."

"What means my lord?—I know of nothing in which you have deceived me. Do, for heaven's sake, resume your cheerfulness, or I shall think you already repent your choice."

"No, my dear Kitty, never shall I come to repentance on that head; but I am heartily sorry for my duplicity. My servants expect their lady; they be-

lieve us already married : what, my soul, must be done in this affair ?—I would not for the world they should think the contrary, and it will be a month before we can be united. If they suppose us unmarried, how can you, in character, stay with me so long a period ?—Would it not be far better to suffer them to remain in their present error, and at the expiration of that time *Real* a wedding unknown to any body ?”

I ceased speaking, but kept my eyes steadfastly fixed upon her face to observe the effects of what I had proposed. For some moments her cheeks changed alternately from red to white, but not the smallest trace of anger appeared upon her countenance. She sat awhile as if endeavouring to recollect herself.

“ Let us then go back to London ; we may remain there even a longer time than that, without any notice being taken of the matter. Any excuse will do for the servants. Send them word we are going to spend a month with a friend, and shall not visit Richmond ’till our return.”

“ But, my life, (pressing tenderly her hand) why should we do so when immediate happiness is in our power ? Had you not a firm reliance on the honour of your adoring Moreton, would you have trusted yourself to his protection ?—He is still worthy your confidence : condescend to convince him you believe it by relying on his word.”

“ But are there not such things as special licences ? In town one may be procured more speedily than at Richmond. Indeed we had better return.”

“ No, no ; it must not be ; we are now within sight of Fairfield Grove. In the eyes of the world you are now my bride ; in those of heaven you shall be so at the expiration of the stated period. “ This,” cried I, “ will be a necessary proof ;” and taking from my pocket a plain gold ring, I slipped it on her finger.

A thousand scruples rose in quick succession, but by the force of tender

argument were as quickly obviated.—I called on every deity in the world of fiction to witness the ardency and purity of my love, and as a further proof of my sincerity, drew up a bond with my pencil, in which I promised to marry her in one month from the date thereof, or give to her the sum of *twenty thousand pounds* !—She eagerly devoured the bait, and consigning it to her pocket-book, overlooked the necessary precaution of dating it from the present time, and I dare say has not to this moment considered that without it is of no effect.

Affairs thus amicably settled, we pursued our journey mutually satisfied. On our arrival, the servants (who had before their cue) welcomed her with all the respect due to Lady Moreton ; and, to do the little puffs strict justice, she supported the character with tolerable ease. A good smart young woman had been provided by the house-keeper, to attend solely on my nominal bride, which, with one more female servant, a coachman, and footman, include all her household.

By way of dissipating thought while supper was preparing, I accompanied her through the several apartments of your elegant little mansion. To have taken a transitory view of it as the property of another, must have inspired her with some degree of pleasure, but to believe herself at once mistress of every convenience, every elegance of life, was an idea too intoxicating for a girl who had so lately entered her giddy teens.

Joy, gratitude, and pleasure flushed her pretty features as I led her thro’ the stately rooms, and when we came to that appointed for herself, she no longer contained her pleasureable sensations. The hangings, chairs, glasses, and beautiful wrought furniture, equally by turns engaged her admiration. Fearing least her maid (who attended us with lights) should attribute it to its true cause, viz. that of having never before seen any half so fine, I drew her attention to the pictures, and after spending half an hour in remarks that betrayed inex-

perience rather than want of judgment, we returned to the saloon.

The house-keeper is a sensible, discreet, good kind of body, though no great promoter of female chastity.—She was recommended to me by Alnwick, in whose amours she has formerly been very serviceable, and after intrusting her with the secret, I sent her hither with orders to prepare every thing for our reception, and provide two more female servants, who were on no consideration to know that we were on any other than a matrimonial plan, but for interested reasons chose to live privately. This I did, not with a view that the world should believe us actually married, but to secure the poor girl from the mortification of its censures; for while I continue to honour her with my protection, I would have nothing intimidate her, or throw a damp over our felicity.

But to return to my subject—We sat down to supper, and by the aid of soft persuasion, I prevailed on my lovely Kate to taste some of the delicacies set before her. She, however, ate but sparingly, and fearing least a virtuous qualm was arising to impede my happiness, I endeavoured to enliven her with wit and wine. With much entreaty she drank a couple of glasses of champagne, and to my unspeakable satisfaction the effect was visible in every feature.

About eleven Mrs. Bristow very prudently made her appearance, and with much respect asked if she should have the honour of attending her ladyship to her apartment. Sensible that it was in vain to dispute the point after matters had gone so far, the blushing maid arose from her seat, and with all the composure she could assume, walked out of the room, contenting herself, I suppose, with believing she should soon be in reality, what she then only appeared to be.

Will you credit me, Charles, when I declare to you that at that moment a conscientious pang darted across my breast?—I beheld myself as a villain, who, under the mask of friendship, aims a dagger at the heart. But find-

ing it not altogether convenient to indulge sensations so unfavourable to the present moment, I filled a bumper to love and liberty, and gulping down the qualms of conscience, flew to the arms of my expecting angel.

It will be needless to add that I am now completely happy; but how long my capricious heart will continue to own itself so is a secret which yet lies hidden in the book of fate. We have this morning been taking an airing in my phaeton (which I took care to have here before me), and my sweet companion was delighted with the drive. The advantages of dress are not thrown away upon her. In white lutestring she looks inimitably charming, and but for too deep a shade of nature's *rouge*, would have quite the air of a girl of fashion. I am just going to give her a lesson on the harpsichord: she has at school acquired some little knowledge of music, and to improve her in it will afford a pleasing amusement for my leisure hours.

I know not what effect this last exploit has taken on my sisters: I left them *sans* ceremony; but have since dispatched a short epistle to Fitzwilliam, containing some trivial apologies for my conduct, and intreating him, by the friendship he once bore me, to make the best of the affair to the parents of my angel, and endeavour to reconcile them to her situation. I ended with assuring him I would make her every recompence but one, and *that* he could not in reason wish me to do, as it would be disgracing a whole family to restore the fame of an individual who no one knew, and no one cared for, save the humble souls who gave her birth.

I know his methodistical lordship will be quite offended at the levity of my style: but be it so: I have triumphed, and care not who condemns my conduct. I shall probably, in the course of next week, make a trip to Reading; but do not expect that Kitty is to accompany me—No, no—the sight of your cockade might do more mischief than ever did my title. Few girls are proof against a red coat, and
if

if I am not mistaken, her heart is composed of combustible materials. I happened to be the first handsome young fellow who came in her way, (there is modesty for you!) and of course the incense blazed: by the same rule may it not again take fire?—I am ever of opinion that what has been may be again: rather an uncharitable maxim I will allow, but perhaps not altogether an impolitic one.

Farewel!—I am a very woman at scribbling, and, like them, never know when it is time to finish. If I come not you shall hear again from

Your's,

MORETON.

(To be continued.)

Account of the new Farce, called THE FEMALE CAPTAIN, performed at the Hay-market Theatre, for the first Time, on Saturday, August 26.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dorimant,	—	Mr. R. Palmer.
Skip,	—	Mr. Palmer
Gregory,	—	Mr. Usher.
Miss Freeland,	—	Mrs. Wilson.
Lady Dorville,	—	Mrs. Cuyler.

THE prologue confesses that the author has made free with a piece of *Monsieur Marivaux*, which as the plot opens itself, appears to be *LA FAUSSE SUIVANTE, ou, LE FOURBE PUNI*, a comedy of three acts, performed on the stage of the *Comedie Italienne*, at Paris, in the year 1724.

The author of the English piece has altered the manners of his characters to adopt them—the better to our theatre. The story, or fable, is as follows:

Miss Freeland, a lady of considerable fortune in Devonshire, being intended as a wife for Dorimant, whom she never saw, dresses herself in the habit of an officer, and is by a friend introduced to him. An intimacy is formed, and Dorimant discovers to this young lady, who has assumed the

name of Melford, that he is contracted to Lady Dorville, under a penalty of five thousand pounds on her part; but that a much better match offering, with an heiress in Devonshire, he is distressed how to break off with the former, in order to obtain the latter, and at the same time to gain the five thousand pounds, by making the refusal appear on her part. In consequence of this, the supposed Captain Melford proposes to assist him; and as Lady Dorville, to whom she had been introduced as an officer, seemed to have a *penchant* for her, it is agreed that Dorimant shall offend the lady, and that Melford shall make violent love to her. The plan succeeds—the lady consents to break with Dorimant, marry Melford, and pay the five thousand pounds. At this crisis Skip, the new servant of Melford, knowing the sex of his supposed master, by information from her old servant Gregory, whom she had sent home with an account of her safe arrival; and being much intoxicated, hints to Dorimant that Melford is a female. Dorimant collecting several circumstances, seems to credit the matter, and resolves to put the assumed hero to the test. He therefore quarrels with and challenges him; but the other readily consenting to fight, he is again made to believe Melford a man, and is abjectly begging her pardon when Skip returns, and in a drunken fear for his lady, makes a full discovery of her sex. Dorimant then questions who she is, and she pretending to be the servant of Miss Freeland, sent on purpose to enquire his character, he consents to give her five thousand pounds to bind her to secrecy; and to secure the payment of the money, puts into her hands the contract with Lady Dorville. Possessed of this, she promises to prosecute her suit as a lover, so as to obtain the refusal of marriage between Dorimant and Lady Dorville from the lady's own lips; and the parties accordingly meet. But, instead of keeping to this promise, she resolves on punishing Dorimant's infamy, and of freeing Lady Dorville from the contract. She there-

therefore discovers herself, tears the bonds, returns to the country, and leaves her disappointed Dorimant to repent the baseness of his conduct.

ACCOUNT of the RIOTS in the METROPOLIS.

(In continuation from page 352.)

THIS recruit being a very considerable addition to the party who escaped out of the hands of justice, and several having been committed to jail for capital crimes by Sir John Fielding, the justice office in Bow-street was a natural object of revenge and security; of revenge on account of his activity in the apprehension of felons, and of security, because, as in it were treasured up the depositions, charges, &c. upon which they had been committed, the destruction of which would in some respect prove the destruction of that evidence which might otherwise have appeared against them. A tremendous party it was! About midnight the justice's house was besieged, and forced, every room was seized upon, the back and front offices, &c. all the furniture, papers, drawers, &c. were brought into the street, and being erected in three different piles, were totally consumed.

After the destruction of Sir John Fielding's house, a considerable party went to Lord Mansfield's, in Bloomsbury square: the furniture, his fine library of books, invaluable manuscripts, containing his lordship's notes on every important law case for near forty years past, which it is said were preparing for the press, together with a picture of the late Lord Bolingbroke, painted by Alexander Pope, Esq; which his lordship had the greatest predilection for, were by the hands of these Goths committed to the flames; Lord and Lady Mansfield with difficulty eluded their rage, by making their escape through a back door, some minutes before the savages broke into, and took possession of his

house. So great was the vengeance with which they menaced him, that, if report may be credited, they had brought a rope with them to have executed him: and his preservation may be properly termed providential. Popular fury had suffered the walls to remain, the wainscot and wood-work which they had not been able to pull down were consumed by fire, and the iron rails, which were round the house, were torn up, and served the rioters for instruments to perpetrate other devastations: with these they marched in quest of new scenes of riot; preceded by his lordship's dinner bell, by the ringing of which they were kept together, and informed of the approach of the military to provide by a sudden retreat from danger. It should however be observed, that they were not entirely undisturbed during their depredations on this spot, for a party of guards appeared, but on their retiring again, another party succeeded them, attended by a justice, who ordered them to fire. At first, according to the order they had received, they fired over the heads of the rioters, but this not dispersing them, the soldiers then fired with ball, and killed four men and one woman, besides dangerously wounding several others. Two engines arriving at this instant, the firemen refused to play till the soldiers retired. Their request being complied with, the populace would not suffer them to begin till his lordship's house was reduced to ashes; but did not prevent their playing on Mr. Baron Hotham's house, by which it escaped the conflagration.

While one party of the rioters decamped to Caen-Wood to attack and destroy Lord Mansfield's elegant seat there, which they were prevented from executing by the militia quartered at Highgate, who were ready to receive them; another party, about one in the morning, went to the Fleet-Prison, and demanded the gates to be opened, which the keepers consented to, to prevent them from setting fire to the prison. As they were preparing to demolish it, the prisoners expostulated

lated with them, and begging them to give them time to remove their effects, they assented to their request, and allowed them the next day for that purpose, in consequence of which those under imprisonment, among which were several confined for life, were busied all the next day in moving their effects. A similar notice was sent to the King's-Bench prison in St. George's fields, who took the advantage of securing their property likewise in time.

Previous to these manœuvres, we should have observed, that after the mob had destroyed the house of Sir John Fielding, they repaired to the house of Mr. Cox, a brewer in Great-Queen-Street, whose furniture they destroyed by fire. The houses of Messrs Foster near Great Turnstile, Holbourn, of Mr. Doughty, in Devonshire-street, of Mr. Molloy, near Moorfields, who had frequently applied in vain to the Lord-Mayor for a guard, of Mr. Lyon, in Bunhill-Row, of Mr. Charlton, in Coleman-street, and of a pawnbroker in Golden-lane, met with the same fate, the particulars of which we reserve to our account of the trials of the perpetrators of this mischief.

It was suggested that Mr. Langdale, of Holborn, having intelligence that his house was threatened by the rioters, sent for a party of guards, notwithstanding which the populace demanded admittance. In consequence of which the doors were thrown open, and spirits were given to the mob by pailfuls; this douceur had its proper effect for the present, and the mob retreated very quietly.

At the close of the evening a general illumination was made at the demand of the rioters, and government, which had hitherto remained as supine and as inactive as the city magistrates, sent a detachment of guards into the city, one party of which were posted on the east end of St. Paul's Church-Yard, and another in different parts of the city; but a kind of tranquillity succeeding, the former decamped at about three in the morning,

saying as they marched away, they were fairly *burned*. What idea might be intended to be affixed to the term we know not; but the next day produced such a scene of horror, as history can scarcely parallel.

Wednesday, June 7. The guards being found to be insufficient to defend the various parts of the metropolis, all the troops and militia within thirty miles were, the preceding day, sent for. A strong guard was placed at Buckingham-house, now called the Queen's Palace, their majesties town residence. A camp was formed in St. James's-park, and a detachment of the marching regiments of militia formed another in Hyde-Park.

The citizens of London as an amulet to secure themselves from future depredations, hung out at their windows silk ribbon shreds, and even pieces of baize of a blue colour. And so great was their infatuation, that they suffered both men and boys to parade the streets at noon day with crowns, iron-bars, and spikes, which they had stolen from the scenes of the late depredations, unmolested; whereas, had they but exerted themselves in the dawn of confusion, nothing would have been more easy than to prevent the calamities, in which the citizens were involved for want of a becoming spirit in its inhabitants.

In the evening a party of the rioters assembled at the Fleet-prison, and having set fire to different parts of it the whole was consumed.

From hence they went to Mr. Langdale's, a capital distiller on Holborn-bridge, and notwithstanding his entreaties, those of his clerks, and the remonstrances of one who seemed to head them, they forced open the house, stripped it, and burnt the whole house, in which were immense quantities of liquors. The flames communicated to eight houses backwards, which destroyed eight houses, inhabited by poor people, who were not insured.

(To be continued.)

The AMOURS of DONNA LEONORA and DON CARLOS ; or, a SCENE by MOONLIGHT.

[Embellished with a beautiful Copper-Plate from the Design of Seignor Platina, and engraved by an eminent Master.]

THAT the Spaniards are amorous in their disposition is evident from their proverbial jealousy, and their frequent and open assassinations. What are more remarkable, is their domestic feuds, which resemble those of the Scottish nation, and descend from father to son, as regularly as a patrimonial estate. Thus circumstanced were the families of Don Juan los Todos, and Don Miguel de Cervantes, when Don Carlos, the son of the former, met Donna Leonora, the daughter of the latter, accompanied with her duenna in her way to church. Though her beauties were shrouded by her veil, the elegance of her shape, and the easiness of her carriage, attracted his eyes, and rendered him immoveable. The duenna could not help remarking this incident, and like others of her class, being willing to make every pecuniary advantage of her place, she gave him a nod, and pointed to the church, whither her young lady was going to early matins.

A lover has always an hawk's-eye, and as ready an invention. Don Carlos, by a private signal, gave the duenna to know that her motions were understood. He followed them to the church; he was observed by Donna Leonora, who was smitten by the nobleness of his air, and the symmetry of his form. Carlos eyed his mistress, remarking every one of her motions with the greatest minuteness; he staid till Leonora and her duenna quitted the sacred place of worship, and followed them with his eyes instead of tracing their steps. On his going into the street he met with an acquaintance, who stopped him, and enquired after his health, and in paying the respect due to a friend, he lost sight of his

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adorable mistress. When he had got rid of his acquaintance, he set out in pursuit of her, but pursued in vain. His wishes on this account were not the most friendly to the person who had prevented his following them. He returned home, flung himself on his settee, and formed a thousand projects to remedy his disappointment, and rejected every one of them as fruitless.

The fair idea of his incognita deprived him of rest, till day-break, when he arose, and endeavoured to sooth the tortures of his mind by reading: the book, which was written in a stile of gaiety, suited ill with the situation of his mind, and was flung aside before he had perused half a page of it.—He endeavoured to compose himself by private meditations, but those very meditations served only to discompose him.—After striking his forehead some few times in desperation, he thought that as he had met with the fair incognita in her way to matins, he had a possibility of meeting her again, if her resort to church was the effect of true religion, or the bare lucrative view of her duenna.—“ I will go to the church,” said he to himself, “ I may there find an angel both in form and in devout principles—if not, she has the exterior of an angel—she has the mind of one, I hope.”

He dressed himself, he went to the church, he there met with Donna Leonora and her Argus the duenna.—The latter recognized him, and as he came towards her he received a billet from her, announcing that her fair guard was Donna Leonora, daughter of Don Miguel de Cervantes.—This information caused in him such a palpitation, that he could scarcely support it: he reeled out of the church, hanging down his head, and crossing his arms over his bosom, sighed, wished, and exclaimed, “ Why should family differences be hereditary? Why should Christians, whose religion partakes of the dove more than the serpent, prove irreconcilable enemies to each other only by inheritance. My father, I know,

know, is inimical to the house of Don Miguel—the former branches of his family might have reason to be so; but what affront have they given me; why should I be hostile, why should I be the enemy of a family, which has produced an angel?—But my father!—must I think of fostering one in my bosom whom he thinks to be the brood of a viper! I cannot think of it—I cannot think of being a friend to the enemy of a father. But then what crime has Leonora been guilty of? she never disobliged any of our family; she seems formed to constitute the happiness of any one with whom she is connected.—Alas! can that happiness be mine; can I descend from family-pride, or stop the insolence of domestic ambition.—No—I must tear her idea from my bosom—I will—I here stem the tide of resentment.”

His agitations were certainly great, but those of Leonora not less—she was still uncertain of his family and connections. She employed her duenna to resolve her doubts, who promised her the next morning to gain the intelligence she wanted. But Carlos thinking on the inexorableness of a parent, who had an hereditary quarrel with a neighbour, had suddenly determined not to visit the church at the next matins. The duenna, who hoped to have turned this affair to a lucrative job, was disappointed; and though disappointed, advised her mistress to continue frequenting the matins, in hopes that Carlos would renew his visits, and in the imagination that his absence was occasioned by some accident.

The next morning Carlos, by an uncontrollable impulse, appeared again at the matins. He had previously endeavoured to smother his flame in its infancy, and finding it in vain, with all the ardour of the most passionate lover, repaired to the church, determined to abide the decision of Leonora herself. As soon as she saw him in the church she gave him a respectful bow, and at the same time lifted up her veil—but painting can-

nat express the beauties of that face which he saw.

When she had confessed, he followed her, and the duenna holding a billet behind, he stole safely towards her, and in return gave her a purse of pistoles, and kissed the paper.

The tenor of the billet was, “That Leonora had been no stranger to his attentions, but their domestic hostility rendered their making any alliance impossible.”

Carlos was thunderstruck on reading the billet, and as lovers are daring, he made no scruple of acquainting his father with his rencounter, and implored him to consent to his addresses to Leonora. On hearing this Don Juan de los Todos was enraged, reproached his son with a baseness of spirit, and concluded, with assuring him he should never consent to his depreciating himself so much as to think of an alliance with his worst enemy, Don Miguel Cervantes.

“But the virtues, the character of Donna Leonora——.”

“Stop!” said Don Juan, “or else I shall——”

He stopped, he sighed, and at last shed tears. He found his father was inexorable, and endeavoured to submit to his fate.

In the mean time the duenna, who had received no *douceur* from Leonora, was on that account affronted, and was determined to prevent her mistress’s making any connections with Carlos. For this purpose she whispered Don Miguel “That she had seen Carlos frequently at matins, and was fearful that there was some correspondence between them.”

Cervantes, on hearing of this, with all the irascibility of a Spaniard, immediately resolved to send Donna Leonora to a convent. The duenna hypocritically endeavoured to dissuade him, but he remained inflexible.

As soon as the duenna had left him, she acquainted Leonora with her father’s determination; but when she thought that the very separation might prove to her advantage, she relaxed her

her muscles, and said, "That she would procure her a sight of Don Carlos before she was secluded from the world." Leonora exulted at the offer, gave her her purse, and begged her to facilitate this desirable adieu. The sight of the money was an irresistible motive; the duenna waited on Carlos in the evening with the doleful news, but at the same time made an appointment for an interview at his own house at *Moon-light*. Happily Don Juan went the preceding day to a castle of his at some distance; the time of interview was agreed on between Carlos and the duenna, and another purse was given her by him for her fidelity to him. Leonora's father had set out that day to Cadiz, and was not to return for a week, but had beforehand made his arrangements for her reception in the convent the next day; there being no obstacle, Leonora, attended with her faithful duenna, went out as soon, as the moon rose, to Carlos. At a little distance the duenna left her, Carlos was waiting *en dishabille* to receive her. The tender things which passed on this occasion between them cannot be described, cannot be imagined, but by those in similar circumstances; yet they both lamented the domestic feuds which subsisted between their families, and parted with mutually acknowledging that parents had a natural prerogative to dispose of their children.

R——.

MALE and FEMALE GOSSIPS compared.

A Good woman is painted without a head, to denote her taciturnity; why a good man should not be painted the same way I cannot tell, for I sincerely believe there are as many male gossips as female ones.—There is not a coffee-house in town that has not its professed talkers, who chatter incessantly upon any subject that occurs, and keep one another in play from morning to midnight, and it is a very difficult matter to get a

quiet corner to read the papers in, from the interruption of these perpetual babblers. Their pleasure consists in hearing themselves talk, and they seem not to care if any one listens to them, provided they have but a companion within ear-shot. A babbler of this kind, who does not give himself time to think and recruit his ideas, has generally some favourite topic upon which he has no occasion to give himself the trouble of cogitation, for having got his lesson by heart, like a parrot, he repeats the same string of words by rotation, nearly in the same order every time he speaks upon the subject. If physic be his hobby-horse, he enters into the symptoms, prognostics, and diagnostics of a disorder, as regularly as a modern practitioner. Should history be his favourite subject, he reckons the different reigns upon his fingers, and does not stop either at the Reformation or the Revolution, till he gets to his little finger for a pause. Is heraldry his most admired study, he then traces the genealogy of the families to the Conquest with the most retrograde exactness, and tells how such a nobleman came by his plume of feathers argent, or his savage man proper, till he stupifies his auditors, and brings them to the standard of his supporters. These coffee-house orators (as much addicted to garrulity as the most loquacious females to be named) may, doubtless, be very amusing to themselves, but they ought to feel some Christian charity for those who are compelled to hear them.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IN answer to an uncommon case in your Magazine for May, page 255, I would advise the taking of Ward's red pill, according to the directions, having known it cure several obstinate complaints, that would not submit to a variety of medicines prescribed by the faculty, and all different from each other: one being a complaint in the

stomach of long standing; another a violent pain in the side, which had returned very frequently; another a most alarming convulsive cough, which continued with violence for an hour or two, and then went off, sometimes only for a few hours, at others for some days, and continued thus for months, except that the returns grew much more frequent; another was a terrible periodical head-ach: most of these had very delicate constitutions, and all found great benefit from the first pill.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The little alterations in dress for these last four months occasioned my silence on that article; but I hope the following account will be acceptable to your fair readers.

FULL DRESS for AUGUST.

HAIR, French it, with small curls, falling over the forehead in Vandyke's taste; the sides narrow, with several small puff curls; behind in knots or braids. *Ornaments*—Brilliant, pearls, lace, or flowers, intermixed with silver gauze. Pearls round the neck in falls. Small tippets, raised with wires. Shapes small, long waists, festino gowns, over large hoops. Silver gauze, or blond trimming. Four falls of ruffles. Shoes, and large buckles.

UNDRESS.

Gowns of gauze, lined with Persian, or gold or silver muslins lined; deep flounces round the petticoat; pleating round the gowns. Pantheon aprons, tied up with tassels. Large handkerchiefs falling over the shoulders. Deep cuffs, with short robins. Large turban caps, with hoods. Long gauze cloaks, with arm holes. The hood hat, trimmed with one row of very fine deep blond round the edge, set on straight crape, or tiffany, in puffs round the crown. Slippers.

The DISHABILLE.

Large caps, with three deep wings. Small chip hats, with one row of ribbon twisted round the crown. Mode cloaks, with trimmings of the same. Short German gown, with light sleeves. Fine muslin or lace handkerchiefs.—Narrow black collars, buckled round the neck. Short flounced aprons.

Favourite colours are the *Viv*-lay-lock, French grey, and pearl pink.

* * We are obliged to our correspondent for once more resuming her pen, and beg leave to intimate, that as her silence is a great mortification to our readers, her *punctuality* in future must add much to their pleasure and improvement in this necessary department.

* L A U R E T T A.

A new Translation from the French of MARMONTELLE.)

By HARRIOT DELANY, a young Lady of nineteen.

AT the revel of Colange, the marquis de Clancé, whose castle was in the neighbourhood, came with his friends to see the rural festivity, and mix in the dances of the rustics, as it frequently happens to those who are driven, for want of employment, from the bosom of luxury, and are carried back again, in spite of themselves, to those pleasures which are the most pure.

Amidst the groupe of young country folks who were animated with joy, and danced under the spreading beech, who could help distinguishing Lauretta, on account of the elegance of her shape, the regularity of her features,

* The author in his preface to the third volume, gives us this explanation of his design in this tale.—“The men, who are so delicate of their honour in their transactions with one another, seem to have dispensed with it with respect to the other sex. The crime of *seduction* is generally esteemed a genteel accomplishment; instead of blushing at it, they boast of it. It was to render this vice odious, that I have composed the tale, titled *Lauretta*.

and

and that native grace which was more captivating than beauty? She was the only one who attracted the eyes of the spectators. Some ladies of quality who piqued themselves on their being handsome, could not help confessing, that they never saw any thing so charming. They called her to them, and examined her with the same exactness as a painter does a model. "Look up, my dear," said the ladies to her, "what vivacity, what sweetness, what voluptuousness are in her eyes! If she knew how expressive they are!--What havoc would a coquet make with such a pair of eyes! What a mouth! was there ever one so engaging! How sweetly are her lips vermilioned! How beautiful is the enamel of her teeth! She is rather a brunette, but that is the tint of health! See how her elegantly turned ivory neck rests between her shoulders. How would she look when in full dress!--The rising beauties which love seems to have lavished upon her!--Indeed, she is all charming! Where else can nature bestow her gifts! Where can nature conceal itself!--Lauretta, how old are you?"—"I was fifteen last month."—"You will be married soon." "My father says, that it is time enough yet." "But, Lauretta, have you not got some little sweetheart?"—"I do not know what you mean." "What then, has no young fellow asked you in marriage?" "I have nothing to do with that, I leave it entirely to my father."—"What is your father?"—"He is a farmer."—"Is he rich?"—"No, but he says he shall be happy, if I am wife."—"And what is your employment?"—"I assist my father—I work with him."—"Work with him!" "Do you do any thing in the farming way?"—"Yes, but the cares which the vine requires are nothing more than an amusement."—"Poor girl! I need not wonder that her pretty arms should be tanned. What a pity it is that she should be born in so mean and obscure a condition!"

Lauretta, having never excited any other passion in the village but that of

envy, was a little surprised to find herself the object of pity. As her father had carefully concealed from her every thing that gave her uneasiness, it had never entered into his head that she had any cause for complaint. But on casting her eyes upon the dress of these ladies, she thought that they were to be envied. What difference was there between her garments and their's! What a richness appeared in the light flowing plaits which surrounded them! What delicacy in their head-dress! With what grace and elegance was their hair arranged! What a new lustre their fine linen, their ribbons, their laces gave to those charms which were half concealed! It is true, the ladies had not the fresh tint of rosy health; but could Lauretta dream that the luxury which dazzled her, was the cause of that languor, which it was not in the power of *rouge* to disguise? As she was meditating on these subjects, the count de Luzy approached, and begged her to dance with him. He was young, well made, and too captivating for Lauretta.

Though she discovered little of the elegance of taste in her dancing, she could not help remarking the precision and activity of the count's motions, and *agremens* which had none of the faults of the young villagers. She had often had her hands squeezed; but never by so soft a one before. The count followed her with his eyes as he danced. Lauretta found that his looks gave animation and life to her dancing; and whether, through emulation, she was desirous of giving the *agremens* to her own, or that the first spark of love communicated itself from her heart to her eyes, she answered those of the count by the most artless expression of joy and sentiment.

When the dance was finished, she sat herself down at the foot of the beech, and the count at the feet of Lauretta. "Let us never part, my dear girl," said the count to her, "I will dance with none but you."

"You do me great honour," replied she, "but it will vex my companions,

panions, and folks are very jealous in our village."

"They ought certainly to be so, when they find you are so pretty; and in town it would be the same; this is a misfortune which will follow you go where you will. Ah, Lauretta! if at Paris, amidst the ladies, who are so vain of their beauty, which is merely artificial, they should see you appear at first sight in those charms which are so natural, and which you are ignorant of your self——!"

"I, Sir, at Paris? Alas! what should I appear there?"

"The delight of every eye, the conqueror of every heart. Believe me, Lauretta, this is not a proper place for us to dispute together: but, in two words, it is in your own power to have, instead of an obscure cot, and a vine to dress, it is in your own power to have at Paris a little palace, glittering with gold and silk, a table served to your wish, the most magnificent furniture, the most elegant equipage, cloaths for every season in the year, and of every colour; in a word, every thing that forms the charms of an easy, tranquil, and delicious life, without any other trouble than to enjoy it, and love me as much as I do you. Think of this at your leisure. Next Sunday there will be a dance at the castle, all the young folks in the village are invited to it. You will be there, charming Lauretta; and there you will let me know whether my love has made any impression on you; or whether you will accept of my offers. I at present desire nothing of you but secrecy, the most inviolable secrecy. Keep it with the greatest caution; if it should escape you, all the happiness which awaits you, will vanish like a dream."

Lauretta thought, indeed, that it was all a dream. The splendid style of life which had been displayed was so different from the humble condition to which she was reduced, and a transition so soon from one to the other, was beyond her conception. The handsome youth, who had made her

these offers, had not, nevertheless, the air of an impostor. He had spoken so seriously to her! She perceived so much sincerity in his eyes and expressions! "I am convinced," said she to herself, "that he cannot design to make a jest of me: but then what can be the reason for that secrecy, which he enjoins me so earnestly? In order to my being happy, he expects that I should love him: nothing can be more reasonable: but certainly he cannot be against my father's sharing his presents along with me; why then should not my father be let into the secret?"

Had Lauretta had the least idea of seduction and vice, she would not have been at a loss to comprehend the reason why Luzy insisted upon secrecy: but the wisdom she had been taught was confined to the refusal of the rough freedoms of the young men in the village, and in the air of honour and respect, which she perceived in the count, she saw nothing that she ought to distrust or guard against.

Wholly engrossed by these sentiments, with her head full of the ideas of luxury and affluence, she returned to her humble cottage, where every thing seemed to be changed. The simple furniture, which want had rendered valuable to her, lost their value; the domestic offices with which she was charged began to shock her: she no longer perceived the same flavour in the bread, which is procured by the sweat of industry, nor so much sweetness in the fresh straw on which she laid; she sighed for gilded roofs, and a more voluptuous and rich bedding.

It was much worse with her the next day, when she was obliged to return to work, and retire to a burning cottage to sustain the heat of the day. "At Paris," said she, "I shall awake only to enjoy tranquillity, without any other pains than to love and please. The charming count has really told me so. He has fixed his eyes upon none but me in the village: he even left the ladies at the castle to spend his time with a country girl. He is no ways proud, though he has where-

wherewithal to make him so. It looks as if I did him a favour in preferring him to the folks of the village: He thanked me with eyes full of such tenderness; and what sweetness was in his expressions: had he spoken to the lady of the place, he could not have been more sincere. By good luck I was dressed well enough; but should he chance to see me to-day! What a pickle I am in! What a condition!" Her aversion for her situation was redoubled during the three days of hard labour, and the restlessness which she had still to support before she saw the count again.

The moment which they both impatiently expected arrived. All the youth of the village were assembled in the neighbouring castle; and in an apartment floored with deal the instruments struck up for them to begin dancing. Lauretta came forward with her companions—she no longer showed that air of reserve which she appeared in at the revel, but yet there was a mixture of modesty and timidity. This was a new charm for Luzy, a timorous and decent grace, instead of a frisky and lively girl. He saluted her with distinction, but without any mark of a secret intelligence. He even abstained from approaching her, and waited to take her out, 'till another had set him the example. It was the chevalier de Soligny, who ever since the last festival, had never ceased speaking of Lauretta with some degree of rapture. Luzy looked upon him as a rival, and followed him with looks of concern, but had no occasion to remark his jealousy in order to make him uneasy. As she danced with Soligny her air was indifferent, her carriage cold and negligent. When Luzy's turn came to dance with her, he thought, as he saluted her, that her charms were animated, and that all the graces expanded on her face. The precious blush of modesty diffused itself over it; a stolen, and almost imperceptible smile opened her rosy lips; and the favour of a tender look ravished her with joy and love. His first motion, had they been alone, would have

been to prostrate himself at her feet, to thank and adore her; but he commanded even his eyes to retain the fire of their glances; his hand alone, in pressing the hand of her, whom his heart called its mistress, informed him by its tremors of her transports.

"Dear Lauretta," said he, after the dance, "steal away from your companions, I am impatient to know what your determination is."

"Not to take a single step without my father's consent, and to follow his advice in every thing. If you shew me any favour, I would have him a sharer in it. If I should follow you, it must be with his acquiescence."

"Ah! take care how you consult him; he is the only person I ought to be afraid of. There is with you, prior to love and union, certain formalities that my rank and fortune will not suffer me comply with. If your father would make me submit to them, he would expect what is impossible; and on my refusal, he will accuse me of a design of abusing you. He knows not how much I love you; but as for yourself, Lauretta, do you think I am capable of doing you any injury?"

"Indeed no, I think that you are all goodness. You must be a very great hypocrite, if you are a bad man!"

"Dare you trust yourself to me then?"

"It is not because I distrust you; but I cannot conceal it from my father; I am his property, I depend upon him. If what you propose is fit for me, he will consent to it."

"He never will consent to it. You will ruin me, you will be sorry for it, alas! too late; and during your whole life you will be condemned to those vile offices, which you must certainly be very fond of, by being afraid to quit them. Ah, Lauretta! were those delicate hands formed to cultivate the ground? Must the weather prey upon the colours of that sweet complexion? You, the charmer of nature, with all its graces and loves, will you, Lauretta, pine away in a laborious and obscure condition; and conclude your life with

with being the wife of some gross villager ! and live, perhaps, in indigence, without having tasted of any of those pleasures which ought to have followed you without ceasing. This is what you prefer to the charms of affluence, and the leisure which I offer you : and what are the grounds for your resolution ? The fear of causing a few moments of uneasiness to your father ! Your elopement will most certainly afflict him ; but afterwards, how great will his joy be, when he sees you enriched by my munificence, with which he himself will likewise be overburthened. What agreeable violence will it be to oblige him to leave his cottage, and give himself up to rest ? for from that instant I shall have no reason to fear his refusal ; my happiness, as well as your's and his will be confirmed for ever."

Lauretta found it very difficult to prevent her seduction, but after much struggling she did prevent it ; and had it not been for the fatal accident, which brought her again into the snare, the instinct of innocence alone would have been a sufficient guard.

In a storm which happened in Coulanges, the most terrible catastrophe that can befall the country, the hail annihilated the hopes of the vintage and harvest. The desolation was general. During the storm, a thousand outcries of grief mingled with the noise of the wind and thunder ; but when the ravages were abated, and a gleam of light more dreadful than the darkness which had preceded, shewed the vine branches stripped and broken, the ears of corn suspended on their broken stalks, the fruits beaten down, or crushed to pieces ; there was nothing throughout the country but a dead and profound silence ; the roads were filled with crowds of miserable wretches, pale, full of consternation, astonished, who contemplated with tearful eyes their ruin ; bewailed the loss of a whole year's labour, and saw nothing in the future but a total desolation, wretchedness and death. Under the wrecks of their cots, the dis-

tracted mothers pressed their tender offspring to their breasts, and said to them, with their eyes full of tears, " Who will suckle you when we want bread ? "

On seeing this calamity, the first thought that came into Luzy's head was that of the sorrow in which Lauretta and her father must be drowned. Impatient to fly to their succour, he concealed the tender emotion under the veil of compassion in common to that crowd of wretches.

" Let us go to the village," said he to his companions, " and carry them some assistance. It will cost each of us but a little, to save a score of families from the despair to which they have been reduced by this disaster. We have been sharers in their joy, let us go and be partakers in their grief."

These words had their proper effect, on hearts already melting with pity. The marquis de Clancé set the example. He presented himself to his tenants, offered them his assistance, promised them some comfort, and restored their hopes and courage. While the tears of gratitude were shed round about him, his company of both sexes traversed the village, entered into the cottages, extended their munificence, and felt the sincere but uncommon pleasure of seeing themselves adored by a grateful people.

In the mean while Luzy ran about distracted in search of the house of Lauretta. It was pointed out to him, he fled towards it, and saw a villager sitting at the door, with his head leaning on his knees, and covering his face with both his hands, as if he were afraid to behold the light again. He was Lauretta's father.

" Friend," says the count to him, " you seem to be in a consternation ; but do not despair ; Heaven is just, and there are some men in the world who are compassionate."

(To be continued.)

Suite d'Histoire d'EPAMINONDAS.

(Continued from Page 308.)

CLEOMBROTE, qui s'aperçut de son dessein, changea son ordre de bataille, & voulut, à son tour, étendre son aîle droite pour enfermer Epaminondas dans ses troupes. Cette imprudence decida du sort de la bataille. Pelopidas, à la tête du bataillon sacré, fermoit l'aîle d'Epaminondas, & étoit attentif à tout ; il remarqua le désordre que caufoit ce mouvement dans l'armée des Lacédémoniens. Aussi-tôt il les charge avec cette vigueur Thébaine, qui faisoit tout plier, les perces avant qu'ils eussent pû prendre leurs rangs, & jette parmi eux la terreur & la confusion. La cavalerie Lacédémonienne avoit déjà été défaite, malgré l'inégalité prodigieuse de cinq mille chevaux contre cinq cens.

Dans le même tems, Epaminondas, ébranlé sa phalange, qui avoit cinquante hommes de hauteur contre douze. Il avoit rendu l'avantage trop grand de son côté pour que la victoire fut long tems incertaine. Les Lacédémoniens combattirent suivant les principes de leur nation, avec une valeur incroyable. Les plus braves soldats, les meilleurs officiers, accoururent en foule où le péril étoit le plus grand. Ils se rangerent autour de Cléombrote, ils le défendent avec leurs lances, & avec leurs épées ; ils le couvrent de leurs boucliers, & soutiennent long-tems l'impétuosité des Thébains, qui n'en vouloient qu'à lui seul. Dinon, Sphodias, Cléonyme son fils, l'élite des soldats & des officiers, tombent morts à ses pieds. Les Thébains s'ouvrent enfin, l'épée à la main, un passage jusqu'à lui. Il succombe lui-même couvert de son sang & de celui de ses généreux défenseurs, & tombe sans vie sur leurs corps.

Cet endroit devint le champ de bataille. Les Lacédémoniens, honteux & désespérés, firent tous leurs efforts pour venger la mort de leur général, de leur roi. Il se fit long-tems auprès de lui un carnage effroyable ; la rage, la fureur, la vengeance s'emparèrent de tous les esprits ; mais Clé-

ombrote étant mort, son armée devint un corps sans ordre, comme sans chef. La terreur l'abbattement, la confusion du côté des Lacédémoniens, du côté des Thébains, l'attention d'Epaminondas à contenir ses soldats, à rétablir ses rangs, à faire valoir les avantages, qu'il avoit déjà remportés, décidèrent enfin du succès d'une action si vigoureuse & si opiniâtre. Il s'aperçut que le grand acharnement des Lacédémoniens n'étoit causé que par le désir d'enlever le corps de Cléombrote, il aima mieux achever la défaite de son armée, que de leur disputer cette foible consolation ; il se jette sur l'autre aîle déjà affoiblie par la perte de plusieurs de ses principaux officiers, & la taille en perces où la met en fuite.

Pelopidas combat avec le même succès tout ce qu'il attaque. Les Lacédémoniens enfoncés & en désordre de tout côtés lâchent pied, abandonnent le champ de bataille, & s'enfuient avec l'unique gloire d'avoir arraché le corps de Cléombrote aux mains de leur vainqueurs. La bonté de la cavalerie Thébaine ne contribua pas peu à cette victoire. Elle commença la bataille, & marcha presque sans résistance sur la ventre à celle des Lacédémoniens. Il n'en avoient point alors de réglée ; le plus riches entretenoit des chevaux pendant la paix ; & lorsque l'on faisoit la guerre, on les donnoit à monter à des soldats tout neuf dans les exercices & les manœuvres de la cavalerie. Celle des Thébains, au contraire, étoit très bonne ; elle avoit fait son apprentissage dans les actions de Thespies & d'Orchomine dont elle avoit remporté toute la gloire.

Du côté des Thébains, la perte ne fut en tout que de trois cens hommes ; les Lacédémoniens en perdirent quatre mille tués sur le champ de bataille, dans le nombre desquels étoient compris mille Spartiates, le fleur & l'espérance de la nation. Jusqu'alors jamais bataille n'avoit fait couler tant de sang : les plus grandes défaites ne coutoient qu'environ quatre ou cinq cens hommes.

Avant Epaminondas, la Grèce avoit eu beaucoup des généraux qui sçavoient

vaincre ; elle n'en avoient point eu qui fçussent profiter de la victoire, en conservant long tems après elle au parti victorieux les avantages qu'elle lui avoit procurés. La gloire du général dans la célèbre journée de Leuctres fit disparoître la modération du philosophe.

Epaminondas se livra sans mesure avec toute l'effusion de cœur du meilleur citoyen de Thèbes, à la joie d'avoir défait d'une manière si complète les mortels ennemis de sa patrie. Il se vantoit de ce bonheur & de cette gloire avec une complaisance qui ne se rassasioit point. La réflexion fit reprendre le dessus à son caractère. L'excès de ces premiers transports n'avoit pas permis à sa raison de l'apercevoir. Il avoit même fait éclater le plaisir de son triomphe avec une satisfaction d'amour propre, qu'il ne put se pardonner lorsqu'il la reconnût. Il eût crié tout perdre pour son bonheur particulier, si la victoire qu'il venoit de gagner l'eût mis hors d'état de se contenir, & de se vaincre lui-même. Ce fut pour réprimer cette étincelle de vaine gloire, contraire à cette égalité d'ame inaltérable, qu'il vouloit s'assurer que la philosophe se crût obligé de punir le général.

Le lendemain de la bataille, il prit avec un courage aussi nouveau que héroïque, une espèce de deuil de sa victoire. Sur le même champ où on l'avoit vû moissonner tant de gloire, on le vit morne, taciturne, tout enseveli dans soi-même ; il fuyoit les regards de ses soldats, comme un criminel évite ceux de son juge. Le négligence affectée qui régnoit dans les occasions de la plus grande tristesse, fit appréhender qu'il ne lui fût arrivé quelque malheur imprévu. Son chagrin jeta la consternation dans tous les esprits. Tout le monde trembloit pour Thèbes en tremblant pour son libérateur.—Quelques-uns de ses amis les plus familiers osèrent percer les voiles d'une tristesse si profonde, & lui demandèrent le sujet.

“ Rassurez-vous,” lui dit-il, “ il ne regarde que moi : je me suis aperçu que la joie excessive que m'avoit donné

la victoire me caufoit un enflure de cœur qui me mettoit aux yeux de l'amour propre, bien plus haute que je ne mérite, c'est pour me remettre dans mon affiété ordinaire que je m'en punis aujourd'hui.”

Modestie d'un païen aussi digne de louanges, qu'elle est admirable !—Il n'est point de général Chrétien à qui elle ne fit honneur.

(To be continued.)

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(Translated from the French.)

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 375.)

LETTER LVII.

From Mad. NORTHON to the Countess de SOLMES in continuation.

AN exclamation of joy which resounded throughout the whole apartment, shewed me how much pleasure this circumstance caused to every one that was dear to me. Every one embraced me in raptures. They joined our hands—they felicitated the Marquis : I never was witness of such an amiable confusion. The dinner, which was served up in the chamber of the patient, did not interrupt the congratulations but a quarter of an hour ; and tho' I am at present rather gay, yet every minute convinces me that I shall never repent of what I am going to do.

When the desert came in, we made a reflexion which we ought to have made before. My niece had received the casket from my nephew without opening it : this *abstinence*, at an age in which we are fond of pomp, attracted the admiration of the Marquis. Perhaps the applause he gave to the virtues he then saw excited, might proceed entirely from one who is possessed of the highest degree of *politesse* : but

instead of that we were convinced it resulted from his heart. This apprehension will not be the last that I shall have on this account, and certainly I shall not be excusable for having followed so implicitly the emotion which hurried me away, contrary to my resolutions. They perceive my apprehensions, my wavering, and have snatched the pen out of my hand.

The Marquis is now to be the scribe: he has full commission to be so, but on condition that all he writes shall be submitted to the *committée*. He says it will be a *general confession*, and we shall certainly hear of fine doings.

LETTER LVIII.

From the Marquis de V—— to the
Countess de SOLMES.

My Lady,

I Have traversed a country new to me, astonishing, incredible! I was acquainted with the name of probity, honour, disinterestedness, generosity, friendship, and a thousand other virtues: I thought I possessed the greatest part of them, and found, to my confusion, that I had not even an idea of them. I have been advertised, by the sight of one of your letters, of your predilection for me, and I flatter myself that in the sequel I shall justify your partiality; but, indeed, it was both gratuitous and founded, when it was inspired by my good fortune. I thought I had struck a balance by this general confession, but I am demanded a more minute one, and I had given my promise before hand to do so, let it be what it may.

I have hitherto been esteemed as a man of honour, in the sense affixed to this expression by *les gens de belle air*: I had some maxims inculcated, from which I never strayed; and give me leave to present you with my creed, or, if you please, not only with my catechism, but likewise that of others, and you may easily appreciate my value, after the perusal of my maxims.

To look on a promise as an inviolable engagement, which no one ought

to fail in, excepting those which are made to the sex, which have no coercion at all. Never to lose sight of decorum in engagements contrary to this principle. To justify the most criminal attachment by the object of our choice; never to determine upon them without all the precautions which are necessary to conceal them, according to that maxim of Rabutin,

“Aimez, mais d'un amour couvert,
Qui sent toujours le mystère;
Ce n'est pas l'amour qui nous perd,
C'est la manière de le faire.”

According to this principle, seduction and adultery are mere trifles, providing that the object should not be disgraced by a bad choice, or by any irregularity that became too conspicuous. To pay debts of honour with the greatest punctuality, but to let others accumulate as much as you can; to persuade yourself that every man is a villain, and capable of sacrificing his best friend, if he can get any thing by it; consequently, to make no true friendship with any man, and to pay the debts which it contracts with words, and nothing else. To endeavour to sound others, so as to make use of their passions to accomplish our designs, and to be impenetrable ourselves; to flatter the great, on whom we have the last dependence; to be polite to our equals, but with a politeness which shews a large fund of self consequence and self-esteem, and with a determinate resolution to suffer no one to disappoint us with impunity; to set out our own consequence in the most ostentatious manner, especially to those who seem inclined to forget it: besides, to persuade one's-self that a modest man should be understood literally with respect to what he says of himself; that he should be valued below what he says of himself, and that by repeating confidently the superiority of our merit, others may at last be persuaded that we have what we claim.

To be extraordinary affable to our inferiors, whose interest cannot clash with our own: this may establish a character of good-nature, which is subject to no inconvenience, and may, on

many occasions, prove serviceable.—Never to affect a disregard to religion; never to be guilty of the least levity on that head; to keep a guard against the superstitious; never to marry young; to keep our inclinations at a distance, but have respect only to family connections and fortune.

These, my lady, were the principles which I imbibed in my most early days, and I cannot reproach myself for having lost sight of them in practice, tho' there were some particulars which made me very uneasy, especially that which enjoins a distrust of all mankind. Unhappily for me, 'till my last *tour* to Paris, I lived only with those who seemed well qualified to convince me that that maxim, however harsh it might appear to me, was very prudent, and could not be observed with too much exactness.

You have seen from the letter that I wrote to the Colonel, that Northon was represented to me as a *religious* man; this expression, in my idea, carried with it no other meaning but that he was cowardly, or at least timorous, otherwise I never should have risked, in his presence, the insolence which I offered to Miss D'Erlac. The last affair I had, in which I dropped my man, made me determine to avoid a fresh affair as much as I could; I was, therefore, sincerely sorry to be obliged to take the field again, and I must assure you that I did not close my eyes all the night which preceded our intended rencounter. Notwithstanding my reluctance, I was afraid lest my antagonist should have reached the spot before me, and I repaired at four in the morning to the wood of Boulogne, the place I had mentioned in my billet.

As I wrote by the bed-side of the dear patient, he followed me with his eyes, and interrupted me—

“Your billet did not mention the wood of Boulogne,” said he; “you appointed me to meet you behind the Chartreux. This is a mystery which I would be glad to have explained. I could not comprehend how, after appointing the rendezvous on one spot,

you should have repaired so early to another, which was at a great distance from it”.

“You made a mistake when you read the billet, dear Northon,” replied I; “for I expressly mentioned the wood of Boulogne.”

“That may be easily cleared up,” said Northon, “for your letter ought to be in the pocket of the breeches which I wore that day.”

It was brought, and judge what must be my astonishment, or rather my horror!—This billet was in Miss D'Erlac's own hand writing, which I knew perfectly well, notwithstanding she had endeavoured to disguise it!—Northon, who had never seen my writing, was easily imposed upon.

“What a wicked plot,” cried the Baron, “do I discover! Is it possible that such a monster could have any of my blood in its veins!—My cruel niece had devoted you to death to satiate her vengeance and hatred, without exposing her lover! What thanks are not due to heaven for having counteracted her abominable designs! But she ought not to flatter herself with the hope of escaping with impunity; and if honour should prevent me from making her a public example, an imprisonment during life shall secure us against her machinations!”

We are all of us so confounded with her heinous schemes, that I cannot continue my letter much longer, and shall not conclude it to-night.

When I came to the wood of Boulogne, I kept about twenty yards from the road, in a place whence I could perceive every one that passed by. I had been there but a few minutes, when I heard a person calling me by my name. The shades of night were not yet dispersed, therefore perceiving a man between the branches of the trees, I made no doubt but it was my antagonist, and I advanced, apprehensive of no mischief. I held my sword unsheathed upon my arm, and in the instant I was putting my hand to my hat, to salute this person, whom I took for M. Northon, he made a push at me, which I parried with my hand, and

and in a moment I perceived more men, who immediately attacked me. "Ah! villain!" cried I, "an assassination appeared to you more safe than a duel!" As I said these words, I rushed into the wood, determined to sell my life dearly. I should have lost it many a time, had I had to do with men of courage, but the rascals who attacked me kept off at sword's length. On hearing the noise occasioned by our combat, a person on horseback came up to us on full gallop, and seeing the inequality of our numbers, he cried out to me, "Have courage, Sir!—Heaven has sent you a second, who will either save your life, or die with you!"

You may imagine how much I was surprised when I recognized the voice of Northon, who had scarcely looked at me, when instead of being checked at the sight of one who was his enemy, he rushed into the midst of my assassins, whom he charged so violently with his horse, that he brought two of them upon the ground, and covered me entirely from any attack. With two shots of his pistols he drove two out of the field. There remained four more to cope with, who were incensed by the death of their accomplices, for those who had been rode over soon recovered themselves, and plunged their swords in the belly of the horse of my defender. The poor beast fell so unluckily, that one half of his body was under him; on which he was wounded, and would have been killed, if fury had not given me fresh accession of strength, and I had not rushed in the midst of these cowards, who perceiving by my looks that I would sell my life very dearly, retired a few paces, and consulting together a short time, had recourse to flight for their safety.

In the mean while I endeavoured to disengage Northon, but my strength not being equal to my wishes, I mechanically implored the assistance of heaven. My prayer was heard;—I observed two peasants at a distance, going to market with fruit; the sight of whom certainly accelerated the flight of the assassins; they assisted me in

extricating Northon from his melancholy situation, who had lost a great deal of blood; and while I was endeavouring to staunch it by binding up his wounds, one of them ran as fast as he could to fetch us a carriage. I had the presence of mind to desire him, before he set out, not to tell the coachman who sent for him, as it was necessary I should. The man, apprehensive of falling into a scrape, would have gone back again, and even advised the countrymen to leave us. They, indeed, shewed more humanity, and convincing the driver that it had not been a duel, but rather an assassination, as they saw the villains running away, the coachman consented, and the more easily, when he found he was to drive us only to the hotel de —, which is not above a hundred yards from the gate; not but the gold with which I dazzled his eyes, might have been the most persuasive argument of the three.

Mademoiselle Northon has acquainted you with what passed on our arrival, but she was not able to give you an idea of the confusion which I experienced at that time, nor the revolution which was made in my sentiments. I had suspected, nay, accused Northon, as a vile assassin; but his conduct, at the same time as it cleared him, made me appear in my own eyes as the greatest of criminals. This sentiment, and the violent disquietude which was caused by the condition in which he was, absorbed all my thoughts, and I could not remember, till this moment, that it made me forget all the principles of *bienveillance*.

I took my post at the bed-side of the patient, without recollecting that my presence must be odious to the relations of the young gentleman, and I passed the first five days as if intoxicated by my grief; but how many things passed within me which I had no sense of! I had a lucid interval when my friend received the sacrament, and this was the first stage of that miraculous change which I underwent without my own knowledge. I had seen soldiers, officers, men of fashion,

fashion, and philosophers in their last moments, but had never seen a true Christian in this awful crisis. Northon had not the brutal indifference of the one, nor that affected boldness which serves only as a veil of gauze to the apprehensions and terrors of the other. I did not observe that inquietude with respect to the success of the applications that were made, so natural to a man of his age : he was all resignation, without the least discomposure, and submitted himself to the will of heaven, with a tranquility which could proceed only from the most lively faith. Penetrated with grief for the momentary surprize which his virtue had undergone, he bewailed his faults bitterly, but without trouble ; his assiance in the Supreme Being moderated his fears. He seemed to look death in the face, not as a shipwreck in which he was to lose his all ; but as a port where his virtue was sure to be safe.

To this sight, so capable of divesting me of my former prejudices, were added the heroic firmness of his virtuous father, and the Baron, both of them so equally affected and resigned, that it was not possible to distinguish by which he was most beloved. Not a single complaint, a murmur, or the least appearance of any aversion to me ! on the contrary, they strove to comfort me, and persuade me to esteem this accident as a necessary consequence in the wise dispositions of Providence, which knows how to turn what we may think our greatest misfortunes into our greatest blessing. Even that sex, which we very improperly call the weakest, gave me lessons of heroism : it was easy for me to perceive how much Mademoiselle Northon was affected with the condition of her nephew, never did a mother shew more tenderness : it was easy to perceive how much she suffered ; but notwithstanding I saw that she was less concerned for his life than his soul, and rising above her grief, fixed all her attention to prepare him for immortality.

Such, my lady, were my vague sen-

timents while my friend was in danger ; as soon as ever his fever abated, and gave us the first glimpse of hope, his ideas cleared up, and affected me more feelingly. I have told you, that I thought friendship, that sweet union, was only a mere chimera, which was never to be met with but among those who are united by the interest of the passions. Tho' one should seem to form an attachment, another will soon break the feeble ties. Every thing seemed to conspire in this family to convince me of the reality of this delightful sentiment : it breathed even in those whose low rank would scarcely have given any cause to suspect it. The dear wounded patient appeared as if he had been the child of the ancient domestics, the sensibility of the poor folks manifested itself in such natural glowings as art could not imitate.

When I perceived the disorder of my dress, the Baron sent me his valet to wait on me, while I was expecting my own. The good honest fellow had the greatest difficulty in the world to be able to shave me : his eyes were every moment brimful of tears, which he shed for joy. What an eulogium did he make of the two families ! the least cloud had never interrupted their union.

" Let me tell you, Sir," said he, " I have lived upwards of fourteen years with the Baron, and I am more obliged to him than to my own father. He bought me on his arrival at America ; and whatever you may think of me now, I was at that time not without bad dispositions : I was fond of revenge, thieving, and drinking. My first master spared no pains to cure me of my faults ; and I am sure I received more blows than I have hairs on my head : on which account I hated him so mortally, that I should have consented, I very believe, to have been burnt alive, provided I could have had the pleasure of seeing him burnt with me. The Baron took another method to correct me. I had been baptized, indeed, but was as ignorant as a beast : at two and twenty, which I was then, my idea of Christianity

Christianity was so false, that I regarded it with horror. The Deity they talked to me about, appeared to me unjust, and I hated him." "What then," said I to myself, "has he made two laws? by one he permits my master to be cruel and barbarous to me; and by the other, he orders me to love him; to be obedient to him: that certainly can never be; these Europeans impose upon us: yet, if what they say of their Deity be true, they may love him because he loads them with good things: but those, who, like me, are reduced to so frightful a state of wretchedness, must detest him."—"Such, Sir, were my ideas, when I was sold to the Baron. My new master had not the least resemblance of those whom I left; he required nothing of us which he did not practise himself: he called us all together to instruct us; and told us that we were his brothers, and his children; that our souls were as precious in the eyes of God as his own; that it had been redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ; that in heaven we should be no longer his slaves but his companions and friends; that the way to go to heaven would be to do our duty upon earth; that it was our duty to work, to obey him, or those who were in his place; that it was his duty to love us, not to load us with too much work, to feed us, to take care of us when we were sick, to make us pray to God, and to chastise us for, and amend our faults. What he said of us, I repeat it, he did himself. He gave us time for repose, we had the liberty of informing him of our complaints, and to trust him with our hardships. If they were well-founded, he punished those who used us ill; if he was obliged to have us chastised for our faults, it was visible that he was really afflicted for it. If we were sick, he waited on us with a charity which shewed that he was strongly persuaded of another life, in which God would reward him for his fidelity in doing good. What shall I say, Sir? His actions and words inspired us with a profound respect for a religion which procured us such ad-

vantages; which on one side shewed so great difference between my former master and this; which on the other, made us lose sight of the different conditions of a master and a slave, inasmuch as our's looked on us as his brothers, and treated us as such; and we strongly resolved to live like good Christians. I had scarcely formed this resolution, when I found so much ease in amending myself, as I never could have ventured to hope for. I insensibly gained the friendship of my master, and became so happy, that I would not exchange my slavery for liberty, for I have refused it as often as my master offered to give it me; and if I should have the misfortune to outlive him, I vow to his children the same service, and the same fidelity which I have shewn him."

Though this sermon was not one of the most eloquent that I had heard in my life, at least, my lady, I can assure you, that it was the most efficacious, and that it determined me to apply the same remedy to my passions, as the valet had made use of to moderate his. I blushed internally to find in this Mulatto more of the man than in myself: a philosopher, contented in his condition, an heart which enjoyed the invaluable pleasure of a real attachment, confidence, and friendship, a pleasure which I had till now looked upon as having no existence. The fellow had no property, not even over his own body, and yet had nothing to wish for. Let them no longer boast, said I to myself, of those famous universities, where they pretend to teach the art of thinking, of reasoning, and of being happy; it is the sole property of Christianity to make true philosophers. It forms such in every situation of life, as well among the rude and illiterate, as among those who pique themselves on account of their talents, and improvements: this is the school in which I shall study for the future. This American, by a single lesson, has taught me more than my masters.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING HISTORY of the MONMOUTH FAMILY.

“**H**E that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth riches with increase.”—This observation of the wise man was fully verified in the following history of a family, and which, in the hands of an ingenious writer, might, by adding some well wrought incidents, furnish out an agreeable novel. For such a task the writer of this has neither abilities nor leisure, and only submits the recital of plain facts to your consideration. If you think the truth of these incidents sufficiently compensate for the deficiency of style, they are at the service of your *Lady's Magazine*.

Mrs. Hastings was the widow of a gentleman in Lincolnshire, who, in a few years, had dissipated a genteel fortune, and when his affairs were settled would have been reduced to penury, had it not been for an annuity of 100*l.* a year bequeathed to her by a god-mother. She had scarcely settled herself in a small retirement, when a sister, whom she loved, died in child-bed of a daughter. She had married as unfortunately as Mrs. Hastings; as Mr. Woodly, when his wife died, was under such embarrassed circumstances, that to avoid the importunity of his creditors he left the kingdom, and in a few weeks after was seized with the small-pox, which ended his life.

Before he departed, Mrs. Hastings, having no children, took his infant under her protection, and assured its father it should be to her as if it were her own. Having had a liberal education, she was perfectly qualified to bring up a young woman; and as Alicia Woodly was teachable and ingenious, she was accomplished enough for her humble and retired state of life.

With her good aunt she lived in ease and content till she had attained the age of twenty-three, when Mrs. Hastings sunk under the weakness of a slow decay, and paid the last great debt to nature. As the annuity expired with her, she could only leave

her niece 300*l.* and her wardrobe. She had long foreseen her dissolution, and advised Alicia, when the funeral should be over, to go to a relation in London, a Mrs. Draper, who would assist her in endeavouring to obtain a proper provision.

A correspondence had always been maintained between Mrs. Hastings and Mrs. Draper, and the latter received Alicia with much civility. Mr. Draper was a cabinet-maker, and as civil as his wife. He desired Alicia to consider herself at home with them, till she should settle her future plan of life.

Alicia had no claim to beauty; her only charms, indeed, were being fair and young; to which may be added extreme neatness of dress, and an air above the vulgar, tho' she wanted that ease which is only acquired by early and continually associating with polite company.

She had not been long in town, before George Monmouth, a friend and townsman of Draper's, came from Plymouth. George moved in the humble state of a shipwright; but being of an aspiring disposition, had always indulged a presentiment that he should arrive at a higher fortune. In hopes of being in the way of advancement, he came to London, and soon obtained a place in one of the dock-yards.—George was tall and well-made, the rosy blush of health was diffused over his countenance, his fine black eyes were full of vivacity, and his mouth and teeth had peculiar charms. His real temper was passionate, wilful, boisterous—but these gross qualities were hid by so agreeable an exterior, that he only shewed a kind of laudable pride, which raised him above his rank of life. His appearance was not displeasing to Alicia, nor had he any objection to her hundreds; and tho' her person had no great attractions, he considered the virtuous and frugal mode of her education as no despicable acquisition. Draper knew George to be honest, sober, frugal, and industrious, and Alicia was soon prevailed on to become Mrs. Monmouth. She took a little shop, and by her own and her

her husband's industry and œconomy, they lived very decently and comfortably. Mr. Monmouth was one evening at the pay-table. The master being a jocosé man, asked his workmen, as he paid them, if they had a mind for a lottery-ticket, adding, he had more than he knew what to do with, as it was now Saturday night, and the drawing began on Monday, and he was too lazy to go to town to dispose of any. The idea struck Monmouth forcibly. After a short pause, he said, "Master, I have two children, and my wife is near lying-in; but I'll take half a ticket."—The bargain was made: Monmouth went home for the money. Alicia was not pleased; she had no ambitious thoughts: she knew an expensive time was at hand, and was unwilling to lose a certain good, for that which was uncertain: but she knew it vain to contend. The ticket was properly witnessed, the money paid, and in two days after Mrs. Monmouth's delivery, it was drawn a prize of 10,000*l*. The surprize overpowered her in her weak state, and for some days her life was in great danger. By proper care she recovered, and during her confinement they concerted their future plan.

They agreed to set out in a moderate style, with their wonted œconomy, tho' with a greater appearance of gentility. They took a house in a pleasant village, and bought their furniture not altogether new, but such as had been in fashion five or six years before, that it might appear to have been purchased when they married.—She observed the same caution with respect to her apparel, and as she was a well-behaved, chearful, though domestic woman, she made herself very agreeable to some good families in the neighbourhood, with whom they kept a social intercourse.

George had sense enough to know that he ought not to sit down quietly and spend his 5000*l*. and in hopes soon to double it, he determined to go into the Alley. After repeated losses, and oftner repeated gains, he found, in a few years, he had realized 70,000*l*.—

He now took a more elegant house, and had a superb carriage, augmented the number of his servants, and sought for an estate whereon to build a seat according to his taste. Yet, notwithstanding, this increase of wealth did not increase their felicity. Always being accustomed to a slenderly provided table, Mrs. Monmouth shuddered at the difference the increase of servants occasioned in the consumption of provisions. She remonstrated; the servants grumbled. Nice in her house to an extreme, she could obtain few who gave her satisfaction, and some amours taking place among the men and maids, she was in continual vexation. After innumerable changes of both sexes, Mr. Monmouth would not keep a man servant in his house, but jobbed his coachman, gardener, &c.

As Mrs. Monmouth had now ten children, whom she nursed herself, she did not allow much time for visiting and receiving company, and as the neighbourhood into which they had removed was a very genteel one, and the Monmouths finding themselves not quite at home in their company, they did not meet very often.

Their eldest son was near seventeen, when he was taken from the boarding-school, to attend a polite academy in town to finish his education. The lad wanted polishing. His appearance was that of an awkward country-booby: he was ignorant, sullen, and obstinate. His eldest sister, Alicia, about fifteen, was like her mother, but far less agreeable. Her father used frequently to reproach her with want of charms, and the awkwardness of her deportment, not considering that the first was entirely out of her power, and he had not given her an opportunity of improving the latter. He would not permit her to go to a boarding-school, lest her morals should be corrupted, and he thought girls should always be under their mother's eye. She had, indeed, learned to dance when a child, but no masters were permitted to attend at home, as such expences must destroy the greatest fortune. Destitute of accomplishments, unimproved

by good company, and unadorned by nature, the poor girl needed not her father's satire, which only tended to make her peevish and discontented, and occasioned many uneasinesses between him and his wife, who could not avoid taking part with the injured girl. Nor was he more kind to his son, always telling him how much was thrown away upon his education, and, after all, he was only a well-dressed clown.

These young folks found solace in talking over their father's unkindness, and at every leisure moment assiduously sought relief in each other's conversation. This, tho' innocent in itself, was construed into a criminal attachment by one of the servants, who represented to her mistress, in the most alarming terms, the guilty intercourse of her children. Perhaps the information was malicious, but it served to make Mrs. Monmouth truly wretched. The agitation of her mind threw her into a fever, which grew putrid and infectious. She recovered, but not before the contagion had spread through the family, and in the course of a month, carried off her two eldest, and three youngest children, with one of the servants, which proved to be the person who had created such terrible ideas in Mrs. Monmouth's mind.

But dreadful as this circumstance was to her to think on, it helped much to reconcile her to their removal. Mr. Monmouth was ignorant of such suspicions, and was long inconsolable.—Tho' unkind to his elder children in life, he sincerely lamented their death, especially after they had cost him so much. His little ones he perfectly idolized. His fondness for them was so great, that if one of them approached him when in the most violent transports of his rage, (which was frequently the case) he would be calm in a moment: he would still them in the night, nurse them in sickness, and study their accommodation and amusement: but when they arrived at their sixth year, his tenderness daily abated. The loss of three under this age was a severe stroke, a very humiliating one.

Mrs. Monmouth was of a pious disposition, and seeking support from him alone who could bestow it, she was enabled to bear her afflictions with resignation and fortitude. She comforted her dejected husband, and led him to consult what method they should pursue with their remaining children, as their wealth continued to increase. They agreed to give their sons every accomplishment they were capable of attaining, and that their daughters should be immediately placed at a genteel boarding-school, to qualify them for the fortune which would await them. Their now eldest son, Alfred, being about sixteen, his father intended he should study the law, but Alfred having an inclination for the army, a pair of colours were procured.

Proud of his father's wealth, Alfred was insolent to a high degree, and being severely reprimanded for contempt of orders, he challenged his superior, was put under an arrest, and as he scorned to make any concessions, was deprived of his commission before he was eighteen. He then thought of taking a voyage to the East-Indies, from whence he imagined he should return with the riches of a nabob; but behaving with great imperiousness and insolence to the captain and officers as soon as he came on board the ship, a quarrel ensued, and Alfred once more returned home, to the utter mortification of his parents.

Alfred told his own tale, but, as the ship was sailed, the truth could not be ascertained till the return. Alfred, mean time, commenced the fine gentleman, and spent his youth in idleness.

Though this was very disagreeable to Mr. Monmouth, yet as he found it less expensive than his unsuccessful attempts to a more active state, he was content to let Alfred chuse the mode of life he liked best.

He now placed his best hopes in his next son, Erasmus, who, seeming more solidly inclined, was bred to the study of physic, and went to Holland to complete his studies.—The eldest daughter

daughter, Teresa, remained at the boarding-school 'till she was about nineteen, when her parents, thinking her perfectly accomplished, took her home.

(To be continued.)

Account of the new Musical Piece of one Act called the WEDDING NIGHT, performed for the first Time at the Haymarket Theatre, on Saturday, August 12.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Melville,	—	Mr. Wilson.
Young Melville, his nephew, privately married to Isabella,	}	Mr. Du-Bellamy.
Parchment, Isabella's father,	}	Mr. Webb.
Simon, his servant,		Mr. Barrett.
Hic-Hoc,	—	Mr. Bannister.
Launcet,	—	Mr. Stevens.
Protest,	— —	Mr. Davis.
Mrs. Parchment,		Mrs. Poussin.
Isabella, her daughter,	}	Mrs. Cargill.
Susan,	—	Mrs. Hitchcock.

THIS piece was announced as a mere *bagatelle*. The sole incident, the management and effect of which constitute the entire humour of the piece is this:—Melville, a young fellow of spirit, is privately married to Isabella, and on the evening of his wedding-day, gives a supper to his father and mother-in-law, Hic-hoc the school-master, Protest the lawyer, Launcet the surgeon, and others, who, having no consideration for the private wishes of their guest to retire with his bride, are inclined to spend the night in drinking and dancing.

After torturing Melville till a late hour with singing and the noise of the table, they withdraw to dance in another room, and are no sooner gone than Melville's uncle enters, and having discovered his nephew's stolen marriage, from a soliloquy he has overheard, determines, in revenge, to plague him and his spouse for his sport.

In order to effect this purpose, he makes his nephew sit up with him for some time, and after engaging to forgive him, provided he and his man Simon will confine themselves to two words each, till he shall please to set their tongues at liberty, bids Melville say nothing but the monosyllables *ba!* and *bum!* to every question put to him, and tells Simon to answer solely with the words *bo!* and *buz!*

As soon as the old man hears company approaching, he retreats under the table to witness the effect of his injunctions. The maid first enters, and is much astonished at her master's short replies, and still more so at Simon's *bo!* and *buz!*—She tells the former that he must not think to *buzz* her mistress, and beats the latter heartily. When Isabella enters, she is no less puzzled: the rest of the company follow, and at length Hic-hoc spies the old fellow under the table, who puts an end to the mystery, and explains the cause of it.

The music was chiefly compilation: the overture, which turned principally on an alteration of the pantomime song of *Rural Felicity*, and other old tunes, was extremely pleasing. The use of the favourite catch of 'Tis you, Sir, you, had a good effect.

Mrs. Cargill and Mr. Du-Bellamy made the most of their little characters, and Bannister endeavoured to render Hic-hoc entertaining.

The following are some of the most approved airs.

MR. BANNISTER.

I.

No more against marriage let old cynics rail,
With maxims as musty as they, and as stale;
Depend on't that wedlock's a bumper of joy,
From life's choicest bottle of comfort, my boy:
By this bottle I swear, and will prove, if you will,

That life's *summum bonum* is dear wedlock still.

II.

In wedlock the poet no more needs his muse,
He can always have complets when'er he may chuse;

And when the coy jade may cry fye at his billing,

Tho' the muse may say nay, still the wife will [be willing:]

So I swear by this glass, and will prove, if you
will,
That life's *summum bonum* is dear wedlock still

III.

If a man should get tipsey, as on such a night
As the present, you know—he possibly might,
Tho' you're ready, d'ye see, to fall under the
table, [able :
Yet your wife will support you as long as she's
By this bottle I swear, and will prove, if you
will,
That life's *summum bonum* is dear wedlock still

Mr. Du-BELLAMY.

In vain, when with the fatal dart,
Uperring in his aim,
The little archer wounds the heart,
Does reason urge her claim.

The pow'rful sun of Beauty's eyes
Sends forth so bright a ray,
She thaws cold duty with her sighs,
And reason melts away.

Mr. WILSON.

I.

When up to London first I came,
An awkward country booby,
I gap'd; and star'd, and did the same
As every country booby :
With countenance demurely set,
I doff'd my hat to all I met,
With "Zur, your humble zervant."

II.

Alas! too soon I got a wife,
And proud of such a blessing,
The joy and business of my life
Was kissing and caressing :
'Twas "charmer, sweeting, duck, and love,"
And I, o'er head and ears in love,
Was Cupid's humble servant.

III.

But when the honey-moon was past,
Adieu to tender speeches;
Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and lost too fast,
I swore I'd wear the breeches :
I storm in vain—restraint she hates—
"Adieu," she cries, "the chariot waits;"
"My dear, your humble servant."

IV.

She's gone, poor girl! and in my cot,
With friend and bottle smiling,
(Not envious of a higher lot)
The tedious hours beguiling :
If Care peeps in I'm busy then,
I nod, desire he'd call again,
And am his humble servant.

V.

Since life's a jest, as wise one's say,
'Tis best employ'd in laughing ;
And come what frowning cares there may
My antidote is quaffing :

I'm ever jovial, gay, and free,
For this is my philosophy,
And so your humble servant.

Mrs. CARGILL.

Alas! sufficient is my pain
To love, and not be lov'd again ;
Too sure the blow has reach'd my heart,
Why should disdain increase the smart ?

Neglect's enough, I need no more ;
Love's fatal quiver, full of ills,
Has but one keener dart in store,
Disdain, the shaft that surely kills.

THE MATRON.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER LXXXVI.

The Manor.

FOR this fortnight last I have
been enjoying this delightful sea-
son at my son Grey's, where my grand-
daughter Mancel, and her little son,
with his amiable and worthy father
met me. Mr. Mancel's estate, as I
have said in a former Number, joins to
my son's, yet Sophia frequently spends
weeks with her father, who is never so
happy as when he has his child, his
children, I may say, with him, as he
is quite fond of the little Edward,
who improves hourly under the tender
care of his affectionate mother. But
I chiefly admire Sophia for the pro-
per attention which she ever pays to
her infant son, without giving herself
up to that flatteriness of her appear-
ance, that total neglect of person, by
which many young nurses distinguish
themselves, who, from their want of
delicacy, I might add decency, in the
tender performance of giving nourish-
ment to their offspring, disgust mar-
ried men sometimes to such a degree,
as to make them object to their wives
undertaking so necessary an employ-
ment ; by which means many a poor
child is put out to a brutal, careless,
mercenary woman, to be nursed a-
broad ; or committed to the care of
one at home not less exceptionable,
though she may, perhaps, just when
the mother is in her sight, assume an
appearance of tenderness and affection,
which

which it is impossible for any body except the real parent to feel. I have been acquainted with many women who thinking themselves privileged from being nurses, have appeared indecently loose in their dress, and shamefully dirty : who have, with a forbidding effrontery, exposed their bare bosoms to all their visitors, whether male or female, in a manner not to be endured. How different is Mrs. Mancel's behaviour upon similar occasions? She is not only always neat, she is also elegant in her dress: and from the appearance of her whole figure, in which delicacy is strongly marked, tho' her son is seldom out of her arms, and from the simplicity of her manners, might be as well taken for his sister as his mother.

Mrs. Mancel, sitting in the parlour, in the afternoon, a few days ago, was plaiting a cap for her little son, who lay smiling in her face. While she was thus maternally employed, a young country lady in a smart riding-habit, a hat with five bands, feather, &c. her near neighbour before she was married, was announced. The first compliments being over, "My dear Mrs. Mancel," said Miss Fallowfield, "I have galloped over to you this afternoon, to take leave of you."—"Whither are you going, my dear Lætitia," replied my grand-daughter! "Oh! to London, with all possible expedition: who would stay in the dull stupid country, when there are so many fine things to be seen in London? riots, ruins, camps, and what-not!"—"Why surely, Lætitia," said Mrs. Mancel, "you would not wish to see either riots or ruins; I should rather chuse to be very, very far distant from such scenes, than to be obliged to cast my eyes on objects which must fill every body who has any feeling with horror. As to camps, I should imagine that they may be seen to greater perfection in many parts of the country, than in or near London." "Oh yes!" replied she, "there are camps enough every where, to be sure, but I long to see those in Hyde-Park, St. James's-Park, and

the Museum-Gardens, where they say there is quite a camp in miniature."—"And therefore of the less utility, and I own I wonder how wars and battles, drums and trumpets can be pleasing to our sex."—"Why not, my dear? I am sure I love both wars and battles, and drums and trumpets, above all things in the world."—"That is rather an odd taste in a young lady.—I should sooner expect to hear you delighted with an agreeable party in a rural excursion; a dance, or even a puppet-show in a barn is sufficient to change the scene." "True," said Lætitia, "but I am not charmed with rural scenes; I have had a surfeit of the country; no place but London do I wish to see, no diversions but those which London affords."—"Yet certainly," replied Sophia, "the country, at this time of the year, must be more eligible."—"To people who think so, the country is undoubtedly agreeable, but I am not fond of still-life." "There is no want of activity in the country; you ride, you dance, you pursue the diversions of the chase in the proper season, and have also more opportunities of walking than there can be in a crowded city, which is salutary both to the body and the mind."—"I confess this sort of life does not give me any pleasure," said Miss Fallowfield, "I love a little more bustle, and would not settle in the country entirely upon what is called the most advantageous terms. I really wonder, my dear Mrs. Mancel, how you can be so quiet here." "Quiet, my dear? Should I not wish to be quiet? I shrink with horror at the bare idea of the devastation so lately exhibited in London; and must confess I have as little taste for the bustle of a camp. I would not quit my husband, my father, or my son for all the pleasures upon earth. if there could be supposed any equal to those which I now enjoy."—"I wish I was of your sober way of thinking, my dear; for to tell you the truth, tho' it appears a contradiction, I almost envy you for the enjoyment of those satisfactions which I have been ready to

to despise. You are a million times happier than I am, Sophia; would you could teach me to think as you do!" "I am afraid," said Mrs. Mancel, smiling, "there is no teaching people the way to be happy; nor is there that merit in me which you suppose me possessed of. I am naturally of a tranquil disposition, and had the great good fortune to be educated by the most sensible and best of grand-mothers and fathers, who kindly and gently led me on, day by day, pointing out, in the most judicious manner, what I ought to pursue, and what to shun, and strengthening the precepts which they inculcated by their own exemplary conduct.—In consequence of this mode of education, I became so charmed with what was right, that I had no wish nor desire to act wrong; I only wished eagerly to follow the paths before me; and as in our journey thro' life, we must expect now and then to be incommoded by thorns, I was not exempt from them; but I met with flowers enough in my passage to animate me, and to make me keep my attention fixed in the great point in view: and as I have been amply rewarded for my perseverance, have not the least inclination or inducement to alter my opinion or my conduct."

"Well," replied Miss Fallowfield, "I have often felt that flattering encouragement you mention to act right, till some new whim came into my heart, and drove me back from my first good resolutions; but I am charmed with seeing you so happy; and, as I find that by persevering in a right course I may stand a chance of enjoying the same felicity, I am determined to try; I will go home and tell my father that I have no longer any desire to go to London, or to ramble from him: to tell you the truth, he upbraided me for having such a desire, when I left him to come to you; but he shall have no more any reason to make such a complaint. I will wait on you now and then, Mrs. Mancel, if you please, and hear a Lecture on Happiness (which will be as good,

I dare say, as a Lecture on Heads;) and I am sure my good Mrs. Grey will give her kind assistance."

I told her smiling, "That as my grand-daughter from the time she became a mother, took so much pains to improve herself for the sake of her son, she was infinitely more capable, in my opinion, than myself, being a living pattern to most young females in her line of life."

Sophia thanked me with a graceful bow. Little Edward expressed his satisfaction, with a cry of joy, and Miss Fallowfield said she should make her father quite happy, by returning to him in a state of mind entirely new, and with manners totally changed, in consequence of his amiable friend's very kind and instructive conversation.

Thus has Sophia happily made one convert in a short interview: but what shall we do with Emily, the thoughtless Emily? She is gone to Eastbourn with Charles and Mrs. Staples, without Mr. Dawson.—I am very much afraid that all the waters in the kingdom will be insufficient to wash away the follies of this heedless creature, carried away by the stream of fashion, with such impetuosity, that I sincerely wish and pray, that it may not plunge her into distresses beyond the reach of extrication.

(To be continued.)

The G O V E R N E S S.

(Continued from Page 362.)

MR. Classic was then going to quit the room with me; he could not, however, leave it, he said, till he had thanked her for her pun: meaning the word *figure* which she had mentioned a little before.

"A pun!" replied she with much warmth. "Pun! Surely, Mr. Classic, you could not have heard me right; or must have egregiously mistaken me. I guilty of making puns! The very lowest of the people, the most illiterate and ignorant of human beings only

only think of distinguishing themselves by making puns. No, no, I soar at high games, I assure you; a punster! I should expire at the bare idea of such an appellation. But pray Mr. Classic, remove yourself out of my sight, that you may not utter any more vulgarisms; you will actually corrupt Miss Haywood, who appears to be a tolerably decent and diffident young woman, whom I shall, therefore, keep near me, as she will be of the greatest service to me; that is, Mr. Classic, I say, if you do not spoil her."—She then dismissed us, and as I found the lady would not give herself the trouble of governing her family, I consulted the gentleman, and Miss Livia; but the latter was so soon sent for by her mother, that it was not in her power to say much to me upon so important a subject. Mr. Classic, at my earnest request, named two or three things, and desired me to fill the table agreeably to my own taste, as he was sure, he flatteringly told me, of its being elegant. He then ordered the lady's maid into the room, and told her to clean and prepare the apartment just over Mrs. Classic's for my reception: then he desired my permission to send for my cloaths, and took his leave, telling me that he would step out, and endeavour to procure a set of regular servants.

When the room was ready, according to the maid's account of it, I went up, and found it, though dirty and ill furnished, much better than my garret: it was much more convenient, having a large, light dressing closet, and some drawers.

While I was putting on a change of linen, in order to make a decent appearance at dinner, the servants came up, directed, they told me, by their master, to receive my commands. Soon afterwards Miss Classic came in running.

"Lord, Miss Hayward," said she, "how nicely you are dressed! How smart you look! I profess I am a downright flatterer compared with you: but my mother keeps me so closely to her books, that I can never get time to

put on the cloaths my father allows me. Only see how my hair hangs about my ears, while yours is nicely combed and curled. But my mother says that it is contemptible to spend any time in dress; she takes care indeed that I shall not have any leisure hours to throw away, as she calls it, upon my person; and so I look like nobody. Now, if my father and you would but stand heartily by me, I would take courage, and tell her, that I would not always be poring over heavy, dull authors, but dress, and visit, and receive company, and do as other people do."

I replied, "that I thought every young lady should endeavour to pay the first attention to the improvement of her mind, but that it was necessary for her to be perfectly acquainted with domestic affairs;" adding, "that I hoped Mrs. Classic would be persuaded to give her a little more time to attend to the outward embellishment of her person; which might be easily accomplished, by rising early, regulating her hours, and setting each apart for its respective employment."

"My mother keeps me up so late, indeed," replied she, "at night, that I am quite dead asleep in the morning, and so have no power to stir. Besides, I have very frequently something to copy or translate, by the time my mother rises, which quite fatigues me; do, therefore, my dear good Miss Hayward, speak to her; I am sure my father will say as you say, for he likes you of all things."—I told her I would not only speak to Mrs. Classic upon that subject, but put her in a way to dress herself with more expedition, and make a cap or two for her, if she approved of it. "Oh lack, will you?" replied she, giving a jump for joy: "that will be kind indeed—do, pray, Miss Hayward, make them just like your own, which is very handsome."—I then gave her a few instructions relating to her hair, and assisted her in putting it in order, and by so doing, made her quite fond of me.—She plainly shewed, indeed, that she was a good natured girl; but by hav-

ing been closely confined to studies of the more abstruse kinds in literature, which neither suited her genius nor her taste, she had been totally deprived of general improvements and embellishments proper for her sex; and had not acquired the intellectual ornaments of the literary kind, with which her mother thought nobody, except herself, could furnish her: Mrs. Classic certainly imagined that no woman could make her daughter acquainted with every branch of erudition so well as herself.

The young lady was soon called to attend her mother, and as there were no books but in Mrs. Classic's library, I looked about the house by way of filling up my time till dinner. In the corner of a passage that led to the parlour, I found an old harpsichord, the discovery of which gave me much pleasure.—Not having had an opportunity to practise, for a long time, and finding myself rather indisposed, I sat down to try to put it in tune; I succeeded beyond my expectation.—While I was playing a concerto of my favourite Handel's, which I perfectly recollected, without the notes, I was surprised by Mr. Classic, who appeared to be greatly pleased with my performance, and declared himself charmed with having so fine an opportunity of giving his daughter a taste for the delightful science of music. I cannot, indeed, say, that I should have been at all sorry to improve myself, by instructing another, and therefore told him, that I would most willingly teach Miss Classic, if he thought me qualified; as I had been employed in that capacity before.

In reply, he made many compliments, telling me, at the same time, that I should see some servants the next day, that I might chuse those whom I most approved of to wait on me, and to conduct the business of the family under my direction. Soon afterwards, I, at his request, played him another lesson: we were then told that dinner was on the table.

When this intelligence was communicated to Mrs. Classic, she ordered

the dinner to wait; and it *did* wait near an hour; during which some of the dishes were carried back to the kitchen fire, and others placed on lamps and chafing-dishes, to be kept hot till the lady made her appearance, which made Mr. Classic very uneasy, though I could see he strove to conceal his vexation. When she came she made a slight apology to me, and then desired me to do the honours of the table, seated me on her right hand, and ordered a servant to lay a volume relating to the *Entertainments of the Ancients* on her left, telling me, between every third or fourth mouthful, that as she could find time, she would read me an account of the manner in which the Romans treated their guests, to which she thought it was incumbent on me to attend, as the narrative might be of the greatest service to me, having entirely committed the care of her table (and every other care, indeed) to me, which gave her no small satisfaction, as she should now attach herself totally to her literary pursuits.

“Well, but my dear,” said Mr. Classic, interrupting her—

(To be continued.)

Account of the new Comedy called THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS, performed, for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre, on Saturday, August 5.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Glenmore,	—	Mr. Bensley.
Woodville,	—	Mr. Palmer.
Harcourt,	—	{ Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Governor Harcourt,		
Grey,	— —	Mr. Aickin.
Vane,	—	Mr. Lamash.
Jacob,	— —	Mr. Edwin.
Cecilia,	—	Miss Farren.
Miss Mortimer,	—	Mrs. Cuyler.
Warner,	— —	Mrs. Love.
Bridget,	—	Mrs. Wilton.

THIS comedy is the first dramatic production of Miss Lee, eldest daughter of Mr. Lee the comedian, to whom

whom the stage has been obliged for alterations of Wycherly's *Country Wife*, and Vanburgh's *Relapse*, both of which comedies, being from peculiar circumstances rendered unpalatable to the modern taste, were curtailed by Mr. Lee, and modelled into the shape of after-pieces, and in that size were well received at the two theatres of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

The first idea of the *Chapter of Accidents* is obviously taken from Sir Richard Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, which was no less obviously founded on the *Andrian* of Terence; but in the main incident, in the managing her plot, and colouring her characters, Miss Lee has amplified considerably on Terence and Steele, and by exhibiting a close copy of nature in different situations, has given her comedy an air of originality.

The chief circumstances of the fable are these:—Lord Glenmore, in consequence of a promise to the father of Miss Mortimer, on his death-bed, that he would protect and provide for his orphan daughter, proposes her as a match for his son Woodville, who has seduced Cecilia, the supposed daughter of old Grey, a Welch parson, and brought her up to town, where he maintains her in the utmost elegance and splendor. Cecilia, who is one of the most beautiful of her sex, possesses a mind replete with noble and virtuous sentiments, and spends a life of unceasing sorrow, in consequence of the error, which, from excess of love for Woodville, she has committed. Woodville is equally enamoured of his mistress, and nothing but the strong impulse of his duty for his father, and his unwillingness to disoblige him in the smallest instance, restrain him from marrying her. Miss Mortimer, an accomplished young lady, resides in the house of Lord Glenmore, by whom she has been brought up; but, though not blind to Woodville's good qualities, she has felt a stronger passion for Harcourt, the cousin of Woodville, to whom she has privately given her hand in marriage.

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Matters are in this situation, when the play begins; the first scene of which gives us to understand, that Lord Glenmore's family are just arrived in town for the winter, and that Governor Harcourt, the brother-in-law of his lordship, has for some short time occupied Lord Glenmore's house, being just returned from the East-Indies, where he has amassed a princely fortune.

On the meeting of the relations, the Governor exclaims against Lord Glenmore's idea of marrying his son to Miss Mortimer, and informs his lordship, that he has himself a daughter, whom, for fear she should be spoilt by a fashionable education, he had carried down to Wales as soon as her mother died, and, without discovering who, or what he was, had left her in the care of an old Welch parson and his wife, the former remarkable for his religion and morality, and the latter for her good housewifery and good sense; but for fear the old couple should suspect that his daughter was the wife of some great man, and not educate her humbly enough, he had never paid them more than the first year's agreement, and had stationed a trusty friend near their residence, to watch over their conduct, and prevent them from being distressed, by administering occasional assistance. That this friend had from time to time sent him intelligence respecting his daughter, especially that the old folks, thinking her abandoned by her parents, had reared her as their own, and, as such, she had won the admiration and love of the whole country.

For this daughter the Governor declares he has toiled so hard, and that now he was come to reward some honest young fellow, who should prove himself worthy to be her husband; he had hoped that his nephew Woodville would have been the happy rogue, but if his lordship persisted in his ridiculous project of marrying his son to Miss Mortimer, there was an end to his expectation, though, perhaps, his lordship might not be aware that Woodville had no violent inclination

to the match, since he already kept a mistress in great stile, and report said, he was going to be married to her.

Lord Glenmore, startled, and greatly shocked at this news, breaks off the conversation, in order to consider of some means of preventing the disgrace which he imagines his son is about to bring upon his family.

Woodville and Harcourt meet in the garden, and, after a short colloquy, in which the former declares his insuperable attachment to Cecilia, they part, the former to visit his mistress, and the latter to attempt, at least, to break off the connection, and rescue his cousin from an union with a woman whom he conceives to be at once abandoned and infamous!

Cecilia and Woodville, in their interview, discover great sensibility and mutual tenderness; but the former declaring she cannot bear her situation, and that she resolves on voluntary poverty, and continual repentance, as the only atonement for her error left to her choice, Woodville offers her his hand immediately, which she, from the noblest motives, refuses, solemnly abjuring it till she can receive it with the consent of both their parents, assuring him, at the same time, that she prizes his happiness much above her own.

Soon after Woodville has left her, Harcourt introduces himself, and, tho' he is greatly awed with the beauty of Cecilia, and the easy elegance of her manners, presents her with a letter, which he pretends to bring from a friend, and in which she is informed that Woodville is on the eve of marriage with another, and an offer is made her of a large settlement, provided she will quit her present connection. Cecilia, shocked to death at the insult, sinks upon a sofa, and, after a flood of tears, prepares to leave the room, and the messenger of the letter, but not before she has expressed a proper contempt for both; Harcourt stops her just as she is about to quit the apartment, and after confessing the real object of his visit, explains the motives which induced him to make it: Cecilia, thereupon, acquaints him with

her resolution to quit all farther connection with Woodville, but laments that she knows not where to fly. Harcourt offers her an asylum with his wife, informing her, at the same time, of his marriage with Miss Mortimer. Cecilia gratefully acknowledges the goodness of Providence, and gladly accepts of Harcourt's offer, who leaves her to prepare his wife for her reception.

In the mean time Lord Glenmore has given directions to Vane, his gentleman, to dog Woodville, in order to discover the place of his mistress's residence, which the latter by that means finds out, and having disguised himself in a rustic habit, meets with Jacob (Cecilia's servant), whom he instantly recognizes to be a townsman and old school-fellow of his, in Somersetshire. From Jacob, who is a mere country simpleton, he learns all the information that his master can wish for, concerning Cecilia; and upon receiving it, his lordship determines to seize her person, and secure her till his son is married. In order the better to execute this scheme, he has borrowed the governor's retinue of black servants, and prevailed upon his brother-in-law to accompany him upon the project.

While his lordship is gone out to give some necessary directions, Grey, the Welch parson, enters, and we soon learn from him that he is almost distracted at the loss of his adopted child, in search of whom he is come to town, and that he has traced her seducer to Lord Glenmore's house. The unexpected sight of the Governor dismays and alarms him, because he naturally dreads an interview with the father of his ward: on the contrary, the moment old Harcourt sees the parson, he falls a capering, and breaks out into a rhapsody of joy and satisfaction, imagining that Grey has heard of his arrival, and brought his child to town to deliver her to him.

His rapture is so great, that he will not allow the poor parson to speak a syllable for a considerable time, but pours out an immensity of words, all expressive of the tumult of joy which over-

overwhelms him. At length Grey finds an opportunity to tell his melancholy story; on hearing which the Governor is as violently angry as he had before been violently pleased. He abuses Grey in the grossest manner for his negligence, and swears his daughter shall never enter his doors, nor have a shilling of his money, declaring that he would rather expend the whole in building an hospital for idiots, tho' he should, like Swift, be the first patient in it himself. The honest clergyman immediately replies, that if the Governor has determined to forget his duty, and shut his doors against his own child, he shall think it *his* duty to receive her back again under his humble roof, whenever he can find her.— Having uttered this, the Welchman hastily quits the house in search of his lost ward.

Miss Mortimer, after an explanation with her husband on the subject, having agreed to receive Cecilia, brings her into Lord Glenmore's, when it so happens that his lordship is in the very apartment they enter. Shocked at the rencontre, Cecilia faints, and while his lordship is busy in recovering her, he is struck with her wondrous beauty and great personal charms. As soon as she is retired with Miss Mortimer, his lordship prepares to execute his project of seizing on his son's mistress.

The scene then changes to Cecilia's house, where Woodville enters, expecting to find her at home. After going through the apartments, and not meeting with her, he observes her cloaths upon a chair, and immediately conjectures she is gone off, but knows not how to account for such a circumstance. From Bridget he hears that a strange gentleman had visited her in the morning, and from Jacob he learns, that during his absence in the country, two men had frequently been with her, but after a most whimsical scene, it appears that these were no other than her music-master and globe-master.

In the midst of his distress, Grey enters, and conceives all that Woodville says of her elopement is a mere trick to cover his own concealment of

her; but while he is running through the house in search of her, Woodville finds a letter upon her toilet, which he shews to Grey. In the letter Cecilia thanks him for his generosity, tells him he will find all his valuable presents to her in her drawer, and, after an affectionate wish for his happiness, bids him farewell for ever.

When they are gone, Bridget, who has, in pretty strong terms, offered her person to Woodville, imputing her bad success to want of finery, determines to dress herself in her mistress's cloaths, hoping that with their assistance she shall succeed better. She has scarcely finished attiring herself, before Lord Glenmore and the Governor enter.— She receives them with an awkward civility, and, after a short conversation, in which her vulgarity and ignorance are so conspicuous, that she greatly disgusts his lordship, and almost irritates the Governor to strike her, they order her to be seized: before she is borne off, Jacob enters, but from her finery does not at first know Bridget; at length, however, on her promise of having him, he acknowledges her, and declares who she is, but this serves more to confirm the noble lord and his brother in their belief of Bridget's first assertion, that she was the mistress of the house, than to convince them of their mistake; she is therefore carried away by them, and Jacob in her company.

The rest of the play is chiefly taken up with unravelling the plot, and producing the denouement. Lord Glenmore is so struck with the accomplishments of Cecilia, that, exasperated to the last degree at his son's conduct, he makes serious addresses to her, addresses which afflict Cecilia the more, because they serve to remind her that she has lost all claim to the situation she might otherwise possess with her beloved Woodville.

Bridget is confined in a garret at Lord Glenmore's on bread and water, where Vane visits her, and imagining that she is the Governor's daughter (a circumstance he had got at the knowledge of by listening to the conversa-

tion between Grey and the Governor) proposes to give her liberty, on condition of her instantly marrying him, a proposition which she accepts with the most heart-felt satisfaction, declaring that she "little expected her being locked up would end so comically and so agreeably."

The Governor cannot get rid of his paternal affection, though he is unable at the same time to restrain his vexation and disappointment on finding his supposed daughter so ignorant as Bridget had shewn herself, but proposes her to Woodville, who contemptuously rejects the offer; at length, after an angry argument between Lord Glenmore and his son, on the score of his refusing to marry Miss Mortimer, the former orders Bridget to be brought in, and reproaches Woodville on his stooping to entertain such a base-minded mistress.

Woodville assures his father, that the person before him never was his mistress; and Vane declares that she is now his wife, which throws the governor into a violent rage. Just at this crisis, Lord Glenmore assures his son, that since he won't marry to please him, he is determined to marry again himself, and produces Cecilia as his intended. The sight of her throws Woodville into astonishment, and no sooner have they embraced and acknowledged their passion, than Lord Glenmore gives his son his consent to marry her, declaring that if her charms had so much power over him as to induce him to think of a second marriage, their influence must necessarily have operated still more strongly on his son, and plead sufficiently in excuse for his conduct.

Cecilia acknowledges his Lordship's goodness, but reminds Woodville of her vow; at this instant Grey, enters, followed by the Governor; the sight of Cecilia fills the old man's eyes with tears of rapture, and their mutual embrace, convincing the Governor who she is, he instantly recognizes her as his child, and gives her to Woodville.

Miss Mortimer then confesses her union with Harcourt, Vane is discarded for his breach of Lord Glenmore's confidence, and the piece concludes with some moral observations on the goodness of Providence and the power of nature, the Governor confessing the absurdity of those parents, who think by any system of education, they can give the human heart a direction or bias, which it feels not from natural impulse.

This comedy has a great share of merit, and, upon the whole, is one of the most promising first dramatic productions we remember to have seen represented.

Throughout the play, Miss Lee has shewn strong talents for exciting the opposite passions of pity and pleasure. Her pathetic scenes are extremely interesting, and very delicately conducted, while on the other hand her comic situations and characters are happily and humorously conceived and coloured; add to which, (and which is indeed a much more valuable circumstance in point of credit) both the one and the other are so perfectly in nature, that our tears and our laughter are irresistibly provoked by turns.

The Prologue to this play is the production of Mr. Colman, and tho' not so brilliant as some preceding ones of the same gentleman's writing, is founded on just observation, and well adapted to the occasion.

It sets out with observing upon the hard fate of Dramatic authors, whose fame may be marred by the application of a single word, provided that word be the most fashionable technical expression of the critics; thus (says the prologue) when Fielding's strong humour graced the stage, the cry was, all his comic scenes were *low*; and so of late days every moral play has been censured, because forsooth the criticks chose to pronounce it *sentimental*; after some hard words on these same critics, the prologue proceeds to inform the house that the author of the night, though a female, has

has dared, in defiance of such danger, to make up her comedy from what may perhaps be deemed both *sentimental* and *low*; but as she exhibits nothing but simple nature, without even hazarding one temporary allusion, or one stroke of personal satire, she cheerfully submits her serio-comic play to the candour and justice of an English audience.

The comedy was got up with great care and attention, and was, upon the whole, well acted; in most of its characters excellently, particularly in those of Cecilia, Bridget, and Jacob.

Miss Farren never looked nor played one half so well, as she did in Cecilia. Her manners and deportment were uniformly those of an accomplished female, and she wore her face of tears, so delicately and naturally, that it is but truth to say, her scenes became additionally interesting from her powerful manner of representing them, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the theatre, while she was speaking.

Mrs. Wilson also was extremely happy in Bridget; no comic actress could have given the humour more forcibly.

Mr. Edwin's performance of the character of Jacob, was one of the most chaste, and laughable pieces of acting we ever witnessed. He spoke the dialogue with the accent used by the rustics about Bath and the northern parts of Somersetshire, with a degree of ease and correctness, that were astonishing. As the town had been given to understand that Mr. Edwin's merit lay solely in the exhibition of burlesque and *outré* characters, the *naïveté* of his performance of Saturday evening, must have surprized the audience, as much as it evidently pleased them. It has convinced us, that great as our opinion of his abilities has heretofore been, it has not been equal to his merit as a general actor.

Mr. Palmer played the part of Woodville with strong feeling. Mr. Palmer has very great merit as a comedian, repeated proofs of which he has exhibited on the Haymarket stage this summer.

Mr. Bensley, in Lord Glenmore, exhibited all the ease and good sense of a nobleman of breeding and understanding; and Mr. Aickin's Grey was a manly, warm, and correct picture of a worthy Pastor, situated as Grey is described to be.

Mr. Wilson entered into the spirit of the Governor's character very fully, and supported it throughout with great success. Mr. Lamash's Vane, was far from a bad exhibition.

We cannot close this article without observing, that the grand circumstance on which the plot of the *Chapter of Accidents* hinges, is original to the stage, and such as could not have been ventured upon or managed to the least advantage by any other than a *writer of peculiar delicacy and singular acrobatics*. Miss Lee has succeeded in the execution of this very difficult task even beyond our praise.

A serious EXHORTATION to learn to WHISTLE.

I Have often lamented the great distresses that many hopeful young gentlemen at present seem to be in, for want of knowing what to do with themselves, or how to get rid of that time which hangs so heavy on their hands. To see so many distressed mortals loitering about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and from tavern to tavern; weary of themselves, tiresome to all about them, and useless to the world, is really, to a good-natured man, a very melancholy sight. Read they cannot, and to think is a still more difficult task; unable, therefore, to be one moment alone, they run into any sort of company that is nearest at hand; when, talking without sense, and laughing without wit, they soon become the jest and scorn of all their acquaintance. In this deplorable age, despised by the men, nay, laughed at even by the women, the bottle is their only resource; with this they solace themselves as much as they can; and generally succeed so well, as in a little time to become the most whimsical,

cal, important, foolish, jolly fellows in the world.

If these gallant spirits do not think themselves too wise and happy to need advice, or to wish for a change in this condition, it would surely be worth while to consider whether some easy accomplishment, suited to their talents and capacities, might not be found out, the learning and practice of which might seem to render them supportable to themselves, when so miserable to be alone; and not altogether unsupportable to those, who are so happy as to fall into their company.

I can think of nothing that is so likely to answer both their purposes, as their learning to *whistle*. It is at once an attainment perfectly suited to their genius, equal to their abilities, and in all likelihood, superior to any of their other accomplishments. I would therefore advise these untutored gentlemen to apply themselves without delay to the making at least one acquisition, that may raise them towards a level with something in the animal creation. If they could but whistle well, they might converse with a black-bird, or a thrush, almost upon an equality; which is an advantage they seldom enjoy in human conversations, unless the subject happen to be a horse, or a laced coat. Besides, their endeavouring to attain an accomplishment that may serve as an innocent amusement, in the midst of a world where so many pernicious ones abound, will at once be an instance of their singular virtue, and in the most easy and natural manner supply the great want they seem to labour under, the want of thought.

Whistling may not be deemed, perhaps, a becoming accomplishment in the fair sex; yet if Citronia, who so often repairs to her private closet to pay her devotions to the true spirit which warms the bosoms of so many fair votaries; if Citronia, I say, could but take a firm and pious resolution to whistle with great fervency from the time of her going in, till she was

fairly out again, she would certainly find, if not so much *spiritual* comfort, at least a salutary tendency from it, not only to the restoration of her health, but what is of infinitely more value to a fine lady, to the preservation of her beauty.

How happy had it been for young Hazard, if instead of attempting, what he was by no means equal to, the knowledge of gaming, he had applied himself to the attainment of this amusing science; he might then, with a merry heart, have whistled for his diversion; he may now, in the bitterness of his soul, go whistle for his estate.

If some of those strange creatures too, who call themselves poets, were wise enough to apply their talents to whistling, they might fairly pretend to some sort of harmony; but they are now not only destitute of that, but of every thing else which might atone for the want of it.

The description of Cymon, in that beautiful tale of Mr. Dryden's, has always been allowed to be a natural and agreeable picture. There seems to be something so innocent and undesigning in the man, that one is assured he must be possessed of a good and honest heart; and cannot help conceiving an affection for him, merely from seeing him walk, and hearing him whistle:

“ He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,

“ And *whistled* as he went for want of thought.

How harmless is his employment! how inoffensive his behaviour! I would fain see any of our vain pretty fellows make so respectable a figure, as this honest vacant clown; but want of sense in these gentlemen commonly leads them into a thousand impertinencies; and instead of learning to *whistle* (the only thing they are fit for) they are frequently making ridiculous pretences to taste, learning, and politics. There is not a coffee-house in London but what will furnish us with melancholy instances of this strange

strange misapplication of talents. How many lawyers, how many divines are there, who, if the bar and the pulpit were theatres for whistling, might indeed have made a figure, but are now mere cyphers! Nay, I am afraid even some of our senators may have so mistaken their parts, as to have attempted to be speakers, when nature intended them only for *whistlers*.

I would therefore advise, (and surely it is much to be wished) in order to prevent such fatal mistakes for the future, that a *Whistling Academy* may be founded for the use of such young gentlemen as shall be judged properly qualified, where, (after they have passed their university studies with applause, and made the tour of Europe as usual) they may finish their education, in a manner suitable to their high birth and expectations, and to the great care and expence their friends generally bestow upon it.

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Continued from Page 377.)

LETTER XIII.

Miss WILLIS to Miss ELIZA WILLIS.

Percy-Place.

"I Am engaged at present in rather a disagreeable affair." "What is that," says Eliza? "Why, my dear, it is a blind one, no greater nor lesser than Love, who often governs kings, and lower degrees of people." Now I see you lift up your pretty eyes, and exclaim, "Bless me, has Harriot then so soon forgot Mr. Selwin!" "No, indeed child, you may satisfy yourself on that head. But come, I keep you in suspense; and as you are a daughter of Eve, as well as your affectionate sister here, will gratify that curiosity which I know you feel. You may remember Sir William and Lady Harcourt were invited here last week; and on the day they came, I had dressed myself sooner than usual, and went down to the drawing-room, and seated myself with my knotting facing a window that has a view of a beauti-

ful Gothic temple, at the end of a grass-walk in the garden. I had not sat long before I saw Mr. Gordon go into it with a number of flowers in his hand, and seemed to be tying them up in a bouquet, which having done, he walked towards the house, and came into the room where I was, presented me with them, and seating himself on the Sopha beside me, said: "Miss Willis, I have a great favor to beg of you; will you grant it?" "What, in return for these flowers (placing them in my breast knot); I suppose, according to the old saying, "One good turn deserves another."—"But if I tell you, Madam, will you promise to grant it," said he, smiling.—"I do not know; besides, I never promise unless I am able to perform, which, perhaps may be the case with your's." "Come, do be serious, Harriet," said he.—"Lud, pray for what? Well, to oblige you I will;" screwing myself up into as formal a posture as I could. "Teazing creature!" said he, laughing; "how can you be so provoking?" "Well, but what is it you have to ask me? If I can do it I will."—"Why then solve me this question: is Miss Wallis in love?"—"A very pretty question, truly!" said I, laughing: "and how came you to think I should know?"—"Because you have so many opportunities of conversing with her, and she might have told you the happy man to whom her heart was engaged." "Now may I be so bold as to ask why you want to be satisfied in that particular?"—"For this reason; I am in love with her, but will not declare my passion till I know whether her heart is engaged."—"Indeed I cannot tell you," said I.—"Ah! but I know you can (at the same time taking my hand): do pray tell me."—"Hush! I hear some one coming!" for I really thought I did.—"Not till you promise to tell me," said he.—"Well, I will if you will leave me now."—"But why not now?"—"Because I cannot, at present."—"Promise, then, to do it to-morrow."

Just as I was going to answer him, Mrs. Percy and Miss Wallis came in, and

and put an end to a conversation that began to be very distressing to me. I cannot think what the matter was with the latter: she hardly spoke one word to me the whole day, and was very stiff indeed, for what reason I cannot conceive: she and I were always great friends. Something is not right. I will know what it is too before I leave this place. Adieu.

HARRIET WILLIS.

(To be continued.)

NOTES relating to the DRAMA and the STAGE.

By several Hands.

I.

“IF a comedy,” says Voltaire, in the preface to his *Prodigal Son*, “should be the representation of manners, this play deserves that name. — It contains that mixture of gravity and mirth, that succession of ridiculous and pathetic events, with which the life of man is variegated. Even the same accident is sometimes productive of all these contrasts. How many families may we observe, in which the father scolds, the love-sick daughter weeps, and the son turns both into ridicule, while the other relations variously partake of the same scene! — What is laughed at in one apartment, draws tears from the company in the next. The same company has often laughed and cried at the same thing in the space of a quarter of an hour.

II.

Horace, among the rules in his art of poetry, particularly forbids such deaths as are unnatural to be represented on the stage.

But let not such upon the stage be brought,
Which better should behind the scenes be wrought;

Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold
What may with grace and elegance be told.

FRANCIS.

The French theatre has exactly copied these rules. The error of the English

has been owing to a more barbarous and more savage taste, which, as it has ceased in the nation, should now disappear upon the stage.

III.

Tragedy, that lesser epic poem, is one of those arduous undertakings in which few have excelled. In England, the subject is frequently too much exalted, and the scenes are often laid too high: we deal almost solely in the fate of kings and princes, as if misfortunes were chiefly peculiar to the great. But our poets might consider that we feel not so intensely the sorrows of the higher powers, as we feel the miseries of those who are nearer upon a level with ourselves. The revolution and fall of empires affect us less than the distresses of a private family. Whatever may have been chosen for the subject of tragedy, the English theatre has made itself too long remarkable for covering the stage with dead bodies, and exhibiting all the horrors of murders and executions.

IV.

In the *Orphan*, although a private scene of domestic distress is finely represented, Monimia and Polydore ought to have died: life was no longer to be enjoyed by them with the least degree of happiness. But why must Castalio perish? Or why must he be guilty of fratricide? — He was sufficiently unfortunate before, and ought to have lived to comfort the old Acasto. Exaggerated distress leaves a melancholy impression upon the mind, and seldom excites those fine transient emotions that spring from compassion and generous humanity.

V.

The authors of tragedy ought to be thoroughly versed in the rules of the theatrical drama, and to be well acquainted with the powers of the actors, especially of such upon whom the principal parts are to devolve. Many of our English authors have been remarkably deficient in this particular. The length of the speeches, and the continual torrent of passion from the begin-

VI.

VII.

VOL. XL.

MANKIND, in general, use the same sophistry with regard to the use of medicine, as they do with respect to their search after truth. The science which enlightens, and the physic that cures, are, doubtless, very useful; but the pretended science that misleads, and the physic that kills, are certainly destructive. Could we teach

our vain curiosity not to thirst after information, we should never be the dupes of falsehood; could we be content to bear the maladies to which nature denies a cure, we should never die by the hands of physicians. Self-defence, in these two instances, is prudent: men would be evidently gainers by such abstinence and submission.

It is, however, the present mode to take physic, and perhaps it should be so. It is a pretty amusement for idle people who have nothing to do, and who, not knowing how to bestow their time otherwise, throw it away in self-preservation. Were they so unfortunate as to be immortal, they would be the most miserable of human beings. A life which they would not be under the continual apprehensions of losing, would be of no value to them. Physicians pay their court to such persons by frightening them, and affording daily the only pleasure of which they are susceptible—that of hearing they are in danger, and yet not quite dead.

ROUSSEAU.

An ESSAY on the EXPEDIENCY of making DIVORCES more easy and general.

AS the wisdom of our legislature has thought proper, for good ends, to make the road to matrimony full of difficulties and discouragements, it is to be hoped that they will complete the work of reformation, by making the way from it so easy and passable that men of all ranks and conditions may equally have the benefit of travelling to and from Hymen's metropolis.

The same reasons which induced them to raise lawful impediments against marriage, must certainly incline them to remove the legal objections against divorce; for, at present, a man who passes that way from the land of matrimony, must go through two of the dearest turnpikes in all Christendom, the bars of the house of L — s and C — — s.

The expence of travelling to and from this road, bear no proportion whatever. A frugal and vigorous man may reach the utmost limits of the Hymenean territories for one guinea; but no mortal can find his way back again under five hundred.

But to be serious.—As all laws should be framed for the benefit and convenience of society in general, and not for the ease and advantage of particular ranks and orders of men, it seems difficult to conceive, why the means of divorce should be withheld from the far greatest part, and from that part too which is most likely to stand in need of it.

Wherever the law provides a remedy against any grievance or inconvenience, the means of redress should be open to the peasant as well as to the peer.—What can be more grievous and inconvenient than the close connection with a yoke-mate who draws a different way from you, whose infidelity fills every hour of your life with bitterness and anguish?

It is true, divorces ought not to be allowed on slight occasions; and, indeed, on such occasions they are not admissible: but in cases of absolute adultery, the means of obtaining them should be made cheap and easy, that all injured parties might avail themselves of the remedy which the law has provided.

While the matter rests on the present establishment, this unequal provision is, of itself, a most powerful dissuasive against matrimony; for where is the man in his senses, who would run his head into a noose, when he knows, that he has not got money enough in his pocket to get it untied, should it prove likely to throttle him?

Yet this is the true state of the case with ninety nine out of an hundred; to speak within the limits of moderation. A poor man, should his wife be as liberal of her favour as the “wind that kisses all it meets,” is, nevertheless, indissolubly chained to the faithless wanton, and perhaps destined to nourish a spurious breed by the sweat of his brow.

One in low circumstances can even purchase an ecclesiastical separation, a separation from bed and board. All his hope of redress is the chance of recovering damages against the adulterer, which are seldom large enough to pay the ecclesiastical fees for an imperfect divorce; and we have not yet heard of a man's being released from an incontinent wife in *forma pauperis*.—They have no pity for a pauper in Doctors-Commons.

The injured husband, therefore, remains shackled to his wife, though she is proved a notorious adulteress in open court. Not being in circumstances to obtain the benefit of the law, he is left to indulge the full scope of private revenge, which often ends in the destruction of one or the other.

With respect to a perfect divorce, or an absolute dissolution of the chain of matrimony, it is beyond the attainment of people even of moderate fortunes. They who can afford it, may, indeed, in cases of notorious adultery, obtain such a divorce by an act of parliament, which generally allows the injured party to marry again.

But what a hardship is this?—I have had the misfortune to marry a wanton, who, like a faithless Dalilah, has strayed into the paths of impudicity—must I, therefore, who am innocent be punished for her deviations from Love and Honour? Must I, for her criminality, be deprived of the solace and delight of female conversation, and be doomed ever after to lead a restless life of continence, or else live in, what the divines call, a state of sin?—Yes, all these severe hardships must I endure. And why? Because I have not five hundred pounds in my pocket.

Shame on such unequal laws! When legal remedies are rendered so expensive, that few are in a situation to obtain relief, it is virtually the same as if one code of laws were made for the rich, and another for the poor.

We applaud the wisdom and policy of the Grecian and Roman institutions! What a pity is it that we do not follow their examples on this occasion! Among them, so far as the law

was concerned, a separation was as cheaply and easily obtained as an union: and yet there were more Penelopes and Persias among them than among our modern married fair ones.

Every body knows the story of the Spartan, who being asked by a stranger, "What was the punishment for adulterers?" replied, "We are not acquainted with such a crime at Sparta." "But suppose," (said the stranger again) such a crime was actually committed, what would be the penalty?" "The adulterer," answered he, "must give to the injured husband a bull, with a neck long enough to reach over the mountain Taygatus, so that he may drink of the river Eurotas on the other side."—"It is impossible," said the stranger, smiling, "to find such a bull." "It is just as possible," replied Garadas, "to find an adulterer among us."

Among the Romans also adultery was, for a long time, unknown; six hundred years had rolled away, before any man detached himself from his wife, for her conjugal delinquency: and repudiation was then thought so extraordinary a thing, that the name of him who had recourse to it, is preserved in history to this day*.

The marriage contract, however, was not so awful a solemnity with them, as it is with us: adulteries are so frequent, indeed, in this island, that cuckoldom may almost be considered as a branch spreading from the root of matrimony. What would the virtuous Greeks and Romans have thought of our modern wives, who, after having taken a solemn vow of constancy, before God, at the altar, will freely admit the addresses of a licentious lover, with as much confidence, with as little compunction, as if they concluded that the same key which locks the door upon their husbands, was made to secure them from the all-searching eye of Omnipotence.

* Corvilius Spurius.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of
SQUARES, Page 378.

1. Hanover. 2. Grosvenor. 3. Soho. 4. St. James's. 5. Bloombury. 6. Portman. 7. Golden. 8. Cavendish. 9. Queen.

HENRIETTA C—P—R.

* * * *Elizabeth Bond* makes No. 9. *Berkeley*. *Fribole* makes it *King*. *B. Car*— makes No. 4. *St. John*, and agrees with *Fribole* in No. 9. *Eliza*, Doctors-Commons, agrees with *Henrietta C—*. *S. T—mb—y*, *T. B—ll—n*, *E. Aiton*, *W. Bullock*, of Walsingham-school, *Miss Ann Mills*, of Mrs. Harris's school, Uxbridge, and several others, agree likewise with *Henrietta C—r*.

Enigmatical List of YOUNG LADIES
of BILLERICAY, ESSEX.

1. A famous town in Suffex.
2. The reverse of old, the first and last letters of one of the muses, and the noblest work of God.
3. Half of a large town in Surrey.
4. A term expressing love, and a consonant.
5. Half a fresh water fish, and three eighths of a title of honour.
6. A consonant, and the produce of South Carolina.
7. Three fifths of a saint, and two thirds of the name of a famous doctor.
8. The first letter of the name of a famous American general, three fourths of part of a gentleman's dress, and a consonant.
9. Half of what the Bible is full of, and a town in Norfolk.
10. Half the name of a general officer, and a division in an hospital.
11. A mode used to express approbation, and an excellent dish.
12. Five ninths of a town in Kent.
13. A pleasant month, and what is generally purchased at auctions, leaving out a letter.
14. Two thirds of what we all do, and half of a task.

Enigmatical List of TOWNS in WAR-
WICKSHIRE.

1. A market in London, and two thirds of a grain.
2. Three fifths of a tree, four sevenths of any thing mixed, and part of a swine.
3. Three fourths of the reverse to wild, and a term for merit.
4. A point of the wind, and half the conclusion of a prayer.
5. A female conventicle, what we do to live, and a weight.
6. A being dry, changing a letter, and a single number.
7. A direct path, leaving out a letter, and a shallow place in a river.
8. Three fourths of the reverse to warm, two fifths of a populous country, and an eminence.
9. A measure for land, a serpentine letter, and five ninths of any thing of no value.
10. What the nation is involved in, and part of a candle.
11. A coverlid, and to purchase, leaving out a letter.
12. A fowl, and half a well-known grain.

MIRA.

Enigmatical List of YOUNG LADIES
in WHITECHAPEL.

1. An interjection, three fourths of a measure, and a weight.
2. A numerical, and reverence, expunging a letter.
3. The initial of a man's name, part of the body, and two fifths of the produce of the Indies reversed.
4. To walk, a fowl, and a serpentine.
5. A consonant, an animal, one fifth of what a monarch wears, and the reverse to soft.
6. A measure, a vowel, and a male relation.
7. A bony substance, and the organ of sight, omitting a letter.

C— G—.

POETI.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

The PASSING-BELL.

I.

COME, honest sexton, take thy spade,
 And let my grave be quickly made;
 Thou still art ready for the dead,
 Like a kind host, to make my bed:
 I now am come to be thy guest,
 Let me in some dark lodging rest,
 For I am weary, full of pain,
 And of my pilgrimage complain:
 On heav'n's decree I waiting lie,
 And all my wishes are to die.
 Hark! I hear my passing-bell!
 Farewel, my loving friends! farewel!

II.

Make my cold bed, good sexton, deep,
 That my poor bones may safely sleep,
 Until that sad and joyful day,
 When from above a voice shall say,
 "Wake all ye dead, lift up your eyes,
 "The great Creator bids you rise."
 Then do I hope, among the just,
 To shake off this polluted dust,
 And with new robes of glory drest,
 To have access among the blest.
 Hark! I hear my passing-bell!
 Farewel, my loving friends! farewel!

PHOENIX.

Written after losing some agreeable Company
 from a delightful Recess in Derbyshire.

"*Nil Pol jam istæ res mihi voluptatis ferunt.*"

TER. HEC.

AH! where is all the magic flown
 That late presided o'er the plain?
 Ah! where is smiling Pleasure gone?
 Where leads she now her jocund train?
 Those joys that late incessant flow'd
 Adown the stream, or tripp'd the green;
 Or in the social converse glow'd,
 Enliv'ning still the varying scene;
 The drooping sense now seeks, alas! in vain,
 No more they cheer this once delightful
 plain!

Too boldly boast not then thy pow'r,
 Aerial genius of the grove,
 Nor vain pretend from ev'ry hour
 To ward the pang of care or love;

Nor yet presume that ev'ry muse
 Shall H-bb-ts * tuneful tribute pay,
 Or wider far thy fame diffuse,
 Or sacrifice to thee the lay;
 As his applausive in each nervous line,
 No—his was pleasure—disappointment mine.

Hence then the pleasing forms that play
 With Fancy in her brighter mode;
 Come, Discontent, rule thou my lay,
 And *Matlock* prove a drear abode.
 Tho' others still her charms revere,
 And hail her source of health and glee,
 Yet will I sing "no beauty's there,"
 For there no beauties are for me:
 Yet will I blatt—but hark! what sudden sound
 Swells on the breeze from yonder mystic
 mound?

"Presumptuous youth! dar'st thou pretend,
 With feeble efforts, thus to stain
 Those charms pure taste shall e'er commend,
 Or mock the wonders of my plain?
 Rears not that rock its awful height
 With wonted grandeur to the sky?
 Strains not the neighb'ring hills thy sight,
 Their lofty beauties to defy?
 Does Darwent's crystal stream less lucid glide?
 Or breathes less fragrance on its flow'ry side?"

"Do the mild glories of the morn
 Less genial o'er these mountains gleam?
 Do gems less bright the meads adorn,
 As dew drops sip the orient beam?
 Or when at eve the western ray,
 Oliquely streams with liquid gold?
 Do not th'illumin'd scenes display
 As deep their shades, their lights as bold?
 See mighty Tor † in burnish'd brightness
 blaze! [plays!
 While on the stream a soft light lambent

"The foliage on that sloping steep
 Hangs rich in verdure's vivid hue,
 And waving o'er the glassy deep,
 The liquid landscape gives to view:

* A gentleman who had formerly celebrated
 the beauties of the place in some elegant and
 truly poetical stanzas.

† This Saxon term for hill or mountain is
 still retained in Derbyshire: thus the most re-
 markable rocky eminence in the neighbour-
 hood of *Matlock* is called *Matlock big Tor*.

The bird-cage walk, th'embow'ring shade,
To love and contemplation dear,
The murmur'ing rill, the hoarse cascade,
Still all their wonted beauties wear:
As wild the warblings from the hills rebound.
As mildly whisp'ring-Echo fills the sound.

"Seek'st thou fair Health?—Lo! where she
stands!

The cherub-glories round her beam!
An urn inclining with her hands,
She pours my soft salubrious stream;
That stream by Nature's bounty giv'n,
By Nature's chymic art prepar'd,
From thee might claim the praise to heav'n,
For thou its pow'r benign hast shar'd:
Less lurid seems Consumption's pallid hue,
And roses bud where sickly lilies grew.

"Then mangre truth, or moral right,
Wilt thou extend black falsehood's theme?
In discontent and sullen spite
Wilt thou still all my charms misdeem?
I see (no longer gay thy soul)
Those charms, indeed, are lost on thee;
My joys by thee unnotic'd roll,
But this depends not sure on me!
Ungrateful youth! of change seek juster cause
In thine own mind, not mine, or Nature's
laws."

Th'etherial form that fix'd my wond'ring eye
Diffus'd, dissolves in yon cyanid ray!
The soft sounds cease; and o'er the azure sky
A darkling veil proclaims the close of day!
But still Conviction's full irradiant light
Beams on my mind, and tells me all was *right*!

PROLOGUE to the BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

Spoken by Mr. EDWIN.

[*Speaks Without.*]

MAKE way—make way, good folks!
I must appear
Nay, let me pass—You won't—why then—
I'm here.

[*Enter.*
Pray welcome me, I've had a *squeezing* bout;
You'd bless your eyes, could they but see our
rout;

We've all the company behind the scenes,
Up from their train-bearers to tragic queens;
There's Harlequin, and Punch, and Banquo's
ghost,

And all the soldiers—Richmond's conqu'ring
host;

And Richard's troop—nay, honest Bayes's
Must all this night perform a grand review.

Then all are angry—touring discontent
Sits on each brow—when thus they gave it
vent.

[*Enter.*
There, there's a part! just two lines and a
And mine, cry'd one, is rather worse than
better;

I'm three times double—twice I'm deaf and
dumb, [my thumb;
Nod, smile, bow round, look grave—or bite
The third—a miracle! like Bacon's head
Utters three words--and these three words are
lead.

You grumble! said a third, then I should
rave;

A part like mine, no author ever gave:
A Lord I'm titled; and, to speak out plain,
Few on these boards could half so well sustain
The grace and proper action of a peer,
The ease, the loll, the shrug, the careless sneer.
But tho' our author thinks in wise debate,
In senate seated, on affairs of state
I might hold forth—yet in her cursed play,
The deuce a word am I allow'd to say;
Or rather coop'd, like other folks we know,
Between two barren adverbs—*Aye*, and *No*.
'Tis thus we're serv'd, when faucy women
write;

Grant me, ye gods, no more to see the night,
When lady-writers croud our Covent stage!—
Yet *other* gods assist my mighty rage!

Another cries, Why, friend, some folks
are out;

About a comedy make all this rout!
A pantomime indeed, 'twere sense and rea-
son;

[a season.
They bring the chink, boys—they'll run thro'
A comedy may yawn its nine nights thro',
And then to moral troubles bid adieu!
Secure upon its shelf supinely lie,
Remov'd from ev'ry thought, and ev'ry eye,
No, no, a fifth man cry'd, the press suc-
ceeds,

'Tis then we know its merits and its deeds:
Actors are thank'd for having done so well,
And told how *monstrously* they all excel;
The town is thank'd for having shewn its
taste,

In clapping, bravoing—

[*Prompter without.*—“pray, Sir, make
haste!

“A long spun prologue is'nt worth a pin.”
D'ye think so, Mr. Wild? then I'll go in:
Yet here permit me, each succeeding day,
To *d—n* this author—but oh! *save* her play.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss YOUNG.

NAY, cease. and hear me! I am come to
teold!

[so old?
—Whence this night's plaudits to a thought
To gain a lover hid behind a mask!

Ha, ha,—What's new in that, or where the
mighty task?

For instance, now—what Lady Bab or Grace,
E'er won a lover in her *natural* face?

Mistake me not—French red, or blanch'ing
creams,

I stoop not to, for these are hackney'd
themes;

The

The arts I mean are harder to detect,
Easier put on, and worn to more effect.

As thus——
Do Pride and Envy, with their horrid lines,
Destroy th' effect of Nature's sweet designs?
——The mask of *softness* is at once apply'd,
And gentle manners ornament the bridle.

Do thoughts too free inform the vestal's
eye? [sigh?

Or point the glance, or warm the struggling
——Not Dian's brow more rigid' looks dis-
close, [glows.

And Virtue's blush appears where passion
[To the fit.]

And you, my gentle Sirs, wear vizors too;
But here I'll strip ye, and expose to view
Your hidden features——First, I point at you.
That well stuff'd waistcoat, and that ruddy
cheek,

That ample forehead, and that chin so sleek,
Point out good nature, and a generous heart.
——Tyant! stand forth, and conscious own
thy part;

Thy wife, thy children, tremble in thy eye,
And peace is banish'd, when the father's sigh.
You there—deck'd forth in wig so snug and
brown,

Who'd take you for the veriest rake in town?
In *Farringdon-Witbin*, your warehouse stands,
'Tis here you fill your purse, and—rub your
hands. [you cry,

Your chapmen gone—"Come hither Dick,"
"And to the counter cast a careful eye.

"On business I am going—rot the man,
"To give me all this plague! but no one can
"In trade arise without great care and trou-
ble; [ble."

"Remember this, or you'll be made a bub-
Then steal into a hack, and leave the city,
To be a bubble—to your smirking Kitty.

Sure 'tis enchantment! see from ev'ry side
Your masks fall off—in charity I hide
The monstrous features rushing on my view;—
Fear not there, grand-papa—nor you—nor you!
For should I shew your faces to each other,
Not one among'st ye'd know his friend or
brother. [to age.

'Tis plain, then, all the world, from youth
Appar in masks—here only, on the stage.
You see us as we are—here trust your eyes,
Our wish to please admits of no disguise.

PROLOGUE

To the CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

LONG has the passive stage, howe'er ab-
surd,
Been rul'd by names, and govern'd by a word,
Some poor cant term, like magic spells can awe,
And bind our realms like a dramatic law.
When Fielding, Humor's fav'rite child, ap-
pear'd,
Love was the word—a word each author fear'd!

'Till chac'd at length, by pleasantry's
bright ray
Nature and mirth resum'd their legal sway;
And Goldsmith's genius bask'd in open
day.

No beggar, howe'er poor, a cur can lack;
Poor bards, of critic curs, can keep a pack,
One yelper silenc'd, twenty barkers rise,
And with new bowls, their snailings still dis-
guise.

Low banish'd, the word *sentiment* succeeds;
And at that shrine the modern playwright
bleeds.

Hard fate! but let each wou'd-be critic know,
That *sentiments* from genuine *feelings* flow!
Critics! in vain decia'm, and write, and rail;
Nature, eternal nature! will prevail.
Give me the bard, who makes me laugh and
cry; [why!

Diverts and moves, and all, I scarce know
Untaught by commentators, French or Dutch,
Passion still answers to th' electric touch.
Reason, like Falstaff, claims, when all is done,
The honours of the field already won.

To-night, our author's is a mixt intent—
Passion and humor—low and sentiment:
Smiling in tears—a serio-comic play—
Sunshine and show'r—a kind of April-Day!

A lord, whose pride is in his honour plac'd;
A governor, with av'rice not disgrac'd;
An humble priest! a lady, and a lover
So full of virtue, *some of it runs over*.
No temporary touches, no allusions
To camps, reviews, and all our late confu-
sions;

No personal reflections, no sharp satire,
But a mere Chapter—from the book of nature.
Wrote by a woman too! the Muses now
Few liberties to naughty men allow;
But like old maids on earth, resolv'd to vex,
With cruel coyness treat the other sex.

DAMON. AN ELEGY.

SCARCE yet adorn'd with verdure were
the plains, [trains;
Few were the birds, yet sung their am'rous
No flowers were there as yet to grace the mead,
Save here and there a snow-drop rais'd its
head:

Sol's milder beams on earth benignly play'd;
The budding trees gave promise of a shade:
Zephyrus' gentler gales awhile had blown,
When love-sick Damon left the noisy town
With air dejected, pace sedately slow,
He sought to hide in solitude his woe:
His hair dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flow'd:
His pallid cheeks his soul's dire anguish show'd:
Disturb'd he seem'd—his brow, oppress'd with
care,

Commanded pity, for it spoke despair;
The big round tear oft trembled in his eye;
Oft from his bosom burst a plaintive sigh:

Pensive he stray'd, scarce knowing where he
 he went, [content.
 Then starting, groan'd, and breath'd his dis-
 " Ah me! returning spring no pleasure
 gives ;

No peace my bosom knows, or joy receives :
 Enslav'd by love—in vain it is I court
 The lonesome path, or to the field's resort.
 In vain, with care, I shun the prying eye,
 Or haunt the grove—myself I cannot fly.
 Nor crowded hall, nor lone retreat can please,
 Love enters each, and I'm my own disease ;
 An abject wretch, unhappy and forlorn,
 Remote afar from man my fate I mourn,
 Nor gladsome morn, nor placid eve e'er cheers
 The day in sighs, I waste the night in tears.
 Luckless the day, when at our blithsome town,
 Pride of her sex, the lovely Delia shone !
 Delia, endow'd with ev'ry pleasing art,
 By Nature form'd too—to subdue each heart ;
 Gentle her soul—afar from pride remov'd,
 Who saw her, wish'd to know ; who knew her,
 lov'd.

By all admir'd—yet luckless, I pronounce
 That day—the happiest of my life, thought
 once,

When on my arm across the mead she hung,
 Whilst softest accents warbled from her tongue,
 Love smil'd on her cheek, and sparkled in her
 eye,

And ev'ry act did happiness imply.
 But, ah! she's gone, to distant plains re-
 mov'd,

Her vows forgot—by other swains belov'd :
 Whilst I, unpitied, thro' the desert stray,
 And seek for night, amidst the glare of day.
 Yet, can't the night soliciude remove ;
 For night and day alike both irksome prove.

NEWARK NOTTO.

AN ENIGMA.

WHEN dreary winter is remov'd away,
 And Sol refulgent darts his genial ray,
 Where various beauties charm the gazing sight,
 I claim a place your notice to invite.

No grov'ling elf, I lift my head on high,
 And dwell midst shades of Nature's richest dye ;
 I wound th'assailant oft with keenest smart,
 When rudely I'm commanded to depart
 From a retreat where odorif'rous gales
 Salute the sense—but ah! what then avails
 My pomp of show, my gaudiest array ?
 Perhaps neglected, thrown with scorn away.
 Not always so—I favours oft receive,
 And honours, which to tell you'll scarce be-
 lieve :

The fair Belinda, whom no trifles sway,
 Has deign'd to let me pass with her the day ;
 What would her Damon give to have the art
 To gain a place so near Belinda's heart !
 Perhaps, ye fair, you'll next my colour seek,
 'Twill vie with Nature's paint upon your cheek,
 Or with the white which on your arm has
 place,

Or with the ring which doth your finger grace.

A pale and meagre, but a pow'rful foe,
 In ancient times, th'historic pages show,
 Could ne'er with me agree, and to this day
 He seeks with force of arms to gain the sway.
 Oh! may his proud, ambitious projects fail,
 And ne'er molest our peaceful, happy vale!

Dunmow.

CLARA.

Answer to the Enigmatical Description of a NOBLE EDIFICE, Page 158.

SAY, Henrietta, answer now,
 Is not St. Paul's the noble pile ;
 Methinks I see your cloudless brow
 Assent with a bewitching smile

HARMONIA.

Answer to the REBUS, Page 272.

WHEN joy dilates the raptur'd breast,
 Soft, sprightly music pleases best ;
 But when serious calls invite,
 Then solemn sounds alone delight,
 In each extreme our praise excite.

HARMONIA.

Answer to the RIDDLE by TROCLUON, Page 328.

IN ancient Rome two temples were erected,
 Thro' Virtue they to Honour were directed,
 And may we who fair Albion's isle gave breath
 Support with Honour Virtue 'till our death !
 May Honour be our great and chiefest care,
 'Tis it that makes us guardians of the fair !
 'Tis for it heroes strove and fought with pain,
 And did enraptur'd to its bliss attain :
 And may each worthy British youth contend
 'Gainst all base ways, and Honour make their
 friend!

Then will each rising day with pleasure roll,
 Whilst Honour triumphs in the gen'rous soul.

STREPHON.

A Recal to the Genius of A. B—P S—D, Gent.

TELL me, special, where thy muse ?
 If for distant climes she's fled ?
 Why neglect a fair to chuse,
 Or thy fav'rites merit spread ?

Why refuse this work to grace
 With the offspring of the Nine ?
 Want you subject for the farce ?
 Has some friend oppress'd your rhyme ?

If the fair you wou'd oblige,
 Let this riddle serve to prove,
 Favour August's Magazine,
 And the subject be it love.

ANNA L—C—.

FQ.

The W A T E R - C R E S S G I R L.

The Words by Mr. WALWYN, Jun. set to Music by Mr. HUDSON.

Sym.
The cherub Peace sat on her brow,

S.
Her locks are all in which she dresses;

S.
Sweet Innocence, peeping, keeps below,

Faster.
Whilst she cries—Buy my water-creffes.

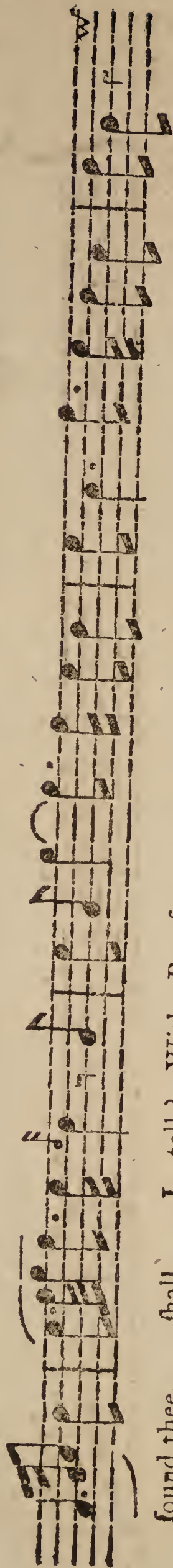
II.
The cherub Peace sat on her brow,
Her locks are all in which she dresses;
Sweet Innocence, peeping, keeps below,
Whilst she cries—Buy my water-creffes.
III.
Buy my, &c. &c. &c.
Sol kifs'd her cheeks 'till they grew warm,
Embrown'd the rose-tint with his presses,
'Till I with envy, fury storm,
Whilst she cries—Buy my water-creffes.
Buy my, &c. &c. &c.

IV.
I drove away the saucy rogue,
Nor would indulge such fond excesses,
For I to kifs her was agog,
Tho' she cry'd—Buy my water-creffes.
V.
Buy my, &c. &c. &c.
Her lips like parting cherries seem,
Her kifs with colour, moisture blesses.
That happy lad of her esteem,
Tho' she cries—Buy my water-creffes.
Buy my, &c. &c. &c.

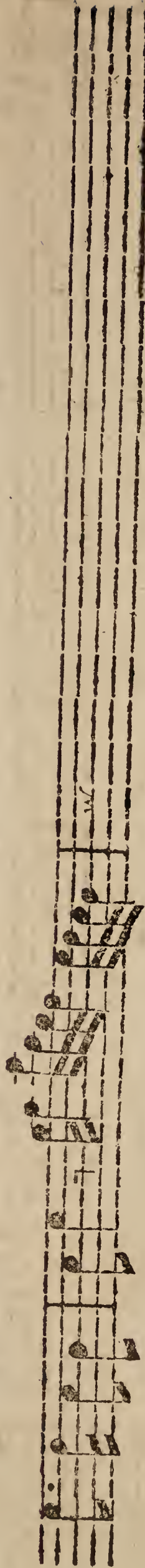
V E R S E VI.



O love-li-ness! where dost thou dwell? In ci—ty, court, or 'mid dif-tref-ses; No: I have



found thee, shall I tell? With Bet-sy, cry—ing wa-ter cref-ses, Buy my wa-ter, cref-ses,



Buy my wa-ter cref-ses. Sym.

F O R E I G N N E W S.

Copenhagen, July 4.

THE arrival of the Russian fleet, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, in our harbour, will soon be followed by the entrance of the Danish squadron. The *La Justice* is the last vessel remaining unequipped for this service; and that will be ready to-morrow, when Admiral Schindel will hoist his flag on board her. We shall have, after this ship is completed, eight sail of the line for the service, besides two 50 gun ships, and 6 frigates.

Vienna, July 6. We have accounts from Constantinople that that city is thrown into the greatest consternation by the plague breaking out again, inasmuch that 20,000 of the inhabitants have left that capital.

Madrid, July 11. The exchange of our prisoners of war for an equal number of British prisoners, continues to be made with great punctuality between the officers of the two nations; Mr. J. Blockham, one of the English captains who was among those prisoners that were addressed to the commissary of the court of London, at Lisbon, has written to the Comte de Fernan Nunnez, ambassador to his Catholic Majesty in Portugal, returning thanks both in his own name, and in those of the officers, and other individuals of his nation, who had been made prisoners at Lugo, in Galicia, for the humane and generous treatment they had received from the inhabitants of the town in general, and particularly for the singular benevolence which they experienced from that great and most worthy Christian (as Mr. Blockham expresses himself) the Bishop of Lugo: he repeats that the prelate caused cloaths to be distributed at his own private expence to all such prisoners of war as were in want of them; and he declares that they shall retain the most lively sense of his kindness to the end of their lives.

Warsaw, July 12. We have received accounts that salt mines have been found in that part of the Waiwode of Cracow belonging to the republic; and it has been resolved to work them, as this kingdom is now obliged to import that necessary article.

Vienna, July 15. A courier is just arrived from Petersburg, bringing accounts that the Empress of Russia has presented our monarch with a large man of war, and four frigates, all fully fitted out and furnished with every necessary. A present truly worthy the greatness of the reigning Czarina.

Modena, July 15. The Father Charles Jacinto Balicardi, Inquisitor of Reggio, being dead, the duke our sovereign has ordered the

suppression of that tribunal of the inquisition, and the revenues are adopted to other uses. The prisons and other buildings which might keep up any remembrance of that tribunal are to be pulled down.

Hague, July 16. We are informed that Lord Stormont, by order of the court of London, hath given the following answer to the different memorials presented some weeks past by the count de Welderen, envoy extraordinary from their High Mightinesses to his Britannic Majesty, in which that minister reclaims the stipulations of the treaty of 1674.

“That in answer to those memorials, and to all others which may be presented of the same nature, he, Lord Stormont, is obliged to observe, that the Count de Welderen reclaims what at present has no existence; that it would be superfluous to repeat what has passed on the subject; and that he should confine himself to reminding the court of the order which the king himself delivered in council on the 17th of April last, and which he had the honour to communicate to him in his ministerial capacity.”

Paris, July 17. In answer to the request of the court of Russia, and its declaration of the rules prescribed by the empress to be observed by her subjects in their trade, during the present war, our court has assured the Russian minister, that any ships of war of his nation that may enter any of the ports of this kingdom, shall be furnished with every thing they want. It is said that the Empress of Russia has engaged to furnish us with ship-building timber, which is not contraband any more than hemp, tar, and iron, when it is not carried to a besieged or blocked-up place. A fleet of ships laden with these articles are soon expected from Russia, under the convoy of six sail of the line.

Vienna, July 18. We hear that the late Duke of Lorrain and Bar has left the emperor his whole and sole universal legatee, with full liberty to dispose of all his effects as he pleases, after paying about 80,000 florins as pensions to some of the courtiers of his late Royal-Highness.

Paris, July 20. We have accounts from Sicily, that the damage done by the present irruption of Mount Vesuvius is computed at 200,000 livres, and it is feared much more damage will be done by it, as the lava continues its direction towards Palermo, from which place it is now only eight miles distant, through the most fertile, and best cultivated part of the country.

Paris, July 24. The court of Denmark has notified to our ministry, that on the 9th of this month a convention was signed at Copenhagen between that court and Russia, relative to armed neutrality.

Copenhagen, July 25. The Mars, a Danish man of war, Captain Lutkin, that sailed from hence for Bergen, in Norway, is arrived there, where she is to wait the arrival of a Russian frigate from Archangel, that has on board Ponce Anthony Ulrick, of Brunswick, and the prince's daughter. That prince and princess are to go on board the Mars, which will carry them to Albourg, in Jutland, from whence their Highnesses will go by land to Hofsas, the town destined for their residence. The Chamberlain, Polyart, and Madam Willich, are on board the Mars, to wait on their Highnesses.

Paris, July 27. The destination of Count D'Estaing is no longer a mystery; that vice-admiral set out from Paris the 15th, and arrived at Bourdeaux the 19th of this month, which place he left without being known: at seven posts from thence, on the road to Bayonne, his carriage broke down, and he was thrown against the front glass, which wounded his forehead pretty deeply, but he only staid to be blooded, and have his wound dressed, and then proceeded on his journey. It is in a manner certain that he will command the combined fleet.

Paris, July 30. The armed neutrality of the three Northern Powers is no longer equivocal; it is assured that M. le Prince Baratinofsky, the Russian ambassador, has notified to our ministry, that the first division of the squadron destined by his mistress for the armed neutrality, will come immediately into the French ports with a considerable convoy of vessels laden with all sorts of legal merchandize. What confirms this news is, that it is known M. de Sartine wrote, the 17th inst. to M. de Hector, commandant of the port of Brest, enjoining

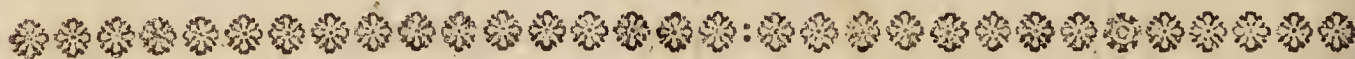
him "to treat the Russian vessels with all kind of respect, and to pay a regard to every thing they judge best for their advantage, and to expect they will do the same to him."

Hague, Aug. 2. They write from Copenhagen, that an edict of his Danish majesty is just issued, proclaiming liberty to all the subjects of that crown to trade on their account to the four quarters of the globe; and that in consequence of this some new commercial companies and societies are forming.

Paris, Aug. 5. From Marseilles we have information, that a dreadful fire had happened there amongst some of the shipping, which communicated to the store-houses belonging to the king's customs, four of the most principal of which were destroyed, with a great quantity of goods, &c. but the particulars are not given, tho' they say the damages are at 60 or 70 thousand pounds sterling, besides the buildings.

Cologne, Aug. 7. His Royal Highness the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, Grand Master of the Teutonic order, was this day unanimously elected Coadjutor of the Electorate and Archbishoprick of Cologne. After the election Te Deum was sung under the discharge of the cannon on the ramparts, and the rejoicing has been universal. This evening there will be grand illuminations and balls, and fountains of wine will be given to the people.

Paris, Aug. 12. It is said that the court of Lisbon has absolutely refused to accede to the armed neutrality, which was proposed to it by the Russian minister plenipotentiary. The King of Spain is so sensibly touched with this refusal, that he has declared to the Queen of Portugal, that if she continues to treat the English vessels with such particular distinction, and to permit their prizes to be sold in her ports, he shall regard her as a declared enemy, and march a body of troops towards her frontiers.



H O M E N E W S.

L O N D O N. *July 26.*

GENERAL Prevost, lately arrived in town from Georgia, was at Court for the first time since his arrival; he was introduced to his Majesty by the Lord in waiting, and graciously received.

Letters from Jamaica mention, that as soon as they heard that the Spaniards had joined the French at Guadaloupe, they immediately sent three ships of war down to Admiral Rodney's assistance.

28. The following ships from London are safe arrived at Madras, viz. the Granby, Capt. Johnson; the Halliwell, Capt.

Pierce; the Atlas, Capt. Cooper; the Fox, Capt. Blackburn; the Grafton, Capt. Bull; the Norfolk, Capt. Bonham; the True Briton, Capt. Timbell; the Earl of Oxford, Capt. White; and the Earl of Sandwich, Capt. Dean.

The Talbot, Capt. Hindman, from London, is safe arrived at Bengal.

Two men of war are ordered to be got ready to sail for Lisbon, to convoy the prizes lately taken and carried in there, safe to England.

The number of prizes that have been sent into the Tagus, at Lisbon, by his Majesty's ships

ships of war and privateers, since the first commencement of war against the French and Spaniards, to the 24th of last month, were 109 sail of vessels; some of them very valuable.

August 5. We hear from Charles-Town, that Colonel Hamilton, with the 71st, part of the 42d, and detachments from other regiments, to the amount of 2500 men, had penetrated into North Carolina, and that the Colonel had augmented his corps from about 200 to upwards of 1000 men in the space of a few days; that Captain William Hamilton had arrived at Charles-Town from the back country, for cloathing, &c. for 1000 men of Col. Hamilton's own raising; that Lord Cornwallis, with about 2500 men, &c. were upon the upper frontiers of North-Carolina; and that a garrison of 3000 men was left at Charles-Town.

The Stafford East-Indiaman was lost in the river of Bengal, the 2d of September last; all the passengers and crew were saved, except the chief mate and one man, but all the treasure is totally lost; Captain Hutchinson, the unfortunate commander, went in the Britannia for Madras and China, and from thence is expected to return to England.

On the 5th of November last, the Company's export warehouse at Calcutta was accidentally destroyed by fire.

Admiralty-office, August 2, 1780.

Copy of a letter from Capt. Garnier, of his Majesty's ship Scutthampton, to Mr. Stephens, dated off Portland, 28th of the last month.

"I beg leave to acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that in pursuance of a signal from Captain Cotton, of his Majesty's ship Buffalo, I this day chased and took the lugger *Compte de Maurepas*, of 12 guns and 80 men, commanded by Joseph Le Clok, who had been seven days from Cherbourg, and taken two prizes; some of our shot having gone through her under water, she has just sunk. I found on board of her Mr. Andrew Stewart, Surgeon's mate of the *Speedwell* tender, as a ranfomer."

The number of French West Indiamen that have fallen into our hands, as prizes, since the commencement of the dispute with France, according to the justest estimate, are calculated at 147 sail of ships: at a medium value of 20,000l. the total will be 3,840,000l. lost to the French in that trade only.

7. Advices from Surat inform us, that in Jan. last General Goddard moved from that neighbourhood, after being reinforced from Bombay by 400 Europeans and 2000 Seapoys, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel James Hantley, and very quickly appeared before Brocrah, where he concluded a treaty, supposed to be, that General Goddard should put Futter Sury in possession of the city of Amadabad, in lieu of the ceded and mortgaged territories made in the beginning of this war to

us, which were now imagined to be made over, *in perpetuo*, to the English. Accordingly Gen. Goddard marched to Amadabad, and on the 15th of February, at three in the morning, Colonel Harley's division was to make the attack, and that gentleman to conduct it, which he performed in so judicious a manner, that, notwithstanding the rash resistance of the Arab infantry, it was carried with very little loss on our side, though 2000 of the Arabs, and others, fell, and public thanks were given to the Colonel for his conduct. Major Spatch, with the rest of the troops, marched into town, but he unfortunately straying from his men, as he imagined matters were entirely over, was met by a few straggling Arabs, who attacked and wounded him so desperately, that he survived but a few days.

Matters being then adjusted at Amadabad, we hear that the General is marching towards Bassin with great expedition (having disencumbered his army of their heavy baggage at Cambay, to be from thence sent southward,) it is imagined to reduce this place according to Ragoobay's treaty, for the English to possess. That Mahajee Sindee, and Fookajee Holkar, were at the head of 30,000 Marattas in the neighbourhood of our army, nor, it is thought, to oppose, as it is scarce probable they can be so rash to imagine 8000 regulars, with 30 pieces of ordnance, are so easily to be defeated by a rabble; but it is conjectured their intent is to treat on a final adjustment for this war, finding we are so much superior to what we have formerly been in this part of the world, besides a reinforcement from Madras, now at this place, of 700 European infantry and artillery, to join General Goddard as he passes, and the hourly expectation of the arrival of two battalions of Sepoys from Pondicherry; so that if matters are not concluded perfectly satisfactory, we have, at last, force enough to oblige the ministers to relinquish their usurped government of this country, and put the same into those hands most entitled to it.

9. The last letters from Hanover mention, that the troops of the Electorate, which now consist of 30,000, including militia, are cantoned in different places on the frontiers of that Electorate.

10. Advice is received by the way of Holland, that Sir Edward Vernon, with a Squadron of men of war, had arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, and driven the French off from thence, and taken the Nassau and Southampton East-Indiamen, which were blocked up, to convoy them part of the way to England, and then return to his station again.

St. James's, Aug. 10. The following address of the Liverymen, Freemen, and others, inhabitants of the city of London, was presented last Wednesday to his Majesty by Thomas Wellings, Gabriel Leeky, Thomas Moore, Thomas Browne, William Gill, Thomas Isherwood, William Watlington, George Friend, John Clements, Robert Sowerby, William

William White, and John Jones, Esquires, being introduced by the Lord of his Majesty's Bed-chamber in waiting: which address his Majesty was pleased to receive very graciously; and they had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand.

To the KING's Most Excellent MAJESTY.

"Most gracious Sovereign,

"We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, Liverymen, Freemen, and others, inhabitants of the city of London, whose names are hereunto subscribed, with sentiments full of duty and affection to your Majesty's person and family, humbly beg leave to express our most grateful thanks for that protection, which, by the wisdom, vigilance, and activity of your Majesty in council, was so seasonably given us, at a time when our lives, property, and every thing dear to us, were in such imminent danger; from the violence of the most outrageous banditti that ever existed.

"We are sensible, from your Majesty's tender and paternal regard for your people, that it has ever been your fixed determination to make the law of the land the rule of your government; and have the most lively sense of your Majesty's tenderness and compassion, which have been exercised with such temper and moderation in the execution of those laws, at a time when the heinousness of the offences which had been committed, might have justified the greatest rigour.

"Convinced of the blessings we enjoy under your Majesty's mild and auspicious government, we beg leave to assure your Majesty, that the strictest attention shall be paid by us to the laws of our country; and that we will exert ourselves, on every occasion, in guarding the peace of this city against future disturbances."

Admiralty-office, August 12, 1780.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Johnstone, dated on board his Majesty's ship Romney, in the Tugus, the 15th of July to Mr. Stephens.

His Majesty's ship Romney arrived here on the 8th of July, and brought in with her the Pearlé, a French King's frigate, of 18 guns and 138 men, commanded by Mons. Le Chevalier de Breignon.

The Romney had before sent here the Artois, another French frigate, of 40 guns and 460 men. The Artois was taken on the 1st of July off Cape Finesterre, after a sharp well conducted action of 45 minutes, which does honour both to Captain Home and the ship's company under his command. The Romney had two men wounded; the Artois had 20 killed and 40 wounded. The Pearlé was taken on the 6th, off Vigo, after a chase of five hours.

The Artois is by far the finest frigate I ever saw, carrying twenty-four 18 and 9 pounders: she is quite new, and bigger than the Romney in all her dimensions, and is furnished with su-

perabundance of all kind of stores. She was fitted out by the province of Artois, and supplied with officers and men by the King of France; and these were in the receipt of pay both from the King and the county of Artois. She was commanded by a respectable experienced officer in the King's navy, Mons. Le Fabre, who had retired to his estate, which is considerable; but upon being unanimously recommended by the county to this command, he had accepted of it, and now served without any pay or emolument whatsoever; so that the eyes of the public in France were very much turned upon the success of the ship, being upon a new construction, and a new kind of establishment which was calculated to induce the other counties to follow the example of Artois.

16. As Sir Edward Hughes arrived in India about Christmas last, we may reasonably expect news from that quarter very soon, it being now known for a certainty, by the last advices from thence, that the object of that Admiral's first enterprise was the reduction of Manila, for which purpose he was to be assisted by an army of 5000 Europeans, and 7000 Seapoys, under the command of General Sir Hector Munro.

The British naval force in the East-Indies, commanded by Vice Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, and Rear Admiral Sir Edward Vernon, consists of

The Superb of	74	Rippon	60
Exeter	64	Adrazon	44
Belle Isle	64	Sartine (French	
Eagle	64	prize)	32
Burford	64	Coventry	28
Asia	64	Sea Horse	20

Besides five of the Company's ships converted into frigates, carrying from 28 to 40 guns, which are stationed in India, and act under the Admiral's orders.

17. The following is a list of the Russian fleet arrived in the Texel and the Downs:

First Squadron in the Texel, the St. Sedair, Rear-Admiral Barretoff, Capt. Cavalier Gibbs, 74 guns, 670 men; Azai, Capt. Speridoff, 64 guns, 550 men; America, Capt. Cocuffoff, 64 guns, 550 men; Sloveroffoy, Capt. Boscaruff, 64 guns, 550 men; Twerdo, Capt. Sallmaruff, 64 guns, 550 men; Potriche, Capt. Dennison, 32 guns, 230 men; Semeone, Captain Golankin, 32 guns, 230 men.

Second Squadron, in the Downs, Panteleman, Cavalier Rear Admiral Keuze, Captain Cavalier Burke, senior Captain of the fleet 74 guns, 670 men; St. Nicoli, leading the van, Cavalier Robert Dugdale, 66 guns, 575 men; Alexander Neifs Key, Captain Boocaring, 64 guns, 550 men; Ingarmolandy, Capt. Poverleashing, 64 guns, 550 men; Blagapolucki, Captain Melnicuff, 64 guns, 550 men; Maria, Capt. Crusanuff, 32 guns, 240 men.

Third Squadron, arrived in the Texel, Iskalel, Commodore Cavalier Pleabian, Capt. Cavalier Huncuff, 74 guns, 670 men; Spiridon,

don, Capt. Addinsoff, 66 guns, 575 men; Prince Valadimer, Capt. Prince Shacoffey, 64 guns, 550 men; David, Capt. Fandison, 64 guns, 550 men; Derisi, Capt. Chevalier Thomas M'Kenzie, 64 guns, 550 men; Alexander Captain M'Keinnuff, 32 guns, 230 men.

Portsmouth, August 18. This morning arrived part of the fleet under Admiral Geary, viz. his Majesty's ships Victory, the Britannia, the Royal George, the Barfleur, the Duke, the Formidable, the Prince George, the Queen, the Namur, the Ocean, the Union, the Princess Amelia, the Alexander, the Alfred, the Bellona, the Courageux, the Cumberland, the Canada, the Defence, the Dublin, the Edgar, the Monarch, the Marlborough, the Valiant, the Inflexible, the Buffalo, the Diana the Alarm, the Jason and Lightning fire ships.

Also arrived the Comptre de Hallwiel from Cape François for Bourdeaux, laden with sugars, coffee, indigo, &c. valued at 20,000*l.* taken by the above fleet, and the Saurcelle, a French lugger privateer of Cherburgh, of eight carriage guns and eight swivels, and 37 men, taken last night by the Monarch man of war.

At the Court at St. James's, the 18th of August, 1780, present, The King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

His Majesty in Council was this day pleased to order, that the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Thursday, the 24th of this instant, August, should be further prorogued to Thursday, the 28th day of September next.

21. Captain Kearney, regulating captain at Corke, in a letter to Mr. Stephens, of the Admiralty, incloses one from the master of the Beresford cutter to the collector of that port, of which the following is a copy.

Castle Townshend, Aug. 13, 1780,

Two o'clock, P. M.

S I R,

"By express this morning, we acquainted you with an engagement off the harbour. on which we sent out a hooker, which has since returned, and find the fleet seen off to be that which sailed from Corke for America yesterday, all safe. The engagement was between his majesty's ship the Bienfaisant, and one of the frigates with her, and a French 74, which we have the pleasure to acquaint you is taken. They are now lying too, off this harbour, shifting the prisoners on board the different ships. The French ship had 600 men, one hundred of which were killed and wounded, and eleven killed and wounded in ours.— This is the account the officer that went out in the hooker brings us, but thinks it is the Comptre d'Artois, but is certain she is a 74; and he towed a boat with some of the prisoners. Another ship, a privateer, was in sight

with the Frenchman, but she is not now in sight.

(Signed) T. HUNGERFORD, Surveyor.
H. HEWITT, Master of the
Beresford Revenue Cutter.

To the Collector of Corke.

The Ambuscade was the frigate which is mentioned in the above dispatches.

Copy of a letter from Captain William Peer Williams, of his Majesty's ship Flora, to Mr. Stephens, dated Falmouth, the 15th of August, 1780.

S I R,

I beg you will communicate to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the following particulars, which I have the pleasure of transmitting to you from this port, where contrary winds have obliged me to put in.

On Thursday the 10th inst. at half past four in the afternoon, standing in under Ushant, in quest of the fleet, the wind at that time about E. N. E. we discovered through the haze a square rigged vessel and cutter under our lee, lying-to with their heads to the northward, distant from us about four miles; whereupon we made sail, beat to quarters, and edged towards them, which the ship perceiving, wore, hauled to the wind, backed her mizen top-sail, and waited our approach, the cutter working off and on. At ten minutes past five we got abreast of her, and, within two cables length, upon shewing our colours, received her fire, which we instantly returned, and continued briskly on both sides for about an hour, gradually nearing each other; when our wheel being shot away, our shrouds, back stays, and running rigging much cut, we dropped on board of her, and continued the engagement in that position about 15 minutes; the enemy then deserted their great guns, attempted to board us, but were instantly repulsed with loss. Our people boarded them in return, sword in hand struck their colours, and in a short time took possession of the ship, which proved to be a French frigate, called La Nymphe, commanded by the Chevalier Du Remain, who died the same evening of the wounds he received in the action. She is four years old, is copper-bottomed, mounts 32 guns, though pierced for 40, and her complement consisted of 291 men. She had been only four days out of Brest, and was employed upon reconnoitring service off that port.

Before I conclude my letter I beg leave to add, that my officers and people in general shewed the greatest coolness and intrepidity on this occasion, and indeed merit more encomiums than I can find words to express; their conduct will, I flatter myself, meet with their lordships approbation, and recommend them to their future favour.

I am, &c.

W. P. WILLIAMS.

Return

Return of Killed and Wounded on board the Flora.

Killed. Mr. Bisset, Midshipman 1. Seamen 6. Marines 2. Total killed 9.

Wounded. Mr. Creed, Master 1. Seamen 13. Marines 4. Total killed and wounded 27.

Seamen since dead 1. Marines 2.

N. B. The Flora mounted 36 guns, and had on board when the action began 259 men.

On board the La Nymphe. Killed. First Captain. second ditto, first Lieutenant 3. Other Officers, Seamen, and Marines, 60. Killed 63.

Wounded. The second Lieutenant, two Officers of Marines, two Volunteers, 5. Other Officers, Seamen, and Marines, 63. Total killed and wounded 131.

23. The following official letter was sent yesterday by Mr. Stephens, secretary of the Admiralty, to the master of Lloyd's Coffee-house :

(C O P Y .)

Admiralty-Office, August 22, 1780.

" Captain Moutray, of his majesty's ship the Ramilies, which sailed from Plymouth on the 29th of last month, with the trade bound for the East and West-Indies, has, in his letter of the 9th instant, acquainted my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that, on the night before, he unfortunately fell in with a fleet, which proved to be the combined fleets of France and Spain from Cadiz, in lat 36. 40. N. long. 15. W. from London; and that there is the greatest reason to apprehend that nearly the whole of the convoy were taken.

" The lieutenant of the Thetis, who brings this intelligence, relates, that the British Queen, and one other ship, name unknown, went in company with the Ramilies and Southampton, when the Thetis parted from them.

I am, Sir, &c.

P. STEPHENS."

Further Particulars of the above unfortunate Capture.

On the 28th of July the following ships sailed from Portsmouth, under convoy of the Buffalo and Inflexible, of 64 guns each; the Ramilies, of 74 guns; the Southampton and Thetis frigates, of 32 guns each, viz. Royal George, Foxall, for Madrais and Bengal; Mountstuart, Haldane, for ditto; Gatton, Bayter, for St. Helena and Bencoolen; Godfrey, Gruber, for Bombay; and Hillsborough, Collet, for Madrais and Bengal.

The following were bound for Jamaica, with 600 troops on board, part of the late regiment which was raised for that service, at the enormous bounty of 15l. a man; viz. Clarendon, Aldis; Ann Susanna, Carr; Morant, Carr; Vigilant, Cheeseman; Trelooney Planter, Herbert; British Queen;

Hodge; St. George's Planter, Peacock; John, Warden; Mars, Kentish; Betsey, Millar; Ellis, Holland; Fanny, Dayley; and Rodney, Steward.

The following were bound for the Leeward islands, viz. Royal Charlotte, Chrystall; Enterprize, Thompson; Peggy, Kingston; Dantwick, Jones; Baltimore, Gasby; Cohorn, Oliver; Kitty and Molly, M. Carter; Aurora, Mitchell; Molly, Mott; Mary Thomas; Houghton, an armed ship; Achilles, Bugs; Jenny, Robertson; Friendship, Brindley; Irvin galley, Sampson; Hercules, Wright; Catherine, Murdock; and Brilliant, Bayman; with 28 others bound to Maderia, New York, Carolina, and some store-ships for Admiral Rodney.

On the 4th of August, the Buffalo and Inflexible parted with them off Cape Finistere, all well. On the 7th of August, the combined fleets sailed from Cadiz, consisting in the whole of about 70 sail. On the 8th, late in the evening, seven sail of ships were seen, but not supposing them to be enemies, the commodore did not alter his course; but in the morning of the ninth, they found themselves in the midst of the combined fleets. The signal was immediately hoisted for the fleet to disperse, but they were so completely surrounded, and it being almost a calm, they were unable to extricate themselves. However, by dint of sailing, the Ramilies and two frigates escaped, together with the British Queen, Hodge, and a vessel called the Fanny.

Capt. Linzee, of the Thetis, who brought this intelligence, says, that he imagining the remainder of the fleet, consisting of upwards of sixty sail, must have been captured, as it appeared to him an impossibility for any of them to escape. This happened in lat. 36. 40. N. long. 15. W. The Southampton and Ramilies, with the two ships that escaped, are gone for Madra.

25. Yesterday some dispatches were received at the Plantation Office from the Governor of Jamaica, brought by the Granham packet boat arrived at Falmouth, after a passage of seven weeks. They contain principally the interesting intelligence of the late arrival of commodore Walsingham's squadron, which had joined the fleet under the command of Sir George Brydges Rodney, who were all left well on the 15th of July last — They further contain an account that the Spanish fleet, having separated from that of M. de Guichen, had sailed to their settlements to leeward, and were gone in different divisions to their settlements at Porto Rico, Hispaniola, and Cuba. The English squadron had made several valuable prizes.

26. Dispatches were sent from the Admiralty to Amiral Geary, at Portsmouth, for the grand fleet under his command to put to sea again with the first fair wind after they have received the fresh supply of stores which they stood in need of.

A M E R I C A.

New York, May 31. Admiral Rodney has so disposed his frigates, that no provisions can be brought into Martinique by sea. The merchants of St. Eustatius are not willing to run the hazard of incurring the penalty of his threat, which is, to make prize of all the Dutch vessels he shall meet within a league of any French island: by which conduct it is not doubted but the enemy will, in a short time, be so distressed for want of provisions, as to render the capture of them no matter of great difficulty. There are many of the inhabitants who wish to be relieved from their distresses and fears together.

New-York, June 22. A very considerable alteration, with regard to freedom of speech, is discoverable in the people in most parts of America. Those who, either from policy or from principles, were privately well-wishers to government, fear not now to declare their real sentiments. They foresee, or flatter themselves they foresee, the approaching downfall of Congress, and therefore think themselves secure in welcoming the cheerful prospect. This political change, however, is by no means universal: in the Massachusetts Colony, which is the most powerful in North America, the people are in general still strongly attached to Congress, or rather to what they stile "the cause," and set at defiance every effort of Great-Britain to reduce them to obedience.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Sir Mathew White Ridley, member for Newcastle, of a son.

The Duchess of Portland, of a son.

The Countess of Tankerville, of a daughter, at his lordship's house, in Portman square.

5. The Lady of Baron Fischer, of a son and heir, at his house in Scarborough.

M A R R I A G E S.

The Rev. Thomas Brookes, D. D. rector of Westcott, in the diocese of Gloucester, to Mrs. Adams, relict of James Adams, Esq; late of Swanbourn-place, in the county of Bucks.

The Rev. Dr. Ferris, dean of Battle, to Miss Dixon, of Cockermouth, in Cumberland.

Robert Harding, Esq; of Upcott, to Miss Dionysia Wrey, second daughter of Sir Bouchier Wrey, Bart.

Thomas Stanley Massey, Esq; of Puddington, in Cheshire, to Miss Salvin, daughter of William Salvin, Esq; of Croxdel, in the county of Durham.

The Hon. Thomas Fitzwilliam, of Woolstanton, in Staffordshire, son of the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, of Mount Merrion, in Ireland, to Miss Agnes Macclesfield, daughter and coheirs of the late — Macclesfield, Esq; of Cherterton in the said county.

The Rev. Sanford Harcastle, rector of Athill, in the county of York, to the dowager Countess of Mexborough.

John Bartlett, Esq; of Highgate, to Miss Alicia Owen, of Moorfields.

Thomas Heelis, Esq; of Appleby castle, in Westmoreland, to Miss Bird, of Carlisle.

July 27. Edward Knatchbull, Esq; son of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. of Merstham Hatch, in Kent, to Miss Mary Hugessen, second daughter and coheirs of the late William Western Hugessen, Esq; of Provender, in Kent.

Aug. 1. The Hon. William Ward to Miss Bosville, of Great Russell street, Bloomsbury.

George Armstrong, Esq; of Hill street, Berkeley square, to Miss Susannah Cooke, of Oxford street.

2. John Taylor, Esq; of Plaistow, in Essex, to Miss Capel, of the borough of Southwark.

5. The Rev. Mr. Law, at Mulgrave, in Westmoreland, to Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of Kirkby Stephen, Yorkshire.

6. William Newton, Esq; of Queen-street, Cheapside, to Miss Mary Clark, of Aldersgate-street.

7. The Rev. Mr. Law, Vicar of Brotherton, to Miss Lowe, of Ferrybridge.

13. — Hare, Esq; of Chancery lane, to Miss Jordan, of Butcher row, Temple bar.

14. Charles Claypole Smith, Esq; of Great Ormond street, to Miss Eliza Ann Smyth, of Great Portland street.

James Wood, Esq; of Cannon street, to Miss Wentworth, of Tower hill.

15. The Rev. Richard Gregory, Fellow of Jesus college, Cambridge, to Miss Tucker, of Falmouth.

17. Peter Chevalier, Esq; of Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, to Miss Maria Hotham, of Hatton-street.

Thomas Lord Grantham, to Lady Mary Grey, younger daughter to the Marchioness Grey and Earl of Hardwicke.

D E A T H S.

Edmund Veale Lane, Esq; at Bombay, in India.

Mrs. Spencer, wife to John Spencer, Esq; at the same place.

Joseph Deane, Esq; at Whitehaven, in Cumberland, and in the commission of the peace for the said county.

The Hon. Mrs. Page, relict of the late Thomas Page, Esq; and aunt to Lord Viscount Howe, at her seat at Buttlefden, in Bedfordshire.

Sir Philip Lawrence, Knt. near Abingdon, Berks.

His Royal Highness Charles Alexander, Duke of Lorraine and Bar, &c. Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, &c. and Governor and Captain-General of the Austrian Netherlands, at his seat at Tervueren, near Brussels.

Solomon Desbroches, Esq; at Upper Holloway, formerly a West-India merchant of this city.

Mrs. Anne Congreve, aged 61, a near relation of the late Mr. Congreve, the poet.

John Moreton, Esq; Chief Justice of Chester, Attorney-General to the Queen, Deputy High Steward to the University of Oxford, and member for Wigan, in Lancashire.

The Rev. Porter Bringlee, rector of Bratton, in Devonshire.

Ebenezer Charlton, Esq.

Alexander Vanhagen, Esq; in Albemarle-street

Duke French, Esq; at Camberwell.

William Harleag, Esq; formerly a West-India merchant.

Isaac Warrington, Esq; at Hampstead.

The Rev. Mr. Morgan, Vicar of Madley, in Herefordshire.

The Rev. Mr. Nicholas Howlet, Rector of Hinderwell, near Whitby, in Yorkshire.

Mrs. Saunders, wife of Dr. Saunders, and niece to the late Right Hon. Sir Charles Saunders, K. B. &c. at Clapham-common.

Sir Robert Waller, Bart. at Dublin, one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Revenue in Ireland.

Dr. Douglas, one of the Prebendaries of the cathedral of Durham.

Charles Bowles, Esq; of North Euston, in Oxfordshire.

Timothy Glyde, Esq; at his seat at Uley, in the county of Gloucester.

Capt. Rayner, of the Inflexible.

10. Miss Strode, of Lower Grosvenor-street, at Margate, in Kent.

11. Samuel Thomas Woodcock, Esq; at Stratford, in Essex.

The Rev. Hugh Thomas, D. D. Master of Christ College, Cambridge, and Dean of Ely.

13. The Hon. Mrs. Roper, at East Barnet, relict of the late Hon. Charles Roper, brother to the Lord Dacre, and the Right Hon. Lord Teynham.

16. Josselin Edmonstone, Esq; near Ipsom.

19. Her Serene Highness the Duchess of Courland.

28. The Lady of Beeston Long, Esq; in Bishopsgate-street.

Sylvanus Mordaunt, Esq; formerly a Merchant at Lisbon.

29. The Lady of the Right Hon. the Earl of Hillsborough, at his lordship's house in Hanover-square.

The Rev. Mr. Douglas, of Cavers, at his house at Durham.

31. The Rev. Mr. Bruce, of Knightsbridge.

Aug. 2. James Tomlinson, Esq; in the East India Company's service, at his house on Epping-forest.

3. William Thomas Jones, Esq; in Penon-street, Islington.

The Rev. Mr. Barnes, rector of Trimdon.

4. Sir John Jefferson, Knt. in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

George Durant, of Jonge castle, in the county of Salop, Esq.

5. Thomas Dockwray, Esq; at Croydon.

6. Charles Lambe, Esq; of Newman-street, Oxford-street.

Marco Nasso, Esq; an Italian merchant, of Rathbone-place.

Mr. John Collet, at Chelsea, well known for his ingenious compositions in the comic line of painting.

Theophilus Donaldson, Esq; formerly a Hamburgh merchant.

Ebenezer Duncombe, Esq; at Crayford.

9. John Redshaw, Esq; in Oxford-street.

11. The Rev. Mr. Whiberell, A. B. of Magdalen college, Oxford, at Bridgewater.

12. Mrs. Wright, wife of John Wright, Esq; of Kelvedon-hall, near Ongar, in Essex.

Charles Maitland, Esq; of Raynham, in Kent.

The Rev. Daniel Burnaby, M. A. rector of Hanwell, in Middlesex.

13. Dr. Moysey, an eminent Physician, and father of Abel Moysey, Esq; one of the members for the city of Bath.

14. Nicholas Anthony Pervier, Esq; an Italian gentleman, formerly Secretary to one of the Venetian embassies.

15. Solomon Burrowes, Esq; at Maidenhead, Berks.

17. The Rev. Mr. Deason, Curate of Rawdon, in the parish of Guiseley, Yorkshire.

18. Dr. Holycke, Physician, at Warwick.

19. William Ratus, Esq; at Peckham, formerly a Russia merchant in this city.

Mr. Thomas Rowland, Attorney at Law, at Wrexham.

20. The Right Rev. Dr. George Chinnery, Bishop of Cloyne.

James Pardoe, Esq; formerly one of the Equeries to King George the Second.

22. Richard Beauvoir, Esq; in Hill-street, Berkley-square.

23. Joshua Watson, Esq; formerly a Dry-falter, in Thames-street.

24. Mr. Bright, in Rosamon's-row, formerly a Wine Merchant, in Broad-street.

25. Mr. Axford, Grocer, of the Old Bailey, Deputy of Farringdon Without.

Robert Hutchinson, Esq.

27. Redmond Macartney, Esq; formerly member for Perthshire.



T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O. R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For S E P T E M B E R, 1780.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. A beautiful new Pattern of Sprigs. 2. An elegant historical Picture of Achmet and Selima: and, 3. A new Song, set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

WE hope that the author of the *Treacherous Husband* would be so good as to comply with the reiterated importunities of our correspondents under pain of being branded himself as a *treacherous friend*, and expelled from the favour of the ornaments of the creation, till he complies with the rules of *Bienfaisance*, and makes an *amende honorable*.

In the prose department, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *An Essay on Oeconomy*, by T. P——k. *Humorous Letter and Song*, by Timothy Lovewell. *Reflections on Insanity*, and a *Remarkable Case of a Lunatic*, by C. D. S. *Request for a Receipt for curing B——s*, by a *Lover of Sleep*; who likewise thanks our correspondent for her last *Description of the Ladies Dress*, and begs her continuance of her favours.

The *Hints* received from *Bob Short* are partly founded on a mistaken idea of our original friend, and liable to many objections; and partly owing to inadvertence; as we give what is more expensive to us than what he calls copper plates, and all our single half sheets fall under that description; the patterns for needle-work, and the song set to music, being reckoned such, and affording both amusement, improvement, and embellishment.

Among other new subjects we have received, we beg leave to intimate an *Account of the Horse-races in Italy*, the *Surprising Activity of a Flea*, &c. and beg leave to hint to *Eugenia*, we intend commencing her *Series of elegant Letters* the next month, hoping to have the honour of receiving the remainder before that period.

Among a variety of other *Enigmas*, we are favoured with *A List of Towns in Norfolk*, by Francis Walsingham. *Streets in London*, by Alpha and Omega. *Ports of Great Britain*, by Patrick M'Fun. *List of Counties*, by R. C——x. *Ladies at the Boarding-school, Camberwell*.

In the poetic line, we are favoured with a *Song*, by Horatio. *The Musing Ramble, a Poetic Soliloquy*, by Clara. *Verses written in B—— Grove*. *Address to Miss M——*. *Answer to Enigma*, by Clara, p. 440. *A Pastoral Song*, by J. C. *Adventures of Telemachus, Book First*, by Sabrina. *Song*, by Eugenia. *To the amiable Miss M— O—r*, by Amator. *Enigma, in Blank Verse*, by Revoly. *Temsignage d'Amour*, by Rialbert. *An Enigma*, by Patience. *A Lady's last Will and Testament*, by J. C—ll—tt, with a variety of other interesting pieces, the subjects of which are so numerous, that it would be tedious to our readers to peruse, as well as tiresome to ourselves to enumerate them.

Before we close, we must acknowledge to have received *Solutions of the List of Ladies at Billericay*, p. 436, by E. W—tt—s, and to the *Towns in Warwickshire*, by Amelia Y—g; with a *Poetical Answer* to the same, by C—x, which came too late to be noticed in the page appropriated to that department.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For SEPTEMBER, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 398.)

LETTER XII.

*The Honourable Mrs. ASKEW to Lady
BAB HARDWICK.*

I Should have wrote much sooner to your ladyship; but waited till a longer acquaintance with my fair charge should have given me a just idea of her merit. I now sincerely thank you for the invaluable gift, and congratulate myself on having acquired a companion that will sooth my lonely hours; a pupil that will reflect honour on her instructor, and doubly repay me for the attentions I shall bestow on her.

Whether prepossessed in favour of my little Ella from your ladyship's encomiums, or prejudiced from her appearance, I know not; but on the first moment of seeing her, she was dear to my affections.—I thought I beheld in the lovely innocent a tender blossom, which required the fostering

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hand of prudence to bring it to perfection; and flattered myself I also saw in her the prop of my declining age.—I wonder not that lord Fitzwilliam should feel the force of her attractions; even rude and uncultivated as they are, they now surpass most of our sex, and, when heightened by the polish of education, will do honour to any sphere of life.—But let him not hear this, as it would appear too much like an encouragement of the favourable sentiments he already entertains. I would wish him to believe me actuated merely from compassion, not from any peculiar attachment to the object, yet must I own that my partiality every day increases.

In my family she is already idolized as a deity, and the several masters, to whom I have committed the care of her instruction, speak highly of her natural endowments; indeed they are too conspicuous not to excite general admiration.

I had proposed visiting Bath this season, but, on my young friend's account, must decline all thoughts of it; as I can by no means think of leaving her in town, and if I take her with me, she must necessarily be deprived of those lessons to which she now so assiduously applies herself.

I shall, as usual, hope for the pleasure of your ladyship's company during the winter months. It is a happiness

ness you have promised not to deny me, so long as you continue with lord Moreton; and as appearances speak you not in haste to change him for a better guardian, I flatter myself I shall yet be honoured with some few annual visits.

The late heavy rains must have thrown a dreary gloom on every vernal scene.—The trees, borne down with liquid pressure, precludes the morning ramble, or sober evening's solitary walk. What amusement, then, can the country now offer worthy your attention? Do, my amiable friend, leave it to renew its beauties, and, accompanied by Orlando, gladden me by your early presence in Grosvenor-square.—Lady Mary will, I imagine, devote her winter to lady Gaylove, who, I hear, is just returned from Paris. It would therefore be merely complimentary to press her to become one of the party; and as to lord Moreton, he is so much taken up with his own pursuits, that the absence of his sisters will afford him no uneasiness.

I cannot attend you myself, but would wish you to partake reasonably of all the pleasures adapted to your age and disposition. My last year's illness deprived you of every amusement; but, with the assistance of my nephew, I hope this will amply atone for the confinement of the former.—To dip a little into the innocent gaieties of life, will be of service to you both. To retire sometimes from the crowd is necessary; but to know the world, it is also needful sometimes to live in it.

I had once hopes; but, like most others built on slight foundations, they proved futile. In such a niece I should have gloried; but Fate has destined you to be only friends.—I will dwell no longer on the theme, though conscious that, disinterested as you are, it can neither be a subject of offence or pain.

Your little favourite intreats me to convey to lady Bab her most grateful acknowledgements, and wishes for the approach of winter, that she may personally express them.

With the utmost friendship and respect, I remain

Your Ladyship's
Most obedient,
C. ASKEW.

LETTER XIII.

*Lady BAB HARDWICK to the Hon.
Mrs. ASKEW.*

YOUR kind letter, dear Madam, found us in the greatest hurry and confusion. My inconsiderate brother has suddenly disappeared from the Abbey, and has made Miss Tasty the companion of his flight. Her parents are in the utmost distress at her misconduct, and have applied to lord Fitzwilliam, in hopes his influence will be powerful enough to recall her to her duty; but I am of opinion it is a task from which his lordship will gain little credit.

The heart once estranged from virtue, seldom returns to its peaceful paths, till sad experience shews the thorns of vice. Even were it probable some sparks of honour should yet remain within her breast, false shame would gain the victory; and, though sensible of her error, perseverance in it would appear less dreadful than the reproaches of injured parents, added to the insults of a cruel world.

I sincerely pity the poor deluded girl; but am totally at a loss how to proceed in the affair. Till his passion begins to be on the decline, all the arguments in the world would have no effect on Moreton.—Ever unaccustomed to controul, he can but ill support the counsels of a friend. Advice, though communicated in the mildest and most delicate terms, he looks upon as tyranny, and would spurn from his heart the man, who, presuming on their friendship, should dare to tell him of his faults.

I have myself endeavoured to console the unfortunate people, as much as in my power, by assuring them that every prudent step shall be taken for her recovery; but that if persuasion proved

proved ineffectual, I deemed it highly improper to make use of force. It is evident she was led by inclination, and while secure in the affection of her lover, it is quite improbable she could be prevailed on to desert him. From the abatement of his passion, then, must all their hopes be founded.

For the first time in their lives, they began to discover, that every indiscretion their children might fall into, derived its source from their own misconduct; and lamented the folly which had prompted them to give their girls an education so far above their sphere.

I could not help freely joining in the self-condemnation, and recommended them, in future, ever to adhere to the useful, rather than the ornamental; and to believe that the heart, which sighs for grandeur, never can properly fulfil the duties of its station.

I saw that my doctrine did not perfectly correspond with the sentiments of Mrs. Tasty. She had once lived with a lady, who had been raised from the humble vale of life to rank and title.—From that circumstance she formed her ideas, and thought nothing but a modern education was required, to render her daughters equally distinguished.

The honest farmer, though he has hitherto suffered himself to be overruled, was more susceptible of reason. He said, “he had ever argued against London schools, as he looked on their attainments merely superficial; but, accustomed to give up the point, whenever likely to cause uneasiness, had suffered his wife to do as she thought proper; but added, as the expence bestowed on Kitty had turned to such a vile account, he should begin to assert his prerogative, and insist that her sisters should be instructed in no other accomplishments than were requisite in their present state; and that henceforth neither dancing or music master should be suffered to approach his house.”

The frowns of the good woman shewed her displeasure at these arbitrary threats; but it was in vain to

oppose;—her reign was ended; and, to her unspeakable mortification, Monsieur Louvre and Monsieur Quaver were instantly discharged.

Though sorry that the reformation was wrought by a cause so fatal, I think it, in one respect, a fortunate circumstance; for, in all probability, out of five lovely children, from bad management, not one would have proved a blessing to their parents. The ruin of this imprudent girl, painful as it is to reflect on, may have been the preservation of all her sisters; and better one be lost than all imbibe the same destructive notions.

(To be continued.)

ACHMET and SELIMA.

Illustrated and embellished with an elegant Copper-Plate from the Design of a royal Academician, and engraved by a celebrated Artist.

DON Cleofas, of Valladolid, was blest with a beautiful daughter, who was the universal admiration of the whole vicinage; the number of those who aspired to the honour of belonging to her suite was daily increasing, and was at last joined by Don Pedro de Escolano, and Don Juan Zarates. The two strangers had hitherto lived in the strictest amity, but their affection seemed to decay daily, and a mysterious indifference appeared in their behaviour to each other, which neither of them could develope. They dreaded each other, and trembled to come to a denouement.

Selima, who knew they were friends, was cautious how she bestowed her smiles on either of them, or break the cordiality with which they once behaved to each other. But the distance, which she assumed in her behaviour to them, served only to hasten the crisis which she thought to procrastinate. The assiduity of the two friends increased in proportion to their fears,

fears, and Selima trembled at the consequence of a jealousy, which she discovered to be between the two rivals.

Don Juan was mild, generous, and spirited. Don Pedro was choleric, malicious, and resentful. Determined to get the start of Don Juan, he formed a scheme for running away with Selima, as she went to a bull-feast. With this design he hired a passage in a vessel bound for Cartagena, and by large promises and present bribes engaged some desperadoes of the crew to assist him in his wicked machinations.

The expected hour arrived: Pedro and his banditti were posted in a place proper for their intentions, and on Selima's appearance, they immediately surrounded her suite, put some to flight, and left Don Cleofas dangerously wounded on the spot. At the beginning of the attack Selima fell into a swoon, which facilitated her removal, and was immediately conveyed on board the vessel. Judge how great was her surprize, when she came to herself, when she found herself, on recovering, in a cabin, and saw Don Pedro sitting by her bed-side! The sight of him produced a relapse, and she appeared several minutes, to all appearance, senseless. The captain's wife, who was on board, ran to her assistance, and by means of some narcotics, brought her again to her senses. As soon as she opened her eyes, she turned them away from the place, where she had discovered Don Pedro, and invoked the name of her father, wringing her hands, and shedding a deluge of tears; which temporary discharge proved a great relief to her. The captain's wife endeavoured by the most soothing expressions to comfort her; but was frequently interrupted by her mentioning the name of her father. The agonies which he must suffer on account of this event were uppermost in her thoughts, and in a manner suspended those which she laboured under herself; and at last, she yielded to the importunities of the captain's wife, who persuaded her to take some refreshment. As the

latter was going out of the cabin to fetch what she thought might be beneficial to one in her situation, she called her back, and peremptorily told her, that she must make her promise that Don Pedro should not be permitted to have any access to her, threatening, on the contrary, that she would neither make use of any refreshments, nor use any means to prolong her life. The captain's lady assured her that she would religiously comply with her request to the best of her power; and went immediately upon deck to her husband to increase their party, and oblige Don Pedro to decline any intention of intruding himself into Selima's apartment. The captain, who was a man of no great delicacy, laughed at his wife's proposal, and calling her a fool, ran to Don Pedro, and informed him of the combination that was to have been formed against him. Pedro thanked him for smothering the conspiracy in embryo, and promised him that he should be no loser by the friendship he had exercised towards him.

While they were in conference together the captain's wife returned to Selima with the refreshments which she had gone to fetch: on her appearance Selima asked her, with the greatest eagerness, whether she had prevailed on her husband to be one of their party, and on hearing answer in the negative, sobbed, and fell into a fit again, stronger and more dangerous than either. With difficulty she was snatched from the arms of death; but on her recovery, she changed her mind, and asked for the refreshments that she had refused, and addressed herself to the captain's lady, as she was perplexed to account for so wonderful an alteration: "Wonder not, good lady, at the change of my mind, it is not my own work, but that of heaven; I look now with horror on the resolution I formed, and am convinced that if I had kept it, I should have been guilty of suicide. The thought revolts me, and I hope that heaven, which has inspired me with this change of sentiment, will likewise protect me amidst the danger I am to encounter

encounter. My father's sufferings are greater than mine, and I will live in hopes to wipe the tear of despair from his eyes. With these hopes I lay aside a project teeming with such fatal effects, as would have shortened his days, and exposed me to the wrath of heaven."

The captain's wife listened with attention, and when she was silent commended her spirit, and spoke in the most ostentatious terms of the regard she had shown for her father, and the veneration she had paid to the dictates of her religion.

In the mean while Don Pedro and the captain were concerting measures, to procure the latter an interview with Selima to apologize for his fault, and to persuade her, that his intentions were honourable. After some debate it was agreed between them, not to be precipitate, but to give leave for her grief and resentment to subside, before they made the least attempt.

Leaving these parties in this situation, it is time to return to Don Cleofas, who, though left in so dangerous a situation, escaped with his life. Providentially an alguazil coming that way, and seeing him covered with his own blood, demanded the cause of it, and, being informed, ordered him to be removed to his own palace. The report of what had happened soon reached the ears of Don Juan, who ran to the house of Don Pedro for the confirmation of so shocking a rumour. On his entering Don Cleofas's house, he was too soon informed, that what he had heard was well-founded. He flew immediately to the bed-chamber of Don Cleofas, whom he found covered all over with the wounds he had received. An eminent surgeon was immediately sent for, who dressed him, shaking his head all the while he was securing the bandages, and by his dumb eloquence pronouncing, that his patient was in a dangerous condition. Don Juan remained at the bed-side, night and day, administering the medicines which were prescribed by his surgeon. The next day a consultation of physi-

cians was held upon his case, and it was agreed unanimously, that though his wounds were dangerous, it was possible that they might not be mortal. Juan still continued his attentions to the patient, who thanked him with many a glance of gratitude for that filial regard which he shewed towards him. The fatigue which Don Juan sustained, at last visibly impaired his health; and the physicians perceiving from his looks that he was drooping, warned him to take care of himself betimes, and to remit of his assiduities, at the same time insisting upon his going to-bed, which he had not done for several nights preceding. Don Cleofas, who was now amending, joined in their solicitations, and insisted on his compliance, as a mark of the esteem he had of him, and as a mark of the attachment which he had for his daughter. Don Juan complied with the greatest reluctance, on proviso that he should be suffered to have a small-bed in the same apartment with him, that if he declined the care of him, he might see whether those who were substituted in his room discharged their duty. This condition was granted, and the physicians soon taking their leaves of Don Cleofas, assuring him he was no longer in danger, and the surgeon following them, in a few days, he left his bed, waiting only the recovery of his strength to quit his chamber. Don Juan, who still continued at Don Cleofas's house, had frequent conversations with him about the disappearance of his daughter; and though they had not one ray of hope to guide them, they determined to lose no means of discovering where she had been conveyed to. On enquiring abroad, they found that the ship in which she was embarked was bound for Cartagena, and that Don Pedro was on board with her. This discovery filled her father and Don Juan with inexpressible horror; and they looked at each other, for some time, without speaking. At last Juan broke silence, by assuring the distressed parent that he was determined to pursue

sue Pedro, and rescue Selima, at the risk of his life. Don Cleofas was distracted at his proposal by two contrary passions, his love for his child, and his fear lest the attempt should prove fatal to Juan, and thereby enhance his grief by a double loss. At last the tenderness of the parent predominated over the attachment of friendship: he consented, and all the arrangements were made for Don Juan's embarking in pursuit of his treacherous friend.

In the mean while Don Pedro had found means to be introduced to Selima without either her consent or knowledge. The treatment he received from Selima was such as he deserved, full of the most bitter reproaches and the utmost reprobation of the insult he had given her by his presence. He heard her with the greatest composure, and assured her every step he had taken proceeded from his attachment, and that his views were entirely honourable. On hearing him mention his honour, she gave him such a look of disdain, as pierced him to the heart. Taking his leave, he promised her another visit soon, when he hoped to find her less implacable. The only reply she made was by shedding a torrent of tears. She was attended by the captain's maid, who being present at this interview, and previously bribed by Don Pedro, endeavoured to sooth her grief, and persuade her that there was no doubt but his views were, as he said, entirely honourable.

Selima, looking on this interference as an insult, bid her be gone out of the cabin; and gave herself up to grief. She now saw the danger of her situation, and had recourse to heaven for protection.

A few days after Pedro was as good as his word, and finding her still refractory, told her he would marry her, whether she would or no, as soon as he arrived at Cartagena, and that if she still continued averse, would give her the alternative either of marrying him, or endangering the life of Don Juan, who should never have her while he was living.

While things were in this train an Algerine corsair poured down upon their vessel, captured it, and made for the port where she had sailed from. On his arrival he gave Selima as a present to the bashaw, who was so smitten with her charms, that he resolved to present her to the dey. The dey on receiving her was not less astonished at her beauty, and looked upon her as the ornament of his seraglio. Resolved to gain her affections by his confidence, he gave her leave to range his gardens.

Don Pedro, by contracting an intimacy with a renegado, whom he had known in Spain, was introduced to the dey's gardener, who was brought over to promise to leave the garden door open at a certain time agreed on, that he might run away with the intended sultana. In the interval the renegado procured a boat, as the door opened towards the waterside, and made sure of sailors fit for his purpose. At the appointed moment Pedro came with his people, found the door ajar, ran and seized Selima, and conveyed her into the boat. They descrying a vessel at a distance under sail, they made up towards it, and by great promises induced the master to convey them to any part of the Spanish coast.

Don Juan had arrived at Algiers but a day before this event, to endeavour to ransom the daughter of Cleofas. The loss of Selima was soon discovered, and the gardener was ordered to the punishment of the bowstring for his treachery. This news reaching Don Juan, he set out after her in the vessel he came in, and seeing a sail at a distance, bore down upon it, boarded it, and meeting with Don Pedro, after upbraiding him for his villainy, plunged his sword in his bosom.

After this just catastrophe due to the most abandoned perfidy, he made for the nearest port to Valladolid: and restoring his beloved Selima, he received her from the hands of his father, repaying her, by his attentions, for all the sufferings she had endured on his account.

R—.

ACCOUNT of the RIOTS in the METROPOLIS.

(In continuation from page 400.)

THE scene of misery, which now discovered itself, is of too great a magnitude to be described; men, women, and children were running about with beds, glasses, bundles, or whatever they wished or were able to preserve. But the scene of devastation ended here quite unexpectedly, being prevented, by the intervention of a stable-yard, from burning down the whole street.

Besides this loss, Mr. Langdale had another to lament: having another warehouse higher up Holborn, and a dwelling-house in Bernard's-Inn, a party of the mob went thither, and burnt them also. A day or two afterwards, the pump of one of the inns in the vicinity discharged nothing but the spirits which the mob had flaved in the streets, and served as a token of the immense loss which he sustained, computed by some to amount to no less than 90,000 l.

In the destruction of the Fleet prison, the mob were going to make a bonfire near a channel which ran with spirituous liquors; but were prevented by the advice of Mr. Moore, a linen-draper of Cheapside, famous for his inventions in mechanics, who persuaded them to make it in a place less exposed to accidents, and was, in a few days after, thanked for his humane interposition, by the most capital inhabitants thereabouts, in a public advertisement. If a single man, unarmed, unseconded, had so much influence on the rioters, was it not an easy matter to have stopped their farther outrages by the same *persuasive* arguments!

While the Fleet prison was burning, a large engine was brought to play upon the contiguous buildings, which was seized by the mob, and rendered of no service, by cutting the leathern pipes which were to have supplied it with water. The soldiers, who had arrived during the conflagration, on

seeing this instance of premeditated devastation, were ordered to fire, and disperse the mob; yet the manner in which they did their duty was not less humane than intrepid. Among others, there were four people on the roof of the market-house, who refused to obey the military, and were therefore victims to their own effrontery. The discharge of the muskets came from three directions, in the front, and at each side, so that it seemed impossible for either of them to escape; and for a considerable time they lay dead to all appearance. At length, however, one of them was observed to raise his head a little, and instantly lay it down, and keep still again: this manœuvre he repeated three times, and at last slid down, and ran away. He was by far the gentlest of the group. Three were shot dead at the instant, of which two were on one side of him, and one on the other. One of the unhappy victims was a chimney-sweeper, about sixteen years of age, who was supposed to have been a person of superior rank, as fourteen guineas were found in his pockets; but they might probably have been the product of his plunder in some other scenes of devastation.

As a heightening of Mr. Langdale's distress, it has been suggested, that his banker, who had all his plate in his possession, refused a draught for 40 l. drawn by his son; but this has never been yet authenticated. During his distresses, the Northumberland militia arrived, headed by colonel Holroyd, who fired several times, and did considerable execution; on which account the rioters dispersed, and desisted from their depredations; and had they not been thus seasonably opposed, the conflagration must have been more dreadfully extensive. This recourse to the *dernier resort*, however fatal to some, was not so destructive as the liquors with which they intoxicated themselves. Numbers died at several places with inebriety; many were killed on the spot with drinking spirits unrectified. Eight of these miserable wretches were found dead in the

the cellar, and dragged out the next morning ; and many were found afterwards, among which eleven were discovered in one day. The same scenes of brutal, of fatal intoxication, were exhibited in other places ; at Mr. Cox's, at Lord Mansfield's, &c. at which last place an ill-looking fellow, about nineteen, that was too drunk, at one o'clock the next day, to be made sensible : at Newgate, also, many of them made so free with the liquors, that they were unable to escape the flames. In the open streets, men were seen snoring on bulks and stalls, and at the doors of open houses, insensible of their danger. Boys and women were in the same deplorable description, and many of the latter, unable to stand, lay prostrate on the ground, fast asleep, with infants in their arms !

(To be continued.)

Suite d'Histoire d'EPAMINONDAS.

(Continued from Page 410.)

EN même tems qu' Epaminondas se faisoit un devoir d'expiër les faiblesses de l'orgueil, il ne se défendoit par les sentimens d'un plaisir juste & raisonnable ; il disoit souvent que ce qui le flatoit le plus sensiblement dans la victoire de Leuctres, c'étoit de l'avoir remportée du vivant de son pere & de sa mere ; témoignage bien sincere de la bonté de son cœur & de sa tendresse pour les auteurs de sa naissance. Content des perils il leur laissoit toute la gloire d'un triumphe si beau.

Le lendemain de la bataille, les Lacédémoniens lui firent demander la permission d'enlever leur morts, pour leur rendre les derniers devoirs : le prétexte étoit trop respectable pour qu' Epaminondas les refusât, mais le seule piété ne les faisoit pas agir, le desir de cacher la grandeur de leur perte étoit leur principal motif. Epaminondas au contraire jugeoit qu'il étoit important pour ses desseins & pour l'honneur de sa patrie que toute la Grèce en fut informée. Il leur accorda donc ce qu'ils demandoient ; mais ce fut à

cette condition, que ceux qu' étoient restés sur le champ de bataille, ne pourroient être enlevés que par ceux de leurs Tribus. Par ce moyen toute l'armée scut le nombre des Spartiates qu' avoient péri dans cette action ; il étoit considérable comme on l'a dit, & sans exemple pour ces tems ; les habitans de villes voisines qui étoient accourus au bruit de leur défaite, scûrent, comme les vaincus, le nombre des morts, parce qu'ils furent témoins lors qu'ils les enleverent. Le premiers soin d'Epaminondas fut d'informer ses alliés d'un succès aussi complet qu' inattendu. Il ne douta pas qu'il n'engageât, par-là, les plus timides à venir joindre une armée victorieuse. Dans cette vûe il depecha plusieurs couriers à toutes les principales villes de la Grèce. Celui qui avoit été envoyé à Athenes, y arriva lorsque le conseil étoit assemblé. Cette republique au lieu de partager la joye des Thébains, donna des marques sensibles du chagrin secret & de la jalousie, que lui causoit leur bonheur. Le courier fut renvoyé non-seulement sans obtenir aucun secours, mais encore sans recevoir de réponse, les Athéniens ne l'inviterent pas même à se reposer suivant les loix de l'hospitalité, qui étoient religieusement observées dans de semblables rencontres ; il fut obligé de repartir sur le champ.

Jason Tyran de Thessalie avec qui les Thébains avoient fait alliance dès le commencement de la guerre, leur répondit plus favorablement : c'étoit un Général célébré intrépide, & un Politique à qui rien n'échappoit. Son intérêt particulier eut sans doute plus de part à l'empressement qu'il marqua pour se rendre en Béotie, que celui des Thébains même ; il quitta tout pour aller incessamment les joindre. Il étoit alors occupé à reprimer des voisins, qui lui faisoient une guerre injuste ; ils étoient peu redoutables, & il ne jugea pas sa présence si nécessaire dans ses États, qu'il ne pût s'en éloigner ; cependant, comme il étoit dangereux qu'ils fussent informés de son départ pour la Béotie, il fit preparer en diligence une flotte, comme s'il eût voulu s'y rendre par mer, & prit son chemin par terre tandis qu'on

faisoit

faisoit ces préparatifs. Par cette adresse il se déroba heureusement aux attaques de ses ennemis. Ils ignorent encore sa marche lorsqu'il avoit traversé leurs terres. Par son secret & sa célérité il arriva en peu de tems au camp des Thébains ; il avoit avec lui quinze cens hommes de prest & cinq cens chevaux. Epaminondas lui ayant fait part du dessein où il étoit de poursuivre les Lacédémoniens jusqu'à Sparta, Jason n'épargna rien pour l'en détourner. Epaminondas lui remontra en vain qu'il étoit impossible que l'armée ennemie put soutenir leur attaque concertée, lorsqu'ils les Thébains les prendroient de front & les Thessaliens par les derrières : " Vous vous trompez, lui dit Jason, & vous présumez trop de la fortune, elle ne veût pas être tentée si souvent. L'ambition de porter votre gloire trop haut peut vous faire perdre celle que vous venez d'acquérir. Ne voyez vous pas, ajoutoit-il, que vous ne devez la victoire de Leuctres qu'à l'extrémité où vous étiez réduits ; l'imprudence, des Lacédémoniens vous avoit mis dans la nécessité de vaincre ou de mourir : pensez-vous qu'ils montrent moins de courage & de résolution, si vous les mettez dans les mêmes circonstances ! Réfléchissez-y-mûrement, les Dieux se font souvent un jeu d'élever la foiblesse sur les ruines de la force & de la puissance."

Epaminondas pénétra peut-être les vûes de Thessalien qui vouloit, en conservant les Lacédémoniens, conserver aux Thébains des rivaux capables de les arrêter.

Jason que ne songeoit qu'à s'aggrandir, ne pouvoit le faire plus facilement que lorsque Thebes & Sparte occupées l'une contre l'autre, s'affoibliroient mutuellement en se disputant l'empire de la Grece. Quoi qu'il en soit, Epaminondas qui se crut apparemment trop foible sans le secours de son allié pour pousser plus loin ses conquêtes, seignit pour lors de renoncer à ce dessein, il consentit même de faire avec les Lacédémoniens une trêve dont Jason fût le médiateur. Le Tyran de Thessalie se rendit à leur camp pour leur en faire la proposition. L'artifice son tenu de l'élo-

quence & des dehors de la sincérité les persuada aisément, " Je sens, leur dit-il votre malheur, un homme pénétré de reconnoissance des obligations que vous avoit en faites mon père ; je me fais honneur de vous être attaché, mais je crois que vous ne devez pas songer présentement à réparer la perte que vous venez de faire ; que pourroient vos soldats decouragés par leur défaite, contre une armée enflée de ses succès ? Ne vous occupez donc que du soin de ramasser de nouvelles troupes pour vous venger plus sûrement dans un autre tems. La défection prochaine de plusieurs de vos alliés, qui traitent secrètement avec les Thébains, dont vous y déterminer. Je ne vois de ressource à votre situation qu'une trêve, & je viens vous la proposer, aussi zélé pour vos intérêts, que vous mêmes. Je serai tant auprès de Thébains, je me crois assuré qu'ils ne me la refuseront pas."

(To be continued.)

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(Translated from the French.)

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 415.)

L E T T E R LVIII.

From the Marquis de V—— to the Countess de SOLMES, in continuation.

I Reflected afterwards on the difficulties of my attempt, and I shivered for fear I should not be able to surmount them. I thought that the first step I ought to take, to make myself a true Christian, would be to pay my debts, but I had scarcely enough to discharge them. I had looked upon marriage as an advantageous expedient to retrieve my affairs ; but I had changed the idea which I had formerly affixed to that term. An opulent fortune, an illustrious descent, beauty, accomplishments, the graces did no longer appear sufficient for marriage to make me happy ; I wanted not only

virtues, but superior virtues; and where was I to find them? I had need to find, in a wife, a friend who could further my amendment, and support me in my good resolutions; I felt that my wavering virtue would scarcely be able to sustain itself in that *grand monde*. I was not in a condition to appear there according to my rank; and what woman would have courage enough to accompany one in a retirement, which I was on all accounts necessitated to fly to?

I was immersed in these sentiments, when Madam Northon, who thought I was asleep, entered the room on tip-toe. She insisted on my being sincere, so that I think my obedience will conceal from her the temerity of those vows, which I am going to relate. Methought I heard a voice at the bottom of my heart, which said to me, "This is the only woman that can make you happy, one that you will hardly meet in ten thousand." Upon my honour, I had never took much notice of her, and if I had been asked, I could not have told whether she was fair or brown: so that I could not suspect that love had inspired me with that sentiment. The impossibility of realising a felicity which was offered me, forced a sigh from me, which did not escape her notice: for she said in a whisper to her nephew,

"The marquis must certainly be in great agitations, for they follow him even in his sleep."

"Perhaps he is in love with Miss d'Erlac," replied Northon; "and who knows but his love has outlived his esteem?"

"You do him injustice, my dear," answered his aunt, with a degree of good-nature which completed my defeat; what I have seen of him announces more noble sentiments: can a man of honour think of becoming the husband of such a girl without being shocked? On the contrary, I imagine that he sighs on account of having made her such advances, as she was unworthy of; and I have conceived such an esteem for him, since I saw how far he pushed his gratitude to

you, that I shall be quite inconsolable, if he were to make a disadvantageous match."

"You can prevent him from doing that," said Northon, smiling; "pray, aunt, marry him yourself."

"Very well!" answered she, "the expedient is a very pretty one indeed! but such a folly from one who is just recovered from a fever may be easily forgiven. If you had a sister, I might, perhaps, with him to be my nephew; but my attachment for him could not go farther than that."

If I had followed the first emotions of my passions, the beginning of Mademoiselle Northon's discourse would have made me fall on my knees before her to shew her my gratitude; the conclusion of it convinced me how prudent I was to restrain myself. She staid a short time, and soon as she was so far off as not to hear me, I said to Northon, embracing him at the same time, "What an application have you made for me, my dear friend! No, I am not destined to so much happiness; and it was the impossibility of obtaining it, that made me fetch the sigh, which Mademoiselle Northon took notice of."

"Really," replied Northon, "there is something so singular in this adventure, that it cannot be the effect of mere chance. Is it then true, my dear Marquis, that you have wished to gain my aunt's affections?"

"I then told my friend what I have had the honour of writing to you; he spoke of it to his father and the baron, and they all three agreed to make use of all their interest with Mademoiselle Northon to engage her to an union, on which the happiness of my life depended. Prudence, however, compelled them to make me undergo a trial, which humbled me very much, but which I am thankful for at present. Mrs. Northon, in concert with his friend, having taken me aside, said to me, the happiness of having a brother-in-law of your merit, so far transported me, that it did not give me time to make a remark, that it is necessary you should

likewise

likewise make yourself, before we should venture to make any application to my sister. You may, perhaps, form an idea of her fortune, from that *ton d'aisance*, which we have assumed; you must know that we are intirely dependent on the kindness of the baron for every thing. He has given up, to my sister, the small portion of his fortune, which he left with her at his departure for America. This small sum, together with that which she inherits from her parents, amounts to no more than five and twenty or thirty thousand livres. I have been told that you are in search after an heiress; and if, that be true, my sister cannot suit you.

"You have not been imposed on," replied I, "when you was told that I was in search after a fortune; I must confess it to my shame, that Miss d'Erlac's portion had more charms for me than her person. In the style of life in which I lived, money was a necessary ingredient: in that which I have resolved upon to-day, I shall want but little, and I should appear with a very bad grace to wish for more, since after my debts are paid, I shall scarcely have so much left as your sister. This was one circumstance with which I apprised your son, and cannot tell how he could forget to communicate it to you. My fortune is known to every one, but nobody knows what my debts amount to: it is generally thought that I lived too fast, but folks are far from imagining that my misconduct has been so great. I am still supposed to have an estate of twelve thousand livres *per ann.* I have one of twenty; and Miss d'Erlac in that respect run away with the common opinion; for my creditors are too crafty to take any measures which retard their payment, so as to deprive me of a part which puts me in a condition of making them an immediate satisfaction. I must confess it is base to deceive the person whom we intend to marry, with respect to what we are worth; nevertheless, as it is a general custom for both parties to deceive each other, I adopted the fashion in this

case, as well as in some others. I am now still more enlightened with respect to that subject, and I would rather die a thousand deaths, than be guilty of any exaggeration or misinformation to persons so respectable as you are. I will go further; if I can depend upon my present sentiments, I would not for the most splendid fortune impose upon those of the lowest rank in an affair of this kind. I no longer look upon riches as the source of happiness; but notwithstanding I should regret those which I have lost, if I should involve such a person as Mademoiselle Northon in my mediocrity, who has a right to aspire to a better match, and this sentiment had determined me to lock up my attachments in my own heart, if your son, who had conceived a predilection for me, had I not informed you of it."

"If you have nothing objectionable besides the mediocrity of your circumstances," replied M. Northon, "we are on the point of succeeding. Depend entirely upon my friendship for her, and my esteem for you. I am firmly persuaded, that by uniting you together, I shall promote your mutual happiness: but we must hasten the affair; people are married more easily at twenty than thirty."

"It was in vain I represented to M. Northon that he must give me time to merit his sister's esteem; that she would have grounds to be offended at our concerting this affair unknown to her; he would not hearken to me, and I was under a necessity to submit to his guidance. You know the rest, my lady; my happiness has cost me dearly, since I am necessitated to rise against my deliverer. Heavens! grant that it may be durable; and may it prolong my virtues to the end of my life, is the only wish that remains to be realised."

Mademoiselle NORTHON in continuation.

NO, you do not know the rest, my lady, and I am going to tell it you. I yielded at first out of obedience to my brother; he held the place of my parents,

parents, and it was my duty to submit. About an hour afterwards I perceived that I could obey not only without reluctance, but even with satisfaction. After reading the Marquis's confession, I must openly confess, that I submitted without the least hesitation to my brother; he had been a father to me, and consequently it was my duty to submit. An hour afterwards I foresaw that I should obey not only without reluctance, but with great satisfaction. After reading the Marquis's general confession, I must confess, frankly, that I submitted with joy. He is born for the great virtues, and I shall soon learn the practice from him. I have promised him to give him an account of the progress, that he may make in my affections: I keep my word, as you see.

(To be continued.)

Reflections on CATHEDRAL MUSIC; with an Account of a Tumult at GLASTENBURY, the BOY BISHOP, and a remarkable Anecdote of ST. NICHOLAS, Bishop of MYRA in LYCIA. Extracted from SIR JOHN HAWKINS'S HISTORY of the SCIENCE and PRACTICE of MUSIC, Vol. II. Page 1, &c.

“THE system of Guido, and the method invented by him for facilitating the practice of vocal melody, was received with universal applause, and in general adopted throughout England. The clergy, no doubt, favoured it, as coming from one of their own order; and, indeed, they continued to be the only cultivators of music in general for many centuries after his time. The people of England have long been celebrated for their love of cathedral music; not only in Italy, Germany, and France, but here also, the offices were multiplied in proportion to the improvements made in music; and a great emulation arose among different fraternities, who should excel in the composition of music to particular antiphons, hymns, and other parts of divine service.

“It farther appears, that, about the middle of the eleventh century, the order of worship was not so settled, but that a latitude was left for every cathedral church to establish each a formulary for itself, which in time was called its *Use*. Of this practice there are the plainest intimations in the preface to the common prayer of queen Elizabeth*. And we elsewhere learn, that of the several usages which had obtained in this kingdom, that of Sarum, established anno 1077, was the most followed; and that hence arose the adage, *Secundum usum Sarum* [according to the use of Sarum.]

“Of the origin of the use of Sarum there are several relations, none of which do great honour to its inventor Osmund, bishop of that see. Bale, of whom, indeed, it may be said, that almost all his writings are libels, has given this account of him, and the occasion of framing it.

“Osmundus was a man of great adventure and policye in hys tyme, not only concernyge robberyes, but also the slaughter of men in the warres of kyng Wylliam Conquerour: whereupon he was first the grande captayne of Saye, in Normandy, and afterwards earle of Dorset, and also high chauncellour of Englande. As Herman, the byshop of Salisbury, was dead, he gave over all, and succeeded hym in that byshopryck, to lyue, as it were, in a securitye or ease in hys lattre age; for than was the church become Jesabel's pleasaunt and easy cowch. His cautels were not so synne in the other kynde for destruction of

* “And where heretofore there hath bene great diversitie in saying and singing in churches within this realme; some following Sarisburie, some Hereford use, some the use of Bangor, some of Yorke, and some of Lincolne. Now from hence forth all the whole realme shall have but one use.” Upon which passage it is to be noted, that in the northern parts the use of the archiepiscopal church of York prevailed; in South Wales, that of Hereford; in North Wales, that of Bangor; and in other places the use of other principal sees, particularly that of Lincoln. *Wyllyff's Paragon*, p. 356. *Burn's Eccl. Law*, vol. ii. p. 278.

bodies;

bodys; but they were also as good in thys, for destruction of fowles. To obscure the glory of the gospel preachyngs, and augment the fylthynesse of ydolatry, he practysed an ordynary of popysh ceremonyes, the whyche he entytled a Consuetudynary, or usual boke of the church. Hys fyrst occasion was thys: a great battayle chaunced at Glastenburye, whyls he was byshop, between Turstinus, the abbot, and his monkes, wherein some of them were slayne, and some fore wounded, as is said afore. The cause of that battayle was thys: Turstinus contempnyng their quere servyce, than called the use of Saint Gregory, compelled hys monkes to the use of one Wyllyam, a monke of Fiscan in Normandy. Upon thys Osmundus devysed that ordynary called the use of Sarum, whyche was afterwards received, in a manner, of all Englande, Irelande, and Wales. Every Syr Sander Slyngeby had a boke at hys belte thereof, called hys Portasse, contaynyng many superstycious fables and lyes; the testament of Chryst set at nought. For thys acte was the brothel byshop made a Popysh god at Salisbury."—*the second Part or Continuacion of English Votaryes, fol. 39. b.*

"Fox, a writer not quite so bitter as the former, gives the following account of the matter:

"A great contention chaunced at Glastenbure, between Thurstanus, the abbot, and his convent, in the daies of William Conqueror, which Thurstanus the said William had brought out of Normandy, from the abbey of Cadonum, and placed him abbot of Glastenburye. The cause of this contentious battell was, for that Thurstanus, contemning their quier service, then called the Use of St. Gregory, compelled his monkes to the Use of one William, a monke of Fiscan in Normandy: whereupon came strife and contentions amongst them; first in words, then from words to blowes, after blowes, then to armour.—The abbot, with his gard of harnest men, fell upon the monkes, and drave them to the steps of the high altar, where two

were slain, eight were wounded with shafts, swords, and pikes. The monkes, then driven to such a strait and narrow shift, were compelled to defend themselves with formes and candlesticks, wherwith they did wound certaine of the souldiers.—One monke there was, an aged man, who, instead of his shield, took an image of the crucifix in his armes for his defence; which image was wounded in the breast by one of the bowmen, wherby the monk was saved. My story addeth more, that the striker, incontinent upon the same, fell mad; which favoereth of some monkish addition, besides the text.—This matter being brought before the king, the abbot was sent again to Cadonum, and the monkes, by the commandement of the king, were scattered in far countries. Thus, by the occasion herof, Osmundus, bishop of Salisbury, devised that ordinary, which is called the *Use of Sarum*, and was afterwards received, in a manner, through all England, Ireland, and Wales †. And thus much for this matter, done in the time of this king William."

"As to the formulary itself, we meet with one called *the Use of Sarum*,

† It appears from Lyndwood, not only that the *Use of Sarum* prevailed almost throughout the province of Canterbury; but that in respect thereof, the bishop of that diocese claimed, by ancient usage and custom, to execute the office of precentor, and to govern the choir, whenever the archbishop of Canterbury performed divine service in the presence of the college of bishops. *Quasi tota provincia [Cantuariensis] hunc usum sequitur* [as if the whole see of Canterbury follows this use], and adds, as one occasion of it, "Episcopus namque sarum in collegio episcoporum est precentor, & temporibus quibus archiepiscopus Cantuariensis solenniter celebrat divina, presente collegio episcoporum, chorum in divinis officiis regere debet, *De observantia & consuetudine antiqua*;" a confirmation of Sir John's assertion. And an instance of the actual exercise of the office of precentor or chaunter at a public solemnity, by a bishop of Salisbury, occurs in an account of prince Arthur, in the *Collectanea* of Leland, vol. iii. p. 208. and is thus related: "The bishop of Ely was deken, and rede the gospel. The bishop of Rochester bar the crosse, and rede the epistell. The bishop of Salisbury was chaunter, and begaune the office of the masse."

translated into English by Miles Coverdale, bishop of Exeter, in the Acts and Monuments of Fox, vol. iii. p. 3. which, in truth, is but a partial representation of the subject; for the *Use of Sarum* not only regulated the form and order of celebrating the mass, but prescribed the rule and office for all the sacerdotal functions; and these are contained in separate and distinct volumes, as the Missal itself, printed by Richard Hamilton, anno 1554; the Manual, by Francis Regnault, at Paris, anno 1530; Hymns, with the notes, by John Kyngston and Henry Sutton, Lond. 1553; the Primer, and other compilations; all which are expressly said to be "according to the Use of Sarum."

"It is no easy matter, at this distance of time, to assign the reason for that authority of the church of Salisbury, which the framing a liturgy into other cathedrals, supposes: but this is certain, that the church of Sarum was distinguished by divers usages peculiar to itself, and that it adopted others, which practice other churches had given sanction to: among the latter was one so very remarkable, as to have been the subject of much learned enquiry *.

* See a tract entitled, "*Episcopus Puerorum in Die Innocentium*"; or a Discovery of an ancient Custom in the Church of Sarum of making an anniversary Bishop among the Choiristers." It was written at the instance of bishop Montague, by John Gregory, of Christ Church, Oxon, and is among his Posthuma, or second part of his works, published in 1684.

In this tract, which abounds with a great variety of curious learning, the author takes occasion to remark, that the observance of Innocent's day is very ancient in the Christian church; and that in the Runic wooden calendar, a kind of almanac, from which the log or clog, mentioned by Dr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, is derived, this and other holidays are distinguished by certain hieroglyphics. For instance to the purpose, the holiday here spoken of was signified by a drawn sword, to denote the slaughter of that day. That of St. Simon and Jude by a ship, because they were fishers. The festival of St. George by a horse, alluding to his soldier's profession. The day of St. Gregory, which is the twelfth of May, this author says was thus symbolised: "They set you down in a picture a master holding a rod and ferula in

"The usage here particularly alluded to, is that of electing a bishop from among the choiristers of the cathedral of Sarum, on the anniversary of St. Nicholas, being the sixth day of December; who was invested with great authority, and had the state of a diocesan bishop from the time of his election until Innocent's day, as it is called, the twenty-eighth day of the same month. It seems, that the original design of this singular institution was to do honour to the memory of St. Nicholas, bishop of Myra in Lycia; who even in his infancy was remarkable for his piety, and, in the language of St. Paul to Timothy, is said "to have known the scriptures of a child." Ribadeneyra has given his life at large; but the following extract from the English Festival †, contains as much about him as any reasonable man can be expected to believe. "It is sayed, that hys fader hyght Epiphanius, and hys moder, Joanna, &c. And whan he was born, &c. they made hym Chrysten, and called hym Nycolas, that is a mannes name; but he kepeth the name of a chyld; for he chose to kepe vertues, meknes, and symplenes, and without malyce. Also we rede, whyle he lay in hys cradel, he fasted Wednesday and Fryday: these days he would louke but ones of the day, and therewyth held hym plesed. Thus he lyved all hys lyfe in vertues, with thys chyldre name; and therefore chyldren don hym worship before all other sayntes."

(To be continued.)

his hands. It is, adds he, because at that time, as being about the beginning of the spring, they use to send their children first to school. And some, he says, are so superstitiously given, as upon this night to have their children asked the question in their sleep, "Whether they have a mind to book, or no?" And if they say yes, they count it for a very good presage; but if the children answer nothing, or nothing to that purpose, they put them to plough.

† A circumstance is related of this bishop Nicholas, which does not very well agree with the above account of his meek and placid temper; for at the Council of Nice, this same bishop, upon some dispute that arose between them, is said to have given the heretic Arius a box on the ear. Bayle, vol. ii. p. 530. in the notes.

INTERESTING HISTORY of the MONMOUTH FAMILY.

(Continued from Page 419.)

TERESA had little claim to beauty. She was below the middle size, and much inclining to be fat: her black eyes wanted intelligence, and though her teeth were white and even, the mouth that encompassed them was too large to be agreeable; yet as she expressed a fund of good-nature, both in her countenance and manner, she was, on the whole, not an unpleasing figure. Her intellects were weak: she was quite inoffensive, but vain and covetous of the admiration of the men. Her fortune prompted many to pay their attention to her, and she considered them as captives to her beauty.

When about twenty-one, Mr. Gilbert, taking an airing, passed by a villa newly built. Struck with the elegance of the mansion, he enquired who was the owner, and was told Mr. Monmouth. These gentlemen having intercourse in the way of business, Gilbert enquired if his friend was at home, and was introduced. Monmouth received him with much pleasure, and was not a little delighted with the praise Mr. Gilbert lavished on his buildings. He stayed tea, Miss Teresa presided, and her good-nature and her father's fortune were not despicable in Mr. Gilbert's eyes. His polite attention to her gave infinite pleasure, and Mr. Gilbert, in a few days, made offers in form to Mr. Monmouth. He accepted the offer of alliance, provided it was agreeable to Teresa, as he did not wish to marry her against her inclinations.

Mr. Gilbert was thirty-five, and had few personal attractions; but he had a good knowledge of the world, and a polite behaviour. He was a sensible, solid man, and had acquired a genteel fortune in the banking business. He made himself perfectly agreeable to Teresa, and settlements, &c. were agreed on. He attended her with her parents one evening to Vauxhall; it proved damp and cold,

and Teresa, in a few days after, was seized with a violent fever, which long resisted all the medical art, but at length gave place, but not before it had seized the vitals, and continual hysterics and symptoms of a consumption succeeded. Vain were all efforts for her cure: she languished a year and a half. Mr. Gilbert was her constant visiter and friend, and she received the greatest satisfaction in his company. When her end was near, seeing her mother inconsolable, she intreated her to send for her sister home, that she might lose her sorrows in Elfrida's engaging company. Her request was complied with, and in a few days after she expired, leaving her parents in the deepest affliction: nor was her lover without concern for her loss.

As he still continued his visits, he began at length to turn his thoughts on the young Elfrida, then almost seventeen. She was tall and elegantly formed, her features regular and attractive, her complexion fair and blooming, her eyes blue and languishing: the lily, indeed, was more predominant than the rose, and an air of delicacy spread over her countenance, and graced her every motion. As she was of a meek and timid disposition, she had all that feminine sweetness which is to most men irresistible. Teresa's death gave so severe a shock to Elfrida's spirits, that she continued in a swoon for some hours. A vein was opened, but the operator was unskilful, and for some months a contraction in her arm was thought very dangerous. Mr. Gilbert, notwithstanding, made his proposals to her father, who objected her extreme youth, but was at last prevailed on to agree, provided his daughter consented. But the lovely Elfrida heard the proposal with infinite repugnance, and Mr. Gilbert was under a necessity to withdraw his claim.

To recover her arm she was ordered to visit one of the watering-places; her mother attended her. Ever attentive to the plan of economy, this frugal parent could not think of the expence of a house for herself and servants, but

took apartments at a lodging-house, in which also lodged an elderly lady, and her nephew.

Mrs. Sydney was the widow of a colonel, in whose life they had dissipated an ample fortune, and at whose death she found herself in possession of one hundred and fifty pounds a year for her life, at the expiration of which it was to devolve on their nephew, Frederick Sydney.

He had lived with his uncle and aunt from his infancy, his parents being dead; and paid his kind relations every filial duty. He was uncommonly attentive to his aunt, who was equally affectionate to him. He had received a liberal and genteel education; but bred to no business, because he was intended for the army. He was just come from the university, and attended his aunt, who was directed to sea-bathing for a rheumatic complaint.

Frederick was about twenty, with a figure from which the most beautiful Adonis might be drawn. His manners were gentle and insinuating, his attention to the fair sex unlimited. Though encompassed with their smiles, and surrounded with their attractions, his heart continued insensible, till he beheld the lovely Elfrida. He was no longer cold to the charms of beauty, nor was Elfrida less agitated by viewing the amiable Frederick.

In a little garden belonging to the house, the lodgers would sometimes walk, and Frederick soon found an opportunity to declare his ardent passion for Elfrida, and to receive assurances from her, that a union with him would be very pleasing to her, if the consent of her parents could be gained.

Frederick applied to Mrs. Monmouth, but she referred him to her husband, nor did she encourage the lovers to suppose that he would approve of the match, as it was in his power to add a large fortune to his daughter's personal charms, which might of themselves adorn a coronet. This circumstance made her return sooner than she wished; but as her Elfrida's complaint amended fast, her

mother thought it prudent to return, and had some hopes that she might, by absence, forget so recent an attachment.

But the engaging youth had made too deep an impression on the tender heart of Elfrida, to be so soon effaced, and mutual protestations of unalterable love preceded their parting. They had not been long at home, before Mrs. Sydney, and her nephew followed, and Frederick immediately waited on Mr. Monmouth with his proposals, which were treated with the utmost contempt, disdain, and insolence.

This stroke was too much for the meek Elfrida. She pined in silence; grief, indeed, not only preyed on her damask cheek, but seized her delicate frame. A slow and dangerous fever succeeded. Her complaints and sighs induced Mrs. Monmouth to use her utmost interest with her husband, to save their lovely daughter. Distracted at the thought of losing her, he appointed a meeting with Mrs. Sydney and Frederick, when after expatiating on the fortune he could give Elfrida, he gave them to understand they were beneath his notice; but as the young man was necessary to his daughter's happiness, he would do the same for her which Mrs. Sidney should do for her nephew.

Mrs. Sydney was well-born and well-bred, and had lived in great affluence, and good company. She was of a generous mind, and heartily despised the wealthy object before her; but as her Frederick's happiness was at stake, she mildly told him, that she had already engaged with the proper agents to procure him a lieutenant's commission, the expence of which she should defray, but could do nothing more of consequence till her death, when he would be in possession of her income.

Monmouth's pride was severely mortified; but to conceal it, he said, he would use his power for the young man's advancement, but as Elfrida was so young, he wished not to precipitate a union. Frederick, rejoiced at the

the hopes of his consent, readily agreed to defer the completion of his happiness till Mr. Monmouth should think proper; but begged to be admitted as a visiter. This was refused, and after much solicitation, a correspondence was permitted. Mr. Monmouth's intention was to get Sydney into a regiment going abroad, and having no idea of the delicacy of the tender passion, had great hopes that absence, with the introduction of some other agreeable object, might change Elfrida's sentiments.

The languid fair one was revived with her father's distant consent to their union, which was represented to her in the most flattering point of view. She slowly recovered, but there were too great symptoms of decline to let her parents be happy. Mrs. Monmouth, in particular, suffered so much by her anxiety and attendance on her child, that she was seized with a painful and dangerous disorder, which confined her some weeks to her bed; during this time, the lovers corresponded without interruption.

Their tender expressions and complaints of the cruelty of their separation were mutual, and at length induced Frederick to propose an *elopement*. Elfrida had not resolution to resist; though her fond mother was almost helpless, and required a return of that tender care so lately bestowed on her languishing daughter. On the appointed day, Elfrida, rising from her mother's bedside, said, "Madam, if you can spare me, I will adjust my dress a little, I am quite in dishabille; I shall soon return."

"Do, my dear," said her mother, "and do not hurry yourself, I am sorry you are so confined."

Elfrida took her hat and cloak, and in going into the garden, a servant ran after with her clogs; "Dear Miss," said the considerate maid, "why will you venture out in the rain?"

"The rain is trifling," said Elfrida, "my mamma is tolerably easy, and I want a mouthful of air, but I shall not stay many minutes."

The maid returned to her employments, and Elfrida to a back gate, which opened into a lane, where Frederick was waiting with a chaise, into which, she immediately slept, and was conveyed to a farm-house at a small distance, where they remained three weeks. To evade all pursuit, Elfrida appeared as the sister of Frederick, who was ordered to change the air for recovery of her health.

Mrs. Monmouth, after being four hours alone, rung the bell, a servant appeared, "Where is Elfrida, I fear she is not well."

"I thought, Madam, Miss had been with you, but I will seek her."

The maid searched the house and gardens in vain, and returned to acquaint her mistress, that she fancied Miss had taken a lonely walk, as the back garden-gate was not locked.

Mrs. Monmouth was distressed at the intelligence; but her husband coming home soon after, distressed her still farther. His despair, his rage, vented themselves in the most horrid imprecations. He would not attempt to pursue her. No, "let her reap the reward of her folly and disobedience."

When the lovers thought themselves secure, they set out for France. Many were the difficulties they encountered, before they could be united: at length, the irrevocable ceremony was performed at St. Omer's. But the lovely Elfrida, whose constitution was delicate, could not support the hurry of her spirits, the extreme agitation of mind, and the conflicting elements, as it was in the latter end of the year, and she was exposed in an open boat for many miles, and obliged to submit to the worst accommodations, for it was not in her Frederick's power to procure her the best.

Though blest with all her soul held dear, she landed at Dover, more dead than alive. Frederick instantly wrote an account of their marriage and situation, and of Elfrida's health, both to his aunt, and to Mr. Monmouth, requesting from the latter some assistance, as he could not procure, for his

lovely wife, those necessary comforts her reduced condition required.

Mrs. Sydney immediately flew to their assistance, while Mr. Monmouth, imagining the account of her weakness was only to obtain pity, refused to be imposed on, and returned an answer of scorn and reproach, and with many low, common phrases, left them to make the best of their bargain.

(To be continued.)

L A U R E T T A.

(A new Translation from the French of MARMONTEL.)

By HARRIOT DELANY, a young Lady of nineteen.

(Continued from Page 408.)

“AND, Sir,” replied the villager, holding up his head, “must a man, who has served his country for twenty years, who retired covered with wounds, and since that has not ceased to work without respite, must such a man submit? Should not the ground, manured with my sweat, give me something to support life? Must I finish it by begging my bread?”

So much magnanimity in an obscure person amazed the count.

“You have then served in the army?”

“Yes, Sir; I took arms under Berwick, and made the campaigns with Maurice. My father, till he was stripped of all he was worth by an unsuccessful lawsuit, had enough to support me in the line of life I was in. But when I was discharged, he was inevitably ruined. We came to conceal ourselves here; and with the wrecks of our fortune we purchased a small farm, which I cultivated with my own hands. Our former condition was not known; and this, to which I seem to be born, gives me no shame. I supported, I comforted my father. I married, that was my misfortune, and I find it so now.”

“Is your father dead then?”

“Ah! no.”

“Your wife?”

“She is too happy in not seeing this fatal day.”

“Have you any family?”

“I have only one daughter, poor girl!—Do not you hear her sobs? She keeps at a distance for fear of adding to my distraction.”

Luzy longed to rush into the cottage, where Lauretta was sighing; but he refrained for fear of betraying himself.

“Take this,” said he to her father, presenting him his purse; “this assistance is but trifling; but when you are in need, remember the count de Luzy, I live at Paris.” As he spoke these words he went away, without giving Lauretta’s father time to thank him.

What was the astonishment of good-man Basile, when he found a considerable sum in the purse! A hundred louis! more than triple the value of his little farm!

“Daughter, come hither; look at that gentleman at a distance, he is no mortal, but an angel from heaven. But what can I think of this? it is impossible that he should have intended to give me so much. Do, Lauretta, run after him, and tell him that he is under a mistake.”

Lauretta ran after Luzy, and coming up to him, “My father,” said she, “cannot believe that you intended to give us this for a present; he sent me to give it to you again.”

“Ah! Lauretta, is not all that I have your’s and your father’s? Can I pay him too much for having given you birth? Carry him this trifling present back again; this is only an earnest of my benevolence; but do not let him know my motive; only tell him that I am but too happy to oblige a good man.”

As Lauretta was going to thank him. “To-morrow,” said he, “at day break, as I pass by the end of the village, I will receive, if you please, both your acknowledgments and adieux.”

“What? do you set out to-morrow?”

“Yes,”

"Yes; I shall set out the most amorous and the most wretched of men."

"At day-break!—that is pretty near the time when my father and I go to work."

"Together?"

"No, he goes first: I have the care of the house, and that detains me a little. And do you come our way?"

"I cross it at the bottom of the village; but though I should go about, it is the least I can do for so many marks of friendship. Adieu then, Lauretta. To-morrow! If I could see you only a single moment, it would be the greatest pleasure I ever enjoyed."

Basile, on Lauretta's return, could entertain no doubts of Luzy's beneficence. "What a good youth! What an excellent heart!" cried he every minute. Do not let us lose, notwithstanding, what the hail has left us. The less it is, the more pains is requisite to make what there is of any service."

Lauretta was so much affected with the kindness of the count, so concerned at making him unhappy, that she wept all night. In the morning she did not put on her holiday-clothes, but amidst the extreme simplicity of her dress, she did not forget to add some of the vanity and coquetry natural to those of her age.

"I shall never see him again! what signifies it whether I appear more or less handsome in his eyes? For a single moment it is hardly worth while." As she spake these words, she adjusted her tucker, and necklace. She thought of carrying him some fruits in her breakfast-basket. "He will not despise them," said she; "I will tell him that I gathered them myself;" and as she arranged the fruits on a vine-leaf, she bedewed them with her tears. Her father was gone already: and to the whiteness of day-break was added that faint tint of gold and purple which is diffused by Aurora, when the poor girl, with a palpitating heart, came to the end of the village by herself. About a minute after she per-

ceived the count's diligence, and trembled at the sight of it. As soon as Luzy saw her, he jumped out of his carriage, and approaching her with a melancholic air:

"I am sensible, fair Lauretta," said he, "of the favour with which you have honoured me. I have at least the consolation that you are not insensible to my feelings, and I can believe that you are sorry for making me unhappy."

"I am distracted on that account," replied Lauretta, "and I would gladly give all that you have presented us with, to have never seen you."

"And I, for my part, Lauretta, will give all I am worth never to leave you."

"Alas! I am of opinion that depends entirely on yourself; my father could refuse you nothing; he honours, he loves, he reveres you."

"Fathers are cruel; he would insist on my marrying you, and that is not in my power; we must think no more about it; we are going to part from each other, and bid each other an eternal adieu; we I say, who would never, if you had been willing, have ceased to live for each other, to love, to enjoy together all the gifts that fortune has bestowed upon me, and all others which you could delight in. Alas! you do not conceive the pleasures, which await us. If you have the least idea of them; if you know what it is that you renounce!"—

"But though I do not know them, I feel them. Believe me, ever since I saw you, every thing but you is nothing. At first my mind was occupied by the fine things which you promised me; but since all that is vanished; I have never thought of them; have thought of nothing but you. Oh, if my father would but give his consent!"—

"What necessity is there for that? Do you wait for his consent to love me? Does not our happiness depend upon ourselves. Love and fidelity, Lauretta, are your claim, and my security. Can there be any more sacred, more inviolable? Believe me, when the heart

heart has yielded, all is over, the hand has nothing to do but to follow it. Give me then your hand, which I shall kiss a thousand times, and bathe with my tears."

"There it is," said she, with her eyes brimful with tears.

"It is mine," cried he, "that dear hand is mine, for which I am indebted to love; and sooner than I would loose it, I would part with my life. Yes, Lauretta, I would die at your feet, if any one should attempt to separate us."

Lauretta sincerely believed that he could not live without seeing her.

"Alas!" said she, "and yet am I the cause of your misery?"

"Yes, cruel one, you will be the cause of it."

"Heavens forbid! No, I would sooner lay down my life."

"Give me some proof that you would," said he, at the same time offering her some violence, "and come along with me, if you love me."

"No," said she, "I cannot do it without my father's consent."

"Well, then, leave me to my despair."

On hearing these words, Lauretta turned pale and trembled, her heart being pierced with grief and fear, durst neither retain nor reject Luzy's hand. Her tearful eyes followed, with horror, the wild looks of the count.

"Pray," said she, to calm him, "pray pity me, and look at me without anger. I hoped that you would accept of this token of my gratitude, but dare not offer it to you now."

"What, is this fruit for me? Ah! cruel one, you will insult me. I want poison," and, flinging down the basket with all his force, he retired in a violent passion.

Lauretta took his behaviour as a sign of hatred, and her heart already melted, could hardly sustain this last shock. She had scarcely strength enough to go a few steps farther, when she fell down in a fit at the bottom of a tree. Luzy, who kept his eyes upon her all this while, ran up to her, and found her drowned in tears, with

her bosom choaked with sighs, her colour vanished, and almost half dead. He was inconsolable; at first he thought of nothing but to restore her to life; but as soon as he saw her recovering, he took advantage of her weakness, and before she had got the better of her fit, she was already at a distance from the village, in the count's diligence, and in the arms of her destroyer.

"Where am I," said she, when she opened her eyes? Is it you, Sir? Carry me back again to the village."

"My dearest soul," said he, pressing her to his bosom; I have seen the moment when our adieux would have cost each of us our lives. Do not let us expose to such a trial two hearts too weak to support it. I am wholly your's, and will seal my oath of being your's, and your's alone, upon your lips. I desire nothing but to live entirely for you."

"But, my father! Shall I leave my father? Has he not the sole disposal of me! —"

"Thy father, Lauretta, shall be loaded with riches. He shall partake in the happiness of his daughter; we will be both of us his children. Repose upon my tenderness for soothing and consoling him. Come, let me wipe away your tears, and shed mine in your bosom: they are tears of joy, tears of luxurious delight." The pernicious Luzy mingled these expressions with all the charms of seduction, and Lauretta was not insensible; but her father, in the mean while, was restless, distracted, and ran about in search of his daughter, calling her as loud as he could; inquiring after her all about the village, and not finding her return at night, went home inconsolable for the loss of her; the idea of these circumstances was always present to her mind, and caused her incessant anxiety.

Luzy drove away as fast as his horses could gallop, with the blinds drawn up, his people were faithful, and to be depended upon, and Lauretta left no trace of her flight behind her. It was necessary to Luzy to conceal her elopement. But he dispatched one of his domestics,

domestics, who going a bye-way, at a distance from his *route*, sent the curate of Coulange a letter from Luzy, written in a feigned hand.

“ Desire Lauretta’s father to make himself easy; tell him that she is well, and that the lady, who has taken her with her, will be as careful of her, as if she were her own child. In a short time he shall know what is become of her.”

(*To be continued.*)

Account of a new, original, whimsical, operatical, pantomimical, farcical, electrical, naval, military, temporary, and local Extravaganza! called THE GENIUS OF NONSENSE, performed at the Hay-market Theatre, for the first Time, on Saturday, September 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Harlequin, vocal,	} Mr. Bannister,
and rhetorical, —	
Ditto, Mum! —	Mr. Lamash.
Agreeable companion in a post-chaise —	} Mr. Webb.
Landlord, —	
Dame Turton, —	Mr. Usher.
Goody Burton, —	Mr. Edwin.
Gammer Gurton, —	Mr. Wood.
Pantaloon, —	Mr. Bannister.
Clown, —	Mr. Massey.
Head boy of the Marine Society, —	Mr. Hussey.
Officer in the camp, —	} Master Edwin.
Attendant, —	
Irishman, —	Mr. Wood.
Emperor of the Quacks, —	Mr. Stevens.
Columbine, —	Mr. Egan.
Maid, —	} Mr. Bannister.
Chambermaid, —	
Goddes of Health, —	jun.
and Genius of Nonsense, —	Miss Wewitzer.
	Miss Wood.
	Miss W. Palmer.
	} Mrs. Cargill.

THE great success of *Harlequin’s Invasion*, and *The Touchstone*, both of which are termed Speaking Pantomimes, seems to have induced the manager of the Haymarket Theatre to chuse the same vehicle for the

exercise of satire, the exhibition of ridicule, and the display of scenery. In the present piece he has very freely employed each of these, and with no small degree of success; he has also interwoven some scenes of mummery for the satisfaction of the lovers of dumb shew, and has given the whole performance that motley and incongruous shape, which is the grand characteristic of all the entertainments of the same species, that have hitherto been seen in our theatres.

The first scene of the *Genius of Nonsense* exhibites Harlequin sitting cross legged, and considering in what manner he shall put himself to death, declaring, that since suicide is the fashion he will not be the last to follow it, he proposes eating and drinking to excess; at length he determines to stop his breath by sewing up his mouth, and just as he is preparing to put his purpose in practice the *Genius of Nonsense* appears, and addresses him; Harlequin begs she will not break the thread of his argument, and tells her so much nonsense has been lately put into his mouth at the winter theatres, that he is determined to sew it up, and speak no more; he adds, that if half the members of both houses of parliament, and all the members of the debating societies, would follow his example, the public would be infinitely obliged to them.

The *Genius of Nonsense* asks him, if he conceived the town was more entertained at his mummery, than since his mouth had been opened? Harlequin answers, most certainly; that formerly, when his mummery was well contrived, he had wit at his fingers ends, and satire in every tumble, but that dullness and dialogue came in together. The *Genius of Nonsense* announces her title, and bids Harlequin forbear his purpose. Harlequin is much amazed, and says he had always considered *Genius* and *Nonsense* to be irreconcilable terms, to which the *Genius* replies, “ quite the contrary; it requires a great deal of genius to give *Nonsense* spirit.”

She then gives Harlequin an account of herself, and says, before the Reformation she had always presided in the church; that from that period to the Revolution she had shifted her patronage, engrossed the law, and sat frequently in council: at the Revolution Sense brought a writ of *habeas corpus*, and established the right of Nonsense by the decision of an English jury. At the present day, she was now and then to be met with in parliament, had some few strong-holds in the church, was always to be found at the Tabernacle and Foundery, might occasionally be traced to the College of Physicians, and sometimes visited the Royal Society; but that Harlequin was all times and in all ages, the object of her peculiar care, and that now she appeared merely to excite him to pleasure, which had ever been his favourite pursuit. The Genius of Nonsense and Harlequin here sing the following duet:

GENIUS.

Oh, follow then, where Nonsense points the way,

Like idle flies that in the sun-beams play!
Sport and glee, merrily,
Your hours shall mark;

While jollity and dance shall lead the way,
And softer pleasures court you in the dark.

HARLEQUIN.

Yes, thou goddess fair and free!
Blithful as Euphrosyne!

Harlequin shall follow thee;

Thou his joys shall crown!

Still in triumph thou shalt ride,
Nonsense shall his actions guide,

Pleasure o'er his steps preside,

Frisking up and down.

The watchman calling *past six o'clock*, summons Harlequin away, and the scene changes to the inside of a chamber, where Colombine and her father are sitting at tea; Harlequin having gained admittance by an extraordinary leap into the one pair of stairs window, contrives to carry off Colombine and sink her father through a trap under the stage; after some more pantomime with the clown, the scene shifts again to a representation of the north front of Westminster-Abbey.

A number of persons enter the Abbey in order to see the tombs, and they are followed by Dame Turton, Goody Burton, and Gammer Gurton, who sing a trio, and, on the sight of a tombstone, the following celebrated catch, set to music by Dr. Harrington of Bath;

A C A N T A T A.

By DAME TURTON, GOODY BURTON,
GAMMER GURTON.

Neighbours, neighbours, once in a way,

Let's be merry, let's be gay!

Tho' the warm, and youthful dame
Cracks and rejoices in the flame;

Yet the tough faggot of a green old age
Burns fierce—and hisses with redoubled rage.

Neighbours, neighbours, once in a way,

Let's be merry, let's be gay!

Youth will not return, as it would not endure:

[sure.

Yet this is our comfort—we've *had it*, we're
Young women to boast of the same must be
bold;

[old?

For what girl can be certain she'll live to grow
Neighbours, neighbours, once in a way,

Let's be merry, let's be gay!

C A T C H.

Look, neighbours, look!

Here lies poor Thomas Day,
Dead and turn'd to clay!

Does he so!

What, Old Thomas? No.

What, Young Thomas? Ay.

Good lack-a-day!

The scene changes to the inside of the Abbey, and exhibits a number of people viewing the tombs; Harlequin and Colombine follow, and after assuming a disguise, place themselves upon a monument of the duke of Argyle, and assume the appearances of Minerva and Eloquence, as the principal figures of it. Pantaloon and the clown enter in pursuit, and the latter discovering the young pair, Colombine is forced away, and Harlequin escapes.

The motley hero is next seen lamenting the loss of his Colombine. A porter brings him a letter, in which he is informed that his mistress is carried off by her father to the camp at Dartford, and from thence to Gravesend.

Harlequin

Harlequin prepares to follow, when he is accosted by a fat fellow, who declares himself to an *Agreeable Companion in a Post-Chaise*, and that he wants a partner to Gravesend; after some laugh upon the meaning of the traveller's description of himself, which Harlequin says, is merely that he can sleep three parts of the way and pay half the expences, they set off together.

When they arrive at an inn on the road, Harlequin asks the landlord what they can have for supper; Boniface tells him, a nice blade-bone of mutton was then on the fire; the Agreeable Companion professing himself very hungry, they sit down together, and the landlord leaves them, after he has said, "much good may do them," upon which Harlequin observes, that much good must then be done with a very little; for he never saw a smaller blade-bone in his life, nor one with less meat upon it.

The Agreeable Companion giving proof of a voracious appetite, Harlequin has recourse to stratagem to save his supper; and begins barking like a dog. His companion is alarmed, and asks the reason of this strange conduct, Harlequin bids him fear nothing, that he has only been bit by a small pug, and as he was going down to the salt water to be dipped, does not doubt but he shall soon be better. This answers the end, and the Companion in great confusion leaves Harlequin and the room: Harlequin then enjoys himself and swallows the rest of the mutton, after which the landlord enters, and with apparent dread approaches the table; he tells Harlequin that his fellow traveller had reported that he was mad, and had a whole kennel of hounds in his belly; Harlequin laughs heartily, and says, he was only mad for fear he should lose his supper, and that he has nothing in his belly but the bit of mutton which he had brought in, and that was no great matter neither.

He then gives the landlord an account of his imitative faculties; and after observing that his talents were

rather rhetorical than vocal, and that he has not so good an ear as his father; speaks the lines of the following air, accompanying each verse with animal imitations.

I'm master of Forte, Piano :—

Notes suited to every case.

Like puppies, I yelp in Soprano,
Or growl, like a bull-dog, in bass.

I can bark like a dog;

I can grunt like a hog;

Squeak like pigs; or like asses can bray;

Or turn'd to a fowl,

I can hoot like an owl—

Sure of all I'd be at,

Can crow sharp, and quack flat,

Or gobble, like turkies, all day.

This over, Harlequin retires, and the scene changes to a two-bedded chamber, into which the Agreeable Companion is introduced by the Landlord; who tells him, "that the gentleman's barking was nothing more than a frolick to bite him out of his supper." The Agreeable Companion wishes for a room with only one bed in it; but being informed the house was quite full, and there was no other chamber at liberty, is contented to lie down in his clothes till morning.

Before the Landlord quits the room, he acquaints his guest, that the gentlemen had desired him to let him know that he had a habit of walking in his sleep, but that he never did any harm.

No sooner is the Landlord gone and the Traveller quiet, than Harlequin rises from his bed with a postilion's whip in his hand, and pretending that he imagines he is just mounting a horse to pursue his journey, begins whipping away very heartily.

The Agreeable Companion jumps out of bed in surprize, and Harlequin gets directly before him and cuts his legs with great vehemence, imitating the action of a man riding full speed all the time; the Traveller cries out, "Softly, softly!"

Harlequin replies, "Softly!—no, if we proceed softly, we shall never reach our journey's end," and takes occasion to cut behind him still harder; at length he pretends to alight, and to sit down to take refreshment;

he imagines fruit to be on the table, and imitates the action of eating cherries, currants, and gooseberries; he then seems to mount again, and the Agreeable Companion calling out to him to Stop, he exclaims, "Stop, ha! what I am called to by a highwayman!" and instantly seizing the Traveller by the throat, half choaks him. The noise made by this incident rouses the Landlord and his servants, who coming into the room and seizing Harlequin, the latter affects to be but just awaked, and enquires where he is. After a small colloquy, Harlequin begs his Companion's pardon, and asks him to go on, telling him that he will endeavour to prove more agreeable the rest of the journey. The Traveller swears he had rather go to the D—l at once, than proceed a mile farther with him; Harlequin thereupon takes his leave of him, advising him never again to announce himself for *an agreeable companion in a p-st-chaise*.

To this various pantomime scenes succeed, in one of which Colombine is changed to the Good-woman without a head; at length the scene shifts to London, and the Gog and Magog of the Emperor of the Quacks are discovered in their beadle-like gowns and Kevenhuller gold laced hats, giving hand-bills to passengers, and inviting them to visit the Temple of Health. When these stationaries have counted and compared their receipts, they retire, and the scene changes to the inside of an elegant apartment*, in which all the pomp and parade of electricity are displayed. A great deal of company enter, and after the Goddess of Health has sung the following air,

Come then, ah come, oh sacred health,
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,
The seasoning of all good below,
The sov'reign friend in joy or woe;
Oh, thou most courted, most despis'd.
And but in absence duly priz'd;
Root of the soft and rosy face,
The vivid pulse, each charm, each grace!
The spirits, when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!

Harlequin acts the part of the Emperor, in which character he delivers a lecture upon this art, couched in the highest flown expressions of bombast, partly copied from the Doctor's hand-bill. In the course of the lecture, the speaking through a tube, and the bringing up the medicines, called for, through a trap-door, as practised at the Adelphi, are exhibited; and at the end of it, the Emperor asks for the Goddess of Health; his servant tells him, "she is not in the house;" amazed at this reply, he demands to know the reason, when the servant informs him that the Goddess of Health was suddenly taken ill, and that she was gone to a *Doctor for advice*. Dumbfounded and ashamed at so mortifying a circumstance, the Emperor sneaks off, and an Irishman, who was one of the company at the lecture, after a bull or two on the subject of the Goddess of Health's illness, proposes opening a large thick folio, which the Emperor had told them was the Register of all his receipts, in order to see if it contained any *recipe* for the Goddess's disorder. On attempting to open it, the book appears to be a deception, and turns out to be a wooden box filled with oyster shells, lemons, and apples; enraged at the discovery, the Irishman proceeds to demolish the Emperor's apparatus, and the scene drops.

The pantomime after this proceeds: in due course, a view of Chatham is presented, with the boys of the Marine Society, at the head of whom little Edwin sings the favourite ballad of *Hearts of Oaks*, &c. At length, on Pantaloon's meeting and seizing his daughter, the Genius of Nonsense appears, and commands him to give her in marriage to Harlequin; the old fellow asks why he must do so? When the Genius replies, "because thus it is Nonsense ever concludes the adventures of Harlequin." She then sings the following air:

'Tis thus with a wife,
And a prosperous life,

* This is an exact copy of that in the Temple of Health at the Adelphi.

Her favourite she labours to blefs;
To fhew that intrigue,
With folly in league.
Must ever be crown'd with fuccels.

'Tis thus too the fair,
With the fame partial care,
She ferves from beginning to end;
And when miffes elope,
They'll acknowledge, I hope,
That Nonfence is ever their friend.

Pantaloon complies, and they all fet out together to view the camp in St. James's Park, a representation of which is the laft fcene of the entertainment, the whole concluding with the fong of *God fave great George our King*.

A performance of this mixed fort is, of all others, the beft vehicle for humour and pleafantry, becaufe it is not, like other ftage exhibitions, tied down to any critical rules or limitations whatever; it may partake of the effence of comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, and, by blending them together, derive force and merit from their various excellencies. The great ends of it are to create laughter, and excite furprize, and if thofe ends are fully answered, it may put criticism and censure at defiance.

In the piece called *The Genius of Nonfence*, the vocal and rhetorical fcenes are at once replete with fense and fatire. The pantomimical part is not fo happily executed. In the former the humour is ftong, and the ridicule well applied; the latter falls fomewhat fhort of our expectation.

The idea of Harlequin's barking like a dog, is obviously taken from one of the French *Proverbes Dramatiques*, the ftory of which was adopted by the late Mr. Quin, and circulated in this kingdom as his own. And the incidents in the bed-chamber are as obviously taken from *Le Somnambule*, a comedy of one act, by Moutieur de Pont de Vêlé, firft produced at the French theatre, in 1739, and which has continued a very popular performance to this day *.

* The production of the electrical fire from the temple and the tube, and the apothecary's popping up and down through the trap is truly laughable.

The fcenes of this entertainment are various; and the production of different artifts. The two views of Weftminfter-Abbey, and the views of the Thames, at Gravefend, and at Chatham, are painted by Mr. Canter; the infide of the apartment of the Emperor of the Quacks, and the view of the camp in St. James's-Park, by Mr. Rooker; in both thefe fcenes Mr. Rooker has given very diftinguifhed proofs of his fuperior talents as an artift. The latter of the two, is one of the moft beautiful and correct ever exhibited on a ftage; if it have any fault, it is that of being too delicately touched, and bearing too clofe a refemblance to a finished picture.

Mr. Bannifter, jun. played the character of the vocal and rhetorical Harlequin with great fpirit. Meflrs. Edwin, Bannifter and Wood, fung the catch with infinite humour, and were very defervedly encored. Mrs. Cargill made a very refpectable figure in her two characters of the Genius of Nonfence and the Goddefs of Health.

The mufic of his entertainment is the work of Dr. Arnold, and though the chief part of it is compilation, does the Doctor great credit. The overture was remarkably pretty, and the laft fong of Mrs. Cargill a very capital performance.

The *Genius of Nonfence* has evidently put the manager to a large expence; but it has not failed from the ftrength of its humour and happy temporariness of its fatire to become extremely popular and profitable.

On the PERSON of KING RICHARD III.
Extracted from WALPOLE'S HISTORICAL DOUBTS, Page 102.

“ WITH regard to the perfon of Richard, it feems to have been as much misrepresented as his actions. Philip de Comines, who was very free-spoken even on his own matters, and therefore not likely to spare a foreigner, mentions the beauty

of Edward the Fourth; but says nothing of the deformity of Richard, though he saw them together. This is merely negative. The old countess of Desmond, who had danced with Richard, declared he was the *kan-somest* man in the room except his brother Edward, and was very well made. But what shall we say to Dr. Shaw, who in his sermon appealed to the people, whether Richard was not the express image of his father's person, who was neither ugly nor deformed? Not all the Protector's power could have kept the muscles of the mob in awe, and prevented their laughing at so ridiculous an apostrophe, had Richard been a little, crooked, withered, hump-backed monster, as later historians would have us believe, and very idly. Cannot a foul soul inhabit a fair body?

"The truth I take to have been this: Richard, who was slender, and not tall, had one shoulder a little higher than the other; a defect, by the magnifying glasses of party, by distance of time, and by the amplification of tradition, easily swelled to shocking deformity; for falsehood itself generally pays so much respect to truth, as to make it the basis of its superstructures."

"I have two reasons for believing Richard was not well made about the shoulders. Among the drawings which I purchased at Vertue's sale, was one of Richard and his queen, of which nothing is expressed but the outlines. There is no intimation from whence the drawing was taken; but by a collateral direction for the colour of the robe, if not copied from the picture, it certainly was from some painted window, where existing I do not pretend to say: in this whole work I have not gone beyond my vouchers. Richard's face is very comely, and corresponds singularly with the portrait of him in the preface to the *Royal and Noble Authors*. He has a sort of tippet of ermine doubled about his neck, which seems calculated to disguise some want of symmetry thereabouts."

"My other authority is John Rous, the antiquary of Warwickshire, who saw Richard at Warwick in the interval of his two coronations, and who describes him thus: "*Parvæ staturæ erat, curtam habens faciem, inæquales humeros, dexter superior, sinisterque inferior;*" i. e. "He was of little stature, having a short face, his shoulders uneven, of which the right one was the higher, the left one lower."—What feature in this portrait gives any idea of a monster? or who can believe an eye-witness, and so minute a painter, would have mentioned nothing but the inequality of shoulders, if Richard's form had been a compound of ugliness? Could a Yorkist have drawn a less disgusting representation? And yet Rous was a vehement Lancastrian; and the moment he ceased to have truth before his eyes, gave into all the virulence and forgeries of his party."

ON EPISTOLARY WRITING.

TO reproach, or deride the more important errors of mankind, has generally proved an ungrateful and useless step; their pride frequently prevents them from forsaking principles, to the fallacy of which their perception has not always been awaked. Men of comprehensive understandings have been at pains to investigate the origin and the remedy of that ignorance, which has in all ages exposed the greater part of mankind to the contempt of the better-informed; but whatever truths they may have discovered, every reader is convinced that they concern not *him*: "To the ignorant let them speak, says he; nobody can enroll me in their number." Besides, the conviction of individuals cannot at once influence things established by custom, or winked at by general consent. It is necessary that opinions should remain for a considerable time at the bar of the public, ere their sufficiency can be ascertained, and their title to general assent

can be established. If, therefore, to the sentiments of a cavalier you oppose the passions, interests, and former persuasion of a considerable body of men, it will not appear surprising that useful hints have been neglected, and rational propositions combated, by the superior number. Speculations of this sort seem now particularly superfluous, as they are totally neglected by the intelligent, for whom they are principally calculated, and are much above the comprehension of the illiterate, whose minds are susceptible, in morality, only of the ideas of reward and punishment. But when we can restrict our observations to some palpable and frequent error, which is a perpetual source of ridicule and perplexity, when we shew men that this affects the most elegant intercourse of domestic life, these few observations on epistolary correspondence, the result of a recent conversation, may be excused, as the outlines of what *might* be said on this topic.

In this very common exertion of the faculties we must expect, on different occasions, to find the various passions regulating the matter and the style. It were endless, indeed, to particularise the species of abuse which we have frequent opportunities of remarking in this sort of composition: I mean now to consider that correspondence which is voluntary, that is, neither enforced by business, nor urged by the influence of passion. This species of writing, so agreeable to the friendship of youth, and the philosophic idleness of undissipated minds, when conducted with spirit and propriety, promises advantages even beyond conversation: it accustoms one to a degree of accuracy sufficiently strict to be beneficial, yet not too severe for our gayer moments; it teaches us to *condense* (if I may be allowed the term) our reasoning, and to impart it in the most pleasing manner. This intercourse is the more pleasing, as it is entirely in our own hands, and all possibility of transient disputes with our friend prevented. While we write,

his image is present with us in its most amiable appearance; we dwell on his last kind words or actions, and all our slight animosities, which will at times inevitably arise with the most firmly united, are involuntarily consigned to oblivion.

In the hands, then, of wits, and the correspondence of literati, we expect to find epistolary writing almost attain perfection. But if we examine the letters of celebrated authors, whether professedly designed for the public eye, or dragged into the light after the decease of the writers, we shall be sensible, that extensive knowledge of languages frequently leads to a contempt or neglect of the vernacular tongue; and that too much wit is as disagreeable in letters as in other compositions.

There are many people of great erudition, who cannot even spell the words of their mother-tongue with propriety, and who, in this respect, approach to the *beau monde*, of which they are so careful to express their contempt.

In the last century, a taste for letter-writing was much cultivated, and the first-rate wits of a neighbouring country exerted themselves particularly in this way. Their productions met with the applause of the day, which, at a time when splendor was mistaken for elegance in every instance, they could not fail of commanding. A rich, but wild profusion of wit, characterises those pieces, in which one compliment is sometimes hunted through the whole epistle, while the writer is not ashamed to use hyperbole, that he may "elevate and surprise:" one may look on those times as the *dancing days* of wit.

The letters of our own eminent authors are seldom pleasing or interesting: nothing but the names of Pope and Swift could have preserved their's from total neglect. While there are people, however, who are resolved to admire any production to which such names are affixed, their letters will never want admirers; but these are of
a class

a class which does no honour to the celebrated authors.

It is a received rule, with regard to letter writing, that nothing shall appear laboured or forced; yet this is too frequently violated in the epistles of which I speak. To write with precision, yet in the style of conversation; to preserve connection, without dwelling on any particular subject; and to enliven all with a spirited ease, are what we should aim at in letter-writing, and are not easily to be attained. An original want of taste, or an acquired false one, for which we are to accuse novels; an inexcusable carelessness, which assumes the name of politeness; and an ignorance of polite literature, are singly sufficient to stifle a letter-writer in the birth: what productions then must follow their combination?

The ladies, whose leisure hours are generally more employed in this way than those of men, would do well to consider this subject particularly. Though I am convinced that the gentlemen are commonly as little solicitous about furnishing each word with its due quota of letters, as malice can urge the ladies to be, they ought to reflect that all men do not run into Witwoud's extremes in the play, of "Loving brother—hoping you are well"—and "compliments to all friends round the Wrekin"—or "Rat me, knight, I was so confoundedly drunk, &c."—They may be assured, that the tenderest passion is not always inconsistent with reason; and that an ill-written letter may do more damage than the finest eyes can ever afterwards repair. Fashion, ever attentive to externals, has of late regulated the address of a letter, but she will probably never descend to the care of its contents. False refinement, indeed, may make defects pass for genteel inattention, but can never render them excusable, while there are men in the world who can despise ignorance in embroidery, and whose esteem is not to be purchased by a studied display of magnificence, or the rolling of a beautiful eye.

The History of the DUCHESS of BEAUFORT.

(Continued from Page 115.)

"THESE," continued the king, observing that I listened attentively to him, "are all the foreign princesses that I have any knowledge of. Of those within my kingdom, my niece of Guise * would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports that have been spread, that she loves *poulets* † in paper better than in a fricasée. For my part, I not only believe these reports to be false, but should rather chuse a wife who is a little fond of gallantry, than one who wanted understanding; but I am apprehensive that the violent affection which she discovers for her family, particularly for her brothers, would create some disorders in the kingdom."

After this the king named all the other princesses in France, but to as little purpose. He acknowledged that some were beautiful and genteel, such as the eldest of the duke of Maienne's two daughters, although of a brown complexion; the two daughters likewise of the duke of Aumale, and those of the duke of Longueville; but all these were either too young, or were not to his taste. He afterwards named Mademoiselle Rohan, the princess of Conti's daughter, of the house of Lucé, Mademoiselles Luxembourg and Guêmenè; but the first was a Protestant, and the second not old enough; and the persons of the two others did not please him; all, for some reason or other, were excluded.

The king closed this enumeration by saying, that although all these ladies might be all agreeable enough to

* Louisa Margaret of Lorrain; she was a very beautiful princess. It was proposed, at the time of the siege of Paris, for her to marry Henry IV. in order to unite the two parties. The satirical lampoons of that time charge her with carrying on an intrigue with the duke of Belleguarde, master of the horse. What Henry says here of *poulets* is taken from a song that was made against Mademoiselle de Guise.

† The jest here turns upon the word *poulet*, which in French signifies either a chicken or a capon.

him in their persons, he saw no way to be assured that they would bring him heirs, or that he could suit himself to their tempers, or be convinced of their prudence, three of the seven conditions without which he had resolved never to marry; since, if he entered into an engagement of that kind, it would be with a design to give his wife a share in the management of all his domestic affairs; and that if, according to the course of nature, he should die before her, and leave children very young behind him, it would be necessary that she should be able to superintend their education, and govern the kingdom during a minority.

Weary, at length, of endeavouring, to no purpose, to find out what the king aimed at by this discourse; "But what do you mean, Sir," said I, "by so many affirmatives and negatives; and what am I to conclude by them, but that you are desirous to marry, and yet cannot find a woman upon earth qualified to be your wife? By the manner in which you mentioned the infant *Clara Eugenia*, it should seem that great heiresses are most agreeable to you; but can you expect that heaven should raise a *Margaret of Flanders*, or a *Mary of Burgundy*, from the dead for you? or at least restore the queen of England to her youth?"

I added, smiling, that for proof of the other qualities that he demanded, I saw no better expedient, than to bring all the beauties of France together, from the age of seventeen to that of twenty-five, that by talking with them in person, he might know the turn of their temper and genius; and that for the rest, he should refer himself to experienced matrons, to whom recourse is had on such occasions.

Then, beginning to talk more seriously, I declared, that, in my opinion, his majesty might contract his expectations, by striking off a great fortune, and royal birth, and be satisfied with a wife that might keep his heart, and bring him fine children: but that here again he must content himself with mere probability; there

being many beautiful women incapable of child-bearing; and many illustrious fathers unhappy in their offspring: but, whatever his children should prove, the blood from which they sprung would secure the respect and obedience of the French nation.

"Well," interrupted the king, "setting aside your advice concerning this assembly of beauties, with which I am mightily diverted, and your sage reflection, that great men have often children who possess none of their qualities, I hope to have sons whose actions shall exceed mine. Since you confess, that the lady whom I marry ought to be of an excellent temper, beautiful in her person, and of such a make as to give hopes of bringing children; consider a little whether you do not know a person in whom all these qualities are united."

I replied, that I would not take upon me to decide hastily upon a choice wherein so much consideration was required, and to which I had not yet sufficiently attended.

"And what would you say," returned Henry, "if I should name one, who, I am fully convinced, possesses these three qualities?"

"I would say, sire," replied I with great simplicity, "that you are much better acquainted with her than I am; and that she must necessarily be a widow, otherwise you can have no certainty with regard to her fruitfulness."

"This is all you would desire," said the king; "but if you cannot guess who she is, I will name her to you."

"Name her, then," said I, "for I own I have not wit enough to find out who she is."

"Ah! how dull you are," cried the king; "but I am persuaded you could guess who I mean, if you would; and only affect this ignorance to oblige me to name her myself. Confess, then, that these three qualities meet in my mistress; not (pursued the king, in some confusion at this discovery of his weakness) that I have any intention to marry her; but I want to know

know what you would say, if, not being able to meet with any other whom I could approve of, I should one day take it into my head to make her my wife."

It was not difficult for me to discover, amidst these slight artifices, that his majesty had already thought of it but too much, and was but too well disposed to this unworthy marriage, which every thing he had said tended to excuse.

My astonishment was, indeed, very great, but I thought it necessary to conceal my thoughts with the utmost care. I affected to believe that he was jesting, that I might have an opportunity of answering in such a manner as might make the king ashamed of having entertained so extravagant a notion.

My dissimulation did not succeed; the king had not made so painful an effort to stop there. "I command you," said he to me, "to speak freely: you have acquired the right of telling me plain truths, do not apprehend that I shall be offended with you for doing so; provided that it is in private: such a liberty in public would greatly offend me."

I replied, "I would never be so imprudent, as to say any thing in private, any more than in public, that might displease him; except on such occasions, where his life or the good of the state was in question. I afterwards represented to him the disgrace so scandalous an alliance would draw upon him, in the opinion of the whole world, and the reproaches he would suffer from his own mind upon that account; when the ardor of his passion being abated, he should be able to judge impartially of his own conduct."

I shewed him that if this was the only means he could have recourse to, to free France from the calamities a doubtful succession would produce, that he would expose himself to all the inconveniencies he was anxious to avoid, and others still greater. That although he should legitimate the children he had by Madame de Liancourt,

yet he could not hinder the eldest, who was born in a double adultery, from being, in this respect, inferior to the second, whose birth was attended without half of that disgrace, and both must yield to those whom he might have by Madame de Liancourt after she was his lawful wife; it being therefore impossible to settle their claims, they could not fail of becoming an inexhaustible source of quarrels and wars. "I leave you, Sir," pursued I, "to make your reflections upon all this, before I say any more."

"That will not be amiss," (returned the king, who was struck with my arguments;) "you have said enough of this matter for the first time."

But such was the tyranny of that blind passion with which he was inflamed, that, in spite of himself, he renewed the subject that very moment, by asking me, if from the disposition I knew the French to be of, especially the nobility; I thought he had any reason to apprehend they would rise in rebellion while he was living, if he should marry his mistress.

This question convinced me that his heart had received an incurable wound. I treated him accordingly, and entered into arguments and expostulations, with which I shall not trouble the reader, since his own imagination may suggest to him all that it was necessary to say upon this occasion; and this subject has been already dwelt upon too long. We continued three hours alone in the garden, and I had the consolation to leave the king in a full persuasion of the truth and reasonableness of all I had said to him.

(To be continued.)

The G O V E R N E S S.

(Continued from Page 424.)

"THERE is no occasion for Miss Haywood's going so far back for instructions as the customs of the Romans and our's differ so widely."

"So

“ So much the worse,” replied she; “ we are, indeed, far removed from the manners of that elegant people, but that is no reason why we should not endeavour to adopt them for our own, after having endeavoured, with the most intense application, to find them out. I therefore intend to have Haywood make herself mistress of the minutest article relating to their customs, especially of what concerns their entertainments; as I should chuse to have my taste regulated exactly after the Roman modes.”

Here Mr. Classic, seizing the opportunity, while his lady was cramming down her throat a load of chicken and asparagus, gave me so significant a wink, that I believe, if she had caught him in the fact, she never would have forgiven him. However, he escaped this time; but his winks, nods, and innuendoes became at length so frequent before her, and even when she was not present, that I began to think we should grow too familiar; and as I could not rationally expect much felicity in such a family, I began to study for a decent excuse to remove from it; an excuse to the gentleman, for as to the lady, there was no talking to her out of a certain style. Mr. Classic, however, saved me the trouble I was going to take, by addressing himself to me in such plain terms, that I had nothing to do but to make my curtsy, and to tell him I should take leave of Mrs. Classic immediately.

“ Hold, Miss Haywood,” cried he, “ stop, sweet girl, and do not render me absolutely miserable, though you so positively refuse to make me happy: my house, my coach, my fortune, and even my life, shall be at your command.”

I still continued curtsying and retreating, and told him I was resolved to quit a house directly, in which I had received such an insult; and accordingly proceeded towards Mrs. Classic’s library, when he stopped me again, by intreating me, in a low voice, not to acquaint his wife with any thing that had passed, as it was not by

any means necessary for her to be informed of his designs, as he never wished to know any of her’s. I now thought he was quite in the right in that respect, and therefore waited on the lady, to inform her, that her family did not suit me; and that I should leave her without delay.

Lifting her eyes up from the huge folio which lay before her, at this intelligence, she asked me, with a surprised and terrified countenance, what could be my motives for leaving her, just when she had entertained thoughts of making me the most accomplished woman in the world; as she had been considering the mode of education among the Greeks and Romans for young women, and had made a complete system of her own.

In reply, I said, that I was obliged to her for her attention to me, but that I was convinced I should never make the improvement she might have reason to expect; adding, that I must therefore quit her house immediately, in order to return to my own relations, who wanted my attendance.

There was but too much truth in these words; though I was then ignorant of my sister’s situation. She died about the time I left Mrs. Classic, and left a boy and a girl, without a friend to take care of them; as Mr. Graham had been, by his wife’s want of œconomy, and various accidents, thrown into prison, and his relations positively refused to do any thing for the children. In consequence of this desertion, I went down, and brought both the infants to my aunt, who very kindly said she would give them house-room and attendance, if I could find means to provide food and other necessaries for them. I told her, that I would use my best endeavours; for which answer Mrs. Masters called me a simpleton, and asked me what I had to do with Graham’s boy and girl? I replied, that they were my sister’s children as well as his, and therefore could not see them want. She appeared to be offended with my reply, and made no offer to assist me in getting into any other family. Mr. and

Thomson, however, still continued to be my friends; and having heard of a widow lady with a large fortune, and only two daughters, made haste to get me recommended to her.

Upon my waiting on this lady, I found her an agreeable woman, and her daughters, about nineteen years old, were pretty. I made no particular observations, but I could not help seeing the animals with which her room was stocked. Two or three fine dogs, as many birds, among which was a large grey parrot, which seemed to give her great pleasure, and which I very much admired for the beauty of its plumage.

As this lady complied with my terms without any hesitation, and had no person to instruct her children, I went the day following to enter upon my new place. I there found her quite encompassed with dogs, cats, birds, and monkeys, who all made their different noises, and those noises, at first, prevented us from hearing each other speak. Silence, however, being at length commanded by the lady of the house, and with some difficulty obtained, her two daughters entered the room. The moment they appeared, a very tall greyhound jumped over the head of the eldest, and a large tabby cat began to paw the youngest; while a monkey, whom I had not observed, as he happened to be in a corner of the room, flew out upon me, and caught me round the neck. I screamed, from surprize and disgust, for the animal was both ugly and dirty. Mrs. Manning laughed till her sides shook, and both Miss Manning and Miss Charlotte were diverted beyond expression. Mrs. Manning, however, ordered him to be disengaged from me; but told me, at the same time, that, as he was the best natured beast upon earth, she wished I would give him a lesson now and then along with her children. I was shocked at this request, but soon found that Mrs. Manning was more fond of the monkey than of her daughters, of whom she took very little care: she only provided proper food and cloathing for

them, and a person to instruct them in every thing that was fit for them to learn; not without thinking, indeed, that her favourite birds and quadrupeds were equally capable of receiving instruction; telling me, when she saw me almost speechless with wonder at her strange request, that the last governess had taught the parrot both French and Italian. — “Ay, and grammatically too,” continued she; “for I assure you *Poll* has a very extensive capacity; she is the most docile of all the feathered kind.—As to Fuzz, added she, speaking of the monkey, he has a prodigious deal of spirit, and is quite a genius in his way: you will therefore, Miss Hayward, find very little trouble in making him comprehend things.”

(To be continued.)

ON PAROCHIAL DESPOTISM.

OF all the barbarities, however, committed among us, those which are perpetrated under the sacred name of charity are the most cruel, as well as the most extraordinary. The sums which are annually raised for the relief of our parochial poor, are almost as large as the supplies for the necessary support of government; yet so far are they from keeping the lamentations of misery from our streets, there is scarce a possibility of passing and repassing, on account of the numberless wretches continually imploring relief from the benevolent. Immense as the revenues are, which we raise for the maintenance of the poor, the poor, in general, are as miserable as if we did not subscribe a single fixpence to their necessities; and the nation is loaded with large *rates* every year, not to remove the wants, but to increase the sufferings of the indigent. That this assertion is not the ill-natured effusion of a discontented declaimer, I shall endeavour to prove, by observing, that the general mode of treating the parish poor is to confine them in some old house, in a ruinous state, ready to fall upon their heads, and

and stow them three or four in a bed, in a terrible hole, which deserves not the name of a room, without any regard to their age or infirmities. This is the way we most commonly treat them, where they are not farmed out; and the hardships they undergo are so very oppressive, that they often prefer the chance of subsisting by the casual charity of the humane, to the certain dependence which is granted by their several parishes. If they are farmed out, the case is still worse; for then they are not only imprisoned, but famished into the bargain. We make it the interest of those who contract for their maintenance to starve them at all opportunities: these people are allowed a certain sum to supply the unhappy wretches with necessaries; and every six-pence which is saved by the scantiness or badness of these necessaries, sinks into their own pockets. Hence it is that our poor think it more eligible to glean up an accidental mite from the compassionate, than to remain in a place, where, we are told, they are comfortably supported. The idea of a workhouse is intolerable to their imaginations, and they avoid it with horror, if any way able to crawl for assistance through the streets; yet, when they come abroad, they are most generally treated with indignation or neglect; people know that every parish has an asylum for the reception of its indigent members, and naturally ask the poor, why they do not apply to these institutions in the hour of distress: but did we know the miseries to which they are doomed, if they accept of a parochial maintenance, we should rather discover compassion than resentment, and, instead of loading them with reproaches, feel ourselves softened into tears.

Would we keep our streets clear from beggars, and apply the prodigious sums which are levied for the poor to the benevolent purposes for which we pay them, we should appoint a monthly rotation of the inhabitants in every parish, to examine into the wants of the various indigent members, and to take the most effica-

cious method of removing them. At present we trust them to the mercy of one or two persons, who either disregard their necessities, or are too mindful of the parochial interests, to give them sufficient relief; whereas, were they to be comfortably fed, lodged, and clothed, and were they allowed a reasonable time of going abroad, the end of our charity would be answered, and we should have few unhappy objects to attack our humanity in public; but if we starve and oppress them with one hand, while we contribute to their maintenance with the other, *their* distresses will continue, and *our* expences will not be diminished. We shall only load the nation with burthens, to make the very objects of our benevolence endure "variety of wretchedness."

The Encouragement of the ARTS and SCIENCES defended.

CONsidering the arts and sciences in a moral and political light, Mr. Walpole observes (in his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*), it is no bad indication of the flourishing state of a country, that it daily makes improvements in their cultivation. They may be attended, indeed, by luxury, but they are certainly produced by wealth and happiness. The conveniences, the decorations of life, are not studied in Siberia, or under a Nero. "If severe morality," says he, "would at any time expect to establish a thorough reformation, I fear it must chuse inhospitable climates, and abolish all latitude from the laws. A corporation of merchants would never have kept their oaths to Lycurgus, of observing his statutes till he returned. A good government, that indulges its subjects in the exercise of their own thoughts, will see a thousand inventions springing up, refinements will follow, and much pleasure and satisfaction will be produced, at least, before that excess arrives, which is so justly said to be the forerunner of ruin. But all this is in

the common course of things, which tend to perfection, and then degenerate. He would be an absurd legislator, who should pretend to set bounds to his country's welfare, lest it should perish by knowing no bounds. Poverty will stint itself; riches will be left to their own discretion; they depend upon trade, and to circumscribe trade, is to annihilate it. It is not rigid nor Roman to say it, but a people had better be unhappy by their own fault than by that of their government. *A cor for morum* is not a much greater blessing than an *arbitrarius elegantiarum*. The world, I believe, is not at all agreed, that the austerities of the Presbyterians were preferable to the licentiousness under Charles II. I pretend to defend the one no more than the other; but I am sure that, in the body politic, symptoms that prognosticate ill, may indicate well. All I meant to say was, that the disposition to improvements in this country is the consequence of its vigour. The establishment of a society for the encouragement of arts will produce great benefits, before they are perverted to mischiefs."

Objections against PAINTING obviated.

WITH respect to painting in particular, Mr. Walpole endeavours to obviate the objections which fanatics, and others of as little taste, have made to this beautiful art. "This," says he, "is one of the least likely to be perverted: painting has seldom been employed to any bad purpose. Pictures are but the scenery of devotion. I question if Raphael himself could ever have made one convert, though he had exhausted all the expression of his eloquent pencil on a series of popish doctrines and miracles. Pictures cannot adapt themselves to the meanest capacities, as, unhappily, the tongue can. Nonsense may make an apprentice a Catholic or Methodist; but the apprentice would see that a very bad picture of St. Francis was not like truth, and a very good picture would be above his feeling. Pictures may

serve as helps to religion, but are only an appendix to idolatry; for the people must be taught to believe in false gods, and in the power of saints, before they will learn to worship their images. I do not doubt but if some of the first reformers had been at liberty to say exactly what they thought, and no more than they thought, they would have permitted one of the most ingenious arts, implanted in the heart of man by the Supreme Being, to be employed in his praise. But Calvin, by his tenure, as head of a sect, was obliged to go all lengths. The vulgar will not lift but for total contradictions: they are not struck by using religion shaded only a little darker or a little lighter."

THE MATRON.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER LXXXVII.

THE following letter is just come to hand; and as I have received great satisfaction from the sentiments contained in it, I cannot, I think, lay it before the public too soon, for the benefit of those females who are materially interested in its perusal.

To the MATRON.

"Madam,

"BY constantly reading the Lady's Magazine, I perceive that you are kind enough to give your advice to those who ask it; I am, therefore, encouraged to trouble you with the state of my affairs; and to solicit your opinion on a point which has, I confess, given me, and which still gives me, some disquiet.

"I had the misfortune to be deprived of my parents at a very early period of life, and having since lost the greatest part of my relations, am left without a friend, at least without a single connection which I can properly call a friendly one: thus circumstanced, I was naturally led to enquire after a suitable family with whom I might lodge and board. My fortune,

tune, though sufficient to support me genteely in that style of life, would not warrant my taking a house and servants: I should not indeed have supposed such a plan of life reputable, had my income permitted me to carry it into execution, and had I been of age, without a proper companion; and such a one is not easily found. However, I soon heard of a person who had several boarders, in a situation pretty nearly similar to my own, and who bore the character of a sensible, good-natured woman. She had two or three daughters about my age, and any body would have thought it her interest to educate them with the strictest propriety. In consequence of this information, I scrupled not to enter into an engagement with her, as her house was esteemed a house of reputation, and as the terms were not extravagant.

“ During the first few days, I met with nothing to be much reprehended: there appeared, indeed, in my opinion, too general a carelessness; and neither the house nor the mistress of it was so clean as I could have wished. There also seemed too great a neglect of common forms, too much dissipation, to be agreeable. But as I considered that it might be totally impossible for me to meet with a family exactly suitable to my own disposition, I endeavoured to make myself contented, by charging myself with being too nice, and strove to rectify the general error, by keeping my own apartment in order, and returning to it at those hours which best suited with my temper and character. However, as I chose to be in a family way, because as I had few friends or acquaintance, and as most young people like society, I generally spent my afternoon with the ladies of the house, whether they had company or not. I soon found that they had few female visitors, and that the ladies, who did visit them, conducted themselves in a manner which I could not by any means approve; their chief acquaintance were gentlemen, or men who assume that appellation; and, to do them justice, they behaved with

a decent politeness, till they were provoked to a different carriage by the behaviour of the mistress of the house, and her daughters, who not only excited them to every act of freedom by their looks and language, but even proceeded to action; by feeling in the gentlemen's pockets, fingering their hair, and other indelicate, not to say indecent proceedings, they provoked them to take liberties, which I really do not believe they would have thought of, had they not been, in a manner, forced. It was very easy, indeed, to see that the conduct of those ladies was not agreeable to them; instead of discovering any pleasure of the familiarities allowed, they rather seemed disgusted; or accepted the challenges received with a boisterous kind of rudeness, which put me more in mind of the rough frolics of overgrown boys, than the elegant pastime of young men of gallantry, who had been genteely educated. Nay, the ladies have carried their freedoms so far, that they have entirely driven one disgusted visitor from the house, and not one of the most squeamish of his sex; but he was apprehensive, I imagine, of being censured for keeping company with a girl who pays more attention to a life of pleasure, than to a life of reputation.— Another visitor also, a very sensible, agreeable, handsome young man of family and fortune, one whom, I believe, my landlady and her daughters have fixed their eyes upon. They evidently attempted to draw him in to make honourable addresses; but he has too much penetration to be caught in the snares spread for him, and is of course sufficiently guarded against them. He has, indeed, so indifferent an opinion of the ladies in question, whose persons, as well as manners he totally dislikes, that I shall not be in the least surprised if he withdraws himself from a house in which the most unwarrantable liberties are not only allowed but encouraged. If men disapprove of such behaviour as this in the female world, what should women think of it?—I am called a prude twenty times a day, for looking gravely at

at my young companions, when I see them indulging themselves in familiarities unbecoming in women who have had good principles instilled into their minds. And yet, setting aside this exceptionable part of their conduct, I cannot reasonably find fault with them. I have not yet determined to remove from a family whose manners appear so reprehensible, but I am afraid I shall be obliged to leave my apartment. Were I to leave them to-morrow, I should feel myself disposed to wish them to become sensible of the impropriety of their behaviour, and as I know no one so capable, my dear Madam, as yourself to set this matter in a proper light. I earnestly intreat you for their sakes, as well as for mine, to give your advice upon the occasion.

I am,

With the greatest sincerity,

Your constant admirer,

And very humble servant,

ELIZA."

P. S. Permit me to add, that though I can neither suffer nor encourage improper freedoms, nor romping-bouts, to be half-undressed in them, there is nobody, I will venture to say, of a more chearful disposition: nobody who loves innocent mirth better, nobody more willing to promote it. So fond am I of sensible and lively conversation, that I would give up every other amusement for it; looking upon it as the most rational, and most delightful of all sublunary pleasures. I must confess, at the same time, that I can see no diversion in picking-pockets, and pulling people's chairs from under them; no wit in a slap on the back, no humour in a pinch of the cheek, or a twitch of the hair: not to mention a number of other manual entertainments which are not consistent with those rules established in the polite world by decorum, to which every woman should pay the strictest attention.

I am very ready to comply with the request of my new correspondent, who

discovers a modesty, a *retenue*, most charmingly becoming; on the other hand, her present unsuitable companions must be deservedly despised by every man who is worth having; they certainly take the least prudent methods, to gain honourable lovers, that were ever thought of. Eliza, by acting in opposition to their conduct, will, most probably, engage all hearts by the modesty of her deportment; while the idle, careless hoydens with whom she is associated, will find their admirers, if they have any, dropping away by degrees, and leaving them in a state of desertion. Such women, by the looseness of their general behaviour, may, doubtless, render themselves alluring in the eyes of young men under the dominion of their passions; but when those passions subside (and subside they necessarily must), when reason re-assumes her powerful sway, they will soon behold with contempt the very females who were before the object of their warmest admiration. She who can only attract a man's attention to her by the force of her personal charms, and personal accomplishments, may give him a temporary delight, but if she is possessed of no internal beauties, she will only, "play round his head, she will never reach his heart:"—and if she happens to resemble those in her manners, whose behaviour gave rise to these observations, she will soon drive away every man of sense in her *train*, and the strength of her repelling powers.

As Eliza is so very distinct in her character, from her female associates, and cannot possibly enjoy any happiness in her present situation, she will, I think, do well to look out for more suitable companions; companions, with whom she may pass her time with chearfulness and innocence; and not only render herself happy, by the interchange of congenial sentiments, and the pursuit of the same pleasures, but contribute also to the felicity of those with whom they are in the line of similitude agreeably connected

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

ON EDUCATION.

L EARNING either makes a man happy or miserable: if superficially acquired, it almost always makes a man unequal to the line of life he aims at; and raises his ideas too high for that sphere in which Providence intended him to move. Human nature abounds with proofs of this assertion. The cause is clear; the first of our attempts to learning, is too frequently the sciences, and in that pursuit, we forget the main point, the heart, as the center of all passions. The study of this is somewhat dark, which soon turns aside the indolent and the young, and we always find that those follies which infancy gives birth to, are hardly ever discerned by the indifferent, until they have rooted themselves in the habit. This renders the inactivity of all parents the more culpable, for never are our passions more to be attended to than in the earliest part of life.

There is a something always in our nature inclining to ease, and especially in those years when reason has not collected all her power, either for discernment or correction of our manners. This is then the time that the first shoots should be guided to virtue, and in which we should be made sensible of the evils that surround us.

In our advanced age, few things are more boasted of by parents than the good education they have bestowed on their children, and yet nothing is more neglected than what I call real learning. A boy is taught the necessary qualifications for commerce, with a few polite arts, and with these alone he is to make his way in the world. Such qualifications being built on immediate utility only, may turn to the disadvantage of, instead of promoting, civil society. We have lately had several melancholy proofs of it. This is one proof out of many, of the defect of that education, built merely on politeness, without reaching the heart, and which, if

attended with the knowledge of our existence and propensities, cannot fail to become the greatest ornament of human nature. I need not long rest to give a portrait of what befalls the fairer part of creation from the same defects.

The schools of the ancients were receptacles for men of every stage of life who sought happiness, by learning to preclude those evils which are of our own making. In these circles the sciences were never forgot, but they were rather used as the recreation from closer studies, than the principal point. We have many heroic proofs of the effects of this wise method of education, and, perhaps, few are greater than Socrates, commonly called the prince of philosophers; he maintained his whole life in one constant serenity; he could suspend his passions without impairing their necessary vigour that keeps all in motion; and after a life thus spent, and in diffusing his admirable precepts to all around, he submitted to his fate, though sufficient, one would think, to shudder the proudest Stoicism, with a calmness that would have done honour to Christianity.

Philip the king of Macedon, seems to have perfectly understood the necessity of making the heart the first study of man, and of subjecting by reason our passions in the infancy of life. When Alexander was born, he said in a letter addressed to Aristotle, whom he had chosen for his son's preceptor, "I thank the gods, in that they have blessed me with a son; but I thank them still more that they have given me Aristotle to teach him how to live."

When we are come to that part of life, in which we are to make our way in the world, it is not then time to correct our manners, or subdue our passions; they are then able to baffle all our endeavours. But in infancy the mind is ductile, and if precepts are then taught us, there is a certain prejudice which is the attendant of those years, that will ratify every good lesson, and stamp it for ever on the mind; but if they are neglected at this

this time, the mind shoots up into follies, and it will be no longer time to apply correction, when the passions are grown up to maturity.

To you then, my fair readers, permit me to address myself; you whom nature has intrusted with the first part of our lives; to you those infant days belong, in which if you foster up the seed of virtue, make us feel the reins of our passions, and teach us by reason to subdue them, your joys, above vulgar ones, will recompense you for those cares, and the evening of your lives will be blest with the satisfaction of having raised to futurity a posterity not more numerous than happy.

J. H—T.

MEMOIRS of Mrs. CLIVE.

From Davis's Life of David Garrick, Esq. Vol. II. p. 184.

ABOUT a year after Mrs. Pritchard had withdrawn from the theatre, her constant companion and friend, Mrs. Clive, determined to follow her example: she could, if she thought proper, have continued several years longer to delight the public in various characters adapted to her figure and time of life, for to the last she was admirable and unrivalled.

Mr. Garrick sent Mr. Hopkins, the prompter, to her to know whether she was in earnest in her intention of leaving the stage. To such a messenger Mrs. Clive disdained to give an answer. To Mr. George Garrick, whom he afterwards deputed to wait on her, this high-spirited actress was not much more civil; however, she condescended to tell him, "that if his brother wished to know her mind, he should have called upon her himself."

When the manager and Mrs. Clive met, their interview was short, and their discourse curious. After some compliments on her great merit, Mr. Garrick wished, he said, that she would continue for her own sake, some years longer on the stage. This civil suggestion, she answered, by a decisive negative. He asked, how

much she was worth? She replied briskly, "As much as himself." Upon his smiling at her supposed ignorance or misinformation, she explained herself, by telling him, that, "she knew, when she had enough, though he never would." He then intreated her to renew her agreement for three or four years; she peremptorily refused. Upon his renewing his regret at her leaving the stage, she frankly told him, "that she hated hypocrisy, for she was sure that he would light up candles for joy of her leaving him, but that it would be attended with some expence."

Mrs. Clive, when young, had a strong propensity to acting. Her first theatrical engagement to Booth, Wilkes, and Cibber in 1727, was principally owing to the goodness of her voice, and to some proficiency which she made in singing; nor, till her merit as an actress shewed itself in Nell the Cobbler's wife, was she considered in any other light than as one qualified to entertain the audience with a song between the acts of a play, or to act some innocent country girl, such as Phillida in Damon and Phillida: an engraving of her in that character is still to be seen in the shops.

The comic abilities of this actress have not been excelled, or, indeed, scarcely equalled by any performer, male or female, these fifty years: she was so formed by nature to represent a variety of lively, laughing, droll, humorous, affected, and absurd characters, that what Colley Cibber said of Nokes may be applied to her; for Clive had such a stock of comic force about her, that she, like Nokes, had little more to do than to perfect herself in the words of a part, and to leave the rest to nature; and if he, by the mere power of action, kept alive several comedies, which, after his death, became obsolete, it may, as justly, be said of her, that she created several parts in plays of which the poet scarcely furnished an outline; and that many dramatic pieces are now lost to the stage, for want of her animating spirit to preserve them.

A more extensive walk in comedy than that of Mrs. Clive cannot be imagined: the chambermaid, in every varied shape, which art and nature could lend her; characters of whim and affectation, from the highbred lady Fanciful to the vulgar Mrs. Heidelberg; country girls, romps, hoydens, and dowdies, superannuated beauties, viragoes, humorists. To a strong and pleasing voice, with an ear for music, she added all the sprightly action requisite to a number of parts in ballad farces.

She had an inimitable talent in ridiculing the extravagant action, impertinent consequence, and insignificant parade of the female opera singer; she snatched an opportunity to shew her excellence in this stage mimicry in the *Lady of Fashion* in *Lethe*.

Her mirth was so genuine, that whether it was restrained to the arch sneer and the suppressed half-laugh, widened to the broad grin, or extended to the downright honest burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her: he must be more or less than man, who could be grave when Clive was disposed to be merry.

But the whole empire of laughter, large as it is, was too confined to satisfy the ambition of a Clive; this daughter of mirth aspired to what nature had denied her; she wished to shine in those parts of high life, where elegance of form and graceful deportment give dignity to the female character. Not content with this deviation from her own style in acting, she would try her abilities in the more lofty tread of the buskin.

If Hogarth had never delighted the world with the genuine history of nature in his *Harlot's Progress*, his *Marriage à la mode*, and other amiable works of humour, his *Sigismunda*, and his *Pharaoh's Daughter* might have passed for tolerable pictures; so Clive's attempts in the higher comedy of tragedy might have been unnoticed and uncensured, had not her exquisite comic vein thrown a comparative contempt on them.

Nature has seldom given to the same person the power to raise admiration,

and to excite mirth; to unite the faculties of Milton and Butler, is a happiness superior to the common lot of humanity.

The art of expressing with equal force the effusion of comic gaiety and tragic terror, was a talent peculiar, in its full extent, to Garrick, and to him alone; for even Mrs. Pritchard enjoyed the different powers of excelling in an inferior degree.

The uncommon applause, which Mrs. Clive obtained in *Shakspeare's Portia*, was owing to her misrepresentation of the character; mimicry in a pleader, when a client's life is in danger, is but misplaced buffoonery.

This inclination to figure in parts, ill-adapted, not only to her genius, but her age and person, accompanied this great actress to the last, and sometimes involved her in disagreeable disputes, from which she had the good fortune to extricate herself by her undaunted spirit.

Mr. Garrick dreaded an altercation with her, as much as a quarrel with an author whose play he had rejected; whenever he had a difference with Mrs. Clive, he was happy to make a drawn battle of it. At a time of life when she was utterly unfit to represent a girl of sixteen, he prevailed upon her to surrender *Miss Prue* in *Love for Love*, by making her a present of Mrs. Frail in the same play, a part almost as improper for Mrs. Clive as the other.

It was the wish of her life to act female characters of importance with Mr. Garrick: wherever she could thrust herself into play with him, she always exerted her utmost skill to excel; and particularly in *Bizarre* in the *Inconstant*, when he acted *Duretête*. He seems to have studiously avoided a struggle for victory with her, which, I believe, she attributed to his dread of her getting the better of him. She certainly was true game, as Mr. Lacy expressed himself, and would have died upon the spot rather than have yielded the field of battle to any body. Mr. Garrick complained that she disconcerted him, by not looking at him in the time of action,

action, and neglecting to watch the motion of his eye; a practice he was sure to observe to others. I am afraid this accusation is partly true; for Mrs. Clive would suffer her eyes sometimes to wander from the stage to the boxes, in search of her great acquaintance, and now and then gave them a comedy nod or curtsy; she was in this guilty of the very fault which she ridicules so archly in Mingotti, and other Italian ladies of the opera; but yet it must not be denied, that though she seemed absent by her look, she was present by her spirit; the soul of humour was active on the stage, though the bodily organs seemed to be elsewhere employed.

Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive, though of characters extremely different, were closely united in the bonds of friendship for almost forty years.

No actresses ever laboured more assiduously to make her family affluent and happy than Mrs. Pritchard. In this Mrs. Clive followed her example, and more effectually. But whilst one seemed to confine all her attention to her relations, which were very numerous, the other occasionally exerted her interest in the service of others. Clive resigned the part of Polly, which was no trifling sacrifice in favour of Miss Edwards, afterwards Mrs. Mozeen, whom she instructed and encouraged; and to promote the general interest of the community, she undertook the part of Lucy, a character so truly played by her, that it has never since been equalled; to her lessons care and countenance, as well as to her own industry and abilities, we owe the proficiency of that valuable actress, Miss Pope.

Mrs. Clive, in private life, was so far above censure, that her conduct, in every relation of it, was not only laudable, but exemplary. Her company was always courted by women of high rank and character, to whom she rendered herself very agreeable. She is still visited by many distinguished persons of both sexes. Her conversation is a mixture of uncommon vivacity, droll mirth, and honest bluntness.

The polite Horatio Walpole, the son of a nobleman to whom this country is indebted for the extent of her commerce, and that greatest of civil blessings, the preservation of her free constitution, wrote Mrs. Clive's farewell epilogue, in which she took leave of an audience, who parted with so bright an ornament of the stage with much regret.

* * * As this author has given a new history of the stage, we refer to his works for the character of other performers.

*An EXTRACT of a LETTER from
Margate.*

August 18, 1780.

— I Have been to the play with Mrs. —; but never surely was there a tragedy worse murdered than the one I saw last night: it was the Moor of Venice; indeed it was most tragically tragedized with a witness. I went to the rooms the night before, it was an undress ball, and about fifty couple danced: the assembly-room is very elegant and commodious, the music tolerable, and the company decent enough, but no lords or ladies among them.—The best entertainment, and most pleasing I have had since I came here, was last Tuesday evening; I went with the Miss H—s to a house going up to the fort, where one Mr. Wright lived, (a London gentleman, I find) and he played on the violin and accompanied it with his voice in such a manner as to make it sound for all the world like an organ, and afterwards imitated the French-horn, the trumpet, and kettle-drums, and at times sung as a woman in a feigned voice, so that it was very much like a concert; it was a very surprizing performance as ever I heard; there were a great number of gentlemen and ladies there to hear him, and I find it was quite the fashion to go, as most people talked so much about him. He is a short little gentleman, and a man of some fortune, I am told: these ladies are very fond of hearing him. He has

has been married some years ; and I do not know if he had not, whether he might not have had his choice of the best of us. —

HISTOIRE D'EMILIE.

(Continued from Page 343.)

FRemonville fut instruit de la fin tragique d'un rival, qui avoit été le fûneſte obſtacle de ſon bonheur. L'eſperance que cette mort laiſſoit à ſon amour, quoique foible, par l'idée qu'il avoit du caractère d'Emilie, le déterminâ à partir auſſi tôt pour lui apprendre la fin de ſes maux, & l'engager, s'il étoit poſſible, à effacer le ſouvenir du paſſé, par la poſſeſſion d'un amant capable de lui proœurer la ſeule conſolation, qui pouvoit lui fair oublier ſes premiers malheurs. Mais hélas ! une deſtinée malheureuſe ne permet pas à ceux qu'elle pourſuit de jamais recon- trer le bonheur.

La malheureuſe Emilie touchoit à ſon dernier jour. Elle ignoroit encore la mort de ſon mari, qui lui rendoit ſa liberté ; mais les violent chagrins, qui avoient empoisonné ſa vie, avoient en même temps, flûiné ſa ſanté & ſes forces. Une langueur funeſte s'étoit repandue ſur tous ſes membres, & l'on n'eſperoit plus de voir ſon retabliſſement.

On l'avoit tiré avec peine du cou- vent où elle étoit, dans l'eſpérance que ſon air natal pourroit donner quelque ſoulagement à ſes maux. Elle y avoit conſenti difficilement, & ſa famille, depuis ſon arrivée, au lieu de trouver du changement dans ſa ſituation, ſe voyoit ſans ceſſe à la veille de la perdre.

Dans ces fatales circonſtances, Fremonville arrive ; quel coup pour cette âme généreuſe et tendre ! il vole chez ſes parens—on lui annonce que ſa chere Emilie eſt ſur le point d'expirer. L'accablement, l'horreur, le danger, qui menace une perſonne ſi chère, le font évanouir. On s'empreſſe de rap- peller ſes ſens éperdués, & le premières paroles qu'il profere, dès qu'il eſt re- venu à lui, ſont pour demander avec les plus vives inſtances, la permiſſion de

voir ſon amante pour la dernière fois.

On lui accorde cette grace, qu'une privation éternelle devoit lui rendre ſi cruelle. Après avoir annoncé avec precaution à la malade, la mort de ſon mari, on avoit en ſoin de la prévenir ſur l'arrivée de Fremonville, afin d'af- foiblir par des menagemens, la ſurpriſe & l'emotion qu'une pareille entrevue pouvoit lui rendre funeſte.

Il entre, il approche en tremblant de ce lit de mort, où la victime n'atten- doit plus que le dernier coup, il de- meure interdit ; la douleur le ſuffoque, & Emilie eſt obligée de lui parler la première.

“ Adieu cher amis,” lui dit elle, d'une voix foible & mourante, “ j'ai deſiré d'être à vous, quand ce deſire à pû d'accorder avec mon devoir ; les deſtins ne l'ont pas permis. J'attest le Ciel, qui connoit le fond de mon cœur, que j'ai toujours été fidèle à l'é- poux que mes parens m'ont donné : & pour vous, n'oubliez jamais que mon eſ- time & mes regrets vous ont dédomagé des tendreſſe de l'amour, quand il ne m' a pas été deſendu de m'y livrer. Je meurs innocent & malheureuſe, & je ſouhaite de ne pas mourir trop tendre pour un perſon, que je vais bientôt qui- ter.”

A ces mots, aux quels Fremonville ne peut répondre par l'attendriſſement, qui ſubjugoit toutes les facultés de ſon ame ; Emilie fut ſurpriſe d'une foi- bléſſe qui annonça ſa prochaine agonie. Elle perdit toute connoiſſance, & ex- pira aux yeux de ſon amant, & aux yeux d'un père & d'une mère, qui contre l'ordre de la nature, devenus les temoins de ſa mort, ne pouvoient s'empêcher d'y reconnoître leur ou- vrage.

GERTRUDE.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*** While we announce the con- cluding of this ingenious narrative, we beg leave, by way of anticipation, to entreat our liberal friend Gertrude not to cloſe her correſpondence with her hiſtory ; but ſtill to enable us to gratify our fair patronéſſes with the future produéts of a pen, that im- proves as much as it entertains

Solution to the Enigmatical List of
PLAYS and ENTERTAINMENTS,
Page 378.

1. Cozeners. 2. Belles Stratagem.
3. Cymon. 4. Double Deception.
5. Critic. 6. Fortunatus. 7. De-
ferter. 8. Touchstone.

Mile-End.

EMMA LAY.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of
TOWNS in WARWICKSHIRE, Page
436.

1. Coventry. 2. Birmingham. 3.
Tamworth. 4. Southam. 5. Nun-
Eaton. 6. Atherstone. 7. Strat-
ford. 8. Colshill. 9. Polesworth.
10. Warwick. 11. Rugby. 12.
Henley.

ALMERIA and MATILDA.

* * *Elizabeth Bond*, &c. agree with
the above.

Enigmatical List of LADIES at BATH.

1. Three fourths of the reverse of
soft, half a hazard, and the want of
what makes many married people un-
happy.

2. Three sevenths of what is dis-
agreeable to lovers, and two thirds of
a grain.

3. A female bird, three fifths of
what is desirable in summer, and a
consonant.

4. Four sevenths of a great eater,
changing the first letter, the Latin for
thrice. and a beast.

5. Three eighths of a bird, the be-
ginning of a dignitary in the church,
and three fourths of the pride of a
horse.

6. Three sevenths of a favourite food,
two thirds of a conclusion, what we
all do, leaving out one letter, and a
consonant.

7. Three fifths of a deceased admiral,
two thirds of an enemy, and the
end of a nobleman's title.

8. Myself, two thirds of what phy-
sicians love reversed, a conveyance
over a river, and a serpentine let-
ter.

9. Three fourths of a declination
of the body, and a snare.

10. Three fifths of a song, and to
revive expunging a letter.

11. An habitation, and a weight.

12. Two thirds of a sudden mo-
tion, and three fourths of a young
bird's habitation.

13. The largest proportion of a
thing, what is much to be dreaded,
and three fourths of what married la-
dies wear.

14. An abbreviation of a man's
Christian name, what many people
unjustly complain of, and a conso-
nant.

15. Four fifths of a foreign title, a
consonant, and two thirds of a mea-
sure.

16. Two thirds of a colour, and
persons under age.

17. To tremble, and a weapon.

18. What a child dreads, and a
poet.

19. Half a venomous insect, and a
weight.

20. Half an attendant on age, a
consonant, and two thirds of a place
of public resort.

21. A report, half an eruption, and
a weight.

22. Three fourths of a bird, and a
measure.

23. The reverse of soft, and a
strong place.

24. Three fourths of a noise, and
two thirds of the ocean.

25. Two thirds of a pleasant month,
a carriage, and three fifths of a colt.

26. A colour, and a path.

27. Three fourths of a horse, half
a bird, and a serpentine letter.

28. Half a prophet, and the French
for *towards*.

29. An executioner's weapon, and
a passage over a river.

30. A fruit tree, and a vowel.

PETER PUZZLE.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

AN ELEGY.

“He was not preacher-like.—He practised what he preached!—which was, humility, charity, peace, and good-will towards all men.”

HOW wretched and uncertain is our state,
How soon undone by over-ruling hate!
Happy we yesterday the worthy D — saw,
To-day undone, reduc'd to spirits low.
These two years pass'd has been but as a dream,
He's waken'd now to view the check'd scene!
His benefactor's gone—he's gone before;
In vain may D — now the loss deplore.
Long may he mourn his lost, departed friend,
Since few there are on whom we may depend.

O — by was once the seat of liberty and content,

Affability and plenty smil'd where'er we went;
Sad change, alas! amongst them all is found,
For murmurs and discord hand in hand goes round.

Smiling Content, sweet heav'n-born maid!
From that once peaceful village now has stray'd;

She's gone—she's fled, never to return,
Since pride and oppression now rule alone;
'Tis time we left this scene of anxious care,
Since all like D — may expect to fare.

'Tis true, they say, “Birds of a feather,”
With just or unjust cause, “will flock together.”

Hard fate for him, that was not of that brood
To rail, and preach, and seek for aught but good;

Condemn and swallow ev'ry idle tale,
And seek revenge from ev'ry passing gale.
Could pride have made him blind to ev'ry merit,

Then might he still his crimes inherit;
To have look'd upon his neighbours with derision,

And treated them with pompous indignation;
Beheld them creatures subject to his will,
Then might he enjoy'd his late possessions still;
And ev'ry slight bestow'd upon all those,
To whom indebted for even food and cloaths.
Such now must be the ton to fit our village,
Who has pride in plenty, and even fame can pillage.

In that the worthy D — was to seek,
For he cou'd laugh with those that laugh'd,
and weep with those that weep.

He knew no pride, but that of doing good,
Deceit his honest heart ne'er understood;
Anxious to please, where sterling merit shin'd,
And to the faults of others always blind.

He was the last to treat with envious tongue,
Or spread the shame of those that acted wrong;
Calumny, dire calumny, his soul ne'er stain'd,
Which friends it ought, but foes has often gain'd,

Amongst the few, whose hearts, not like his own,
Would claim respect and homage from a [throne.
Much they're mislook, they're even not re-
spected,

They live unlov'd, and will die quite neglected.
They are fitted now, their case is quite the thing,

News from all quarters he is sure to bring;
Just or unjust, for that is all the same,
And know their neighbours only by their name;

To expatiate on all their deeds and actions,
And ring the village with their party factions!
Scheme and contrive, where merit shews her face,

And swallow conscience, if int'rest's in the case;
Can look upon his flock as beneath his care,
Whose company none but D —, sure, cou'd bear!

No—what man of spirit, and of learning too,
Himself cou'd humble, and cou'd look so low?

Such is the mode in these degenerate days,
But merits not a crown of laurel nor of bays.
The time will come, when their aspiring views
Will fade and vanish, like the morning dews;
Injustice then will stare them in the face,
And of ev'ry earthly pride, anguish must take place.

Thrice happy D —, whose heart ne'er knew

Defraud or envy, nor malice in it grew!
He ever scorn'd to injure or oppress,
Or gain himself by any one's distress.
Each virtuous action was his sole regard,
In Heaven he'll meet his last, his sure reward;
Whilst his usurping enemies may boast,
Be scorn'd by all, and in themselves be lost!

Lincolnshire,
4th June, 1780.

ARISTIUS.

THE LUCKY DISCOVERY, or, the PARSON
and his SWEETHEART.

A TALE.

IF youth aright its course begins,
And shuns not only grosser sins,
But Folly's mazes also flies,
And Prudence ev'ry rule supplies,

Then

Then calm Content, a lasting Health,
An honour'd name, a store of Wealth,
Reward the toil, and shew mankind
The surest way these gifts to find.
But if, by headlong passions led,
Each foolish thought is nourished,
And ev'ry vice indulgence finds,
Which claims a sway o'er youthful minds,
Sour Disappointment, keen Remorse,
And fell Despair, succeed of course.

To know the truth of what I've said,
Hearken until my tale I've read;
And then, if argument you love,
Its moral try to disapprove.

A reverend priest of Levi's train,
A sober, pious, honest man,
Who hated vice in rich and poor,
And ne'er desir'd too great a store,
Nor long'd to see himself prefer'd,
But shunn'd the base and venal herd:
In short, he was an honest man,
Let Envy's self say what she can.

Satan, affronted to behold
A character lik' those of old,
Resolv'd to leave no scheme untry'd
To win this Levite to his side.
Each deep temptation he resolv'd,
And now this way—now that resolv'd,
To reach his end; at last he found
One quarter open to a wound:
This man of sober, pious life
He won, at last, to chuse—a wife.

Upon a nymph he fix'd his heart,
Whose conduct seem'd devoid of art;
Her face was fair, her person neat,
And in proportion quite complete:
Her temper too, if right I'm told,
Was cast into a pleasing mould;
And loud-mouth'd Fame its trumpet rear'd,
To tell the worth which plain appear'd.
To her the reverend prelate goes,
His am'rous business to disclose.
And ask'd, when much before he said,
If she was willing him to wed?

She and her friends at once agreed,
The deeds are drawn, the lawyer's fee'd;
The pious prelate thankful view'd
The gift he deem'd most wond'rous good.

But, under favour now I speak,
The maid, who seem'd so very meek,
Whose ev'ry act, and ev'ry word,
With Virtue's rule seem'd to accord,
Had from her youth by Vice been led,
And often toy'd on Pleasure's bed.

Kind Heav'n, its vot'ry to rescue,
And give to Vice what was its due,
Ordain'd, before the knot was ty'd,
And Delia made the Levite's bride,
That a young soldier, stout and strong,
Who to the village did belong,
Should by an honest man be found
Treading upon forbidden ground:
The truth made known, our Levite fled,
And Delia grac'd the hero's bed.

Now learn the sequel of my tale;
The Levite quickly did prevail

Over his wishes, and enjoy'd
A calm, by no distress alloy'd:
While Delia, now the soldier's wife,
Felt all the cares and pains of life,
And, to atone for follies past,
In want and shame breath'd out her last!
Solitudes, 29th July, 1780.

The RIVAL BEAUTIES.

Address'd to Miss ELIZA PROWSE CAMERTON.

WITH Mackenzie's girl, so blythe and gay,
I well cou'd like to toy and play;
With Foot and Woolcombe wou'd the time
beguile,
And laugh and titter, sneer and smile.
With Strode I cou'd only grin;
With Ourry I shou'd like to sin;
With Robinson wisdom's plan pursue;
With Maxwell I wou'd nothing do.
With sweet Walth well one might
Pass all the day, and half the night;
With Phillis's more fertile mind,
Perpetual source of pleasure find;
While to politeness, wit, and sense,
Lovely Archer can teach indifference.
With grave Aven't I'd debate,
She means to save a sinking state.
Eliza, yet my heart's with you,
My heart, my peace, my ease, adieu!
I'm lost when on thy charms I gaze;
How can I forbear to praise?
When I view your piercing eyes,
What sensations do arise!
Swift as thought they do impart
Strange emotions to my heart;
I forget my former glee,
And become a slave to thee.
Native charms your face adorn,
Blushing like the rosy morn;
In each feature I can find
Something to delight the mind.
But to form your shape and air,
All the Graces do repair!
But tho' I externals boast,
Your mental charms delight me most.
There keen wit and sense reside,
Free from ev'ry spark of pride;
There's good humour, kind and free,
Love, and truth, and modesty.
But, alas! I ne'er shall find
Words to paint your powers combin'd.
Then, my dear enchanting fair,
Why bid me to love forbear?
For I never, never can,
'Till I cease to be a man;
But 'tis you, and you alone,
I desire to make my own;
To this vain round of beauteous toasts I bid
adieu,
To pass my life, and think with you.

Plymouth, Aug. 14, 1780.

P R O L O G U E
To the FEMALE CAPTAIN.

By the AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

BY critic storms, how many vessels tost,
Have on the drama's dangerous seas been
lost!
Though mann'd with heroes of old Greece and
and Rome, [do m.
The boatswain's *whistle* has pronounced their
In vain grave senates here in council sit,
If paper snow assail the angry pit;
Nor Alexander's self dare meet your rage,
When oranges and apples strew the stage;
And the world's victors, *here*—Oh, strange to
tell!
Have fall'n the victims of a nonpareil.
Yet, in this harbour, safe from ruder gales,
Of many a bark, your plaudits swell the sails,
Those plaudits which inspir'd with hopes to
gain, [main.
So many keels have ploughed this stormy
Amongst the rest, fir'd with the self-same
views,
Our privateering bard began his cruise;
Soon saw a sail, and found she was a foe,
Commanded by—one *Monsieur Mariweaux*.
At once she struck. resistance was in vain,
She was sent into port at Drury-Lane,
Her cargo all to Sheridan and Co.
Was then consign'd—but *now* is here on shew.
The bill of lading which was found on board,
Would fain persuade us that the ship is stor'd
With wit and humour—should it turn out
such,
The property will scarce be claim'd as Dutch.
Whate'er it be, on you the bard relies,
To award the legal capture of his prize.
If you but smile, he safe at anchor rides,
And every wave of fear and doubt subsides;
But all his hopes, if you should frown, are
vain;
A *bis* would drive him out to see again.

D O M E S T I C H A P P I N E S S.

UPON a little rising hill
Once dwelt a truly happy pair;
Their flocks were small; they had a mill,
And each partook domestic care.
Both happy in each others love,
They'd no ambition to be great;
Both strove their little to improve,
And both were happy in their state.
Strangers they were to strife and jars,
Their peaceful cot no discord knew;
Alike their joys, alike their cares,
And happy they who did them know.
She every morning did attend,
And feed the poultry at the door;
And every day was sure to send
Something to feed the neighbouring poor.

A feeling heart, a generous mind,
A soul devoted to be good,
In her was happily combin'd,
With firm reliance on her God.

He too was every thing that she
Cou'd wish united in a man;
And she was every thing that he
Cou'd gain delight or pleasure from.

And to complete their mutual joy,
An only child they had, and he
A slender, tall, and sprightly boy,
Was formed to bless this family.

By day he watch'd the flocks and herds;
At night he told them o'er with care.
Like music sounding were his words;
And uttered with the softest air.

A form more pleasing was not seen
Or far or near, for many miles:
By nymphs was courted on the green;
Each lass was happy in his smiles.

And as he grew to man's estate,
That little god, who pierces hearts,
Had now selected him a mate,
And shot him with his keenest darts.

The fair Amanda met his eyes,
Blooming bright as beauty's queen;
At sight of her, with much surprize,
He gaz'd upon her lovely mien.

Then gently took her hand, and vow'd
Eternal love and constancy,
Wou'd she but deign to own the lov'd,
And make him blest as man could be.

The blooming fair, with down-cast eyes,
Reply'd, "Amanda's love is true;"
And seiz'd the moment, as a prize,
To own she had but him in view.

To Hymen's altar now they haste,
And two fond hearts unite in one.
Ye lovers view this pair, nor waste
One moment till the cause you've won.

And now there is not to be found
Two pair so truly blest as these:
Search all the world the sun goes round,
This picture cannot fail to please.

Just so, ye fair, wou'd I advise
You each pursue domestic care;
For sure I am, if you are wise,
It cannot render you less fair.

Strand.

HENRIETTA C—P—R.

N A N C Y. An ECLOGUE.

In imitation of Bion.

WHEN the soft zephyr curl'd the glid-
ing streams,
And blushing Sol display'd his setting beams;
The vernal plains with Nancy's eyes were
fir'd,
And every vale her warbling flute admir'd.

On

On Honddu's bank I sooth'd a pensive mind,
The willows trembled, and the muse was kind.
I try'd a song—and felt the rising fires—
(Fool that I was to say—the Muse inspires!)
'Twas love that charm'd me from the alder-
tree;

Ah, treach'rous boy! no Muse inspir'd but he.
Softly descending on the zephyrs bland,
On Nancy's swelling breast, he took his stand;
Or on her snowy neck, and triumph'd there
Among the jetty ringlets of her hair.
He aim'd secure, and fitted to the string
An arrow—tempered in the Muses' spring.
E'en while I sing, the silent missile flies,
And strait—the winged victor cleaves the
skies.

Those nodding shades I wander now in vain,
No Muse inspires—nor love vouchsafes a
strain;

For lovely Nancy leaves the fading plain.
Where'er I stray—no pleasing streams appear,
No shade, no flow'ry verdure looks so fair;
For cooling zephyrs hissing tempests fly,
And by the brook, the shady willows die,
Clouds blot the sun, the foaming torrents
roar. — [more]

Away! my lambs, these plains delight no

E D.

The C H O I C E.

LET others court a shape and face,
They ne'er my heart shall bind,
Without Diana's air and grace,
And chaste Minerva's mind.

"The blooming tincture of the skin,"
Most hearts its power confess;
But give me charms which rise within,
That longer please tho' less.

Oh, grant my choice, a noble soul,
Where awful honour's shine,
Where kind good sense, without controul,
Creates each look divine.

Where modest sweetness dignifies
Her mien with placid love;
Whence soothing tenderness implies,
She ne'er can cruel prove.

Should both these charms in one unite,
How perfect then the view;
With ev'ry image of delight,
And pleasures ever new.

Faintly, such charms, can words express?
No! language must despair
To view the lovely G——e's face,
You'll read them perfect there.

Wood-street, August 5.

T. B—LD—N.

A R I D D L E.

I.

IN the morn when I rise, I open my eyes,
Tho' I ne'er sleep a wink all the night;
If I wake e'er so soon, I still lie till the noon,
And pay no regard to the light.

II.

I have loss, I have gain, I have pleasure and
pain,

And am punished with many a stripe;
To diminish my woe, I burn friend and foe,
And my evening I end with a pipe.

III.

I travel abroad, I ne'er miss my road,
Unless I am met by a stranger:
If you come in my way, which you very well
may,
You will always be subject to danger.

IV.

I am chaste, I am young, I am lusty and
strong,
And my habit oft chang'd in a day;
To court I ne'er go, am no lady nor beau,
Yet as frail and fantastic as they.

V.

I live a short time, I die in my prime,
Lamented by all who possess me;
If I add any more to what's said before,
I'm afraid you will easily guess me.

An ELEGY on FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN piercing sorrow penetrates the
heart,

And keen affliction sinks into the mind,
Oh, how alleviating to the smart,
The comfort of a faithful friend to find.

Who'll mingle tears with your's in your distress;
On whose fond faithful breast you may repose,
Where you may find sweet comfort giving rest,
Disburthening your mind of half its woes.

From friend to friend the generous ardour flies,
Euphronia weeps, Stella the cause will know,
You rob me of sweet friendship's right she cries,
If you refuse me part of all your woe.

Or else if pleasure animates the mind,
Still, still we wish our friend the better part;
In all the bliss and tumults that we find,
Our friend shares ev'ry feeling of the heart.

Oh, say society, where are thy charms,
If all alike are equal to the mind;
Is it not in a friend's endearing arms,
We true tranquility must hope to find?

How can all men be alike to me?
To me when I possess my every sense;
For happiness, fair flower, can ne'er agree
With apathy, or cold indifference.

Oh! let the sweets of friendship have their
charms,

Oh! let them seize and firmly bind the
heart,

For from a faithful friend's endearing arms,
Can your reluctance be too great to part?

PASTORAL.

FOREIGN

A N E W S N G.

The Words by a Correspondent, set to Music by Mr. HUDSON.

Thro' the groves as I wan-der a-lone, The vic-tim of love and del-

—pair, To the flow'—rets I make my sad moan, And tell the cool ze—phyr's my

care. Ye love—ly young nymphs of the plain, Who with

pi—ty be—hold me dis—trest, Ye ask me the name of the swain Whose i—mage I

bear in my breast. Sym.

[2]
M.

If e'er, as ye trace the green mead,
Ye chance a young shepherd to see,
Who by far all the rest does exceed,
Be assur'd that young shepherd is he:
The rose and the lily unite
His beautiful cheeks to adorn,
And his eyes dart a lustre so bright,
It resembles the op'ning of morn.

III.

By his lips is the cherry outvie'd,
His teeth with the pearl may compare,
In his smiles such sweet graces reside
As no painting or verse can declare:
His locks of a lovely brown dye,
For their charms not indebted to art,
Like the Parthian, as careles they fly
Convey a sure wound to the heart.

IV.

Alas! e'er I saw this dear swain
No tortures my bosom did prove,
But now I am doom'd to complain,
For I never must hope for his love!
But oh! by that fortunate maid,
To whom he his heart shall resign,
May his flame with a flame be repaid,
As sincere and as virtuous as mine.

F O R E I G N N E W S.

Constantinople, July 17.

ONE of the three Sultanas, who were pregnant, was delivered, the 10th instant, of a princess, which was immediately announced from the cannon of the Seraglio, where his serene highness came the same day from Bechiktach, one of his country seats, to receive the customary compliments on this occasion. The grand vizier, who is very much troubled with swellings in his legs, which his physicians fear will end in a dropy, could not attend. It is much to be wished that one of the other sultanas may give birth to a prince, which will be a means of fixing the public tranquillity of this empire.

Constantinople, Aug. 2. Mr. de Stachi-off, the Russian envoy, having received dispatches from his court last week, informed the Porte, that a fleet of fifteen Russian ships of the line had sailed from Cronstadt; that five of these were bound for the Mediterranean, for the protection of the navigation of neutral vessels against any attacks; and that as the Porte had openly declared that they would no longer suffer the navigation of neutral ships to be interrupted in their seas, and had even given a convincing proof of it, in causing the restitution of the Russian merchantman, the Prince Constantine, which had been taken by a French privateer; the said envoy had orders to declare to the Porte, in the name of his sovereign, that she had given a charge to the commanders of her men of war, not to enter the Turkish sea.

Warsaw, Aug. 5. We have accounts from Petersburg, that as soon as the emperor left that city, several couriers were dispatched to different foreign courts, and several arrived from Berlin and Vienna: it is thought that monarch's journey will have some interesting consequences, which will not be made public till next year.

Leghorn, Aug. 12. We hear from Rome, that they had a lustrum (or a numbering of the people) there on the 24th of June, when it appeared there were in that city 155,184 inhabitants; of whom were 36,485 house-keepers. In this number were included 3847 monks, 2827 secular priests, 1910 nuns, 1265 students, 1470 alms-house poor, 7 negroes, and 52 persons not Romans. The numbers born from June 24, 1779, to June 24, 1780, were 523, and the burials 7181.

Amsterdam, Aug. 16. The incessant assiduity with which the equipment of our fleet is carrying on, makes it probable that it will be ready for sea towards the end of the month,

unless it should be judged proper to defer its departure till the treaty with Russia is signed; in the mean time it is rumoured, that the adhesion of the republic to the system of the armed neutrality, adopted by the greatest part of the Northern Powers, will occasion fresh troubles to the navigation of these Provinces on the part of England, the moment it is announced authentically.

Hamburg, Aug. 18. According to authentic advices from Petersburg, the Swedish minister there has followed the example of Denmark, in signing the convention touching the armed neutrality.

Copenhagen, Aug. 22. The epidemical distemper which prevailed some time in this country among the horned cattle had but just ceased its ravages here, when we received last Saturday the disagreeable news of its being broke out again at Jagerspris, a territory belonging to prince Frederick. In consequence of which, a detachment of soldiers was sent thither the day before yesterday to form a line; and other measures are also taken to prevent, if possible, the farther extension of this distemper.

Paris, Aug. 21. The king, ever attentive to give his subjects fresh proofs of his love and equity, would have his name-day, August 25, marked by an act of benevolence to his people. In consequence, his majesty, of his own proper motion, has abolished on that day, *la question preliminaire*, (the torture) which, according to a barbarous custom, preserved since the ages of ignorance, criminals were put to, a moment before their execution. The edict, ordaining that abolition, will soon appear, and the sovereign courts, who have long lamented that custom, though obliged to put it in execution will receive the new law with rapture.

Lisbon, Aug. 21. The Russian envoy having received a courier from his court, immediately acquainted the queen, that a squadron of men of war of his nation were already at sea, and that one part of it was destined to the Sound, another for our coasts, and a third for the Mediterranean; her majesty received this information very amicably.

Vienna, Aug. 23. We had the happiness, on the 20th instant, to see the emperor return hither, at five o'clock in the morning, from Petersburg, in perfect health. His majesty, after resting a short time at his palace, repaired immediately to Schonbrunn, to visit his august mother and the royal family, who received him with the greatest marks of tenderness and affection after so long an absence.

Hague, Aug. 26. The states of Friezland have at last consented to the taking every third seamen to serve on board the fleet, observing that it ought only to last one year, and even not so long if it could be avoided. The above mentioned province has also consented to the continuation of the *Left & Vyl. Gelt.*

Vienna, Aug. 26. Count Garampi, the pope's nuncio, went the day before yesterday in great state to court, and at the foot of an altar, prepared for the purpose, received the archduke Maximilian as coadjutor of the archbishoprick and bishoprick of Munster, and yesterday that prince received the compliments of the ambassadors and ministers of state upon that occasion.

Dantzick, Aug. 29. According to the last letters from Königsberg, his royal highness the prince of Prussia set out on the 23d instant for Petersburg.

Stockholm, Sept. 1. Conformably to his majesty's order, great diligence is used in putting to sea four ships of the line and six frigates. The Swedish fleet will then consist of eight ships of the line and twelve frigates.

Hague, Sept. 1. We have authentic accounts from Vienna, which confirm, that the emperor having much at heart the increase of the commerce of his subjects, has granted count Prohla a 20 years charter for the establishment of an East-India company; the final conclusion of the conditions will not take place till the return of a gentleman who is gone to India to make some necessary arrangements, and is expected back in about two months. Some imagine the establishment of the company may rather hurt the Dutch East-India trade, whilst others think this new society will not be able to support itself, for want of an establishment in India.

Hague, Sept. 5. The letters arrived in Paris from Martinique and Guadaloupe confirm, in the most positive terms, the great loss of men Monsieur Guichen sustained in the actions with admiral Rodney, particularly the first, and declare that at Guadaloupe upwards of 470 wounded men died in a very little time after their landing; that his fleet is in a very bad situation, and much in want of naval stores, but that they have plenty of sea provisions, and the men on board very healthy.

Paris, Sept. 6. The king's edict for the suppression of 406 places in his majesty's household was registered in the Chamber of Accounts the 26th of August last.

The king being informed that some difficulties had arisen relative to the condemnation of prizes brought in by American privateers, has ordered that all prizes taken by privateers of America, fitted out in France, and brought into any of the ports of that kingdom, shall be adjudged to be prizes, the same as if taken by French privateers.

Hague, Sept. 7. Letters from Bulgaria advise, that the plague which had made such ravages

at Constantinople, had broke out also at Adrianople, where however but few people died of it. In consequence of this intelligence, the Imperial garrisons, posted along the frontiers of Esclavonia, have received orders to keep a vigilant watch, along the banks of the river Saave, in order that all communication should be cut off, and that a passage be refused to all strangers coming from Turkey, who would enter their frontiers.

Copenhagen, Sep. 8. M. De Sakken, the Russian minister, has received dispatches from his court, containing a ratification of the convention for the protection of the neutral commerce between his court and our's, and bills of exchange for 25 000 crowns, of which sum the four members of the council will each receive 6000 crowns as a present from the empress, and 1000 crowns are to be divided between the secretaries in the department of foreign affairs. We are assured that the Russian minister will receive a present of 6000 crowns from our court, and 1000 crowns are to be divided among his secretaries.

The loss sustained by the Danish navigation, by the detention of a number of ships in the different ports of Spain, amounts to 300,000 crowns, which our minister at the court of Madrid has orders to reclaim.

Hague, Sept. 8. We are assured that the naval forces which the three united Northern Powers will have in the Channel, will consist of 41 ships, which will be divided into several squadrons, and sail different ways. Russia furnishes 15 sail of the line, and six frigates, and Denmark and Sweden each ten sail; but how many the United Provinces will furnish, and when the quota will sail, is not yet known.

Paris, Sept. 12. The king has wrote a letter to M. L'Amiral, concerning the navigation of neutral vessels, dated Aug. 7, in which his majesty, after setting forth that he only engaged in the present war for the support of the liberty of navigation, and is particularly happy to find that the neutral powers have adopted the same principles, he proceeds to reiterate the orders formerly given for the conduct of his captains and commanders towards neutral vessels, requiring them to behave with the greatest circumspection towards all Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, and other neutral vessels, to assist them whenever they may want it, and not in the least to trouble their navigation, even although they should be destined to the enemy's ports, and not to stop any vessels but what they have the strongest reasons to believe are either belonging to the subjects of the king of England, who may have hoisted neutral colours by way of deception, or laden with contraband goods for the enemy. His majesty concludes with desiring, that his orders may be made known in every port, and to every person who may be concerned, and that they may be very punctually obeyed.

H O M E N E W S.

L O N D O N.

Aug. **L**ORD Harrington's regiment, and
24 the duke of Rutland's are safe arrived at Barbadoes. His lordship and lord Chatham were not, consequently, with the captured fleet.

The Dutch ships seized by commodore Fielding, when under the convoy of count de Byland, having been condemned as lawful prizes, were all sold a few days since for the following sums:

De Resolution, Jan Oepkes, master,	
for	£. 435
De Jonge Liebrecht, A. Ariens	525
De Sibistina Hillegonda, J. Geerts Tal	605
De Jonge Gerben Kingsma, W. Attes	1145
De Michiel en Agatha, W. Pieters	800
De Jonge Vrouwe Levina en Jacoba Anna,	
A. Banning	810
De Jonge Inkema, P. Y. Hoekstra	960

£. 5280

25. It is calculated that 4350 persons are made prisoners in the ships taken by the French and Spaniards, bound to the East and West-Indies; which calculation is made out as follows: five East-Indiamen's crews 100 each, passengers 100, and soldiers on board them about 400; six sail of merchant, at 25 seamen each, and 300 passengers. Besides these there were three battalions on board the fleet, consisting of about 600 each.

On board the five East-Indiamen, which were taken by the combined fleets of the enemy, were a great supply of all kind of naval stores, except lower masts and yards, for Sir Edward Hughes's squadron in the East-Indies. They had on board likewise eighty thousand stand of arms, and military stores in abundance, and about 400 recruits. One ship was laden with twelve months store of provision for the island of St. Helena, which must very severely feel the present loss, as the former storeship (the London) was unfortunately run down by the Ruffel man of war, and sunk.

28. An express arrived from Falmouth, with advice of the arrival of the Leeward Island, Lisbon, and Opôr o fleets.

The Leeward Island fleet consisted of 110 sail, and with the Portugal, amounted to near 200 sail. A French privateer got in the rear of the West-India fleet, and took one, which she manned and sent for France; but the tri-gate that convoyed went in chase of the privateer, and took her.

A patent passed the great seal at Bath, of a grant of the office of master of Greenwich hospital, to Sir Hugh Palliser, with a salary of 1000l. per annum, to commence from the 8th of May last.

Advice is received by the Careret packet-boat, that the Triton and Guadaloupe men of war were both safe arrived at New York, after being chased off the Capes of Virginia by 42 sail of French men of war, but by throwing the spars and booms overboard, they got clear; she also brings advice, that the French have landed 600 troops on Rhode Island, and have taken possession of it in the name of the king of France, which, it is said, has given great offence to the Americans.

The dispatches from vice admiral A. Buthnot, at New York, contain an account of the safe arrival of admiral Graves, and the fleet under his command, and that they were preparing to sail off Rhode Island, in hopes of forcing Monsieur Ternay to an action.

Portsmouth, Sept. 1. Admiral Evans has hoisted his flag on board the Victory man of war of 100 guns.

On Wednesday admiral Geary struck his flag, his ill state of health not permitting him to continue the command any longer.

Sept. 1. His majesty was pleased to order the following proclamation to be issued.

By the KING.

A PROCLAMATION,
For dissolving this present Parliament, and declaring the calling of another.

GEORGE R.

Whereas we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our privy council, to dissolve this present parliament, which now stands prorogued to Thursday the 28th day of this instant September: We do, for that end, publish this our royal proclamation; and do hereby dissolve the said parliament accordingly: and the lords spiritual and temporal, and the knights, citizens, and burgesses, and the commissioners for shires and burghs, of the house of Commons, are discharged from their meeting and attendance on Thursday the said 28th day of this inst. September. And we being desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet our people, and to have their advice in parliament, do hereby make known, to all our loving subjects, our royal will and pleasure to call a new parliament: and do hereby further declare, that, with the advice of our privy council, we have, this day, given order to our

chancellor of Great Britain to issue out writs, in due form, for calling a new parliament; which writs are to bear teste on Saturday the 2d day of this instant September, and to be returnable on Tuesday the 31st day of October following.

Given at our court at St. James's, the 1st day of September 1780, in the twentieth year of our reign.

God save the King.

Dublin Castle, Sept. 2. This day his excellency the lord lieutenant went in state to the house of Peers; and, the Commons being sent for, gave the royal assent to the following bills, viz. an act for regulating the sugar trade, and granting to his majesty the duties therein mentioned. An act for the relief of tenants holding under leases for lives, containing covenants for perpetual renewals. An act for granting bounties on the export of certain species of the linen and hempen manufactures of this kingdom, and for repealing the bounties on flax seed imported, &c. An act for the relief of persons in actual custody for debt. An act for explaining an act made in the 8th of queen Anne, entitled, an act for explaining and amending an act to prevent the further growth of popery, so far only as the same makes a provision for the maintenance of popish priests converted to the protestant religion. An act to continue and amend an act passed in the 17th and 18th of his present majesty, entitled, an act for the encouragement of tillage, &c. An act for vesting a competent part of the real and personal estates of the late right hon. Sir Henry Cavendish, baronet, deceased, in trustees, for discharging a debt due by him to his majesty, &c.

Plymouth, Sept. 4. Arrived here the Nassau and Southampton East-Indiamen, under convoy of the Sybil privateer; they were blocked up at the Cape of Good Hope three months; their cargoes are said to be worth 500,000 l.

Admiralty-office, Sept. 5, 1780.

Extract of a letter from Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, Bart. to Mr. Stephens, dated Prince Royal, St. Lucia, July 1, 1780.

Since my dispatches of yesterday, by the *Acteon*, capt. Keeler, I must desire you to acquaint their lordships, that three of the Spanish ships of the line are gone to leeward with their convoy, and were seen to pass the island of Santa Cruz, steering to the westward.

Had the Spanish admiral repaid instantly to the rendezvous he gave his fleet, we certainly had brought him to action before his junction with the French; but he chose to go no farther than Guadaloupe, and from thence detached a frigate to Martinique, demanding a junction of the French fleet off that island. Mons. de Guichen immediately sailed with eighteen ships of the line to leeward of the island, and joined the Spaniards under Donminique.

I wait impatiently for the junction of Mr. Walsingham's Squadron, which capt. Robinson, of the *Shrewsbury* informs me I may expect in a few days. When that happy event takes place, the numbers of the enemy shall not prevent my looking them in the face, and attacking them, should they give me a proper opportunity.

6. A Dutch ship, from Madeira, was spoke with on the 1st instant off Scilly, by the *Friend's Adventure*, capt. Gregory, who said he left Madeira on the 23d of August, and that two Englishmen of war, and 13 of their convoy were then lying in Fonchal Road; so that our loss has not been so great as was at first expected.

The *Resolution* and *Discovery* arrived at Stromness the 22d ult.

The present voyage of the circumnavigators will put an end to the hopes of discovering the north west passage, which has been so often sought in vain. The unfortunate loss of capt. Cooke, and capt. Clarke, we are afraid, will more than balance any advantage that may be gained by this expedition.

The *Resolution* and *Discovery*, which left the Cape the 9th of May, were furnished with a French pass; but as that could not protect them against Spanish and American privateers, they chose, to prevent danger, to come north about, by the way of Orkney. The French men of war, which had cruized off the Cape for some weeks, had taken nothing, and sailed from the Mauritius some time before the *Resolution* left the Cape.

Portsmouth, Sept. 11. - This morning Rear Admiral Drake hoisted his flag on board the *Victory* of 100 gun, admiral Darby having shifted his flag to the *Britannia*.

15. The grand fleet have received orders not to return to Portsmouth, until the homeward-bound East and West India and likewise the Carolina fleets are arrived; and they have taken in a sufficient quantity of provisions for that purpose.

The Enterprize privateer of London, capt. Eden, has taken in the North Seas the *Revenge*, of 12 guns and 50 men, laden with 130 hogsheds of tobacco, bound from Baltimore, in Maryland, to Amsterdam. This vessel sailed, in company with 11 others, from Hampton, in Virginia, the beginning of August, all bound to Amsterdam, and going north about. A great number of letters and papers were taken on board the ship, and are sent up by express from capt. Eden, from Penzance to the Admiralty.

Admiralty-Office, Sept. 18, 1780.

"Captain Fortescue, of his majesty's sloop *Scourge*, in the Downs, in his letter to Mr. Stephens of the 16th inst. gives an account, that on the 15th, at ten in the morning, he discovered a sail bearing down upon him; that at four o'clock, being within hail, and receiving

ing no answer, he concluded her to be an enemy, therefore fired a broadside into her, when she hoisted French colours, and returned the fire. After an engagement of half an hour, she struck, and proved to be the Charlotte privateer, of Dunkirk, of 16 six pounders, and 120 men, commanded by Monsieur Du Casso, who was dangerously wounded in the action. The first lieutenant and ten men were also wounded, and four killed. She is a new ship, having been only three months off the stocks, and eighteen hours from Dunkirk, from whence she had sailed to intercept the trade bound to Ostend and Flushing.

“ N. B. The Scourge carries sixteen guns and eighty men. It does not appear she had any men killed or wounded.”

18. Saturday morning capt. Rice, of the Rutland regiment, arrived at Lord George Germain's office, with dispatches from the Hon. General Vaughan, by which we learn, that the general had, by a very judicious disposition of the troops, repairing fortifications, &c. put the islands of St. Lucia, Tobago, Barbadoes, Antigua, and St. Kitt's, in a very good state of defence; that very particular attention was paid to the troops serving in the unhealthy island of St. Lucia, by building barracks, supplying the soldiers with old rum, and never suffering them to work on the roads, &c. in the heat of the day; yet notwithstanding such extraordinary care, near 30 were buried every week. Captain Rice came home in the B yne, which met with a violent tempest in lat. 45. during which her stern was beaten in, and had five feet water in her hold, and she was only saved, under Providence, by throwing 14 guns overboard. Several officers had their limbs broke by the agitation of the storm, and the chaplain saved his life by swimming from the ward-room to the main deck. Too much cannot be said of the presence of mind and exertions of capt. Colton and his officers, on this trying occasion.

Admiralty-Office, Sept. 11, 1780.

Extract of a letter from Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, to Mr. Stephens, dated Sandwich, Bassé Terre Road, St. Christopher's, July 31, 1780.

“ Since my last, dated St. Lucia, July 1, sent by rear-admiral Parker, giving their lordships an account of the then situation of affairs in this part of the world, and the very great force of the combined fleets, which consisted of 36 sail of the line, I have the honour to acquaint their lordships, that, notwithstanding their great superiority in numbers, they did not venture either to attack any of his majesty's islands, or reconnoitre his majesty's fleet, then at an anchor in Gros Islet Bay, notwithstanding I had a small squadron continually cruising before the mouth of Fort Royal Bay, in order to give me notice of all their motions.

They did not even attempt to drive them from the station, but remained totally inactive in the Great Bay of Fort Royal till the 5th of July, when the whole combined fleet, in the night, put to sea, without making signals, or showing lights.

I ordered frigates to follow them, and daily report to me their situation, and the motions they made; holding the fleet under my command in momentary readiness to follow and disconcert any intentions they might have formed against the Leeward Islands.

The combined fleets went to Guadaloupe, where they remained some few days, and on the 9th instant were left by one of my cruisers (the Alert) off Santa Cruz, steering west. Captain Vashon, who commands her, acquainted me, that he counted 26 sail of the line at least; that they were divided into four squadrons, at a very considerable distance from each other.

I immediately dispatched the Alert to Jamaica, to give Sir Peter Parker notice of the enemy's sailing, having before sent the Tobago and Scarborough with intelligence to that island.

Mr. Walsingham, and the troops from England, having joined me on the 12th, every dispatch possible was made for the fleet and transports to put to sea the moment they were watered, which took up some time; and was in some measure delayed by the Prince's Royal's main-mast being found unserviceable, and obliged to have a new one.

On the 17th I put to sea with the fleet, leaving commodore Hotham with the Vengeance, Fame, Boyne, Ajax, Vigilant, and Preston, with frigates, for the protection of St. Lucia, and the Windward Islands of Barbadoes and Tobago.

With the remainder I proceeded with the whole convoy to St. Christophe's, where I had ordered from Antigua a vessel loaded with rum to meet me, for the use of the fleet, there not being a sufficient quantity at St. Lucia to supply them.

I shall hold myself in momentary readiness to assist any of his majesty's colonies, on which the enemy may attempt to make an impression, or act with them in such a manner as shall appear to me most beneficial to his majesty's service.

I am fully convinced by what I have already experienced, that I shall have every assistance in their lordships power to grant, and beg you will assure them, that his majesty's squadron in these seas shall not remain inactive.”

19. Government have ordered ten line of battle ships to take in six months provision, and to proceed immediately to the West-Indies; this is said to be in consequence of intelligence received from Rodney, of his intention to go to leeward, unless he received some favourable accounts from his cruisers, which he had sent to reconnoitre the combined fleets.

The

The Boyne left St. Kitt's the 2d of August, and brings advice, that the hurricane season then advancing very fast, would put a stop to all military operations for some months to come. We are farther informed by the same channel, that admiral Rodney had driven the combined fleets of France and Spain out of those seas, and had dispatched admiral Rowley, with ten sail of the line, to Jamaica. The campaign at the Leeward Islands being concluded, and the troops only now employed on garrison duty, the earl of Chatham, and several other officers are come home on leave.

Advices from Rome mention, that the cardinal York was seized with a fit of apoplexy on the 14th ult. and though he had been let blood several times, he continued in a situation from which nothing could be decided.

The Cardinal York, second son of the late pretender, was born at Rome, on the 6th of March, 1725; and was promoted to the dignity of cardinal in the year 1747, when but twenty-two years old, by the late pope Benedict the XIVth. He has several church livings in Italy, and other catholic countries, particularly in France, where, in the year 1751, he was nominated by the king to the abbey of Anchin, in the diocese of Arras, valued at 70,000 livres a year [3072l. 10s.] of the Benedictine order; and in 1755 he was nominated to the abbey of St. Amand, in the diocese of Tournay, of the Cistercian order, valued at 60,000 livres a-year, [2625l.]

20. This morning the Lord Mayor held a wardmote at Guildhall for the election of an alderman for the ward of Cheap, in the room of John Kirkman, Esq; deceased, when William Creighton, Esq; a West-India merchant, was chosen without opposition; after which he thanked the gentlemen of the ward for the honour they had conferred on him, and said, that it should be his constant study to support the rights and privileges of the city of London, and that he would be always steady and constant in discharging the office he had the honour of having conferred on him. Since that he has been chosen sheriff for the year ensuing.

21. A letter from an officer on board Sir George Bridges Rodney's fleet, to his friend in Bristol, dated Gros-Islet Bay, St. Lucia, July 5. says, "Two days since an intrigue was discovered here between the French and the negroes of this island. They had raised a battery on shore, and mounted 32 brass cannon; they used to work upon it at night, and cover it with wood in the day. When completed they were to make a signal to the French at Martinico, who were to land a number of troops on the back of the island, and the men of war were to attack us in front. The day appointed for it was yesterday; but it was happily discovered by a negro boy, whom his master had beaten, in consequence of which he came to us where we were watering. A

lieutenant and a number of men went and took a French engineer, and some other persons prisoners, and brought them on board the admiral, where the engineer confessed the above particulars."

Advices from the West-Indies tells us, that every week gives some fresh instances of the want of cordiality between the French and Spaniards in the combined fleets under Monsieur Guichen's command: the duels that have been fought between the officers of the two nations are without number.

Birmingham, Sept. 18. The sudden death of a young baronet, not quite twenty one, near Rugby, in this county, which happened about a fortnight ago, having occasioned various conjectures as to the cause thereof, several of his friends at length determined to have the body taken up, altho' it had been then interred more than ten days; in order to discover, if it were possible, whether any, and what means had been used to put an untimely end to his existence. Accordingly an eminent physician, and a very skilful surgeon, of Coventry, together with a surgeon of Rugby, were requested to attend at the opening of the body; and though they were unable, after a minute examination, to find any particles of a poisonous drug remaining, still they did not hesitate to declare, from various strong circumstances which had occurred, that there was the greatest reason to believe the unfortunate young gentleman had been destroyed by poison.—Amongst other shocking symptoms which served to decide them in this opinion were these, that when the body was taken up, the tongue was found hanging out of the mouth a prodigious way, was swelled to a most enormous size, and turned backwards so far as nearly to touch the nose, and that the corpse was a spectacle of horror to every beholder. These melancholy and alarming appearances induced a noble peer, and several respectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood, to direct an inquest to be taken on the body, which sat accordingly last week, but we are yet un-informed of the verdict.

22. We hear from Gibraltar, that a deserter has come into that garrison, from the camp at St. Roque, and assures them, that the 6000 slaves, lately released to be sent on a desperate scheme, are designed to be put into gun-boats, to attempt to spread flames and destruction among our ships, and the approachable parts of the fortress. In consequence of this information, every necessary precaution is taking to defeat the infernal scheme.

25. The corpse of Mr. alderman Kirkman, who died at Margate on Friday se'ennight, was brought in a private manner yesterday about three o'clock as far as the obelisk in St. George's-fields, it was there met by the gentlemen of the military associations, and conducted to Backfrars-bridge, where the lord mayor, aldermen, city marshals, &c. joined the procession. They proceeded from thence thro'

Cheap-

Cheapside to the church of Bassishaw, for interment, in the following order

Four staff-men on horseback.

London Foot Association.

Trumpets sounding the horse dead march.

A quarter master.

Twelve light horse volunteers.

An officer.

Mr. Lam- priere	} Leading Mr. Kirkman's horse.	Mr. C. Herries.

Board of feathers.

Pall bearers.

Pall bearers.

Mr. Fulham,	} Hearse. }	Mr. Barkleigh,
Mr. Dunlop,		Mr. Lwer,
Mr. Watson.		Mr. Grove.

Band of music playing the dead march in Saul.

An officer.

Light horse volunteers.

An officer.

The chief mourner's coach.

Two other mourning coaches.

Lord-mayor and aldermen.

The election committee.

Sundry carriages of friends.

The concourse of people assembled on this occasion were the greatest ever known; Bridge street was lined on both sides with the military association gentlemen, and on each side the road leading to the bridge were four ranks of coaches filled with spectators, the windows of all the houses, house tops, ridges, and every elevation that could command the least view of this magnificent procession, were crowded with people. The whole was conducted with the greatest decency, and we hear, without any accident.

B I R T H S.

Aug. 31. The Lady of the Hon. Captain Smythe, of a son, at his house in Queen-street, Mayfair.

Sept. 6. The Lady of Charles Lucas, Esq; of a son and heir, at his house in Seymour-street.

8. The Lady of Thomas Whitmore, Esq; of a son and daughter, at his seat near Bridgenorth.

13. The lady of James Temple, jun. Esq; of a son and heir, at his house in Bedford-square.

17. The Right Hon. Lady Porchester of a son, at his Lordship's seat at Highclere, Hants.

22. Her Majesty of a Prince, at the royal apartments at Windsor.

The lady of Jacob John Whittington, Esq; of a son, at his seat at Westbrook-Hay, Herts.

M A R R I A G E S.

John White, Esq; of Whestead, in Suffolk, Major of the East Suffolk militia, to Miss Nelthorpe, sister to James Nelthorpe, Esq; of Linford,

The Rev. Dr. Bathurst, Canon of Christchurch, Oxford, to Miss Coote, daughter of the Rev. Dean Coote.

Strettle Jackson, Esq; to Miss Mary Coffins, of the county of Limerick.

The Rev. Mr. Beloe, B. A. Sub-master of the Grammar-school in Norwich, to Miss Rix, daughter of W. Rix, Esq; Town-clerk of London.

Aug. 18. Edward Rushworth, Esq; of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, to Miss Holmes, daughter of Leonard Troughear Holmes, Esq; of West-over Lodge, in the said island.

22. Willett Adye, Esq; of Dean-street, Soho, to Miss Broucker, of Queen Ann-street, Cavendish-square.

29. George Thornhill, of Diddington, in Huntingdonshire, to Miss Hawkins, daughter of Sir Caesar Hawkins, Bart. Serjeant-Surgeon to his Majesty.

30. Bartholemew Huber, Esq; to Miss Strutt, daughter to Samuel Strutt, Esq; of Old Palace-yard.

31. Richard Andrews, Esq; of Layton, to Miss Meyriche, of Woodstreet.

Sept. 3. Capt. Hoggart, of the Buckinghamshire regiment of militia, to Mrs. Atkins, of Dartmouth Place, Blackheath, Kent.

7. Amos Vogler, Esq; of Exeter, to Mrs. Ann Partridge, of Friday-street.

8. John Cole Esq; of Coleman-street, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Louth, in Lincolnshire.

9. Col. Mathews, in the service of the East India company, to Miss Jackson, daughter of George Jackson, Esq; of Old Palace yard.

14. Clotworthy Gowan Esq; at Arnciff, in Yorkshire, to Miss Anne Mankewer, third daughter of Thomas Mankewer, Esq; of that place.

17. James Wareham, Esq; of Curzon-street, to Miss Susannah Franklyn, of Oxendon street.

18. The Rev. Mr. Gibson, grandson of Bishop Gibson, to Miss Savage, of Great Holm-bury.

The Rev. Nicholas Bacon, A. M. Rector of Barham, and Vicar of Coddendam, in the county of Suffolk, a lineal descendant of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord-keeper of the great seal in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to Miss Anna Maria Brown, of Ipswich.

21. Capt. Whitley, of the 50th regiment, to Miss Spence, daughter of Mr. Spence, of Soho-square.

D E A T H S.

William Gomm, Esq; of Nethercott, in Oxfordshire.

John Fotherby, Esq; of George-street, York-buildings.

Mrs. Dyer, at her house in Green-street, Grosvenor-square.

Mr. Lamotte, the celebrated performer on the violin, at the Hague.

James Newington, Esq; at Eltham, near Canterbury, formerly in the East-India company's service.

Thomas Lord Viscount Southwell, at his seat near Clontarf in Ireland.

The Rev. Richard Chapel Grange, at his house in Camden-street, Dublin.

Capt. Robert Grant, in the service of the Hon East-India company, secretary and interpreter to the Nabob of Oude, in India.

Richard Coombe, Esq; at Bristol, Member in the late Parliament for Aldborough in Suffolk.

Sir Patrick Hamilton, Kat. at Twickenham, one of the aldermen of the city of Dublin.

Aug. 21. Lord Vernon, at Sudbury, in Derbyshire.

26. Samuel Hawkins, Esq; Wine-merchant, Crutched-fryers.

27. George Scot, Esq; at Wollston-hall, near Chigwell, Essex.

28. John Twesdale, Esq; at Harefield-place, near Uxbridge.

29. Dr. John Brown, Physician in Old Ford.

John Richards, Esq; of the Devizes.

Col. James Kinneir, at his house in Bath, formerly of the 50th regiment of foot.

Sir Joshua Molyneux, Bart. at his seat near Town Malling, in Kent.

Thomas Freeman, Esq; at St. James's-Place.

John Stapleton, Esq; at Great Chesterford, in Cambridgeshire.

30. Sir Theodosius Edward Allesley Boughton, Bart. at Lawford hall, in the county of Warwick.

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Ashbrook, of the kingdom of Ireland, at his seat at Shelvingford, in Berkshire.

John Dewes, Esq; of Westbourn, in Warwickshire.

John Rushworth, Esq; at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, a Senior Post-captain of his Majesty's fleet.

Sept. 1. Thomas Webbe, Esq; at his house on Brook green, Hammer-smith.

2. Joseph Albert, Esq; at his house near Peterham, in Surrey.

The Lady of Henry William Sanford, Esq; at Plaistreet, near Taunton.

3. Philip Palmer, Esq; at Richmond, in Surrey, brother of the late Sir Charles Palmer, Bart. of Dooney-court, in the county of Bucks.

Robert Leigh, Esq; at Maidstone, a Captain in the King's own regiment of dragoons.

Samuel Drew, Esq; in Milk-street.

4. Richard Fotheringham, Esq; at his house in Bedford-row.

Frederick Brudenell, Esq; at his house in Great George-street, Westminster.

Sir John Fielding, Knight, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Herts, Kent, Surry, and the city and Liberty of Westminster.

5. Jasper Jones, Esq; at Little Chelsea.

6. Mrs. Hirst, at Richmond-hill, Surry, relict of Thomas Hirst, Esq; of Bedford-row.

Benjamin Woodcock, Esq; at his house in Chelsea.

7. Mrs. Martha Blencowe, at Hayes, Middlesex, relict of the late Thomas Blencowe, Esq.

William Southwell, Esq; at his house at Hammer-smith, formerly commander of a ship in the royal navy.

8. Robert Douglas, only child of Sir Alexander Douglas, Bart. at Dundee.

10. The Rev. Mr. Samuel Jenson, at Weedon-beck, in Northamptonshire, Vicar of the said parish.

11. The Right Hon. Lady Camilla Wallop, second daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Portsmouth.

Joshua Wilson, Esq; Merchant of this city.

Henry Probyn, Esq; of Milk-street.

14. Nathaniel Hatton, Esq; at Mile-End, formerly in the Commission of the Peace for the county of Middlesex.

15. David Morrison, Esq; at Twickenham.

Theophilus Somerset, Esq; in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

Frederick Frankland, Esq; at Kensington.

John Kirkman Esq; Silkman in Friday-street, Alderman of Cheap-ward, Colonel of the Warwickshire militia, and Sheriff elect.

16. Robert Fench, Esq; at Little Chelsea, formerly a West-India Merchant.

17. Edward Fordham, Esq; at Knightsbridge.

Richard Elliot, Esq; in Southampton row, Bloomsbury.

18. The Right Hon. the Earl of Salisbury, at Queen-wood, near Baldock, Herts.

19. The only son of Cornelius Deane, Esq; of Bedford-row.

Jonathan Brudenell, Esq; of South Audley-street.



T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O. R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For O C T O B E R, 1780.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. An elegant and new fancy Pattern.
2. A beautiful historical Picture of the Remonstrance; and,
3. A new Song, set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

WE must begin our acknowledgments to *Henrietta R—*, for her liberal contributions, and beg leave to intimate that our last supply is exhausted.

We hope the ingenious author of *Vie d'Emilie* will be early in communicating the conclusion of that interesting narrative, and favour us so far as to advert to the hint subjoined to her last recruit.

We have received a warm critique on *Aristius's* verses in our last Magazine, and must acknowledge that most of the remarks are well founded; but beg *Censor junior* would, in the midst of judgment, remember mercy.

The letter signed *Speculator*, amidst its denunciations, has forced a smile from us, especially where it calls on us for a reason, why we have not submitted a *medical case* to the public; as we have just received an expostulation from a lady of fashion, who reprobates every article of that nature as incompatible with delicacy and female refinement. His calling for the continuation of the *Treacherous Husband*, *Letters from the Dead*, &c. is a point we must leave him to settle with the writer, who certainly appears blameable, and if not worse.

Among other favours in prose, we thank our fair patronesses in the prose line for *Remarks on Shakespeare's Winter's Tale*. *The Advantages of female Education*, by *W. D.* A continuation of the *Series of Letters*, by *Sabrina*. *The Italian Bishop*, an anecdote. *Memoirs of the late Mrs. Cibber*. *A long Series of Letters from Maria Vernon to Lady Walbrook*, by *Saccharissa*. *The Sylph Husband*, a new translation from *Marmontel*, by a young lady, &c. &c. *Mrs. Philipp's new invented Powder*, &c. would, if inserted, subject us to pay for it as an advertisement, and therefore must be deferred until we receive a proper voucher. Amidst of a variety of other *Enigmas*, we are honoured with a *List of Officers in the Western Battalion of Norfolk Militia*, taken from the *Norwich and Norfolk Almanac*, and a *List of Belle's Edition of the Poets*, both by *J. Francis Walsingham*. *Islands on the Coast of Spain*, by *Jordan*. *List of young Ladies at Chelmsford, in Essex*, by *Chalmer*. *Of Towns in Middlesex*, by *R— C—x*. *Of Ladies in Bethnal-Green*, by *Rufus*. *Towns in Surry*, by *Melissa*, with many others too tedious to mention.

In the poetical department we are to thank our fair patronesses for a *Rebus*, by *E. Jordan*. *List of young Gentlemen in Poplar*, by *Calphurnia* and *Flora*. *On Miss S—*, by *Amator*. *On Love*, by *S. R.* *On Poetry*, by *X.* *A Pastoral*, by *Damon*. *On the Death of a young Lady*, by *V. J.* *An Acrostic, extempore*, by *E. M—n*. *Letter from a Lady in London to her Friend in the country*. *Song*, by *Horatio*. *Verses spoken by a Teacher to the young Lady's Boarding-School in Essex, at their Vacation*, by *Ann Littlewit*. *The Rural Expedition*, wrote at the same school; and *A Prospect near Billericay*, by the same. *A satirical Address to Aristius on his Elegy*, and to the *Author of Rural Beauties*, in our last, by *Fanny B—y*. *On Gaming*, by *Elfrida*. *On the Military Associations in this Metropolis*, by *A Spectator*. *Lavinia*, by *J. B—y*. *Verses on Alfred and Cupid Triumphant, or Damon in Chains*, by *J. F—s*. *The Bright-helmstone Stag-Hunt*, by *Marianne C****r*. *Lines to a young Lady with a Rose-Bud*, by *A. B—ne*. *Absence, a Pastoral*, by *Daphnis*. *An Acrostic*, by *C—b*, which came too late for insertion this month, not but we must say that compositions in that line reflect very little honour either on the composer or the editor.

Before we take our leave of our liberal patronesses, we must once more serve up the entreaties of several ladies to our correspondent, who has favoured us with a description of the *fashions*, in hopes she will resume her pen in compliance with their wishes.

The writer of the *Account of the late Tumults in the Metropolis* has begged us to postpone his narrative this month, as he is in search after proper vouchers with respect to a remarkable occurrence, which he would not chuse to misrepresent thro' precipitation, or prejudice.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For OCTOBER, 1780.

Account and Plan of the new Afterpiece of one Act, called THE CLOSE OF THE POLL, or THE HUMOURS OF AN ELECTION, written by Mr. Pilon, was performed for the first Time at the Theatre Royal in Convent-Garden, on Thursday, the 24th Instant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Parmesan, - -	Mr. Wilton.
Belfield, -	Mr. Whitefield.
George, - -	Mr. Quick.
Goose, - -	Mr. Edwin.
O'Shannon, -	Mr. Egan.
The Scotch Preceptor, - -	} Mr. Farren.
Canvass, - -	
Bristle, - -	Mr. Booth.
Shrimp, - -	Mr. Stevens.
Jailbird, -	Mr. Webb.
Proteus, -	Mr. Bate.
Doctor Macfracture,	Mr. J. Wilton.
Bonfire, a tallow-chandler, -	} Mr. Thompson.
Justice Winevault,	
Marrowbone, a fighting butcher, -	} Mr. Bate.
Letitia, -	
Mrs. Highflight,	Mrs. Moreton.
	Mrs. Webb.

tions into which the spirit of electioneering throws the people of Great Britain, once in seven years; and he has, with great happiness and success, blended the justest satire with the most laughable burlesque.

Parmesan, who is an old cheesemonger, retired from business, is anxious to procure a seat in the new parliament for his nephew George, the son of Mrs. Highflight; and he has determined to marry him to his daughter Letitia, who is in love with young Belfield. There are three candidates for the borough—Belfield, George, and Sir Roger O'Shannon.

The piece opens with a scene between Parmesan and his daughter Letitia, in which the latter relates the whimsical distresses which she underwent in attending Mrs. Highflight on her canvass for her son. Among other scenes of whimsical distress, she says, "she was obliged to carry her pockets full of halfpence, to slip into the hands of children belonging to the electors; a proof," she adds, "of what a bribe can do, when we can purchase nothing but a rattle with it." By this we are given to understand, that Mrs. Highflight is a great politician, and undergoes all the active business and fatigue of the canvass for George, who is a second Tony Lumpkin. Parmesan also relates the misfortunes he has met with, and in a very laughable soliloquy, he produces several ar-

ticles which he has purchased in his route, at most extravagant prices. This may not be a new idea, but it is excellently managed and improved. He tells us, "that he has got about three hundred pounds worth of goods, which at a fair appraisement would not be valued at twenty shillings;" but observes, "that election wares are ticklish articles, and while the fair lasts, keen chapmen will have *their prices*." The first thing he pulls out is a cake of gingerbread, which, he says, cost him twenty pounds, which he could have bought on any stall for three farthings; but he consoles himself with the reflection, that "*no price is too high for the true parliament cakes*." He complains also of the price of a paper of *Scotch* snuff, and *court-plaster*; but owns that they will be useful articles when George gets into the house.

He then recapitulates a variety of electioneering impositions, till he is interrupted by the arrival of Canvass, his agent in the election, who gives him an account of his progress. Here the practice of *setting up housekeepers*, and giving security for the rent to qualify them is exposed. Goose, a country taylor, is introduced to him, as an active partizan, who has many friends and great interest, and Canvass is dispatched to adjust the affair of the committee with all possible attention.

The knight of the sheers seems much disconcerted with his journey, saying, "You must know this is the first time I ever mounted any thing but a *wop-board*." The conversation turns next to the business of the election, when Parmesan instructs the other in the nature of the services he expected from him. He tells him,

"He must be very active in rousing the spirit of the mob, by crying, "No Bribery! No Corruption! And if their party be hard-pushed to holloa out, No Scotchman!—and it will do wonders."

"I am no advocate for the Scotch," answers Goose, "they are no friends to our trade, for I hear one half of them wear *no breeches*."

After this humorous conversation, in which there are several well pointed strokes, he is appointed to be a member of the committee.

Mrs. Highlight, the female canvasser, and her son, now enter. The former is represented with just learning enough to make her ridiculous, and the other an ignorant country cub, rather worse than Toney Lumpkin, who has been placed to study rhetoric, or rather the art of making speeches under Mr. M'Rhetoric, a Scotchman. It is easy to perceive the allusion that is made in her character to a lady of considerable rank in the political world. The old gentleman joins them, and a very whimsical scene ensues. The Scotch preceptor, who is engaged to teach the young candidate a speech for the hustings, affords scope for several popular jokes. George being set up in a chair, is desired to rehearse his speech; instead, however, of repeating that which he has been learning, he attempts a speech of his own, and says, "he has no idea of a parliament-man's speaking what other people desire him." To this the Scotch orator answers, "that when he gets into the house, he will find the advantage of having a Caledonian Preceptor."

The scene now changes to the committee, where Goose is in the chair. Dr. Macfracture, Bonfire, Justice Winevault, and others, who seem to be intended for characters in real life, give an account of their several force and interest; and a number of different people are introduced for the purpose of being bribed as voters. They receive from Canvass a paper, in which the money is concealed. They now begin to examine into the validity of the several votes, as they come before them.

The first person who appears, is a cobbler, whom the president examines very minutely, and receives several laughable replies, suitable to the ludicrous cast of the character.

Mr. Proteus is now introduced, who promises *six* votes.—Canvass asking when he can bring them?—"I can bring one every two hours," says he

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Remonstrance.

he.—“I could wish you would let them come all in a body, as we want to cut some figure upon the hustings the first day.”—“That’s impossible, Sir, replies Proteus, as *I cannot change my dress* in less than an hour.”—He then mentions the different characters he assumes, and that his *six* votes are all centered in *himself*.

Mrs. Highsight, George, and Parmesan, now enter, and the former is elected president, and takes the chair. Marrowbone, the fighting butcher, is introduced as a person of infinite importance, which he himself describes to consist in the ingenuity with which he can raise and direct a mob, surround the hustings, or burn the poll-books. A whimsical mistake, however, happens from his being supposed, from his letter of introduction, to be a lord. The scene concludes with a catch by the characters, who go off in a body to the hustings.

The next scene is between Belfield and Letitia, and the latter sings an air. It now turns to the hustings, where, after some temporary matters, and a ballad, the candidates enter, and take their seats. Mrs. Highsight addresses the electors in a patriotic speech. She is followed by O’Shannon, who “takes her up, to use his own words, all in the way of good manners, as he knows she can take him down again when she pleases.” George’s blunders produce a very good effect; is under such confusion that he cannot recollect a word of his speech; and repeats all the observations of Parmesan as part of his address, which affronts the electors. Belfield addresses the electors in a very clear and forcible speech, which is spirited, but rather long for the situation. Parmesan now gives up the poll for his nephew George, confesses the impropriety of his attempt to introduce such a wretch into parliament, and he gives his daughter Letitia to Belfield. Belfield and O’Shannon are declared duly elected, and the piece concludes with the chairing of the successful candidates, and a song by the characters. The piece closes with this observation

from the old man, “That to attempt to impose on the people an incapable representative, was high-treason against the constitution.”

It would be impertinent to criticise the plot of this piece by dramatic rules. The characters, the incident, and the dialogue, are all that come under our consideration; and the continued bursts of laughter and applause which it drew from the audience, are the best evidence of the author’s success in these points. The characters are coloured with a masterly hand; and the humour of the piece is chaste and pointed.

The performers deserve the warmest encomiums; Mr. Wilson’s Parmesan was excellent; he gave the character that dry and chaste colouring which added to the effect it was intended to produce. We need not say that Mrs. Webb, Mr. Quick, and Mr. Edwin, also heightened, by their admirable performance, the humour and zest of their several characters. The songs and catches were set by Mr. Shiells, and do credit to that rising composer.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Illustrated and embellished with a curious Copper-Plate from the Design of an eminent Master, and engraved by an Academician.

SIR Thomas Jephson was heir to a very considerable estate which lay in three contiguous counties. After going through a public school, he was entered a gentleman commoner in New College Oxford. Though his fortune would have exempted him from the drudgery of poring over the classical reliques of Greece and Rome, he applied himself with more assiduity to his studies, than those who were to get their living by their intellectual acquisitions. While he thus sacrificed to the Muses, he was not negligent of the Graces; insomuch that it was problematical whether he was more the scholar, or the man of politeness. After shewing himself in a conspicuous light in the university, he set out for

for the Continent to study men, and applied himself with no less attention to this branch of science, than he had done at the university in imbibing the most refined sentiments of the ancients. Whatever could conduce to his conduct in life was treasured up in the tablet of his memory; and instead of copying the foibles of other countries, he rejected them with contempt.

His usual company was men who had signalized themselves either in the field or the cabinet, in the school of philosophers, or in the various branches of municipal law. The sex were not entirely overlooked, because he considered them as the civilizers of the species, and as necessary to the acquisition of polished manners, as they were to the support and refinement of society. The gaiety of the French ladies, and their total want of feminine delicacy rather shocked than invited him. He could not brook the freedoms which they gilded over with the specious term of *bienveillance*; in short he looked upon them as mirthful play-things, but could never bring himself to think, that they could ever prove good companions, or proper confidants in the line of oeconomical happiness.

Having made the whole tour of the continent, and endeavoured to sift the corn from the chaff of national characters, he returned home the most improved as well as the most virtuous of foreign travellers. As the virtues he had imported respected social life, his tenants, his acquaintance, and his friends, (which were select, and consequently not very numerous) were improved by his conversation, rendered happy in imitating his virtues, and employed their orisons in a profusion of blessings, and in deprecating the loss of one who was a father to the fatherless, a friend to the widow, and a staff to support the steps of the decrepit.

Having spent some time at his estate in Gloucestershire, where he bestowed, and received happiness, he set out for the metropolis, in company with Sir

Hugh Middleton, his most intimate friend, for his virtues were so similar to his own, that he could not fail of approving, of loving him. Sir Hugh had a particular acquaintance in London, an old friend of his father's, who was his trustee, and whom he frequently visited when in town, not so much on account of pecuniary engagements, as on account of the strong friendship that had subsisted between him and his father. Sir Hugh's friend had an only daughter, who had lost her mother in her infancy, and had engrossed her father's predilection so much on account of her resemblance to his deceased wife, that fondness set aside paternal authority, and Miss was indulged with every request she could make, nay, even anticipated in every wish she could form. Her governesses were strictly charged never to thwart her, and the gaiety of her disposition, and the perversity of her will was such, that for years she could number the months by the number of her female instructors. Her charms were conspicuous, and had not female vanity, when consulting the mirror, told her that she was pretty, the servility of her domestics, who were continually sounding the praises of her person, had such an effect, that she could not help assuming a consequence on account of her exterior. Routs, drums, and every scene of female dissipation were her constant employ: and a few innocent freedoms with a pretty fellow, whom she laughed at in her return, were her sole amusements.

Sir Thomas was at first smitten with the elegance of her form, and preconceived an opinion that it might be in his power to reclaim his fair country woman, and render her as remarkable for domestic virtues, as she was for the *egaremens* of dissipated life. He whispered his intentions to Sir Hugh, who smiled at his simplicity, but told him, that by what he had uttered, he found he was taken in the toils of female beauty. Sir Thomas, however, instead of being checked in his design by the ridicule of his friend, persisted in his addresses to Miss Belinda: she

heard

heard him with the same indifference as she had done many a flatterer of the sex; but at last found that the mere fluttering of her wings would not extricate her from the net in which she was taken. She referred her suitor to her father, adding, "that tho' she had very little notion of an old man's choice in things of that kind: she thought there could be no harm in submitting to the hymeneal tie, if it was with no other view than to plague a silly fellow, who could descend to bear the mean appellation of a husband."

Sir Thomas, infatuated with his plan of reducing a wild girl to obey the dictates of reason, applied to Belinda's father, expatiated on the ardours of his passion, the personal accomplishments of his mistress, and, what was more intelligible to the old gentleman, showed him the rent roll of his estate.

Though the old gentleman could not give his daughter a portion suitable to what Sir Thomas might have demanded; yet he insisted on his making her a settlement suitable to the amount of his own possessions. The affair was decided on these terms; and Belinda, after the matrimonial ceremony, was conducted to Sir Thomas's seat with great pomp. For a week or two the new pair were tolerably happy; but Sir Thomas being obliged to go to London to attend a law-suit, he took Belinda with him, and lodged her at her father's.

In his absence with his counsel she generally was abroad in visits, and at auctions, where she bought many a bargain, and in a few days made her father's house look more like a cabinet-maker's warehouse, than the residence of a gentleman. Sir Thomas winked at this instance of her indiscretion, and by his connivance gave vigour to a progress, which he should have put a stop to in the first instance.

The honourable Mrs. D——, in Hanover-square, kept an assembly and card-table three times a week, which was frequented by people whose character was dubious. In a visit, Belinda fell in company with a lady who

was expatiating on the agreeable company she met at Mrs. D——'s; Belinda's curiosity caught fire, she burnt with a desire of visiting Mrs. D——; and, on communicating her wishes to the lady who had mentioned her, was promised to be introduced the succeeding evening. Punctual to her appointment she waited on her fair introducer, was complimented with a seat at Mrs. D——'s own table, where, by the artifice of the lady of the house, and a young fellow who chose her for a partner, she lost a single hundred in a few minutes. Gaming is something like the dropsy, the thirst it is usually attended with is generally quenched by liquids, which increase the disorder. Belinda, however, left the room; Sir Thomas, in the gentlest terms, begged to know what could cause the agitations in which he saw her. She told him, it was only the trifling loss of about six hundred, and she wondered how she came to be such a simpleton as to repine at it.—Tho' Sir Thomas did not like the eclat, yet he pretended as much indifference as she had shewn herself; and opening his pocket-book, presented her with a bank-bill for seven hundred; adding, "he hoped that such trifling losses would not give her a moment's uneasiness in future."

Belinda received the present with a smile, and suppressed a reproach which was at the end of her tongue.

With this recruit she determined to try her luck the next day, and was resolved to run all hazards to retrieve her losses. When she entered Mrs. D——'s drawing room, she was welcomed with the eyes of every one present, that seemed to be irradiated at her presence. She was once more favoured with a seat at Mrs. D——'s table, who told her, "that she did not doubt but she would by that night's play compensate for the *bagatelle* she had lost the preceding evening." Belinda began with all the inveteracy of revenge; but giving too much reins to her passion, she lost many a trick, which, had she been composed, she must have made. In half an hour the bank note

she had received from her husband was liquidated. Resolved to recover it, she staked her watch; the watch was lost. She then played for her bracelet, which she had the mortification to see shining on Mrs. D——'s arm. After this she risked her necklace, which made up the trophies of her victor. — Infligated with disappointment and frenzy, she flew out of the room; and being received, on her man's knocking at the door, by Sir Thomas, she swooned away at the threshold. The servants were immediately summoned to her assistance; and they conveyed her to her sofa, where she recovered. Sir Thomas, who had viewed her during her swoon, discovered the losses she had sustained; but thinking that she was not in a condition to receive advice then, postponed his *remonstrance* to the next morning.

After Belinda rose, for she was unable to close her eyes all night, Sir Thomas sent her maid to her, desiring her company in the parlour: she attended immediately in her dishabille, and when she was seated, Sir Thomas expatiated on the consequences of her taste for gaming, pointed out those domestic virtues which would render her a comfort to her family, and an ornament to her sex. The valet was entering with the tea things when his master was in the middle of his harangue; and from a principle of good manners, stopped in the passage, and listened to a discourse which he had no inclination to interrupt. Tho' Sir Thomas made use of the most cogent reasons, and the most gentle terms to expose the ill consequences which must attend her continuing in a course, which would be productive of ruin to her family, she stopped him short, by asking him, "Whether he was trying his talents with a view of becoming a field preacher?"

"Thou art a dear-provoking woman!" cried Sir Thomas, and ceased his remonstrance. During tea Belinda was sullen and silent; and as soon as she retired to her toilette, she wrote a billet addressed to him, intimating, "That tho' he could *sermonize*, she

was neither a chicken nor a fool; his eloquence would be better reserved for some other purpose; and that she should retire to her father's 'till he had learnt that submission, which was due to a person of her years and discretion."

When she had dressed herself, she set out for her father's, leaving the letter on her toilette, which her maid discovering, carried to Sir Thomas. On perusing it, he went after Belinda, and on coming to her father's, found that she had anticipated what he could say against her, or in his own favour. Her father received him with great coldness, took the part of his daughter, and insisted on her living with him to prevent worse consequences. Sir Thomas acquiesced in his proposal, and saw, tho' too late, that it is as dangerous for a man to marry a female rake, as it is for a woman to wed a male one.

The CONNOISSEUR taken in.

ONE day at an exhibition in Brussels, there was a gentleman very finely dressed, who seemed uncommonly attentive to every picture, and condemned, like a modern critic, *ad libitum*; coming at last over-against a high-finished piece of fruit and flowers, with insects placed upon some of the leaves, he lifted up his right hand, and applied his eye-glass, which was set in silver, and curiously chased round the rim; on the little finger of the other hand, which held the catalogue, he had an antique, set round with rich brilliants. After he had pored over the picture for some time, he exclaimed, "O horridly handled! — the colouring is execrable; was this thing done for a fly? never was any thing half so wretched — a fly! nothing was ever more out of nature. — This speech brought a groupe of listners about him: he then pointed to that part of the picture where this insect was executed in so abominable a manner: on the approach of his finger, the ill-done reptile flew away; for it happened to be a real fly.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The following letter was wrote by a gentleman in London to a young lady in the country, just come of age. Her parents dying when she was young, he was left her guardian, and had the care of her from her infancy; and having no children of his own, conceived a very strong affection for her. As I think the subject very suitable for your Magazine, I have sent it you, and shall be obliged by your giving it a place in your next number.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

AMICUS.

Essential Requisites in the Choice of a
HUSBAND.

In LETTERS from HORATIO to
HARRIET.

L E T T E R I.

My dear Harriet,

YOU cannot but be persuaded that the regard I have always professed to entertain for you is sincere; I am confident that my words and actions have ever united to furnish an unequivocal proof that I love you with the purest and most tender affection: 'tis this makes me anxious for your welfare, and earnestly desirous that every future event of your life may be prosperous and happy. As I have had more experience than you, and to this hour have reason to lament the unhappy consequences of an imprudent connection in early life, I hope I shall stand excused in your opinion, if I take the liberty of giving you my thoughts on a subject which, most probably, will very soon become peculiarly interesting to you, and on which your future happiness will very much depend; and I am the more encouraged to address you on

this subject, as you have repeatedly told me, that "from the confidence you have in my friendship, you would, in matters of consequence, consult me, and pay a regard to my advice."

You are now, my dear girl, at a time of life when it may be naturally expected several offers of marriage will be made you; your person and behaviour cannot but attract and engage; you have had the advantage of a good education, and are possessed of no inconsiderable share of understanding and personal accomplishments; perhaps I may be partial, but you will not suspect me of a design to flatter you.—It is my constant wish, that you may meet with a man every way deserving of you, capable of supporting you in a respectable stile, and providing you at least the conveniencies, if not the elegancies of life.

Consider yourself as now on a precipice, where one false step may prove fatal to you.—Assuredly, of all the relations in which mankind stand to each other, that of husband and wife is the nearest and most important: it is a union capable of producing the purest and most substantial bliss to virtuous minds. It is the source and spring of domestic happiness; a happiness the most rational and satisfactory that mortals can enjoy. Few, indeed, there are, who experience that delight from this connexion which it is capable of yielding, and by far the majority of mankind are unhappy in it. These considerations induce me to intreat you to be cautious for whom you suffer your heart to entertain any strong prepossession, and to whom you give your hand: as you value your own peace of mind, as you regard my friendship, and, I may say, my comfort too, (for I can truly assert, I should not enjoy a moment's pleasure if you were unhappy) I hope you will give what I now write to you all the attention it deserves.

There are, in my opinion, four things necessary in a man to render him worthy of your love, and deserving of being your husband. These are good sense,

sense, a good temper, a good principle, and a mind possessed of sensibility.— If you expect, for a long continuance, to enjoy real satisfaction in the marriage state, on each of these you must lay some stress. Perhaps you may think, there are none, or very few, who have all the requisites I mention; I acknowledge that there are comparatively few; I wish the number was larger, it would be happier for mankind in general, and for your sex in particular: some such I know there are, and you may, and I hope will, meet with one; because I do not know which of them I would have you totally dispense with. The candidate for your heart must not be without the first, for then he would, most probably, be deficient in the last.— Good sense is a fountain from which good actions may be expected to flow, and when improved by a liberal education, in general, gives a polish to the mind, and produces a delicacy of behaviour, and a propriety of conduct in every situation of life; without this even great sensibility is little better than weakness, and fondness loses its finest edge; and I am inclined to think that sensibility (at least the sort which would please you or me) is very rarely, if ever, found in vulgar and illiterate minds.— I do not assert it is necessary the person you marry (in order to make you happy) must be a man of considerable learning, or endowed with a very extraordinary share of understanding; it may be sufficient if he is possessed of good natural abilities; your good sense would improve him; and from your conversation he might soon acquire an extensive knowledge in a variety of useful subjects: but if he is ignorant, and contentedly so; if he neither knows any thing, nor is desirous of information; in short, if he is wanting in capacity, without taste or judgment, you will, in all companies, be ashamed of him, and mortified when he attempts to speak, or give his opinion on subjects with which he is altogether unacquainted: such a man you cannot respect in a manner necessary for your being completely

satisfied with him as your husband, and deriving pleasure from having him for your companion.

That the natural temper or disposition of the person you may be united to should be amiable, in order to your being happy, I think you will readily admit; a sour, morose, and sulky, or a violent hot and passionate temper, will continually shew itself, and break in upon the peace and happiness of a family. How frequently do such tempers destroy the harmony which is absolutely necessary to make the marriage state comfortable? It is, indeed, impossible for a woman to entertain that love for a man she ought, when she sees him continually discomposed, and out of temper at trifles, or violently angry at every trivial occurrence that is not to his mind. Great effects are sometimes produced from small causes; had you such a man, probably he would quarrel with you often, because you would be generally with him; and the disappointments he might sometimes meet with in the world, would make him catch at any thing in your behaviour to find fault with, to indulge his natural disposition; this behaviour would soon produce an indifference, if not an aversion on your part, and the more satisfied you are of the propriety of your own conduct, the more mortified you would be at receiving such usage from him. You would (if often repeated) naturally resent his treatment of you, and shew some degree of spirit; he would then ('tis natural to suppose) talk to you of his authority over you, and the right he has to *command*, and be *obeyed*. Here would end your matrimonial happiness, but your connection must last for life.— This is a common case, to be observed in many families: it is a situation much to be dreaded; may you never experience it!— I do indeed hope, my dear girl will not be ever united to an obstinate fool, or an ill-tempered brute, who could not prize her as she deserves, and I flatter myself she will carefully avoid a connection with either.

Is it necessary I should urge any arguments to satisfy you how requisite it is that the person you marry should be a man of principle?—A man of sense, without principle, is more dangerous than a fool—There is, in the human mind, a natural desire of variety: novelty has many charms; personal beauty soon fades, and even whilst it lasts it becomes familiar, and does not, after some time, strike the mind with that force it did at first. A good principle is the grand security; it is like an anchor to the soul, and keeps it true and steady; it will assuredly prevent the man who really loves you, from leaving or deserting you; it will make him constant, and take off the force, or enable him to overcome every temptation to form connexions with others. And you may rely on it, that if he does not indulge himself with other women, he will, he must continue his fondness for you, so long as you return his love, and treat him with tenderness and good humour, and he is satisfied it is your ambition to please him; and a contrary conduct, I am sure, you would not adopt.—Is it possible that a man can make a truly good husband, and behave to his wife with all the tenderness he ought, who devotes great part of his time to, and takes pleasure in the company of the profligate and abandoned part of your sex? Certainly it is not! and yet it is very frequently the case with men of loose principles; who suppose that gallantry is part of the character of a real gentleman, and that there is nothing criminal or deserving censure, in indulging their inclinations with any woman that strikes their fancy, provided she is single, and they take no pains to seduce her.

As to the last quality I mentioned, a man should be possessed of, I observe to you, that there are a variety of tempers and dispositions amongst mankind, of which the major part have no nice feelings; they possess little or nothing of the tender passions; with them *love* is only appetite, which being gratified, the object they con-

sider as of little importance, or not worthy of much regard—These men are taken with a handsome woman more than a plain one, only because they find stronger desires of enjoying her; but their hearts are incapable of a virtuous, lasting attachment, and they have no ideas of delicate and refined pleasure: they are indeed very little superior to the brutes in the gratification of the sensual passions.

How different is such a man from him I would wish you to be united to!—The man of sensibility (who has good sense, good nature, and just principles) has his whole soul impressed with a degree of complacency and good will to all;—to the object of his love, he is ever kind and affectionate; he will value and esteem her above all the world; he will delight in her company and conversation, and ever treat her with delicacy and respect. Love attunes all his soul to harmony; a thousand little endearments and attentions will shew, that he is actuated by a warm, generous, and exalted affection.—With such a man, my dear girl might be happy, and experience that true substantial delight which arises from a union of souls, and a mutual desire to please. A connection like this is of all things the most desirable; it is the sweet drop thrown into the bitter cup of life. Should bounteous Heaven bestow on you such a partner, you could not do too much for him.—From him you need not hide your most secret thoughts; he would soothe and comfort you in every trouble and difficulty, and delight in making and seeing you happy: to your failings he would ever be indulgent, and excuse almost any thing, provided he has no reason to doubt of your affection, and you treat him with proper respect.

I have wrote you a long letter, but have still much more to say to you on the subject; if no unforeseen occurrence prevents, I shall soon have the pleasure of spending a few days with you in the country, when I can say more to you than I have now time to write: I will only just mention, that

you should endeavour to guard your heart against sudden impressions, which are often made by a handsome person, a good figure, and external accomplishments; these are all very desirable, but they are not of the greatest importance.—Yet with all the qualities I have mentioned, I would not have you give your hand to any man, unless your heart tells you that you *love* him; and that for him you can give up all desire of captivating others. In my next I will give you some rules whereby I think you may probably form a right judgment of the understanding, principles, and disposition of the man who shall solicit your favour.

With the sincerest affection

And esteem,

I remain

Your ever faithful friend,

HORATIO.

(*To be continued.*)

* * * We shall be obliged to our correspondent for his second Letter, as early as possible in the ensuing month.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THERE is not, perhaps, a girl in the world so particularly situated as myself. Many heavy charges are brought against me, and by many they are fully credited; but I can truly affirm that they are as unjust as they are injurious.

A lady, possessed of a large fortune, generously took me, early in life, under her protection. Every orphan is not so happy: her whole attention was paid to my education, and to my happiness; and the assurance of a genteel provision, made a considerable addition to my felicity.

But however highly favoured by this lady, I was, in general, called, by way of distinction, *the little dependent*: a distinction not very pleasing to fe-

male pride.—My benefactress, I am sure, would have been pained if she had known what I endured from the mortifying speeches of her friends to me; but I could not communicate my feeling without exposing myself, without appearing in a mercenary light.

Among the number of the most frequent visitors, was an old gentleman and his son: the latter seemed particularly struck with my person, and I was sufficiently flattered by his behaviour, to give him the encouragement he seemed to wish for. We had the decency, however, to resolve upon nothing more than a literary correspondence and the most affectionate attachment, till the sanction of our relations could be obtained for the uniting us for ever. Deluded by the chimeras of our own silly imaginations, no two lovers in romance could have exceeded us for generosity, delicacy, and truth.

While I was thus enjoying the visions of Fancy, my lover went to France, in the train of a gay ambassador, and with prospects too flattering to be resisted: and from that time I had great reason to feel my situation uncomfortable; for the health of my benefactress daily declined, and I heard no more of the man who had made an impression on my heart.—In this state I remained several months, doubly distressed by the gloom hanging over me at home, and the desertion of him who had vowed, protested, swore never to forsake me.

On the death of my benefactress, I came into the possession of a very handsome fortune, and soon afterwards, to my no small surprise, received a visit from my lover, which, as I considered it as an affront, after his long absence, I treated in the manner it deserved. Instead of being disconcerted by the spirit with which I behaved to him, in consequence of the insult he had, I thought, offered to my understanding, he with a rude firmness defended his conduct, and it was with great difficulty that I obliged him to quit a house to which I peremptorily forbid his return. Provoked by his dismissal in a manner which

which he little expected, presuming, no doubt, upon his elocution and address, and convinced that I was too much prejudiced in his favour, to entertain any suspicions with regard to his veracity, in the character of an apologist, he took his leave in a passion, and has since thought proper to communicate what passed between us to all my acquaintance. By misrepresentation of my behaviour, and an artful vindication of his own, he has gained so many over to his side, that I am pointed at wherever I go for a coquet, and branded with the name of *Filt.*—Whether I deserve these hard names, let the impartial readers of your interesting Magazine determine. I have stated facts, and trust I shall be honourably acquitted, especially if the *Matron* will undertake to be fore-woman of the jury.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

CLARISSA.

INTERESTING HISTORY of the MONMOUTH FAMILY.

(Continued from Page 468.)

MRS. Sydney returned a spirited answer, disclaiming any reliance on him for support, but at Elfrida's earnest desire, requested pardon, and a last blessing. This cut him to the soul, he not only sent a full and free forgiveness, but inclosed a bank note for their use, lamented his wife was too ill to come to them, but wished Elfrida might be brought home as soon as possible, and promised every thing in his power to make them happy: but it was too late! The grim tyrant would not lose his claim, and in a few days the lovely, the gentle Elfrida, fell a victim to her indiscretion. Fair shade! thy sufferings have certainly expiated thy errors, and though the rigid must blame thy conduct, the softer bosom of pity will heave a sigh for thy untimely fate.

The distress of the parents was great—of what use was their wealth? it afforded no satisfaction! It did not save their children from errors nor from death. Their affliction was soon rendered greater, by an unhappy adventure in which their son Erasmus was engaged.

Being on a party with some intimates, he one night supped at a tavern, where he became so intoxicated, as to lose his reason. The landlady's daughter coming into the room, he made love to her in a very rude manner, which the damsel resented with all the severity of the most rigid chastity. Awed by the virtuous demeanor she assumed, he declared, "His views were honourable, and if it were possible to procure a clergyman, he would marry her that moment."

Kitty was not slow at a hint; she pretended a long concealed tenderness for Erasmus had actuated her bosom: this rivetted him; he was impatient till a clergyman was procured. His friends, as inebriate as himself, enjoyed the joke, and were witnesses to the validity of the marriage. It was noon next day when Erasmus awoke, without recollecting the transactions of the past evening, and was not a little surprized at Kitty, when she accosted him as her husband: he would have laughed it off, but his witnesses appearing, he found in sober sadness he was married to a girl who had neither birth, fortune, education, talents, beauty, or reputation to boast of. He was outrageous, but at length was compelled to allow her a genteel annual sum for her maintenance; to answer which, he was under a necessity of applying to his father.

Enraged to the greatest degree, to have his riches applied to such vile purposes, Mr. Monmouth grew every day more violent and ill-tempered, and Mrs. Monmouth, worn out with pain and vexation, sought that peace in the grave, which wealth had never procured her on earth.

She left a daughter, called Eleonora, about thirteen. Deprived of all their other

other hopes of comfort, this was their mutual darling; finding that a boarding-school education had been of no service to Elfrida, they determined to pursue a different conduct with Eleonora, and lest she should think too soon of marriage, she was treated in all respects like an infant. Reading was allowed in none but books of devotion, which, not happening to suit her inclination, she read nothing at all: she did not learn to write, as a clandestine correspondence was the ruin of their Elfrida: needle-work was not to be followed, as it would injure her health to sit or be confined. Her amusements were with her dolls and playthings, running after butterflies, making of nosegays, and sometimes an airing in the coach. Such was Eleonora when her mother died. In her person she was uncommonly tall, and well-shaped; her complexion a brunette; her eyes black and lively; her features not unpleasing; the most childish simplicity was expressed in her countenance, without any traces of sensibility.

It should have been mentioned, that on the decline of Mrs. Monmouth's health, her husband found a woman willing to receive his occasional amorous visits. He kept Mrs. Gibbons in a small habitation, where it was convenient for him to repair to her at pleasure. On his wife's death, he introduced her in the stile of a house-keeper, and gave her the charge of his family, and the superintendence of his daughter. Mrs. Gibbons was a woman of low principles and education, and indolent in her temper. She submitted to infamy for a maintenance without labour, and as she studied to make herself agreeable to Eleonora, she ingratiated herself greatly into Mr. Monmouth's favour. As the coach was frequently ordered to give Miss an airing, and Mrs. Gibbons attended her, she intreated Eleonora to drink tea at the house of a friend of her's, Mrs. Fitz-Simmons. Eleonora agreed, and they drove to a little neat house a few miles from town. Eleonora was charmed with

the visit. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons had been genteely educated, but marrying an Irish gentleman of no fortune, was disinherited by her parents. Mr. Fitz-Simmons had many ways of living, which he occasionally practised, and left his widow with a son, who trod in the steps of his father: in short, he lived by his wits, and his assurance; and the gaming-table, and the highway, were his *dernier resort*.

As Mrs. Fitz-Simmons had an elegant taste, it was displayed in the neat though plain ornaments of her house and person, which still was very agreeable; and as she had an air of politeness, to which Eleonora was unused, she looked on her as the pattern of perfection. She invited Miss to fix a day to honour her with her company to an humble dinner; one was mentioned, if she could have the coach. The coach was obtained, though the reason for desiring it was concealed. She was delighted with the elegance of the repast, as she saw nothing at home but the plainest food, served in the coarsest manner. The encomiums she bestowed on Mrs. Fitz-Simmons were echoed by Mrs. Gibbons, and Eleonora was never happy but in visiting the cottage of the former.

Mr. Monmouth finding his daughter full of innocent vivacity, and happy with Mrs. Gibbons, was as much at ease as his natural temper would admit. These visits, often repeated, were not seldom enlivened by the company of Capt. Fitz-Simmons, who being in the militia, assumed the title and dress of an officer. He had a pleasing person, and an insinuating address, and as he had art enough to assume any character at pleasure, he was a very dangerous companion for the inexperienced Eleonora.

The innocent girl was pleased with his person, and in her great simplicity, shewed an undisguised fondness for Fitz-Simmons. It was some time before he could obtain an opportunity of entertaining her alone, as he was under a necessity to conceal his designs from Mrs. Gibbons, and to make his mother

ther appear ignorant of them also. At length, he found means to acquaint her with his extreme love; but he found much difficulty in persuading her to conceal it, both from his mother and Mrs. Gibbons. She referred him to her father, but he acquainted her, "that he could not apply for his consent, till he was twenty-three, at which time he should enter on an estate of five hundred pounds a year, and of which age he only wanted fourteen months." He charged her, as she valued him, to reveal the circumstance to no one, as he had particular reasons for secrecy, which he would inform her of at a more convenient opportunity, adding, that he would have concealed his love in his own breast, had not her charms, and her father's riches, led him to fear that some happier man might be proposed, and accepted, from her ignorance of his affection.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

A RURAL COURSHIP, WITH AN ORIGINAL SONG.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU must know, *as bow*, I am a single young fellow, what you may call a plain country farmer, and I never had much schooling, that's to be sure; I've got some money, and am tolerably well to pass in the world, as we say.

Howsomever, I have a mighty inclination to change my condition; I am indeed (as folks say) *over-head and ears* in love with a young woman, who lives within a stone's cast of me; so I *sees* her almost every day, and have told her my mind, over and over again. She is, Mr. Editor, *wounded* cleaver, and writes and reads *mainly* well, which is a fine thing to be sure! but

for sartain she is very cruel in her nature, or else she would not see me pine and grieve as I do, and not be off or on, as we say in our country. I *believes* in my conscience that she likes me; but she won't tell me so, but snubs and scolds me sometimes, like any thing, that a body need have more patience than Job to bear it. Yet what can one do? as I sometimes say; she's got my heart, that's for sartain, and I can't help liking her, do what I will.

'Twas but the last Sunday that was, she walkt home from church with the schoolmaster's son in our neighbourhood, who, folks say, is mighty *larned*, and talks Latin as *fast as lightning*; so I *sees* her coming along, leaning upon his arm, and she bridled and toft up her head, and looked scornfully upon poor I. My colour went and come, and I felt I don't know how: 'tis sure I did not shut my eyes all the night, that I did'nt, I was so mortally mad with her: and I thought to myself I'd never go after her any more; but I'm in a great quandary about it, and can't find in my heart to leave her, 'cause I think she only does it to vex and mortify me a little bit. But I *knows* why she likes to walk with *he*, 'tis not cause of his larning, or cleverness, no, no, Mr. Editor, he's got a little place in the militia; so, you see, he has fine red cloathes, and his hair's tyed up behind, and done all over with flour, and he's got a swinging hat with a cockade, and carries a great dagger under his arm as he walks along, so she's proud *an* he talks to her.

T'other night, Mr. Editor, I was at our club at the George, and, to be sure, I was somehow mightily *cheerfuller* than common; and we being all young people, got talking of love and constancy, and how wicked it was to be false-hearted to a sweet-heart, which for certain it is; and so I was called upon to sing them a song; ~~now~~ you must know, I'm quite *unlarned* in music, and never, in all my days, could sing any thing but *Lilly Bullaro*, *Aly Greaker*, and three or four such like tunes,

tunes, as I've no voice for your fine airs; but thinks I, let me try if I can't make a little song about the affair between I and Jenny (for that's my sweet-heart's name) so, though to be sure I was a little fluster'd, I struck up to the tune of *Lilly Bullaro*, and sung the words which I've sent you, and which, dear Mr. Editor, if you be a *Christian-sweet-natur'd man*, (as I takes you to be) I hope you will put it in your next Magazine, and I *knows* she'll read it, as she always takes in your book, and doats on all sorts of verses, and mayhap it may melt her, and make her *tenderer-hearted* to me, and then I'm sure I'll pray for you as long as I live, as indeed I ought to do.

Our folks of the club were mightily pleas'd, and encor'd and clapt me monstrously; but indeed I did n't tell them it was a song of my own making: they thought, as how, I took it out of a book, only changing the name and place. Nobody knows nothing about it, and I'm sure, if you ever was in love in your life, you'll do me such a piece of *service*, as printing this letter with the verses.

I am,

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your humble servant,

To command,

TIMOTHY LOVEWELL.

Garway, near Guildford,
Surry.

S O N G.

I.

I say I'm in love, and I don't tell a story,
'Tis plain to be seen how dejected I'm
grown,
And who should it be for but dear Jenny
Dorey,
Whose heart is, I fear, near as hard as a
stone.

II.

This fair damsel she dwells near Guildford in
Surry,
And is known by the name of the delicate
maid;
Ods zooks when I see her, I'm all in a flurry,
I ne'er shall possess her, I'm sorely afraid.

III.

Won't you pity me, Sweetheart, is daily my
cry,
Ah! have some compassion, and give me
relief,
For you surely must see how I languish and
sigh,
Then love me, I beg, or you'll kill me with
grief.

IV.

Oh! prithee, my charmer, do say that you'll
wed me,
And soon you shall see me quite lively and
gay,
I then will forgive you the dance you have
led me,
I'll kiss you and love you all night and all
day.

S. T.

D U F R E S N E,

A N

A N E C D O T E.

DUFRESNE, an excellent French actor, much celebrated for his performance in all the heroic lovers of Voltaire's tragedies, was interrupted in a speech by a gentleman in the pit, who told him, "*He spoke too low.*" "*And you, Sir,*" said the actor, "*too loud.*"—The audience immediately took fire; the house was in a tumult, and resented the insolence of the actor, who had presumed to talk to a gentleman so rudely. The police interposed, and the next evening Dufresne was commanded to acknowledge his fault in a very submissive manner.—The actor came forwards to make his acknowledgment, and the audience was attentive to what he was going to say. Dufresne began in this manner; "Gentlemen, 'till now I "never felt the *meanness of my con-* "*dition.*" This exordium struck the pit so forcibly, that they would not permit him to proceed, but dismissed him with loud and reiterated applause. They reflected, that notwithstanding Dufresne had rather added to his former affront by what he had said, they did not wish to make him too sensible of the inferior rank he held in life.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER of QUEEN CAROLINE

From Lord Chesterfield's Characters of Great Personages contrasted with Characters of the same Personages by other respectable Writers, p. 10.

“QUEEN Caroline had lively, pretty parts, a quick conception, and some degree of female knowledge; and would have been an agreeable woman in social, if she had not aimed at being a great one in public life. She had the graces that adorn the former, but neither the strength of parts, nor the judgment necessary for the latter. She professed art, instead of concealing it, and valued herself upon her skill in simulation and dissimulation, by which she made herself many enemies, and not one friend, even among the women the nearest to her person.

She loved money, but could occasionally part with it, especially to men of learning, whose patronage she affected. She often conversed with them, and bewildered herself in their metaphysical disputes, which neither she nor they themselves understood. Cunning and perfidy were the means she made use of in business, as all women do, for want of better. She shewed her art the most in her management of the king, whom she governed absolutely by a seeming complaisance to all his humours; she even favoured and promoted his gallantries. She had a dangerous ambition, for it was attended with courage, and if she had lived much longer, might have proved fatal either to herself or the constitution.

After puzzling herself in all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in deism, believing a future state. She died with great resolution and intrepidity, of a very painful distemper, and under some cruel operations.

Upon the whole, the agreeable woman was liked by most people; but the queen was neither esteemed, be-

loved or trusted, by any body but the king.”

On the Same.

“WHEN she was princess of Anspach, king Charles of Spain (afterwards emperor of Germany) was much taken with her person and qualifications, and great applications were made to persuade her to change her religion, but she could not be prevailed on to buy a crown at so dear a rate. Soon after she was married to the prince electoral of Brunswick, which gave a glorious character of her to the English nation, and her pious firmness is like to be rewarded, even in this life, by a much better crown than that she rejected.”

BISHOP BURNET.

“NO princess ever lived *more* in the love and esteem of all who knew her than she did. Her conjugal fidelity was exemplary, and her parental love proved by the numerous virtues which adorned her offspring. It was lamented, that the nature of the breach between the king and prince of Wales did not, in her opinion, admit of his receiving the last testimonies of her affection; but the manner of her death, which was *pious* and *edifying*, sufficiently spoke her at peace with the world.

But her majesty was not distinguished by the *private* virtues alone. Her royal consort in her always found a *wise* and *faithful* counsellor; and when she was entrusted, as she often was, with the reins of government, the public was *happy* under her administration. Her natural *sagacity* and *talents* were improved by reading and conversing with the most eminent philosophers and authors of the age: and she had made so great a progress in literature, that she became an *umpire* in one of the most abstruse points of metaphysical reasoning that was ever agitated, the doctrine of free will and fatality, as disputed between Mr. Leibnitz and Dr. Clarke. This turn for letters

had so happy an effect, that the ingenious were always sure of her patronage; and through that the bench of bishops was filled up with prelates eminent for learning and moderation."

TINDAL.

"QUEEN Caroline was a princess of uncommon sagacity, and a pattern of conjugal virtue. While she lived, some countenance was given to learning. She conversed with Newton, and corresponded with Leibnitz. She took pains to acquire popularity: the royal family on certain days dined in public for the satisfaction of the people: the court was animated with a freedom of spirit and vivacity, which rendered at it once brilliant and agreeable. At her death the spirit began to languish; and a total stagnation of gaiety and good humour ensued.

SMOLLET.

We conclude this Article with the Criticism of the Author of Lord Chesterfield's Characters reviewed, p. 9.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE character of queen Caroline is written by lord Chesterfield without regard to decency. Princes who are continually surrounded by the artful and the rapacious, the ambitious and the deceitful, may be cautious without being liable to censure; nay, they may be justified in the practice of that dissimulation, which a father recommends so earnestly to his son, as a necessary part of his conduct in life.

Caroline had the good sense to perceive, that one ingredient was necessary in her behaviour, which she saw the king her husband incapable of putting in practice, popularity; she neglected no means to ingratiate herself with all ranks of people: with the nobility she was familiar; she patronized the learned, and was affable and condescending to the meanest. Some affectation I will grant there was, in pretending to understand the metaphysics of Leibnitz and Clarke, whose letters passed through her

hands; but I heartily wish princes had no worse passions than such as proceed from the love of fame. The king had himself so little taste for the polite arts, as to think Hogarth overpaid with the magnificent present of a guinea for his incomparable March to Finchley. It was incumbent on the queen to supply that apparent deficiency in her royal consort.

She understood more of the doctrines peculiar to the several sects of religion than generally falls to the knowledge of persons in high stations, and would condescendingly converse with the different sectaries in their own way. When in her walks at Hampton-Court, or Kensington, she met with the lowest class of people, she obligingly asked them questions relating to their stations in life, and answered their honest salute of, "God bless your majesty!" in the same stile of, "God bless you, honest man." The delicacy of a lord Chesterfield may be offended with such arts in a queen, at the same time that he justified them by his own behaviour, whenever he had the least point to gain.

To queen Caroline the people of England owed the satisfaction of seeing the royal family dine in public; a gratification which was both pleasing and popular; and what is more, it cost nothing. However this custom has unaccountably been discontinued by a condescending prince, father of a numerous and amiable offspring.

It was vulgarly said that she was covetous; but her general conduct ought to have prevented so unjust a charge. Her large and constant donations to the necessitous prove the benevolence of her disposition, and the extensiveness of her charity.

The charge of ambition, which, the characterizer says, might have been dangerous to the constitution, is surely not well founded. If the queen governed the king, it cannot be denied that she herself was as much under the direction of Sir Robert Walpole, whose political principles, this noble writer himself affirms, were not adverse to the constitution.

It is astonishing so polite a man should descend to the vilest scandal. He flatly charges the queen with promoting the king's gallantry. That she did not violently or imprudently oppose what she could not prevent, was a proof of her good sense. But that she ever stooped to the infamous office of a procurer, none but a mind equally corrupt and uninformed could insinuate.

Pope, who to gratify the ridiculous pride and passions of Swift impertinently refused queen Caroline's visits, in summing up her character pays her that tribute which she truly deserved. He affirms that all about her most sincerely lamented her death: more need not be said in vindication of her character; for those who are beloved by their domestics, want no other panegyric. She died of a * distemper, which her delicacy would not permit her to reveal.

Her refusing to see Frederic, prince of Wales, in her last illness, may possibly deserve some censure; but the queen, who was the most submissive wife in the world, made the prince's obedience to his father's will the condition of granting his request.

Reflections on CATHEDRAL MUSIC; with an Account of a Tumult at GLASTENBURY, the BOY BISHOP, and a remarkable Anecdote of ST. NICHOLAS, Bishop of MYRA in LYCIA. Extracted from SIR JOHN HAWKINS'S HISTORY of the SCIENCE and PRACTICE of MUSIC, Vol. II. Page 1, &c.

(Continued from Page 464.)

THAT St. Nicholas was the patron of young scholars is elsewhere noted; and by the statutes of St. Paul's school, founded by dean Colet, it is required that the children there educated "shall, every Childermas-day, come to Paul's church, and hear the childe byshop sermon, and after be at the hygh masse, and each of them offer id to the childe byshop;

* A rupture.

and with them the masters and surveyours of the scole †."

"The

† By this statute, which with the rest is printed as an appendix to Dr. Knight's Life of Dean Colet, it should seem, that at the cathedral of St. Paul also they had an episcopus puerorum (a boy bishop); for besides the mention of the sermon, the statute directs, that an offering be made to the childe byshop. Indeed Strype says, "that almost every parish had its St. Nicholas." *Mem. Eccles. under Queen Mary*, p. 206. In the book of the household establishment of Algernon Percy, earl of Northumberland, compiled anno 1512, and lately printed, are the following entries. "Item, my lord usith and accustomyth yerely, when his lordship is at home, to yef unto the barne bishop of Beverlay, when he comith to my lord in Christmas hally-dayes, when my lord keepith his hous at Lukynfield, xxs. Item, my lord usith and accustomyth to gif yearly, when his lordship is at home, to the barne-bishop of York, when he comes ever to my lord in Chrystynmas hally-dayes, as he is accustomed yearly, xxs." Hence it appears, that there were formerly two other barnes, i. e. bearn, or infant bishops, in this kingdom; the one of Beverly, the other of York. And Dr. Percy, the learned editor of the above book, in a note on the two articles here cited, from an ancient MS. communicated to him, has given an inventory of the splendid robes and ornaments of one of these little dignitaries. Farther, there is reason to suppose, that the custom above spoken of prevailed, as well in foreign cathedrals, as in those of England; for M. Gregory, on the authority of Molanus, speaks of a chorister-bishop in the church of Cambray, who disposed of a prebend, which fell void in the month or year of his episcopate, in favour of his master. Some of these customs, that relate to the church, are more general than is imagined; that of obliging travellers, who enter a cathedral with spurs on, to pay a small fine, called *spur money*, to the choristers upon pain of being locked into the church, prevails almost throughout Europe.

In addition to this learned remark, with respect to the boy-bishop, mentioned by dean Colet, we should observe, that the dean's school was originally dedicated to *the child Jesus*; in allusion to which there was an anniversary festival, at which the senior scholar was elected the *boy-bishop*, was dressed in a prelate's robe, and walked at the head of all the scholars to St. Paul's church, where a sermon was preached; after which he proceeded to Mercer's-hall, whose court of assistants were guardians of the school, and there feasted together. From hence we may collect, that Sir John seems to be mistaken, when he suggests that he was elected from the *choristers*, the

“ The ceremonies attending the investiture of the *Episcopus Puerorum* (the boy bishop), are prescribed by the statutes of the church of Sarum, which contain a title *de episcopo choristarum* (concerning the chorister bishop). From these it appears, that he was to bear the name, and maintain the state, of a bishop, habited with a crozier or pastoral staff in his hand, and a mitre on his head. His fellows, the rest of the children of the choir, were to take upon them the style and office of prebendaries, and yield to the bishop canonical obedience; and farther, the same service as the very bishop himself, with his dean and prebendaries, had they been to officiate, were to have performed; the very same, more excepted, was done by the chorister and his canons; upon the eve of the holiday. The *Use of Sarum* required also, that, upon the eve of Innocent's day, the chorister bishop, with his fellows, should go in solemn procession to the altar of the Holy Trinity, in copes, and with burning tapers in their hands; and that during the procession, three of the boys should sing certain hymns mentioned in the rubric. The procession was made through the great door at the west end of the church, in such order, that the dean and canons went foremost, the chaplain next, and the bishop, with his little prebendaries, last; agreeable to that rule in the ordering of all processions, which assigns the reward station to the most honourable. In the choir there was a seat or throne for the bishop; and as to the

rest of the children, they were disposed on each side of the choir upon the uppermost ascent. And so careful was the church to prevent any disorder which the rude curiosity of the multitude might occasion in the celebration of this singular ceremony, that their statutes forbade all persons whatsoever, under pain of the greater excommunication, to interrupt or press upon the children, either in the procession, or during any part of the service directed by the rubric; or any way to hinder or interrupt them in the execution or performance of what it concerned them to do. Farther, it appears, that this infant-bishop did, to a certain limit, receive to his own use, rents, capons, and other emoluments in the church.

“ In case the little bishop died within the month, his exequies were solemnized with great pomp; and he was interred, like other bishops, with all his ornaments. The memory of this custom is preserved not only in the ritual books of the cathedral church of Salisbury, but by a monument in the same church, with the sepulchral effigies of a chorister-bishop supposed to have died in the exercise of his pontifical office, and to have been interred with the solemnities above noted.

“ Such as is related in the foregoing pages was *the Use of Sarum*, which appears to have been no other than a certain mode of divine service, the ritual whereof, as also the several offices required in it, lie dispersed in the several books before enumerated. Whether the forms of devotion, or any thing else contained in these volumes, were so superlatively excellent, or of such importance to religion, as to justify the shedding blood in order to extend the use of them, is left to the determination of those whom it may concern to enquire. It seems, however, that contentions of a like nature with this were very frequent in the earlier ages of Christianity, which were not less distinguished by the general ignorance that then prevailed, than by the want of urbanity in all ranks and orders of men. That general

school having no connection with the church; though, in the days of reformation, its original name was changed, and it received the present vulgar appellation. At this period, likewise, the ceremony of the boy-bishop was abolished; but the festival was retained, and the procession to the church continued, till very lately, on account of an embezzlement made by some of the stewards; but, for the honour of the school, it has lately been revived, and the school *surveyor*, or school *warden*, one of the court of assistants of the Mercer's company, is invited, and generally complimented with a seat at the head of the table.

ral decorum, the effect of long civilization, which is now observable in all the different countries of Europe, renders us unwilling to credit a fact, which, nevertheless, every person conversant in ecclesiastical history is acquainted with and believes; namely, that the true time for celebrating Easter was the ground of a controversy that subsisted for some centuries, and occasioned great slaughter on both sides. The relation above given of the fray of Glastonbury, is not less reproachful to human nature, in any of the different views that may be taken of it; for if we consider the persons, they were men devoted to a religious life; if the place, it was the choir of a cathedral; and if the time, it was that of divine service. And yet we find that contentions of this kind were frequent; for at York, in 1190, there arose another; and Fox, who seems to exult in the remembrance of it, for no other reason than that both parties were, what at that time they could scarce choose but be, papists, has given the following ludicrous account of it.

“ The next yeere then ensued, which 1190, in the beginning of which year, upon Twelſe even, fell a foule northerne brawle, which turned well neere to a fray, between the archbishop, new elected, of the church of Yorke, and his company on the one side, and Henry, dean of ſaid church, with his catholike partakers on the other side, upon occasion as followeth: Galfridas, or Geoffry, ſonne to king Henry the ſecond, and brother to kind Richard, whom the king had elected a little before to the archbishopricke of Yorke, upon the even of the Epiphany, which we call Twelſe day, was disposed to hear even-song with all ſolemnity in the cathedral church, having with him the chanter, with divers cannons of the church, who tarrying ſomething long, belike in adorning and attiring himſelf, in the mean while Henry the deane, and Bucardus the treasurer, diſdaining to tarry his comming, with a bold courage luſtely began their holy even-

ſong with ſinging their psalmes, ruſtling of deſcant and merry piping of organs; thus this catholike even-song with as much devotion begun, as to God's high ſervice proceeding, was now almoſt half complete, when as at length, they being in the middeſt of their mirth, commeth in the new elect with his traine and gardenians, all full of wrath and indignation, for that they durſt be ſo bold, not waiting for him, to begin God's ſervice, and ſo eſtſonnes commanded the quier to ſtay and hold their peace: the chanter likewise, by vertue of his office, commandeth the ſame: but the deane and treasurer on the other ſide willed them to proceed, and ſo they ſung on and would not ſtint. Thus the one halfe crying againſt the other, the whole quier was in a rore: their ſinging was turned to ſcolding, their chanting to chiding, and if inſtead the organs they had a drum, I doubt they would have ſoleſaed by the ears together.

“ At laſt, through the authority of the archbiſhop and of the chanter, the quier began to ſurceaſe and give ſilence. Then the new elect, not contented with what had been ſung before, with certaine of the quier began the even-song new againe. The treasurer upon the ſame cauſed, by vertue of his office, the candles to be put out, whereby the even-song having no power further to proceed was ſtopped forthwith: for like as without the light and the beames of the ſunne there is nothing but darkneſſe in all the world, even ſo you muſt underſtand the popes church can ſee to doe nothing without candlelight, albeit the ſunne doe ſhine never ſo cleere and bright. This being ſo, the archbiſhop, thus diſappointed on every ſide of his purpoſe, made a grievous complaint, declaring to the clergie and to the people, what the deane and treasurer had done, and ſo upon the ſame, ſuſpended both them and the church from all divine ſervice, till they ſhould make to him ſatisfaction for their treſpaſſe.

“ The next day, which was the day of Epiphany, when all the people of the citie were aſſembled in the cathedral

thedral church, as their manner was, namely, in such feasts devoutly to hear divine service, as they call it of the church, there was also present the archbishop and the chanter with the residue of the clergie, looking upon the deane and treasurer would come and submit themselves, making satisfaction for their crime; but they, still continuing in their stoutnesse, refused so to do, exclaiming and uttering contemptuous words against the archbishop and his partakers; which when the people heard, they in a great rage would have fallen upon them; but the archbishop would not suffer that. The deane then, and his fellowes, perceiving the stir of the people, for feare, like pretie men, were faine to flee; some to the tombe of S. William of Yorke, some ranne into the deane's house, and there shrouded themselves, whom the archbishop then accursed. And so for that day the people returned home without any service*.

LETTERS from a FRIEND,

Addressed to a YOUNG LADY.

LETTER I.

“ My Dear Friend,

“ **A**S I wish you to appear not like a fine lady, but as a virtuous woman, to gain the affections of your friends and acquaintance, not by art, simulation, and disguise, but by modesty, sense, and good conduct, I shall therefore endeavour, without far-

* Gervase of Canterbury relates, that upon the second coronation of Richard I. after his release from captivity, and return from the Holy Land, there was a like contention between the monks and clerks, who assisted at the ceremony, “*Facta est autem altercatio inter monachos and clericos dum utrique Christus vincit, cantarent.*” [There was another altercation between the monks and clergy, when they sung *Christus vincit*] *X Scrip.* 1588. It is very probable that “*Christus vincit,*” was the beginning of an hymn in Palestine, after one of Richard's great victories. This contention was in 1194, four years after the abovementioned.

ther apology, to lay down a short system of manners and behaviour particularly adapted to your situation in life and that you may go on and persevere in it is my sincere wish.

“ To begin then upon the most important article, religion.—Your careful, wise, and good parents have instructed you sufficiently in every necessary point of doctrine and practice, and you have diligently enquired, both by books and discourses, (with persons very well qualified to inform you of all questions and controversies worth your serious attention) of every thing which could be capable of placing and guiding you in the right way.

“ Your good sense and well bestowed instructions have plainly shewn you how just and right the church of England is in all her doctrines; they have pointed out to you the absurdity of a faith void of all good works, the impiety of works of supererogation, transubstantiation, and all the flourishing titles of popery, those “*found- ing bras and tinkling cymbals:*” the frightfulness of man's being predestinated from the beginning, incapable of being saved by him who alone taketh away the sins of the world. The horrid blindness and ungrateful idea of a religion without a redeemer, and the wilful ignorance of infidelity, (I mean to those who have been born in a Christian country) and surely the vanity of inspirations, more than the scriptures have taught us to expect.

“ You want no incitement to love and obey the pure and undefiled religion, that has been laid before you. Persist and persevere, and let no vain fancies of mens raising; no false doctrines, though ushered in with ever so many pretences of being grounded on scripture, ever shake your faith, or weaken your hope.

“ Through the Saviour of the world we have redemption from repented and forsaken sins, through the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, we are assured of assistance against all the attempts of the prince of this world: and surely, if God is on our side, who can be against us?

us? If this hope is in us, then, my dear friend, can we avoid shewing some outward expressions of gratitude to such a friend? Can we even pass a day without offering up our most sincere, most warm, most affectionate devotions before the throne of grace? Can we have any pleasure in spending a Sunday without attending on him in public worship? Or can we delight, on the contrary, in lavishing away those hours in idle amusements, in concerts and diversions, which are of use to put us forward in the ways of God and religion, to remind us of our duty, and to quicken us in remembering those truths, which we are all but too apt to forget?

I hope, from your present good conduct, it is not necessary to enlarge further at present upon this head. May you, my dear child, then endeavour, as far as human infirmity will permit, faithfully to discharge the duties required of you both towards God and man is the wish, the sincere wish of

Your's,

L. S.

(*To be continued.*)

L A U R E T T A.

(*A new Translation from the French of MARMONTEL.*)

By HARRIOT DELANY, a young Lady of nineteen.

(*Continued from Page 471.*)

THIS billet, far from administering any consolation to her father, served to render the daughter insensible to the consequences of her elopement. Love had penetrated her heart, and opened an avenue for pleasure: and from that instant the clouds of sorrow were dissipated, her tears dried up, her regret assuaged, and a transient, but a deep forgetfulness of every thing but her lover, permitted her to enjoy without interruption the happiness of being his.

The kind of delirium she fell into on her arrival at Paris, served to seduce her soul the more. Her house was a palace of fairies, every thing in it bore the face of enchantment. The bath, toilet, supper, the delicious repose with which love indulged her, were so many different forms which pleasure assumed to seduce every one of her senses. On waking she believed that she was still mocked by some illusion. When she rose, she found herself surrounded with females attentive to serve her, and rivalling each other in endeavouring to please her. She who never learnt but to obey had only to speak to be obeyed. "You are queen here," said her lover, "and I am your chief slave."

Imagine, if it be possible, the surprise and rapture of a raw young country girl, on seeing her fine black hair hanging so negligently heretofore, whose ringlets were the effects of pure nature, formed into curls by the hands of the friseur, and rising to a diadem, besprinkled with flowers and diamonds; in seeing displayed before her the gayest dresses, which seemed each of them to solicit her choice; in seeing, I say, her beauty burst forth as it were from a cloud, and revive in the brilliant mirrors, that surrounded her to multiply it. Nature had lavished all her charms upon her; but some of her gifts wanted cultivation, and masters came in crowds envying each other the care of instructing her, and the glory of embellishing her. Luzy possessed, adored his conquest, intoxicated with joy and love.

In the mean while honest Basile was the most miserable of all parents. Passionate, full of honour, and, above all, jealous of the reputation of his daughter, he had sought, waited for her, without publishing his uneasiness, and no one in the village knew any thing of his misfortune. The curate came himself to inform him of it, by communicating to him the billet which he had received; Basile would give no credit to it; but dissembling with the preacher, he said to him,

"My

“ My daughter is modest, but then she is young, artless, and credulous. Some lady, willing to have her in her service, may have persuaded her to prevent my refusal. Let us not raise a scandalous report of the weakness of youth, and let no one know but my daughter has left me with my own consent. No one is apprised of the secret but yourself; do the best you can for a father and a daughter.”

The curate, who was both prudent and good-natured, promised, and kept the secret. But Basile, swallowed up with chagrin, passed both day and night in tears. “ Where can she be?” said he. “ Is it a *woman* that she has gone off with? Is then any one of the sex so dead to all feeling as to rob a father of his daughter, and be guilty of such a crime? No, no, it is some villain that has seduced her, and ruined her. O if I could but discover him, either his blood or mine should wash out my disgrace.”

He went himself to the village from whence the billet was brought. With the directions of the curate, he at last discovered who was the messenger; he interrogated him, but he could get nothing out of him but what was vague and confused. The very situation of the place served only to puzzle him the more. It was about six leagues distant from the road which Luzy had taken, and quite a contrary way. But after Basile had considered, that the departure of the Count, and the elopement of his daughter, were at the same time, he could not suspect that so good a youth would be guilty of such a crime. As he did not discover his anxiety to any one, so no one could dispel his incertitude. He kept his sorrow therefore to himself, expecting some lights to clear up his suspicions.

“ Heavens,” cried he, “ was it in anger that you gave her to me? And I, like a fool, I was overjoyed in seeing her grow up, and dress! What was then my pride is now my shame! Why did not she die in the birth!”

Lauretta endeavoured to persuade herself that her father was contented;

and the regret of having left him affected her but a little. Love, vanity, a taste for pleasure, that taste which was so active in its infancy, the care of cultivating her talents, and in a word, a thousand incessant amusements, employed her life, and filled her soul. Luzy, who almost idolized her, and was apprehensive lest any one should rob him of her, exposed her as little as he could to the public eye, but he put in practice the most secret expedients to render her invisible to the world. Lauretta was contented, she did not feel that restless desire, that longing to be seen and admired, which alone carries so many pretty women to the play, and the public walks. Though Luzy, by the choice of a little circle of amiable men, rendered her evenings amusing, she minded no one on those occasions but him; and she knew how to shew it without disobligeing any one. The art of conciliating predilection with decency is the art of delicate souls; coquetry makes it a study, love knows it without being taught it.

Six months passed in this union, this sweet intelligence of two hearts full of each others charms without satiety, without inquietude, without any other jealousy than that of giving any suspicion of not pleasing in proportion to the degree of love, which makes one desirous to unite every thing that can captivate the heart.

Within this interval Lauretta's father had twice received news of his daughter, accompanied with presents from the *lady* who had taken her as a companion. Luzy sent them to the curate. As the packets were left at a post-house in the neighbourhood by a trusty servant without any signature, Basile could not know where to return them; and, indeed, his refusal would have made him doubt the truth of what he wanted to make others believe; and he was very much afraid lest the curate should have suspicions himself. “ Alas!” said the good father to himself, “ my daughter may yet be honest; all appearances are against her, but they are *mere appearances*;

ances ; and though my suspicions were founded, I ought to grieve, yet I ought not to disgrace my child."

Heaven owed some consolation to this worthy parent ; and it certainly gave birth to the incident which I am going to relate.

The little trade which Basile carried on in wine, obliged him to go to Paris. As he traversed that spacious city, a stoppage of carriages made him stand still. The voice of a female, who cried out through fear, attracted his attention. He saw — He could not believe his own eyes — his daughter Lauretta in a superb carriage, dressed in a gorgeous robe, and crowned with diamonds. Her father would not have recognized her, had she not, on seeing him, covered her face through surprize and confusion. On account of the attempt she made to hide herself, and especially the cry that had escaped her, he could not doubt but it must be her. While the carriages which had crossed each other were disengaging themselves, Basile slipped between the wall and his daughter's coach, and mounting upon the step, said to Lauretta in an angry tone ; " Where do you live ? " Lauretta, in a tremor, told him where. — " And under what name do you go ? " asked he, " My name is *Coulange*" replied she, casting down her eyes, " the name of the place where I was born. " — " Where you was born ! Unhappy girl : — this afternoon, about dusk, be at home, and by yourself. " On saying these words he stepped down, and went away.

The astonishment which seized Lauretta on this occasion was scarcely abated, when she found herself at her own-house.

Luzy supped in the country. She found that she was left to herself at a time when she had the most need of advice and support. She was going to appear before her father, whom she had betrayed, fatigued, and overwhelmed with grief and shame : her guilt then presented it to her under the most odious colours. The humilia-

tion of her condition was felt by her. The intoxication of love, the charms of pleasures had removed it out of her sight ; but as soon as the mask fell off, she looked upon herself in the same light as she appeared in the eyes of the world, and in the eyes of her father. Shocked at the trial and torture she was to undergo, she exclaimed, shedding tears at the same time, " Unhappy girl, where can I fly to ? where can I hide myself ? My father, who is honour itself, finds me again a wanderer from the paths of honour, abandoned to vice, with a man, who is a mere nothing to me ! My dear father ! my judge ! my tremendous judge ! how can I appear in your sight ! "

She thought several times to avoid him, and make her escape from him ; but vice had not yet erased the sacred laws of nature from her soul.

" Can I," said she, " bring him to despair, and after having merited his reproaches, draw down his execrations ? No ; though unworthy of the appellation of his daughter, I revere the sacred name. If he should be for killing me with his own hand, I ought to meet the stroke, and fall at his feet. But, yet, a father is always a father. My age, my weakness, the Count's affection, his beneficence, every thing pleads my excuse ; and should Luzy speak, I should not be so guilty. "

She would have been distracted if her domestics had been witnesses of the humiliating scene which was going to be exhibited. Luckily she had announced that she should sup with a female friend, and her women had taken the advantage of spending the night abroad. It was easy for her to send away the two men servants who had attended her, and when her father came, she opened the door to him herself.

" Are you *alone* ? " said he.

" Yes, Sir. "

He entered full of agitation, and looking her in the face in sullen and sad silence. " What do you do here ? " said he. The only answer

Lauretta made was to prostrate herself at his feet, and bedew them with her tears.

"I see," said her father, casting his eyes around him, "in this apartment, which announces luxury and wealth, that vice is at its ease in this city. May I know who it is that has given himself the trouble of enriching you in so short a time, and who has given you this furniture, these clothes, and this rich dress?"

Lauretta still made no other reply but by her tears and sobbings.

"Speak," said he, "you may weep afterwards, you will have time enough to do so."

On the relation of her adventure, which she told without the least reserve or disguise, Basile from being astonished, became highly exasperated. "Luzy!" cried he, "that good sort of man. Such are the virtues of the great! The villain thought he had purchased my daughter when he gave me the money. These insolent monied men persuade themselves that the honour of poor folks is of no value, and that wretchedness exposes them to sale. He flatters himself that he could make me easy! He promises you that he would. Unnatural man! How little did he know of a father's feelings! No; ever since I lost you, I have not passed a single moment without sorrow, nor have I slept one quarter of an hour. The day, the ground, which I cultivated have been moistened with my tears; at night, ever since you forgot yourself, and lost yourself in pleasure, thy father tore off his hair on his straw-bed, and called thee back with loud outcries. What! have my groans never reached to thy soul! Has the image of a disconsolate father never come into thy thoughts, never troubled thy repose!"

"Heaven," replied she, "is my witness, that if I could have thought I should cause you so much affliction, I would have left every thing to fly into your arms. I reverence, I love you; I love you more than ever. Alas! what a father have I made wretched! In the very moment in which I ex-

pected to find you an inexorable judge, I hear nothing from your mouth but the softest reproaches. Ah, dear Sir, when I prostrated myself at your feet, I felt nothing but shame and fear; but at present you see me pierced only with tenderness, and the tears of repentance are blended with those of love."

"I am alive again; I have found my daughter once more," cried Basile, as he was raising her.

"Your daughter!" said Lauretta, "she is not worthy of the appellation."

"Do not discourage yourself. Honour, Lauretta, is undoubtedly a rich treasure; innocence is still a greater; and if I had had my choice, I should rather have seen you robbed of your life. But when innocence and honour are lost, there still remains an inestimable gift, it is virtue, which can never perish, which cannot be irretrievably lost. We need only to wish for it, it takes root in the soul, and when it has been smothered, a single remorse produces it again. Let this comfort thee for the loss of thy innocence, my child; and if thy repentance be sincere, heaven and thy father are both appeased. Besides, no one in the village knows any thing of thy situation, thou mayest return without being ashamed."

"Where, father?"

"To Coulange, where I am going to carry you."

These words shocked Lauretta like a clap of thunder.

"Make haste," continued Basile, "to strip off these trappings of vice. Plain linnen, a pair of jumps, a white petticoat, are the dress which is proper for one in thy station. Let us leave his poisonous gifts to the wretch that seduced thee, and follow me without delay."

One must at this instant be possessed with the timorous and tender heart of Lauretta, and be as fond as she was both of her father and her lover, to conceive the conflict which arose in her weak bosom between love and nature. The agitation and astonishment

she endured rendered her immoveable and speechless. "Let us be gone," said her father, "the moments are precious."

"Forgive me, my dear farther," cried Lauretta, falling on her knees before him; "do not be offended if I delay to obey you. You know the very bottom of my heart. Luzy wants the name of *husband*; but he has over me whatever rights the most tender love could give him. I wish to fly, to separate myself from him, to follow you I am resolved even though death should prove the consequence. But to run away in his absence, to let him imagine that I have betrayed him! —"

"What dost thou say, unhappy girl? and what signifies the opinion of a vile seducer to thee?—what are the rights of an attachment which has ruined and disgraced thee?—Dost thou love him? thou dost then love thy shame! Thou dost then prefer his unworthy presence to the innocence which he has robbed thee of! Thou darest not to run away in his absence, to leave him without his consent! Ah, when thou didst leave thy father, overwhelmed with grief, and gave him over as a prey to despair, thou was not quite so timorous. And what dost thou expect from thy seducer? That he will defend thee? That he will snatch thee from the authority of a father? Oh! let him come; let him dare to drive me from hence; I am alone, without arms, enfeebled by old age, but he shall see me stretch myself upon the threshold of the door, crying to God and men for vengeance. Thy lover himself shall not come to thee without trampling upon my body, and those who pass by shall cry out with horror, that is her father, whom she renounces, and is trod under foot by her lover!"

"Oh, dear Sir," said Lauretta, terrified with this image, you do not know the person whom you abuse so cruelly. Nothing is more mild, no one of greater sensibility: you will be respected and revered by him."—

"Darest thou tell me of the *respect* of one who has dishonoured thee? Dost thou hope that he will seduce me with his perfidious palavering? I will not see him; if thou canst answer for him, I cannot answer for myself."—

"Well then, Sir, do not see him; but let me have a sight of him only for a single moment."

"What dost thou say! I leave thee alone with him! Ah, if he should rob me of my life, I would not pay him that compliment. When he stole thee away from me, that was his fault, it was thine, I was not answerable for it: but heaven places thee again under my care, and from that moment I become responsible to it for thee. Let's be gone, daughter, it is now dark, this is the very moment for us to be gone. Take thy choice, renounce thy father, or obey him.—Thou breakest my heart.—Obey, I say, or expect my curse."

On hearing these terrible words the trembling Lauretta had not strength enough to make any reply. She undressed herself in her father's presence, and put on, not without shedding tears, the dress he had prescribed.

"Dear Sir," said she as she was going to follow him, "may I ask you for one favour in reward for my obedience? "You do not wish the death of him whom I sacrifice to you. Give me leave to write only two words to him, to inform him that you are the person whom I have obeyed, and that you forced me to follow you."

"Do you do that for him to take you away again, and rob me of you? No, I will not leave him the least trace of you. Let him die with shame, he will only do justice to himself; die with love! never indulge that fear, libertines never die of that."—Then taking his daughter by the hand, he went away without making any noise, and the next morning embarking on the Seine, they returned into their own country.

About midnight, the Count came home, where he thought he was waited for by pleasure, and called by

love; but every thing was in confusion.

Lauretta's attendant informed him, trembling, "that they did not know what was become of her; that they had searched for her, but to no purpose; that she had taken care to get them out of the way, and that she made use of her absence to escape their vigilance; that she had not supped with her friend; and that on going away, she had left every thing behind, even to her jewels, and the gown she had put on."

"You must wait for her," said Luzy, after a long silence. "Do not you go to bed; there is something very mysterious in this affair."

"Love, which is fond of flattering itself, began with conjectures which were favourable to Lauretta; but finding them highly improbable, he gave himself up to the most cruel suspicions. Some might possibly have stopped her involuntarily; but in the absence of her domestics to undress herself, steal away alone, about dusk, to leave her house in consternation! All this," said he, "argues a premeditated elopement. Has heaven touched her heart? But if she had acted in an honourable way, she would have had pity of me; she would have written to me, were it only two words of pity, and farewell. Her letter would not have betrayed her, would have spared me those suspicions, which are distressful to me, and dishonourable for her. Lauretta, O heaven! Lauretta inconstant and perfidious! She who this very morning—No, no, it is not credible—and yet it is but too true." Every moment, every reflection afforded him a fresh proof, but hope and confidence could not take their leave of his heart. He struggled against conviction, like a man struggling against death. "If she should come again," said he, "if she should return innocent and faithful.—Alas! are my fortune, my life, all my attachments sufficient to compensate for the injury I have done her. With what pleasure should I confess my guilt; with what pleasure should I efface the crime of having accused

her! Alas! I dare not flatter myself, on account of being unjust; I am not quite so happy!"

(To be continued.)

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Continued from Page 432.)

LETTER XIV.

Miss WILLIS to Miss ELIZA WILLIS.

Percy-Place.

THIS morning I walked over to Berry Hill, determined to find out, if I possibly could, the reason of Miss Wallis's behaviour to me the other day. I entered the parlour, where she was sitting at a table, her work before her, and her head supported with one arm. She rose, on my entrance, but I could perceive she had been crying very much. I asked her, eagerly, "if any thing had happened to make her so unhappy as she appeared to me to be?" She told me, her spirits had been very low for some time, but that she was much better than she had been.

"Come, Sophia," says I, "tell me what is the matter? All is not right; your manner of behaviour to me at Percy-Place the other day, plainly tells me so. Have I done any thing to offend you?"

She coloured at my saying the last words, and strove to hide her confusion by looking for something in her work-bag. "La, where can these scissors have got!"

"Oh! never mind them, but answer my question," said I.

"You have never done any thing to displease me, my dear Miss Willis, we have been the best friends till —."

Here she faltered and blushed, "Till what, my dear girl?"

At last, with much intreaty, I got out the secret that had laid so long dormant in her breast,—that she loved Mr. Gordon.

"And why have you concealed it from me so long, Sophy?"

"Because

“ Because I thought you each had a passion for one another, and that was the reason why you refused Sir Edward Ashby.”

I soon satisfied her on that head, by letting her know I had been long engaged to a Mr. Selwyn.

“ Nor you really do not love Mr. Gordon?”

“ No, indeed, my dear, we have never conversed together, but as the acquaintance and friends of Capt. and Mrs. Percy.”

“ How very happy have you made me, my dear Miss Willis, by this declaration?”

Here our conversation ended by the entrance of Mrs. Wallis: she politely asked me to stay dinner, but I could not, so took my leave of them soon after, and returned home, where I had but just time to dress before the dinner-bell rung.

After that and the desert finished, I asked Mr. Gordon, if he had a mind for a walk to the wood: he complied in an instant. The captain did not dine at home that day, and I gave Mrs. Percy a look to let her know I should be back soon.

When we got to the grotto and were seated, I told him, “ I had been that morning to Berry-Hill, to call on Miss Wallis, and related to him all that had passed, suppressing only some circumstances, which himself was concerned in: however, in the end dropped some hints, that if he had a mind to make an offer of himself, it would not be received with indifference.

I thought he would have died with joy, such raptures he was in, when I uttered the last words.

“ How much am I obliged to my dear Miss Willis for her interesting herself so much in my affairs! I am under everlasting obligations to her, and particularly if I succeed.”

“ I told him I was always happy when I saw others so.”

“ Ah! indeed Harriot you have an excellent temper.” Looking at my watch, I found it was within half an hour of seven, and proposed walk-

ing back again. We met Capt. Percy at the end of the wood. “ What a pair of lovers!”

“ No, Percy, but a pair of *friends*.”

“ To be sure, Gordon,” replied the captain, “ friendship and love are nearly related.”

So ended this agreeable day, as does the letter of your

HARRIOT WILLIS.

(To be continued.)

Description of the HORSE RACES at Rome, and Remarks on the wonderful SWIFTNESS of a FLEA.

THE spectacle, which at present forms the amusement of the people of Rome, retains nothing of the barbarity of the ancient combats of the gladiators. Some of the princes and Roman noblemen amuse themselves by keeping horses purely for the course; not as in England, backed by a rider, but alone, at full liberty, and entirely delivered up to their natural ardour, and that kind of emulation, which the concourse of people assembled seems to inspire in them*. Eight or ten horses, commonly barbs, of a small size, and mean figure, retained on the same line by a rope extended about the height of their breast, set off at the instant when they let this rope fall. In the races at carnival time, which are the

* At Florence, in order to increase the speed of the horses, which there also run alone, without a rider to direct them, they place a large piece of leather, somewhat in form of the wings of a saddle, on their backs, stuck full on the inside with very sharp prickles. The barrier being formed, and every thing ready for the race, the spectators immediately set up a loud shout, at the noise of which the horses affrighted, start off, and the prickles in the flapping leather on their backs still continuing to goad them more and more as they run, their speed is thus urged to the highest pitch their nerves will allow, till the goal at length happily puts an end to it, by terminating at once the contest and their pain; the barrier they run in is formed by a strong railing, about breast high, with a rope at their end, to keep the horses within the bounds, and the spectators are all placed on seats without.

most

most solemn, the course is usually in the long street at Rome, to which this exercise has given the name of *Rue au Course*, or *Race-Street*, by the Italians called *Il Corso*. They take care, at such times to gravel it over; its length is 865 toises *. I observed twice, by means of a watch with seconds, and the help of a signal, that this course was run over in 141 seconds, which makes near 37 feet a second. A little reflection will make this speed appear more considerable, than at first we may imagine it to be.

It is evident, that we cannot suppose more than two leaps or progressions on gallop to one second, seeing that each of these leaps requires at least three very distinct points of time, *viz.* that in which the horse lifts himself from the ground, that in which we see him cleaving the air, and that in which he descends again; and that these two bounds, thus supposed to be made in every second, require six definitive moments, a period scarce perceptible in so short a space of time. These horses, which are but of an inconsiderable size, whose swiftness is every second equal to 37 feet, pass then at each bound over the space of more than 18 feet, which is very near equal to four times the length of their body, taken from the breast to the tail †. It is true, indeed, that this length is more than doubled by

the extension, which their outstretched gallop gives to their limbs before and behind. All this considered, how can the fleetness of the English horses be but a great deal greater, as it is known in reality to be?

The late Mr. Dufay writ in 1737, from Newmarket, that the course there of * four English miles, of which he had been an eye-witness, had been completed in less than eight minutes by four or five seconds. These miles are 826 toises, which makes more than forty-one feet two-thirds in a second, or near five feet more than the barbs at Rome; and we must also remark here, that the latter run at full liberty; whereas the English horses are burthened with the weight of the riders, some of which frequently carry weights. This fleetness, however, of forty-one feet two-thirds, is still but an ordinary degree of swiftness there, inasmuch as of ten horses, which run together, the very hindmost of them was no more than twelve or fifteen paces from the end of the course. Besides, it is asserted that the same course has been frequently run over in six minutes, and six seconds. I have this as a fact from a gentleman, who has often been concerned in the races of Newmarket, and this swiftness, which would amount to more than fifty-four feet in a second, is to that of the barbs nearly as three to two. We must also observe, that instead of one English mile, or little more, to which the course at Rome is limited, that of Newmarket is four miles, a space too long for the swiftness of any horse to preserve itself, though on a sensible equality. It is evident that this swiftness must abate towards the end of the course, and, consequently, that in the first moments of the race, its *maximum* [greatest] must be at least upwards of fifty-four feet in a second. We are likewise assured that

* That is to say from the rope to the extended barrier, which is 74 feet beyond the obelisk to the *Porta del Popolo*, at the salient angle of the palace *de Venise*.

† It is upon the principles of this kind that naturalists prove a *flea*, comparatively speaking, to be the strongest, as well as swiftest animal in being. For as swiftness depends upon a strong conformation of the muscles, of which we have a remarkable instance in the hind legs of a hare, from whence it is well known, that, like deer, greyhounds, and other quadrupeds, she derives her velocity; and as this swiftness again is to be measured by the distance they throw themselves at every bound, compared with the length of their bodies, if we examine the speed and strength of a flea by this method of reasoning, we shall find that instead of four, it is able to throw itself at least forty times its length; a force and velocity ten times greater than that of the barbs at Rome.

* The English mile was fixed by Henry VII. at 1760 yards, or rods of three feet each, consequently this mile contains 5280 English feet, which are equivalent to 4957 of the Paris measure, or to 826 toises; the proportion of the English foot to that of Paris being as 1352 to 1440.

a famous horse, called Starling, has sometimes performed the first mile in a minute, which would make thirty-two feet one-half in a second; a degree of swiftness inconceivable, even though we should suppose it to be exaggerated, as there is great appearance of it; but this is a point on which we must wait for elucidations*. It would be sufficient that this swiftness should last only a few seconds, in order to enable us to say, without any exaggeration, that such a horse went swifter than the wind, as it is seldom that the most violent wind makes as much ground in the time. For the greatest swiftness of a ship at sea has never been known to exceed six marine leagues in an hour; and if we suppose that the vessel thus borne partakes one third of the swiftness which drives it, the latter would still be no more than eighty feet a second.

The G O V E R N E S S.
(Continued from Page 482.)

I Confess I was by no means of Mrs. Manning's opinion in this respect, and as I wished to turn her

* The following are the elucidations from Dr. Matty, keeper of the library at the British Museum. "There are," says the Doctor, two courses at Newmarket, the long and the round; the first is exactly four English measured miles, and 380 yards or more; that is to say, 7420 yards, or English rods. The second is not four English miles by 400 yards; that is to say, it is 6640 yards. Childers, the swiftest horse ever remembered, has run the first course in seven minutes and a half, and the second in six minutes 40 seconds, which amounts to 46 feet five inches in the second; whereas all other horses since take up at least seven minutes and 60 seconds in completing the first course, and seven minutes only in the shortest, which is 44 feet five or six inches, the second. These, Dr. Matty adds, are facts, which I believe to be true. I must also add, that it is commonly supposed, that these coursers cover at every bound a space of ground in length about 24 English feet." This is little wide of my conjecture of two bounds in a second. Every bound in this would be 18 royal feet and a half, for the fleetest barb in Rome; and 22 or 23 feet royal for the English running horses; so that the swiftness of the latter, to that of the barbs, is very nearly as four to three.

attention from such objects to her daughters, I said, "That I was very sure I should take an infinite deal of pleasure in making myself useful to such agreeable young ladies as she was going to put under my care."

"Aye," replied she—"you will think it strange now, perhaps, but it is very true, nevertheless; Lucy has not half the eloquence of Poll, nor has Charlotte half the sagacity and taste of Fuzz, who has both a very strong, and in consequence of my attention, a cultivated understanding."

I soon found that what Mrs. Manning called understanding, was a violent propensity to do mischief, to which she gave an ample encouragement, and appeared so highly diverted with his dangerous powers, that he became quite troublesome, and even offensive. If he had been confined to a proper place, the mode of his amusing himself would have been very immaterial to me; but he was frequently sent to me to receive instructions; and whenever his lady went out, she left the entire care of him to me; telling me, at the same time, that, "by being always present when her daughters took their lessons, he would insensibly catch them without giving me any trouble."—The parrot was also placed in the young ladies apartment; naturally talkative, and having been taught by the servants very improper language, by way of punishment for the ridiculous fondness of their mistress, I was often obliged to request his removal; but to no purpose.—Mrs. Manning always said, in answer to my intreaties, that "she was very sensible Poll had learnt a great deal of stuff in the kitchen, and therefore sent her to me, that I might teach her better:" never considering that what those creatures once learn they generally retain; though, indeed, as I did not find that she recollected either her nouns or her verbs, I had no reason to believe that the endeavours of my predecessors to make her a grammatical bird had been effectual.—I could not, however, convince Mrs. Manning of this, and, therefore, gave up the point;

and would have left a family, the mistresses of which seemed to be scarcely in her senses, had not my two little cousins depended upon me for their support.—The Miss Mannings, indeed, made my stay more tolerable, by their good humour and docility than it would otherwise have been, though they were sometimes both frightened and hurt by the animals, who were, I may truly say, perpetual plagues and torments to us all three. Yet, in spite of the vexations I received from them, I could hardly help laughing now and then at Mrs. Manning's teaching Fuzz to dance; and great were the pains she took, while I played a minuet or a cotillon on the harpsichord. She was frank enough, however, to confess that she believed he would never arrive at the graces required in the former; but added, that she thought he was perfectly qualified to shine in an *allemanda*.—One day, while she was under the operation of this idea, endeavouring to make him elevate his paws above his head, and take hands with her, he turned quick, and gave her such a gripe about the neck, that I really thought he had strangled her.—She was, certainly, not a little frightened: and from that time was prudent enough to keep him at a greater distance, though he still kept his seat at table with us, and had a share of every dish with which it was covered: and drank his wine too, which sometimes made him so tipsy, and so tender, that we were forced to run out of the room.—One day, he so impertinently pawed a lady, who was in a breeding state, that she plainly told Mrs. Manning she could not come to see her any more, if Fuzz was not locked up; as she was afraid of having her child marked.—This declaration roused Mrs. Manning's resentment to such a degree, that she said, in reply, with no small tartness, "If he is half as handsome as the monkey, Madam, you may think yourself very happy: I know many people whose children are not to be compared with him, either for their beauty or their parts."

Setting aside this species of insanity, Mrs. Manning was good-natured, well bred, and had much of the gentlewoman about her. She made me several genteel presents, and frequently treated her daughters with little parties of pleasure, in which I always accompanied them, and was politely received by every lady to whom I was made known.

Having attended the young ladies to the house of a lady who gave a ball, I was taken out to dance by a gentleman, who declared himself extremely pleased with me: but as I really considered his declarations as the mere effusions of natural politeness, I thought no more of them. Greatly, therefore, was I surprized when a servant, the next day, announced him; (Mrs. Manning had given me leave to receive any visitor whom I chose to see; and allotted a parlour for my use; though I always brought her daughters down with me, if they were not otherwise engaged.)

Mr. Spelman (that was the gentleman's name) made but a short visit; but asked my permission to wait on me again. He came, accordingly, the next day, and as the Miss Mannings were practising on the harpsichord, he took an opportunity, finding me alone, to make me an offer of his hand and fortune, with an apology for so abrupt a disclosure of his wishes, occasioned, he said, by his being afraid we might not be long without interruption. This mode of proceeding, was, however, so unexpected, that my surprize almost prevented me from returning any answer. My silence gave him time to enter into a detailed account of his circumstances, which were, indeed, so far superior to mine, that I began to doubt my own years, or his veracity: however, I acknowledged myself exceedingly obliged to him for his favourable opinion of me: adding, that I imagined he was not acquainted with my dependent situation, to which many gentlemen would have considerable objections. He replied, that my conduct in such a situation had been so much to my honour, that I was deserving

deserving of any man's choice.—He then began to express himself still more in the language of a lover, and uttered a number of speeches which I cannot, without meriting the charge of excessive vanity repeat. They were, indeed, so extravagant, that I was too much disconcerted to give him a definitive answer. At last, collecting my confused ideas, I intreated him, to permit me not only to consult a few confidential friends, but to consult my own heart also upon so very interesting an occasion, assuring him, that as I was not of a mercenary disposition, I could not think of marrying only for the sake of a settlement. He replied, that I had given him a fresh proof of my worth; and that though he most sincerely loved and esteemed me, he would not wish me to act in opposition to my inclination.—This very fair and rational assurance made me, I confess, almost ready to give him a favourable answer; as I thought, however, that it was quite necessary both to consult my friends, and to make enquiries about him, I went, the next day, to my aunt.—Poor Kitty's children flew into my arms; while I pressed them to my bosom, I recollected that I had not mentioned them to Mr. Spelman; nor the necessity, I supposed myself under, to provide for them in some shape or other. Upon my acquainting my aunt with what had happened, she told me that every thing proved satisfactory, and if I had no dislike to the person in question, I could not, in her opinion, do better. From her I went to Mrs. Masters, whom I could not overlook, (though she had not of late been so well pleased with me) on account of past favours. She laughed at my doubts and my fears, and bade me take the man while he was willing: adding, that he was possessed of an estate of seven or eight hundred pounds a year, and was esteemed a man of character.—After having been pretty well rallied on my good fortune, I took my leave of this lady, and with my aunt's approbation, determined to accept of so good an offer; though I could not help trembling when I

thought of Mr. Graham, and poor Kitty.

As I expected Mr. Spelman the next day, I took some pains in my dress, and made myself rather more smart than usual. I then sat down to hear the Miss Mannings repeat their French lessons. While my eyes were intent on the book which I held in my hand, to see that my young pupils were correct, the tormenting parrot, who had climbed up the back of my chair, seized my cap with his beak. I rose hastily to save my head, and, at that instant, Fuzz, who was watching in a corner, sprung forward, and tore off one side of my gown.—Just at that moment, the servant came to tell me that a gentleman wanted to speak a word with me.—Down I hurried immediately, disarranged as I was, concluding that Mr. Spelman was below.

As soon as I entered the parlour, I perceived my mistake.

“Oh! Mr. Hammond!” cried I, “Is it you?—I was glad, I own, not to be caught in my disorder.

(To be continued.)

A curious Order of FEMALE KNIGHTS described, by Ashmole, in his History of the Order of the Garter.

“**D**ON Raymond, last earl of Barcelona (who by a marriage with Petronilla, only daughter and heir to king Ramiro the monk, united that principality to the kingdom of Arragon) having, in the year 1149, gained the city of Tortosa from the Moors, they on the 31st of December following, laid a new siege to that place, for the recovery of it out of the earl's hands. The inhabitants being at length reduced to great straits, desired relief of the earl; but he, not being in a condition to give it, they entertained some thoughts of making a surrender, which the women hearing of, to prevent the disaster threatening their city, themselves, and children, put on men's cloaths, and by a reso-

lute sally, forced the Moors to raise the siege.

“The earl, finding himself obliged by the gallantry of this action, thought fit to make his acknowledgments thereof, by granting them several privileges and immunities, and to perpetuate the memory of this exploit, instituted an order, somewhat like a *Military Order*, into which were admitted only those brave women; and assigned them for a badge, a thing like a friar’s capouche, sharp at the top, after the form of a torch, and of a crimson colour, to be worn upon their head-cloaths. He also ordained, that at all public meetings, the women should have the precedence of the men; that they should be exempted from all taxes; and that all the apparel and jewels, though of never so great a value, left by their dead husbands, should be their own.

THE MATRON.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER LXXXVIII.

IT has not been in Mrs. Grey’s power to comply with Anna Maria’s request, in giving her opinion sooner, with regard to the point in question, and, indeed, her situation is of such a nature, that it is not easy for a third person, especially one who is not present at the interviews hinted at to return a decisive answer.—The behaviour of young men, in general, to the opposite sex, is so deceitful, and so full of duplicity, that it is a difficult task to form a proper judgment of their designs: those who appear studious to avoid open explanation of their sentiments are to be considered in a light not very favourable to them, as they give encouragement to suspicion.—With respect to the gentleman mentioned by Anna Maria, he may, perhaps, in his heart prefer the lady to whom he appears so assiduous, to every other woman, without having any intention of making serious and honourable addresses. He may, also, wish to make

her such offers as she may with prudence accept, but may not be in a situation to make them, in consequence of some distressing obstacles, either from the opposition of friends, or the frowns of Fortune: perhaps too (the case is not improbable) he may have a prior engagement upon his hands.—However, from whatever motives the concealment of his mind proceeds, I must own that I do not think Anna Maria can, or ought to suppose, that she is herself the object of his choice. It is Mrs. Grey’s advice, therefore, that she should act in a very cautious manner, and neither feed herself with flattering expectations, nor encourage him improperly, whose carriage gives her so much perplexity.—But to prevent her being plunged into despair, upon this puzzling occasion, Mrs. Grey begs leave to inform her that she has known many men, and those men of sense, men of honour, strongly inclined to gain the affections of the lady they admired, before they declared the situation of their own hearts. When a man is really sincere, this mode of proceeding is justifiable, but where he has recourse to it, with no meaning, or a very bad one, he acts a base, ungenerous part, and nothing can be urged of the palliating kind in his defence. Let Anna Maria, therefore, be particularly careful not to increase the good opinion which she entertains of the person under consideration, till she is well assured that he deserves it; and to keep as much out of his way as she can, without seeming to appear studiously solicitous to shun him.—Unaffected indifference, on her side, is the most likely way to bring matters to an eclaireissement on his: and may be highly serviceable to her also, in another shape, for by not appearing to pay any attention to him, she may at length come to be perfectly at ease whether he is in the same town with her, or a thousand miles off.

Mrs. Grey not having the honour of being personally known to Mrs. Classic, has it not in her power to introduce Martha Seville to her notice; but as there

there are other ladies who sometimes think for the public, and convey their thoughts to the editor of this Magazine, she is very ready to print her letter, that she may at least find herself in the line of recommendation. I would not, however, have my new correspondent plume herself too much on her being handsome, as there are women possess of attractions, infinitely superior to those resulting from a set of the most regular features, ranged in the most elegant manner, and from the most brilliant complexion. Vivacity of imagination, creative powers, and fluency of expression, will carry all before them, when more personal beauty, in the highest style, has lost all its magic charms.—But to the point—The publication of Mrs. Scribble's letter will throw her in Fortune's way; especially as she seems quite as well qualified for a cook or a housekeeper as an author's amanuensis: she must, indeed, from the account she gives of her talents, be exceedingly useful to those over studious ladies, who cannot allow themselves any leisure to look after their domestic affairs.

To the MATRON.

“ Madam,

“ FROM a belief that you sincerely wish the welfare of your sex in general, I request your assistance through the channel of your useful and instructive Magazine, to recommend me to Mrs. Clastic, or some other lady, who may want an amanuensis. You see, Madam, that I write a good hand for the purpose, and if my employer should be a married lady, please to tell her that though my face is smooth, and my eyes and limbs the usual number, and though I am not quite twenty-seven years of age, I have had the honour of being thought senior to my mother for some time, and am of so flexible a temper, that I can bear to be told I am not handsome, nor young, without being offended. Dear Madam, stand my friend, for it would be do-

ing a mighty humane action.—I am very fond of writing, and can scribble as quick as female thought almost.—I would, Madam, willingly, make you some amends for the trouble I give you, and therefore inclose a receipt for melting butter without flour, which may save the editor from the farther importunities of Bessy Bluit on that subject.

I am, Madam,

With all possible respect,

Your humble servant,

Plymouth-Dock. MARTHA SCRIBBLE.

The RECEIPT.

A large tea-spoonful of new milk, put into the saucepan with half a pound of butter, will serve the stead of flour, if the same care is taken in the melting it.

Scarcely had I prepared the above letter for the press, when I received the following one.

To Mrs. GREY.

“ Madam,

“ AS you profess yourself to be a corrector of enormities among the female sex, I do not know any person to whom I can more properly apply, with regard to the settling a dispute between me and my wife about the education of our daughter. As I have but one child, I am willing to make her as good, as well as agreeable, as possible, while her mother cares not how vain, giddy, foolish, and forward she is, provided she is, what she calls, *highly accomplished*. To be highly accomplished, she says, is the only way to be every where distinguished: she, therefore, has the most capital masters to teach her to play, sing, draw, dance, and read, and I never venture to hint the smallest objections to the visits of each professional gentleman, though I think it is very possible for a woman to know too much, as well as too little, and that there is certainly no occasion for our daughter to be taught

to contradict her father and her husband. But the visit of a new operator this morning provoked me to such a degree, that I was determined to acquaint you, Madam, with the result of it.

While I was sitting, alone, in my parlour, I heard some body knock at the door. Upon my servant's opening it, I called to know who it was: he answered, "Only the taylor, Sir, has brought home Miss Bab's breeches." Conceive my astonishment, Madam, at this reply, and at his producing them, for my inspection, made of a kind of white dimity. I was almost deprived of all my patience, till my wife and daughter returned from a visit they had been making in the neighbourhood.—I then flew at them both, and reproaching the former for her folly, asked the latter how she could have the assurance to put them on.—"La! Papa;" said she, without being in the least surprised or disconcerted at my question, "I only have them to dance in."—"To dance in?" exclaimed I: "to dance in? Why, you are not, surely, going to exhibit yourself in boy's cloaths in public?"—"No, no, Child," replied my wife: "what a fuss do you put yourself in for nothing! She only wears them out of decency when she makes her high leaps in a cotillon." "O, ho! does she so;" cried I.—"If that's the case then, she shall leap no more, I promise you.—If she does but offer to hop, skip, or jump for the future, I swear, by all that's modest in woman, I will tie her two legs together in such a manner, that she shall not be able to stir."—Upon this, my wife began to exalt her voice to a very high pitch indeed; and for want of words, at last, burst into tears. However, let her scold and cry as much as she pleases, I will not suffer any female in my house to wear the breeches; and as I have reason to suppose that you are of my opinion, I beg you would say something very strong in your next Number against such unbecoming liberties in the female sex, and such growing propensities in them to become mascu-

line, not only in the manners and conversation, but even in the dress from head to foot, not forgetting the breeches.—By a speedy compliance with this request you will doubly oblige

Your constant reader,

PETER POSITIVE.

My time will not permit me, at present, to enlarge so freely upon this subject, as my correspondent wishes me to do; however, as much may be said in a few words, there is no excuse to be made for a total silence. Mr. Positive, and every other parent or husband, may be assured that the Matron can never countenance any wife or daughter in the doing any thing which revolts against the rules prescribed by modesty and decorum; to the observance of which the female sex cannot be too attentive, if they are sincerely desirous of making themselves truly amiable in the eyes of the other.—In a future paper this subject may, perhaps, be renewed.

(*To be continued.*)

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(*Translated from the French.*)

By a LADY.

(*Continued from Page 462.*)

LETTER LIX.

From the Countess de SOLMES, to Madame NORTHON.

WHO could have wished, or even have foreseen so happy a *dénuement*, my dear Lady? I entirely exclude all human sagacity from having any hand in it; and certainly it must have failed, had it attempted to unravel such a bottom. My joy is so great, that I confined myself for four and twenty hours to read your letters over and over again, and to en-

joy

joy without interruption, the satisfaction of finding things as you could wish to be. This retirement may prove unhappy for you, if you have an aversion to long letters; this will not be in the laconic style. I passed the night without closing my eyes, engrossed entirely with the reflections which your history gave birth to: you are the subject of them, and it is my duty to communicate them to you. I begin with felicitating you on account of his conquest and your defeat; I think you might have been happy in the unexpected fortune for which you are indebted to the generosity of the Baron, your brother. I am not afraid of being thought a flatterer on account of speaking well of the Marquis; you know that he pleased me at first sight, and at a time when I could not suspect that he would have the happiness, one day, of pleasing you. He possesses every thing that can render the marriage state happy. A noble and interesting figure, a judgment so unwarped that it surrendered to the first glimpse of truth. A tender heart, that sighs for the pleasures of friendship, at the moment in which he looked on it as a chimera, and which he would have given existence to, if it had been in his power. A man, convinced by experience of the necessity, the utility, and the power of Christianity. With such a husband, it is easy to behold the happiness of others without envy. I promised you, or rather threatened you with my reflections; attend to one, which, I think, is important.

In admitting the strength of a good example, I have asked myself how it comes to pass, why it does not operate more often on such prodigals? For, in a word, notwithstanding the degeneracy of the age, there are a great many virtuous persons. Does it not originate from hence, that devotion being exhibited like a hand-bill for the public eye, they who do their best are looked upon either as exercising their trade, or if we may so call it, mere hypocrites? It were to be wished, in my opinion, that religious persons would not sequester themselves from

the world; that they would live with the earthly, and that their exterior should not differ from that of others, (preserving at the same time the claims of modesty, rank, and justice.) Should a devoté in a round cap, in russet clothing, give alms, frequent the church, hospitals, and prisons, this occasions no surprise, consequently leaves no impression, and edifies little; and to make use of the term mentioned already, one might naturally say, on seeing her do this, that she is exercising her trade. If, on the other hand, one should see a young lady not afraid of tarnishing the gold which glitters on her dress by approaching the bed of the sick, and rendering those services which shock the delicacy of her age and rank, this would certainly make a deep impression; she would be admired, the cause of her courage would afford subject for debate; she would do honour to Christianity, which could alone inspire her. By this means, we pass insensibly from the esteem of the person to that of religion, we contract an affection for it, and at last practise it.

In the second place, I could wish that the pious would say less, and do more: I mean that they would give practice the preference to preaching. We should do our neighbour a hundred times more good by conferring a favour upon him, than by preaching twenty good sermons to him. You may tire yourself in preaching up the necessity of meekness, patience, obedience, and fidelity in the management of your domestic affairs, to your domestics, and after all, you will loose your breath; and why, they will not be convinced that you have any love for those virtues, which you recommend to their practice; that you do not think them so necessary for their going to heaven, as you would have them believe that they are. They will think that your eloquence has no other motive but self-interest. Is there any one who would not wish for good qualities in those they employ? But if at the same time as you expatiate on the praises of meekness, they should find that you are cautious of never

never losing an opportunity of practising it, with respect to them, your love of that virtue will render their lives comfortable and easy: they cannot fail to have a regard for it, when it procures them so great an advantage: they justify it on account of its effects, and wish that every one, with whom they live, would do so too. Now, when we become sincere friends of virtue in others, we are not far from possessing it ourselves.

With respect to religion, it may admit of two distinctions: those virtues and duties which centre in our own profit, if I may so call it, and those which are for the advantage of society. The former, in my opinion, cannot be too much concealed, therefore, if I had the happiness of being a *devoté*, I would not affect a particular colour; nor should I think I made a sacrifice to the deity in choosing from a variety of silks, that which I liked the least, which did not suit my figure, at the hazard of a person being thought they had no taste. I would not tease my millener, mantua-maker, nor woman with regard to the manner in which I should dress myself, heaven alone should know what I resigned in that point. I would not let any one know that I was at prayers, and therefore would avoid staying long in my closet. I approve of madame Maintenon's method, who suffered the public to think that she slept till eight, while she stole an hour and half from her sleep to employ it in exercises of devotion. I would endeavour to continue united to the Deity, in raising my heart to him amidst the visits of mere compliment, I should be able to grow tired of them with a good grace from a love to him. In a word, by way of edification, I would rather they should say of me, "that's a good Christian!" than, that is a *religious woman*: certainly the expressions are synonymous; but they do not convey the same idea to the circles of gaiety.

With respect to the social virtues, I would endeavour to augment them, and would endeavour to hide them. Should a visitor come to *regale* me

with a scandalous anecdote of my neighbour, I would tell her frankly, "If you had had the misfortune to be guilty of a similar fault, with which another would acquaint me, Christianity would oblige me not to listen to your accusers, and to engage them to the best of my power to retrieve your character." I am certain you would be glad of my acting the Christian to your advantage; give me leave to do for them, that which you would wish I would do for you in a similar case; let us pity the culpable and ridiculous, as we have need of pity ourselves for our transgressions on a variety of occasions. Should I have had the happiness to oblige a friend, to do a good turn to an enemy, or to do any thing else contrary to the impulse of nature, which others would do me the honour to ascribe to generosity, a good disposition, or philosophy, I would give them to understand that they are wide of the mark, and that religion alone induced me to it; I would do my endeavour to make them change the idea they have of religion, of piety and devotion. It is generally thought that those terms are appropriated to the immediate service of God; I would strive to prove, that the best as well as the most agreeable way of serving him, is to relieve, to love our neighbour, for the love of him; to be interested in the happiness of all men, who are his children, and my brothers. I am persuaded that when religion is viewed in this light, it would do it more honour than if it appeared in long sleeves, coarse linen, a neglected exterior, and that many as well as the Marquis, who were witnesses of its effects, would endeavour to investigate the cause.

In a word there are certain defects imputed to those who are professedly religious; I would shun them at all events. The world is amazingly unjust, it pushes its partiality to excess, and is a severe censurer of those who separate from them, and live by themselves. Should any one dispute with a man of the world, the inheritance of one of his relations, or endeavour to deprive him of his property, or be guilty

guilty of any act of injustice to him, we are not surpris'd that he should have recourse to law, or file a bill: he is even applauded — “his family called upon him to defend the property that was left him; if persons were to submit to injuries without opposing the wrong which is intended, they will say, it would only encourage others to do the same; men of such principles ought to be disgraced and punished for the good and defence of society.” But should the same thing happen to a man of religious principles, clamours would be raised against him on all sides. “Your church-going, your religious men, are very litigious, they are fond of chicanery, the lord help those that have any dealings with them, they would sooner die than loose a tittle of what is their right; they hate the unjust more than they do injustice; they have such a high conceit of their sanctity, that they think an attack is made upon heaven, if it be made against them.” I repeat it, these clamours are not ill founded, nor are unjust; but I had rather give away all I am worth than give occasion for them. I would not chuse to go to law; I would have it posted up at the corner of every street, if I may use the expression, that I am inclined to an accommodation, and will submit to arbitration; but if I should be forced to defend myself, I would make use of my victory with so much modesty, that I would convince the world that I have an aversion to law, of my indifference to wealth, because I would give my adversaries all the allowances I could, without hurting that charity which I owe to myself and to my relations. I would — “Mercy upon us! pray think of concluding, would any other in your situation say; the moment of marriage is no season for hearing such long sermons.” Such a one might be in the right, and I would finish with compliments on the happy turn which your troubles have taken. If one were to esteem a happiness only in proportion to what it has cost us, your's must at present appear with redoubled lustre: may you long enjoy it, and may I my-

self be soon an eye-witness of it; but my affairs, which have kept me here, increase upon my hands: after having succeeded in accommodating one suit, I have need of all my industry and patience to avoid one which I am threatened with on account of the succession of my mother. I shew my competitors a great deal more firmness than I really possess. You will there be troubled for some time longer with a correspondence, which constitutes all the pleasure of my life, though I should be scrupulous to rob you of a single moment of that time which you owe to your friends. But, are they not my friends too? Am I not one of the family? If I should be extravagant in my demands, you must make use of secretaries to diminish your task, for there are still a great many things which you have not acquainted me with.

You have not informed me, for example, how your brother could have procured such a vast quantity of diamonds without the knowledge of the Baron, and even his son too. I should be glad to know what is become of mademoiselle d'Erlac; her grandmother was a relation of mine, and though a very distant one, one would gladly learn whether such a creature were *not* in a condition to dishonour one's family; I should rejoice to hear that she was sent to a convent.

Only one word more, for indeed this letter is long enough already. Young Northon seems to me to have ascertained that expression so often repeated, and so little understood, THE TRUE POINT OF HONOUR. Religion can never command us to be cowards, because cowardice is a vice; we join issue with them; all that it is requisite is to fix the meaning of the word *cowardice*; it is then, to fail in performing our duty through fear. They may agree with us on this point, but they will add to it, *through fear of death*; and for my part, I will maintain, that to fail in performing our duty through fear is a crime, let the motive be what it will. What, shall we not forgive a man for being fearful

fearful of death, which is the greatest of all natural evils, and permit him to stand in fear of contempt and poverty, which are only imaginary evils? Should I be blamed, if I should fly from the mouth of a real cannon, planted against me, and have not thought it a crime to be afraid at the picture of one? What inconsistencies! Could they have entered into the head of any man in his senses? He who omits a duty through fear, let it be of what it will, is a true coward. Alas! my dear, how many are there, according to this description, which is, notwithstanding, a very just one? In proportion as the object is more or less trivial or frivolous, the more or less revolting is the cowardice; if it be so much the more inexcusable, it is so much the more disgraceful.

A lady to whom he was attached to was insulted in his presence, but had deservedly brought it upon herself, and who by receiving his visits at night, unknown to her mother, had reduced herself to the rank of those women to whom we cannot be any ways obliged; this is a great abatement of the offence. Yet, let the woman who is affronted, be in the presence, or rather, in the company of another gentleman, custom requires that the latter should demand satisfaction, and accept of no other but that of a duel; and he who declines it is exposed to the taunts and ridicule of those who call themselves men of honour. On the other side, the laws of God and men forbid us to fight; obedience to them is a duty which admits of no dispensation. It follows then that those who violate such essential duties through fear of an imaginary evil, such as unjust contempt; it follows incontrovertibly, I say, that such a man must be a great coward, who flies from his shadow, and places the *point of honour* in being ingrateful to God, and rebellious to his prince. He, on the contrary, who has the courage to raise himself above prejudice, will not fear death, I am sure; and I have a confirmation of it in your nephew, who has risked his life to a

danger from which it was not probable he could have escaped; who has exposed himself for a stranger; who was not at all shocked, when he discovered his enemy in the stranger, whom he was about to defend at the hazard of his life. This is true bravery; this is *the true Point of Honour*! I must confess that this species of courage is more difficult to attain, than the other; and therefore we may well conclude, that we should not recommend it so as to bring it into fashion.

(To be continued.)

The History of the DUCHESS of BEAUFORT.

(Continued from Page 480.)

THE difficulty lay in breaking those two powerful ties; the king had not yet brought himself to that point; he had many dreadful conflicts of mind to suffer ere that could be effected; and all he could do for the present, was to defer taking his last resolution till he had obtained the permission he had been so long soliciting from the pope, and till then to keep his sentiments secret.

He promised me not to acquaint his mistress with what I had said, least it should draw her resentment upon me. "She loves you," said the king to me, "and I esteem you still more; but her mind still entertains some remains of distrust, that you will not approve of my design in favour of her and her children: she often tells me, that when one hears you perpetually carrying in your mouth my kingdom and my glory, she is apt to think that you prefer the one to my person, and the other to my quiet."

I answered, "that against this charge I would make no defence; that the kingdom and the sovereign were to be looked upon with the same eyes. Remember, Sire," added I, "that your virtue is the soul that animates this great body, which must by its splendor and propriety repay you that
glory

glory which it derives from you ; and that you are not to seek happiness by any other means."

After this we left the garden, and it being night, separated, leaving the courtiers to rack their imaginations to guess the subject of so long a conference.

The duchess of Beaufort was not ignorant that the duke of Sully opposed all her designs, she knew the power which his wisdom and integrity gave him over the mind of the king ; but such was her confidence in her own charms, and in those schemes which her low cunning, and the interested policy of her relations and dependents had suggested, that she fondly flattered herself neither reasons of state, nor motives of honour would have force enough to hinder her royal lover from gratifying her wishes.

Henry, either because he had not yet taken any resolution against her, or, that his tenderness and regard for her hindered him from declaring it, suffered her to remain in this pleasing delusion.

In the mean time she appeared in the state and equipage of a queen ; the servile courtiers anticipated her expected dignity, by paying her those honours which were due only to the wife of their prince. No language but that of adulation ever reached her ear, power, magnificence, pleasure, offered her every day successive delights ; her smile was considered as the smile of fortune ; less successful guilt looked up to her with secret repinings ; envy, dazzled by her blaze of grandeur, durst not, even in whispers, breathe its discontent ; and only virtue beheld her at once with pity and contempt.

In the midst of all this splendor, madame de Beaufort was completely wretched ; the fear of future disappointments rendered her present enjoyments tasteless ; conscious of the slender chains by which she held the king's heart, she lived in perpetual anxiety, lest her beauty should suffer decay ; the slightest alteration in her

complexion filled her with dreadful alarms, and every evening brought with it the painful reflection that she was now a day older than she was yesterday.

While the dissolution of the king's marriage with Margaret of Valois was soliciting at Rome, she equally dreaded and wished for the determination of that important affair.

If the divorce was granted, the king would indeed be at liberty to marry her, but he would be free also to marry any one else ; and all the wisest and best of his subjects earnestly desired to see him married to some princess of Europe, who might bring him heirs worthy to reign over them ; and if among all these princesses who were judged to be suitable matches for Henry the IVth. she heard any of them praised for their beauty, she trembled, and could not conceal her uneasiness.

The king caused the pictures of the infanta of Spain, and of Mary de Medicis to be shewn to her, being curious to know what she would say.

"I am under no apprehension of that brown woman," said she, speaking of the infanta, "but the Florentine fills me with dread."

This painful anxiety, which was the consequence of her precarious situation, received continual increase by the confidence she placed in the predictions of astrologers.

"Madame de Beaufort," (says the duke of Sully) "was the weakest of her sex, with regard to divination : she did not pretend to deny that she consulted astrologers concerning her affairs ; and indeed she had always a great many of them about her, who never quitted her ; and what is most surprising, though she doubtless paid them well, yet they never foretold her any thing but what was disagreeable.

"One said, she would never be married but once ; another that she would die young ; a third warned her to take care of being with child ; and a fourth assured her that she would be betrayed by one of her friends. Hence pro-

ceeded that melancholy which oppressed her, and which she was never able to overcome.

“Gracienne, one of her women, has since told me, that she would often retire from company to pass whole nights in grief and weeping, on account of those predictions.”

If we add to this continual anxiety, the stings of conscience for unrepented guilt, can imagination form the idea of a more wretched being than this woman, in the midst of all her splendor, power, and magnificence?

“The trouble of despair,” says a sensible writer, “always rises in proportion to the evil that is feared;” consequently the greatest agonies of expectation are those which relate to another world.

These agonies, which she who lived in an infamous commerce with a married man often experienced, were heightened by an event which affected her more than any other person, and seemed a frightful presage of her own approaching fate.

She was far advanced in another guilty pregnancy, when the strange death of Louisa de Budos, second wife to Henry constable de Montmorency, filled her with unusual horrors, and embittered all the short remainder of her life.

“These two deaths” (says the duke of Sully, speaking of the constable’s lady, and madame de Beaufort) “made a great noise every where, and were attended with a surprising similarity of very uncommon circumstances: both were seized with a violent distemper that lasted only three or four days, and both, though extremely beautiful, became horribly disfigured, which, together with some other circumstances, that at any time would have been thought natural, or only the effects of poison, raised a report in the world, that the deaths of these two young ladies, as well as their elevation, was the work of the devil, who made them pay dearly for that short felicity he had procured them. And this was certainly believed not only amongst the common people, who are generally

credulous to a high degree of folly, but amongst the courtiers themselves.”

“This,” pursues the duke of Sully, “is what is related of the constable’s lady, and, as it is said, by the ladies who were then at her house: she was conversing with them gaily in her closet, when one of her women entered in great terror, and told her that a certain person, who called himself a gentleman, and who indeed had a good presence, saying that he was quite black, and of a gigantic stature, had just entered her anti-chamber, and desired to speak to her about affairs of great consequence, which he could communicate to none but her.”

“At every circumstance relating to this extraordinary courier, the lady was seen to grow pale, and appeared so oppressed with grief, that she could scarcely bid her women intreat the gentleman to defer his visit to another time; to which he replied, in a tone that filled the messenger with horror, “That since the lady would not come to him willingly, he would take the trouble to go and seek her in her closet.” She, who was more afraid of a public than a private audience, resolved at last to go to him, but with all the marks of deep despair.

“The terrible message performed, she returned to her company, bathed in tears, and half dead with dismay; she had only time to speak a few words to take leave of them, particularly of three ladies, who were her intimate friends, and to assure them that she should never see them more.

“That instant she was seized with exquisite pains, and died at the end of three days, filling all who saw her with horror at the frightful change of every feature in her once lovely face.”

The duchess of Beaufort proved the truth of the observation, that repentance is often not so much remorse for our sins, as fear of the consequence.—This fear, indeed, acted powerfully upon her mind; but it did not produce reformation in her conduct, which is the only infallible sign by which true penitence can be known.

The king having resolved to spend the Easter-holidays at Fontainebleau, was unwilling to incur the censure of keeping this lady with him during that sacred festival. Madame de Beaufort, who had insisted upon making one of the party with the king, was sensibly mortified when, after a stay only of three or four days, he intreated her to leave him at Fontainebleau, and return herself to Paris.

This request, enforced by motives drawn from the impropriety of their continuing together at such a time, was received with tears by the duchess. Whether it was that her pride was sensibly wounded by the king's so easily admitting the necessity of her absence, or that she had really some secret foreboding that she should never see him more, she seemed to consider this separation as the greatest misfortune that could befall her.

(To be Continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

You formerly obliged the younger part of your patronesses with some French anecdotes or essays to try their skill in that fashionable language. I was sorry that you dropped this part of your plan, and have endeavoured, by the following extract from *Mélanges de Littérature Orientales*, to revive it, if you will favour it with insertion in your collection for the ensuing month.

Sur le PRINTEMPS & sur la MUSIQUE.

LE Printemps, est la plus belle de toutes les saisons ; la Nature qui paroïssoit expirante, pendant les rigueurs de hiver, se r'anime & reprend une vie nouvelle. Tous les êtres qui la composent sont dans une douce mouvement, & tout annonce une révolution générale. La sève dans les végétaux & le sang dans les animaux, circule

avec plus de rapidité. Les arbres se parent de leurs nouveaux vêtements, & les prés sont emallés de mille fleurs naissantes. Les ruisseaux, dont l'onde captive paroïssoit enchaînée par les noirs aquilons, brisent leurs chaînes à l'approche des doux zéphirs. Les oiseaux chantent leurs plaisirs, & font retentir les bois des leurs ramages amoureux.

Livres vous, à tous les charmes de cette belle saison. Abandonnez alors les pompes des Cités, pour habiter les humbles compagnes. Elles ont été le premier séjour de l'homme ; l'on y goûte des plaisirs, moins brillants peut-être mais plus purs que ceux que l'on prise tant dans les villes. C'est là où le Philosophe, après avoir contemplé la nature, ne peut s'empêcher d'admirer la grandeur de Dieu dans ses ouvrages.

Les prairies & les forêts ne laissent point de tristesse dans le cœur de l'Homme. Est-il un lieu plus favorable aux amans, & où ils puissent mieux entretenir leur douce rêverie ? Tous les sens sont flattés à la fois, les yeux par la verdure, l'odorat par la parfum qu'exhalent les fleurs, & le chant du rossignol fait les délices d'une oreille sensible.

Que la musique ait de l'empire sur votre ame ; abandonnez-vous à toutes ses impressions ; qu'elle vous élève & vous transporte hors de vous même. La Musique, ainsi que la Poésie, peint les objets à l'esprit. Elle exprime les différentes passions ; elle a des ressorts secrets, tantôt nous attendrit tantôt pour nous même en courroux ; l'on diroit dans ces instans, que le cœur est d'intelligence avec les oreilles.

* * * A translation is earnestly requested from our correspondents.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of Young LADIES of BILLERICA, p. 436.

1. Lewis. 2. Newcoman. 3. King. 4. Wood. 5. Davis. 6. Price. 7. Petchey. 8. Watts. 9. Chaplain.

10. Howard. 11. Clapham. 12. Grun. 13. Mayott. 14. Eales.

* * *M——C——t, Charlotte Price, Leonora Price, Cunigunda, Dulcinea Stratton, Georgiana Wilhelmina Edgumbe, Sukey Sweet Lips, and Jos. Stradling, agree with the above, as does Maria, at Miss Lewis's boarding-school, Billericay.*

Enigmatical List of TOWNS in NORFOLK.

1. Two eights of a month, half a plant, and part of a swinging bed.
2. Three fourths of a fowl, the initial of a tree, a consonant, and half an instrument.
3. Three fifths of an element, and half a language.
4. Three ninths of an insect, a serpentine letter, three fifths of a bar, and a member.
5. Four fifths of a substantive, a consonant, and two thirds of a month reversed.
6. Three ninths of a plant, and a consonant.
7. Two thirds of a verb neuter, part of an house, the initial of an animal, and two sixths of the sum total.
8. Half a beast, the initial of a trap, and a consonant added.
9. Three fifths of a subject, a consonant, and five eights of the fore part of a ship, omitting a letter.
10. An adverb, the initial of a nobleman, a serpentine letter, and four sevenths of a just proportion, omitting a letter.
11. Five sevenths of a change, a consonant, and two fifths of a drug.
12. Three fourths of an animal, and a fish well known.

Enigmatical List of PORTS of GREAT BRITAIN.

1. What we frequently do in the winter, an instrument of war, and a vowel,

2. Half a measure, and two thirds of what boys use at school.

3. Four eights of a rule in arithmetic, and a weight, changing a letter.

4. The name of a river in England, changing a letter.

5. The reverse to wet, and three sevenths of a kingdom.

6. Half a business in the country, two thirds of too, and a semi-vowel.

7. Four sevenths of a man's christian name, a quarter of a measure, and a male child.

8. A month in the year, changing a letter.

9. Three sixths of a title of royalty, and a monosyllable.

10. A man's christian name, a serpentine letter, and the reverse to off.

Enigmatical List of YOUNG LADIES NAMES at WALSINGHAM, NORFOLK.

1. Part of a violin, and a serpentine letter.
2. The initial of a king of England, a vowel, and a consonant.
3. The emblem of meekness, an ancient word, signifying formerly, omitting a letter.
4. The name of an hospital in London, and the French word for good.
5. A vowel, two ninths of a recruit, and a grain well known, omitting a letter.
6. Two sixths of that which is heard from the fondest of birds, with adding a vowel.
7. Half a fish, a consonant repeated, and a vowel added.
8. One third of a pound sterling.
9. A kind of feed-cake, and half what we use when we talk.
10. Two sixths of what summer produces, a semi-vowel, and the shallow part of a river.
11. Three fourths of a market-town in Norfolk, and a consonant.
12. An evening amusement, with a vowel and consonant.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

I.

AH dreadful state of unrequited love!
Keen are thy pangs that tear my in-
most soul:
Pity my woe, ye ruling pow'rs above,
And aid my reason passion to controul.

II.

I feel my weakness, and lament the cause,
Oh! why was I a willing captive made?
'Twas wisdom warn'd me soon to make a
pause,
And urg'd that all my fondest hopes would
fade.

III.

What could I think when first I prest my suit,
Could I expect my fair would heed my
vows?
Her smiles bewitching, made my love take
root,
And rais'd desires the chastest mind allows.

IV.

She knows my grief, and sees the pain I feel,
Yet pity's all I ever must expect:
Ah fatal passion! all her looks reveal,
'Tis for another she'll my love reject.

V.

I saw her to a rival give her hand,
And cruel, smile, whilst anguish fill'd my
breast;
Hell rais'd a flame which all the Furies fan'd,
I felt what language never yet express.

VI.

Still near my heart her dear lov'd image
dwells,
And wishes vain my eager looks declare,
Still in my eye she ev'ry fair excels;
To heav'n for her shall be my dying pray'r.

VII.

When hopeless love for ever stops my breath,
And ne'er again she'll hear my piteous tale;
One tear she'd drop for my untimely death,
Ah! what to me will then a tear avail?

Beckenham, Kent.

HORATIO.

On the DEPARTURE of a FRIEND.

A PASTORAL SONG.

WHAT sorrowful notes can I find?
What numbers can speak my dis-
tress?
What words shew the grief of my mind?
What measures my pain can express?

Ye shepherds, come listen awhile,
I'll tell you the cause of my grief;
The tale will my sorrows beguile,
And give my swoln heart some relief.

How happy I lately was seen,
How chearful, how blithe, and how gay;
But now quite revers'd is the scene,
For ah! my friend Damon's away.
With Damon how oft did I rove
Contented the vallies among;
How oft the recess of the grove
Has echo'd aloud with our song?

Now ceases the flowery vale
With pleasure my steps to invite;
The charms of the grove too, all fail,
And nought can afford me delight:
For Damon is gone from the plain,
With him ev'ry pleasure is flown;
And till he returns back again,
Dejected and pensive I moan.

Be kind, oh ye shepherds, I pray,
Awhile give an eye to my sheep;
Let not the poor innocents stray
Whilst I am retired to weep.
Till Damon returns, I remain
Unable my sorrows to quell;
May he soon be restor'd to the plain!
Till then, oh ye shepherds, farewell.

J. C.

A LADY'S LAST WILL and TESTAMENT.

I'TH the name of God, and then amen!
I find I soon must die, but then
I'll make my will, t'avoid disputes,
Now this my former one confutes,
And renders it both null and void,
Entirely setting it aside.
And first my soul to God I give,
My body, when I cease to live,
To th' earth, from whence I know it came
Before 'twas moulded in this frame.
My worldly goods I next bestow.
You soon shall hear both why, and how;
Then to begin with John my servant,
Who in his duty has been fervent,
I give to him, of pounds a score,
Then twice that sum, and as much more,
But lest the reck'ning shou'd be blunder'd,
I give to him pounds just a hundred:
And I devise him that small cot
Now tenanted by Mary Gott,
With them two fields that to't adjoins
For e'er to him and his assigns.
To my housekeeper, mistress Dolly,
Who looks so comely, plump, and jolly,

I give my best and largest bed,
 The hangings are of damask red:
 Besides what to't shall appertain,
 As blankets, bed and counterpane.
 My equipage for tea so grand,
 Also my coffee-pot and stand.
 And next to Ursula, my maid,
 I give my silver rich brocade,
 Also my tissue of wrought gold,
 With all my cash in draw'rs untold.
 To her I give my watch and rings
 With all my other pretty things;
 And I direct that there be paid
 Five hundred pounds to this my maid.
 But this condition 'tis upon,
 That she shall marry my man John,
 And be to him a loving wife
 As long as he is blest with life.
 If with these terms she don't comply
 In three months time after I die,
 This sum to John then I do give
 For him t'enjoy whilst he shall live:
 But at his death it shall be giv'n
 To his two brothers, Dick and Stephen.
 To Peggy Careful, my old nurse,
 I give the money in my purse;
 With ten pounds, yearly to be paid,
 When I in grave am quiet laid.
 This sum to her I freely give
 So long as she on earth shall live.
 And next I give to honest Jim,
 My postillion, so tight and trim,
 The chaise in which sometimes I ride,
 And all that harness it beside:
 My horses also him I give,
 If with me at my death he live.
 My silver quart I give the restor,
 In it to make strong punch or nectar,
 Or in good ale to toast the vicar,
 Who dearly loves stout humming liquor.
 And now to Susan, my cook-maid,
 Who in my service long has staid,
 I give whate'er is to be found
 In the large kitchen under ground,
 Also ith' cellar and ith' larder,
 Because I very much regard her
 For her great services now past;
 But this bequest is not the last.
 As to my Steward, Mr. Jugg,
 I give my little dog call'd Pug;
 And as he well has late been us'd,
 I beg he may not be abus'd.
 As Jugg will at some trouble be
 About th'affairs concerning me,
 I hereby give him pounds just twenty;
 And if he thinks that is not plenty,
 Then I do give him as much more
 As I've bequeath'd him just before.
 Of my estate, all the remainder
 I give my nephew Simon Slender;
 And be it real, or personal,
 I'll give him all, I really shall.
 As he's the only near relation
 I have in this or any nation;
 And I do hereby him appoint
 With Jugg my Steward to be joint,
 As executors of my will,
 Hoping they'll every part fulfill,

And all my legacies right pay,
 After my fun'ral, the third day:
 And now just here, as I do stand,
 I hereunto subscribe my hand;
 My seal also I do affix,
 So none with it can now play tricks.
 The month is June, and day the second,
 The year now to you shall be reckoned:
 'Tis seventeen hundred and eighty,
 I think, since Christ's Nativity.
 At this my will don't laugh and sneer,
 For you won't mend it, I much fear.

York.

I. C.

VERSES most humbly inscribed to the amiable
 Miss M——— G O———R.

WHILST gay Flirti la seeks the crowded
 shade,
 And anxious flies to meet the throng'd parade,
 Still ranting on for what's by most desir'd,
 To see, be seen, t'admire to be admir'd;
 There giddy, vain, the flutt'ring circle treads,
 And all her charms for captivation spreads:
 Remote from noise the fairer Delia strays
 To lonely shades, and unfrequented ways,
 Where dark o'er-arch'd th' umbrageous verdure
 spreads,
 And murm'ring rills creep thro' their flow'ry
 beds;
 Or o'er fair meads that bloom with vernal
 pride,
 Or steals unheeded down the mountain's side.
 Such scenes as these fair contemplation loves,
 Here lost in thought the gentle Delia roves.
 Ah, say, fair maid, in whom kind heav'n
 hath join'd
 All charms of person, and all charms of
 mind;
 Whose greatest fault is but at once to please,
 And to deprive mankind of all their ease:
 Say can'st thou then without reluctance steal;
 And from our sight those heav'nly charms
 conceal;
 Can'st leave the world, and all the gilded toys
 Of public life, and vain uncertain joys:
 Quit all those scenes the world so much ad-
 mires,
 To share the thought that solitude inspires?
 Go, Delia, go, and may'st thou ever find
 That sweet content, that freedom of the mind,
 Which but to few (alas! too few) is known,
 And still is found in solitude alone;
 Virtue with her still ever loves to stray,
 Virtue!—a stranger to the great and gay.

AMATOR.

To the Same.

WHEN from my sight you, cruel fair,
 conceal
 That lovely person, by the graces dress'd,
 You little know the anxious cares I feel,
 The racking pain that rends my troubled
 breast.

Nature

i.
T
Th
Dist.
At le

To calm
Admittan.
Usurps the ..
No ray—not o.
All comforts fly,
The gloomy demon
And tyrannizes with

g fear,
love, my dear,
hate.

FOREIGN

A NEW SONG.

The Words by a Correspondent, set to Music by Mr. HUDSON.

Recitative.

Sophi—a! name for ever dear (soft is the accent sweet the sound)

all na—ture smiles when she is near. and ev'—ry heart with joy is crown'd.

The nymphs and swains— both grave— and gay—, Do all— u—

nite—to speak her praise; Her charms— main—tain a lov'—reign.

away And fond—est with—es e—ver raise.

Sym.



II.

Ye Gods! could I but call her mine,
 And clasp her in my fond embrace;
 All other joys I would resign,
 Nor envy e'en a monarch's place.

III.

Then would my heart with transport glow,
 And sweet contentment fill my breast;
 Nor doubts, nor troubles should I know,
 Whilst I be held Sophia blest.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Petersbourg, Aug. 29..

LAST Saturday evening, at about eight o'clock, this city was terribly alarmed by a dreadful fire breaking out in the Hemp Magazine, which raged with such violence that it was not only impossible to stop its burning down the warehouse, but even its communicating to several vessels that were loaded and loading with hemp, flax, oil, and cordage, which being all combustible goods, made the conflagration very tremendous. The fire communicated to a magazine which was surrounded with water, and contained great part of the last crop of tobacco which grew in the Ukraine. It burnt three days, and the damage done by it is reckoned at two millions of roubles; the number of people who have lost their lives is not yet known, but from various circumstances it is not doubted but it must be very great.

Paris, Sept. 18. Two officers are arrived at court from America, the one dispatched by M. de Ternay, and the other by M. de Rochambeau: the contents of these dispatches are not precisely known, but, however, it is assured that they have brought information, "that the succours, brought to America by these two generals, have been received by the people of that country with the greatest demonstration of joy; that 3000 of their best troops immediately joined his Most Christian Majesty's forces; and that general Washington was expected with a much larger body of troops, in order to attempt an expedition of the greatest importance, as soon as all these forces shall have joined."

Leipsick, Sept. 22. The famous town of Gera, so renowned for its manufactures, is now no more. A most violent fire broke out there on the 18th, which in a very short time made such rapid progress that it was impossible to extinguish it, particularly as the wind blew very strong, and carried the flakes of fire from one part to another, which, as the houses are mostly covered with wood, cut and placed in the imitation of slates, soon made the conflagration general. In short, one castle, an hospital, and some small houses, which were out of the town, are all that are left out of 744 houses, of which that town was composed; within the walls not one house is standing. The loss in merchandize of various sorts, corn, manufactures, &c. is immense, and a very great number of persons, of all ages, are said to be missing. In short, the desolation of this once flourishing town of Gera is scarce to be equalled in history.

Ratisbon, Sept. 23. Letters from Munich advise, that the elector Palatine has ordered the number of troops he keeps on foot to be augmented to 40,000 men; and that in consequence they were recruiting, not only in the Palatinate and Bavaria, but also in the neighbouring states. That prince has also issued an edict.

nance, purporting, "that for the future, no monk or convent shall inherit *ab intestato*; that when an individual enters into a cloyster, he shall not carry in with him more than 200 crowns; that no religious order or convent shall be nominated heirs; that no legacy exceeding 200 crowns shall be left to any religious house; and that no person shall be allowed to enter into a noviciate before the age of twenty years."

Utrecht, Sept. 29. We hear from Bavaria, that on the 13th inst. at day-break, a fire broke out in the town of Straubingen, which burned so furiously, that it was flaming on the 18th at seven in the morning, and 184 houses were already reduced to ashes, without reckoning churches and convents. The assistance asked from Ratisbon, which is only 30 miles off, had been unfortunately delayed, because the first messenger sent off for succour, in making too much haste, broke his neck by a fall from his horse.

Lisbon, Oct. 5. The following is the edict of the court relative to the carrying prizes into Lisbon:

"Experience having shewn that many privateers belonging to the nations actually at war, have made bad use of the commissions, or Letters of Marque, which were granted them; and which is of more importance, the good reception with which they were received in the ports of these kingdoms. For the purpose of the exact neutrality which I had resolved to observe on the present occasion, and it being right to use caution, that for the future there may not continue the disturbances which sometimes have happened in consequence of a want of respect to my laws thereto relating, and the sovereign immunity of my territory, it is my pleasure to ordain, that into the ports of my states and dominions no farther admittance shall be allowed privateers of any kind belonging to any power whatsoever; nor the prizes which by them, or by ships or frigates of war, have been or may be made, without any other exception than those cases wherein the claims of mankind claim a right to hospitality; under condition, however, that in the said ports they shall not be permitted to sell or unload their said prizes, if so them they shall bring them in the said cases; nor shall they remain any more time than just necessary to shun the danger, or acquire the innocent succours which they may stand in need of. And in regard to the privateers which at this time may be in my ports, it must be made known to them, that from them they must depart in the precise term of 20 days, to be reckoned from that on which they shall be notified. Be it so known unto the councils of war, and they to execute it, expediting orders to the governors and commanders of the provinces, islands, forts, and maritime garrisons. Dated Palace of Lisbon, the 30th of August, 1780.

"With her majesty's signature."

H O M E N E W S.

St. James's, Sept. 28.

THE king has been pleased to grant to the Earl Talbot, and his heirs male, the dignity of a baron of the kingdom of Great-Britain, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Dinevor, of Dinevor, in the county of Carmarthen; with remainder to his daughter lady Cecil Rice, widow, and her heirs male.

The king has been pleased to grant to the Lord Viscount Gage, of the kingdom of Ireland, and his heirs male, the dignity of a baron of the kingdom of Great Britain, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Gage of Fille, in the county of Suffex.

The king has also been pleased to grant the dignity of a baron of the kingdom of Great Britain to the following gentleman, and their heirs male, viz.

The Hon. James Brudenell, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Brudenell of Deene, in the county of Northampton.

The Right Hon. Sir William De Gray, Knight, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Walsingham, of Walsingham, in the county of Norfolk.

Sir William Bagot, Bart, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Bagot, of Bagots Bromey, in the county of Stafford.

The Hon. Charles Fitz-Roy, by the name, stile, and title of Lord Southampton, and Baron of Southampton, in the county of Southampton.

Henry Herbert, Esq; by the name, stile, and title of Baron Portchester, in the county of Southampton.

29. This being Michaelmas-day, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, &c. met in the council-chamber, Guildhall, and from thence went to St. Lawrence's church, to hear Divine Service, and a sermon was preached on the occasion by his lordship's chaplain; which being over, they returned to the council-chamber, and soon after the Lord Mayor, with thirteen of the aldermen, went upon the hustings, when the recorder put up all the aldermen below the chair, who had served the office of-sheriff, when the shew of hands appeared for Sir Watkin Lewes, Knt. alderman and joiner, and William Plomer, Esq; alderman and bricklayer, they were returned to the Court of Aldermen for the election of one of them, when they made choice of Mr. alderman Lewes, and he was declared duly elected.

Oct. 4. By the information of a shallop, met in the river St. Lawrence, there were 12 or 14 sail of the Quebec fleet gone up with two men

of war. Capt. Keppel carried six sail from St. John's, and convoyed them to the Isle of Rozier.

6 About 12 o'clock, pursuant to an order for that purpose, Mr. Laurens was brought privately in a hackney-coach to Lord George Germaine's office, accompanied only by Mr. Addington. The earl of Hillsborough, lord viscount Stormont, and lord George Germaine, three of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, attended by his majesty's solicitor general, being present, Mr. Laurens went under a long examination, which lasted till near six o'clock; when a warrant of commitment was made out, signed by the three secretaries of state, committing him a close prisoner to the Tower. Mr. Laurens was conveyed privately, soon afterwards, as before, in a hackney-coach, accompanied by two military officers and two messengers, who were likewise named in the warrant. They arrived at the Tower about seven o'clock, and delivered their prisoner into the custody of the governor.

St. James's. Oct. 6. This day the right hon. the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, sheriffs, and common council of the city of London, waited upon the king; and being introduced to his majesty by the right hon. lord Hinchinbrook, vice chamberlain of his majesty's household, James Adair, Esq; the recorder, made their compliments in a dutiful address, and were most graciously received.

At the Court at St. James's, the 13th of October, 1780.

Present the KING's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

His majesty in council was this day pleased to declare the right hon. Frederick, earl of Carlisle, lieutenant-general and general governor of his majesty's kingdom of Ireland.

Torrey, Oct. 17. The grand fleet here has received so much damage by the late blowing weather, and by the lightning, &c. on Sunday night last, that some of them will be obliged to go into dock to be repaired.

Admiralty-Office, October 3, 1780.

Captain Keppel, late of his majesty's ship Vestal, arrived at this office on Sunday last, charged with dispatches from Rear-Admiral Edwards, of which the following are extracts.

Proteus, St. John's, Newfoundland, August 13, 1780.

ON the 3d of July I fell in with and took an American brig-sloop of marque, called the Pallas, of 14 carriage guns, and 50 men, commanded by Hector M'Neal, from Newberry to Amster-

Amsterdam, loaded with bark, indigo, furs, cochineal, and a quantity of dye woods.

On the 9th, I fell in with the ship *Hervey*, belonging to the Quebec fleet, which sailed under convoy of the *Danae* and *Pandora*; I brought her into St. John's harbour with me, and the *Cygnat* arriving the 16th, with six sail more of the same convoy, who had parted with the *Danae* and *Pandora*, and thirteen sail a few days before upon the banks, I directed captain Keppel in the *Vestal*, and captain Stanhope in the *Trepassey*, to convoy them as far as Cape Rozier, and see them save into the river St. Lawrence; and on the 18th they sailed. One of those which the *Cygnat* brought in (the brig *Theris*) had been taken by the *Essex*, an American privateer, and retaken by the ship *Argo*.

The *Fairy* arrived here the 8th of May, the *Vestal* the 2d, and *Oiseau* the 11th of July without losing any of their convoys. The *Maidstone* has been on a cruise upon the banks since her arrival, which was the 2d of June; and on the 29th of last month, returned with an American schooner, loaded with 87 hogshheads of tobacco. The *Coureur*, I am sorry to acquaint their lordships, was taken by two American privateers, of 14 guns each on the 21st of June.

I have the pleasure to inform them that captain Berkeley retook lieutenant major, and 30 of the *Coureur's* men, the next day, in one of the privateers called the *Griffin*, of 14 carriage guns, and 65 men, and brought them safe, with the privateer, into this harbour. He also took, (after a chase of 41 hours) and brought in here the 12th of June, an American privateer brig called the *Wilkes*, of 14 carriage guns, and 75 men. Captain Baskerville, in the *Sygnat*, took an American privateer brig called the *Spitfire*, of 12 guns, and 53 men, the 15th of May; and another the 9th of June, called the *Tyger*, of 12 guns, and 36 men; and on the twenty third the *Maidstone* and *Sygnat* took a brig called the *Saratoga*, of 12 guns, and 41 men; all which were brought safe into this harbour. And here I must beg leave to express my approbation of the conduct of the officers and men upon the above occasions, particularly of the honourable captain Berkeley, whose alacrity in getting the *Fairy* ready, when intelligence was received, that the *Coureur* was blocked up in Bonavista harbour by two American privateers, is spoken highly of, and had well nigh been attended with the greatest success.

I have the satisfaction to inform their lordships that not one English vessel has been taken, or the least depredation committed, upon any part of Newfoundland, since my arrival.

I am, &c.

R. EDWARDS.

Proteus, St. John's, Newfoundland,
September 16, 1780.

IN addition to my letter of the 13th of August, you will please to acquaint the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that I received a letter the 13th of August, dated at St. Peters's the 6th, from captain Berkeley, informing me, that his majesty's ship *Hind* had come down from Quebec, in consequence of the *Wolfe* armed ship being cast away upon the S. W. part of this island. She had taken two privateers, (one called the *Harquin*, and the other the *Macaroni*) and every thing being saved out of the *Wolfe*, sailed for Quebec again the day before. The troops were all arrived safe when she left that place.

On the 23d the *Surprize* arrived from a cruise. In her way to Halifax she retok the *Margaret Christiana*, who had been taken on her passage to Quebec by the *Essex* American privateer.

On the 28th the *Mercury* returned from the Banks. She retok the ship *Elizabeth* of *Renews* on the 19th, who had been taken by the *Dean*, an American privateer of 32 guns, a few days before.

On the 30th the *Placentia* brig arrived, having on the 28th retok a shallop, loaded with fish, that had been taken by the *Phoenix*, an American privateer brig of 16 guns, and 60 men.

The 1st instant the ship *Fanny* of Baltimore, loaded with tobacco and staves, arrived here, having been taken by the *Portland* on the 23d of last month.

On the 10th the *Vestal* sent in the brig *Relief* from Maryland for Amsterdam, with ninety-nine hogshheads of tobacco, taken the 24th of August.

On the 12th captain Keppel in the *Vestal*, and captain Berkeley in the *Fairy*, arrived with the *Phoenix* privateer, of 16 guns and 60 men, taken by them on the 10th, and the *Mercury* packet from Philadelphia, on board of which was the hon. Henry Laurens, Esq; late president of the Congress in America, bound on an embassy to Holland.

Enclosed I have sent a list of prizes taken, which amount to 14,

And am, &c.

R. EDWARDS.

From the LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Whitehall, October 9, 1780.

This morning captain Ross, aid de camp to lieutenant-general earl Cornwallis, arrived in town from South-Carolina, with a letter from his lordship to lord George Germaine, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, of which the following is a copy

Camden, August 21, 1780.

MY LORD,

IT is with great pleasure that I communicate to your lordship an account of a complete vic-

torv obtained on the 16th instant by his majesty's troops under my command, over the rebel southern army commanded by general Gates.

In my dispatch, No. 1, I had the honour to inform your lordship, that while at Charles-town I was regularly acquainted by lord Rawdon with every material incident or movement made by the enemy, or by the troops under his lordship's command. On the 9th instant two expresses arrived, with an account that general Gates was advancing towards Lynche's Creek with his whole army, supposed to amount to 6000 men, exclusive of a detachment of 1000 men under general Sumpter, who, after having in vain attempted to force the posts at Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock, was believed to be at that time trying to get round the left of our position, to cut off our communication with the Congarees and Charles-town; that the disaffected country between Pedee and Black River had actually revolted; and that lord Rawdon was constructing his posts, and preparing to assemble his force at Camden.

In consequence of this information, after finishing some important points of business at Charles-town, I set out on the evening of the 10th, and arrived at Camden on the night between the 13th and 14th, and there found lord Rawdon with our whole force, except lieutenant colonel Turnbull's small detachment, which fell back from Rocky Mount to major Ferguson's posts of the militia of ninety-six on Little River.

I had now my option to make, either to retire or attempt the enemy; for the position at Camden was a bad one to be attacked in, and by general Sumpter's advancing down the Wateree, my supplies must have failed me in a few days.

I saw no difficulty in making good my retreat to Charles-town with the troops that were able to march; but in taking that resolution, I must have not only left near 800 sick and a great quantity of stores at this place, but I clearly saw the loss of the whole province, except Charles-town, and of all Georgia, except Savannah, as immediate consequences besides forfeiting all pretensions to future confidence from our friends in this part of America.

On the other hand, there was no doubt of the rebel army being well appointed, and of its number being upwards of 5000 men, exclusive of general Sumpter's detachment, and of a corps of Virginia militia of 12 or 1500 men, either actually joined, or expected to join the main body every hour; and my own corps, which never was numerous, was now reduced by sickness and other casualties, to about 1400 fighting men of regulars and provincials, with 4 or 500 militia and North Carolina refugees.

However, the greatest part of the troops that I had being perfectly good, and having left Charles-town sufficiently garrisoned and provided for a siege, and seeing little to lose by a

defeat, and much to gain by a victory, I resolved to take the first good opportunity to attack the rebel army.

Accordingly, I took great pains to procure good information of their movements and position; and I learned that they had encamped, after marching from Hanging Rock at colonel Rugeley's, about twelve miles from hence, in the afternoon of the 14th.

After consulting some intelligent people, well acquainted with the ground, I determined to march at ten o'clock on the night of the 15th, and to attack at day break, pointing my principal force against their continentals, who from good intelligence I knew to be badly posted close to colonel Rugeley's house. Late in the evening I received information that the Virginians had joined that day; however, that having been expected, I did not alter my plan, but marched at the hour appointed, leaving the defence of Camden to some provincials, militia, and convalescents, and a detachment of the 63d regiment, which, by being mounted on horses which they had pressed on the road, it was hoped would arrive in the course of the night.

I had proceeded nine miles, when about half an hour past two in the morning my advanced guard fell in with the enemy. By the weight of the fire I was convinced they were in considerable force, and was soon assured by some deserters and prisoners that it was the whole rebel army on its march to attack us at Camden. I immediately halted, and formed, and the enemy doing the same, the firing soon ceased. Confiding in the disciplined courage of his majesty's troops, and well apprised by several intelligent inhabitants, that the ground on which both armies stood, being narrowed by swamps on the right and left, was extremely favourable for my numbers, I did not chuse to hazard the great stake for which I was going to fight, to the uncertainty and confusion to which an action in the dark is so particularly liable; but having taken measures that the enemy should not have it in their power to avoid an engagement on that ground I resolved to defer the attack till day. At the dawn I made my last disposition, and formed the troops in the following order: the division of the right, consisting of a small corps of light infantry, the 23d and 33d regiments, under the command of lieutenant colonel Webster; the division of the left, consisting of the volunteers of Ireland, infantry of the legion, and part of lieutenant colonel Hamilton's North Carolina regiment, under the command of lord Rawdon, with two six and two three pounders, which were commanded by lieutenant M'Leod. The 71st regiment, with two six pounders, was formed as a reserve, one battalion in the rear of the division of the right, the other of that of the left, and the cavalry of the legion in the rear, and the country being woody, close to the 71st regiment, with orders to seize any opportunity that might offer to break the enemy's line,

line, and to be ready to protect our own, in case any corps should meet with a check.

This disposition was just made when I perceived that the enemy, having likewise persisted in their resolution to fight, were formed in two lines opposite and near to us; and observing a movement on their left, which I supposed to be with an intention to make some alteration in their order, I directed lieutenant colonel Webster to begin the attack, which was done with great vigour, and in a few minutes the action was general along the whole front. It was at this time a dead calm, with a little haziness in the air, which preventing the smoke from rising, occasioned so thick a darkness, that it was difficult to see the effect of a very heavy and well supported fire on both sides. Our line continued to advance in good order, and with the cool intrepidity of experienced British soldiers, keeping up a constant fire, or making use of bayonets, as opportunities offered; and, after an obstinate resistance during three quarters of an hour, threw the enemy into total confusion, and forced them to give way on all quarters.

At this instant I ordered the cavalry to complete the route, which was performed with their usual promptitude and gallantry; and after doing great execution on the field of battle, they continued the pursuit to Hanging Rock, 22 miles from the place where the action happened, during which many of the enemy were slain, a number of prisoners, near 150 waggons (in one of which was a brass cannon, the carriage of which had been damaged in the skirmish of the night), a considerable quantity of military stores, and all the baggage and camp equipage of the rebel army, fell into our hands.

The loss of the enemy was very considerable; a number of colours, and seven pieces of brass cannon, (being all their artillery that were in the action) with all their ammunition waggons, were taken; between eight and nine hundred were killed, among that number brigadier-general Gregory, and about one thousand prisoners, many of whom wounded, of which number were major-general baron de Kalb, since dead, and brigadier general Rutherford.

I have the honour to inclose a return of killed and wounded on our side. The loss of so many brave men is much to be lamented; but the number is moderate in proportion to so great an advantage.

The behaviour of his majesty's troops in general was beyond all praise; it did honour to themselves and to their country.

I was particularly indebted to colonel lord Rawdon and to lieutenant colonel Webster for the distinguished courage and ability with which they conducted their respective divisions; and the capacity and vigour of lieutenant colonel Tarleton at the head of the cavalry deserve my highest commendations. Lieutenant M'Leod exerted himself greatly in the conduct of our artillery.

My Aid de Camp, Captain Ross, and lieutenant Haldane, of the engineers, who acted in that capacity, rendered me most essential service; and the public officers, major of brigade, England, who acted as deputy adjutant-general, and the majors of brigade, Manley and Doyle, shewed the most active and zealous attention to their duty; governor Martin became again a military man, and behaved with the spirit of a young volunteer.

The fatigue of the troops rendered them incapable of further exertion on the day of the action; but as I saw the importance of destroying or dispersing, if possible, the corps under general Sumpter, as it might prove a foundation for assembling the routed army, on the morning of the 17th I detached lieutenant colonel Tarleton with the legion cavalry and infantry, and the corps of light infantry, making in all about 350 men, with orders to attack him wherever he could find him; and at the same time I sent orders to lieutenant colonel Turnbull and major Ferguson, at that time on Little River, to put their corps in motion immediately, and on their side to pursue and endeavour to attack general Sumpter. Lieut. col. Tarleton executed this service with his usual activity and military address. He procured good information of Sumpter's movements, and, by forced and concealed marches, came up with and surprised him in the middle of the day on the 18th, near the Catawba Fords: he totally destroyed or dispersed his detachment, consisting then of 700 men, killing 150 on the spot, and taking two pieces of brass cannon and 300 prisoners, and 44 waggons. He likewise retook 100 of our men, who had fallen into their hands partly at the action at Hanging Rock, and partly in escorting some waggons from Congarees to Camden; and he released 150 of our militia-men, or friendly country people, who had been seized by the rebels. Captain Campbell, who commanded the light infantry, a very promising officer, was unfortunately killed in this affair. Our loss otherwise was trifling. This action was too brilliant to need any comment of mine, and will, I have no doubt, highly recommend lieut. col. Tarleton to his majesty's favour.

The rebel forces being at present dispersed, the internal commotions and insurrections in the province will now subside. But I shall give directions to inflict exemplary punishment on some of the most guilty, in hopes to deter others, in future, from sporting with allegiance and oaths, and with the lenity and generosity of the British government.

On the morning of the 17th I dispatched proper people into North Carolina, with directions to our friends there to take arms and assemble immediately, and to seize the most violent people, and all military stores and magazines belonging to the rebels, and to intercept all stragglers from the routed army; and I have promised to march without loss of time to their support: some necessary supplies for the

the army are now on their way from Charles-Town, and I hope that their arrival will enable me to move in a few days.

My Aid de Camp, captain Ross, will have the honour of delivering this dispatch to your lordship, and will be able to give you the fullest account of the state of the army and the country. He is a very deserving officer, and I take the liberty of recommending him to your lordship's favour and patronage.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CORNWALLIS.

Return of ordnance and military stores taken by the army under the command of lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis, at the battle fought near Camden, the 16th of August, 1780.

BRASS FIELD PIECES.

Six-pounders 4, three-pounders 2, two-pounders 2; Total 8.

Abandoned by the enemy, and brought from their camp, Lynche's Creek.

IRON FIELD PIECES.

Three-pounder 1, two-pounder 1, swivels 3; Total 5.

Ammunition waggons covered — 22

Travelling forges — — 2

Fixed ammunition for six-pounders 160

Ditto for three-pounders — 520

Stands of arms — — 2000

Musquet Cartridges — 80,000

Taken by lieutenant-colonel Tarleton, at the defeat of general Sumpter, August 18, 1780.

FIELD PIECES.

Three-pounders 2.

(Signed) J. MACLEOD, lieutenant.
Commanding officer of artillery.

Admiralty-office, Oct. 14. 1780.

Extract of a letter from Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parker, commander in chief of his majesty's ships at Jamaica, to Mr. Stephens, dated Port Royal the 13th of August, 1780.

Captain Cornwallis arrived the 20th of last month, with the Lion, Sultan, Hector, Ruby, and Bristol, from convoying the trade through the Gulph of Florida. By the inclosed copy of a letter from captain Cornwallis, we suppose the squadron he fell in with were French from Europe, bound to some part of America, under the command of Mons. Terney. Captain Cornwallis displayed on this occasion his usual spirit and conduct. The behaviour of the French cannot be otherwise accounted for than by their having some very particular object in view.

In the evening of the 1st instant, rear admiral Rowley and commodore Walsingham arrived with ten sail of the line, and the Barbadoes Brig.

Lion, off Cape Francois, July 14, 1780.

S I R,

On the 9th of June, the convoy having past through the Gulph of Florida, and got as far

to the northward as 29: 30, captain Inglis made the signal to separate; we parted company accordingly, and proceeded on, pursuant to your orders, with the Lion, Sultan, Hector, Bristol, Ruby, and Niger. On the 20th, being then in the latitude 30: 18 North longitude, made from Cape Florida 11: 47 E. the Wind at S. S. E. standing to the Eastward. At one P. M. the Niger a head made the signal for four sail in the N. E. I made the signal for a general chase; we soon perceived they were a convoy standing across us to the N. N. W. but upon their seeing us, they hauled up towards us; some large ships stretching a-head of the rest, particularly two that were much a-head; who, as soon as the Hector and Niger came near them, wore, and edged down to join the others. About half past four, being pretty near, and perceiving seven two-deck ships drawing into a line, besides some others that were with the convoy, and some frigates, I made the signal for the line a head upon the starboard tack, the enemy being upon the larboard tack, their convoy about two or three miles upon their starboard quarter, and some two deck ships and frigates carrying a press of sail to join the other seven; the Ruby was so far to leeward, that the enemy would have weathered her; she was therefore obliged to tack: I then made the signal to wear, and form the line upon the larboard tack, the same the enemy were upon, and edged down to support the Ruby, and prevent their weathermost ships getting between her and us. The enemy kept edging off, and forming their line, but did not fire, a though within gun shot. About half past five o'clock, perceiving we had pushed the French ships sufficiently to leeward to enable the Ruby, who was upon our lee-bow, to join us, I made her signal to tack: the enemy then hoisted their colours, and began to fire: their leading ship had a broad pendant; and their third ship, which commanded, and was a breast of the Lion, a flag at the mizen-top-mast-head: all the other ships hoisted common white pendants. As soon as the Ruby had fetched into the rear of our line and tacked, the enemy's headmost ship tacked, and the rest in succession, keeping their line; and those leading upon the starboard, that led before upon the larboard tack; they fired as they passed our ships, but at a great distance. When they got the length of our rear, about seven o'clock in the evening, they bore up, and joined their convoy.

This fleet I believe consisted of 14 men of war, 10 or 11 of which were two-deck ships, and three or four frigates: the rest were merchant ships, or transports, a cutter, and an armed American brig; the whole we reckoned from 44 to 47 sail.

As soon as it was dark we brought to, and enquired of those, that had been nearest the enemy's convoy, their force, which nearly agreed with the opinion we had formed on board the Lion. We stood on to the southward.

ward under our topsails and fore-sail all night, and in the morning they were not to be seen. A random shot killed the coxswain, and wounded a marine on board the *Lion*: one man was wounded on board the *Brissol*: the *Ruby*, by passing between the two lines, was more exposed to the enemy's fire than the other ships; she had one man killed, and three wounded, one of whom is since dead; her jib-boom was shot away; a shot through the flings of her fore-yard, that will, I believe, require her having a new one, is the only damage of consequence received by any of the ships.

The whole of this is a matter of small importance; but I thought it my duty to inform you of every particular, for fear of misrepresentations, as the enemy are sometimes not very correct in their accounts.

We flattered ourselves at first, that it was a convoy under the care of the four line of battle ships we met the last cruize, with some frigates; I am sure it was the sincere wish of my brother captains, and every one of our little squadron: but I am to lament my ill fortune, that after having been entrusted by you with the command of five such ships, and a frigate, that I should again meet the enemy so strong, as to prevent our being able to attempt any thing against them.

I am, &c.

W. CORNWALLIS.

St. James's, Oct. 21. The king has been pleased to appoint William Eden, Esq; to be of his majesty's most honourable privy council in the kingdom of Ireland.

24. On Monday night Sir Samuel Hood set off for Portsmouth, to take upon himself the command of 10 ships of the line, that are going to the West Indies, as soon as they can be got ready, to replace an equal number which are expected home to undergo a thorough repair; four regiments are going out with him as a reinforcement to general Vaughan for his disposal.

A court of common council was held this morning at Guildhall, in order to take into consideration the affair respecting the action brought against the corporation in the person of the lord mayer, and Messrs. Wright and Pugh, late sheriffs, by Mr. Langdale. The recorder and city council attended to give their opinion as to the points of law.

The prosecution already commenced against the city, and others that are likely to be commenced by different parties, for damages sustained by the late riots will, it is expected, occasion a great deal of business among the gentlemen of the long robe.

Mr. Langdale's action will be tried at Guildhall, in the Exchequer, before the lord chief and the rest of the barons, in the sittings after Michaelmas Term. It is talked as if the city would bring it before parliament, if they are ass in the Exchequer.

25. By the last returns of the army under the command of his excellency general Sir Henry Clinton, it appears; that we have near 40,000 effectives, and fit for duty on the continent of America, independent of provincial corps, militia, and armed associations. Near twenty thousand are at this time with the commander in chief at New York; the other part of this great army is disposed of in South Carolina, Georgia, Quebec, and the other different provinces.

Return of the SIXTEEN PEERS for Scotland.

Alexander Duke of Gordon.
William Duke of Queensberry.
John Duke of Atholl.
William John Marquis of Lothian.
James Earl of Glencairn.
Archibald Earl of Eglintoun.
David Earl of Caillis.
James Earl of Abercorn.
John Earl of Galloway.
John Earl of Loudoun.
George Earl of Dalhousie.
George Earl of Aberdeen.
John Earl of Dunmore.
Hugh Earl of Marchmont.
Neil Earl of Rosebery.
David Viscount Stormont.

A M E R I C A.

Kingston, Jamaica, July 29. On Monday arrived in three days the ship *Flag of Truce*, capt. M'Farlane, from St. Domingo, where preparations are with much diligence making for the invasion of a place of great importance, which place, in the opinion of all there, is this island. The troops stationed throughout Hispaniola are all marching to Cape Francois, the general rendezvous, for which place a body of men had actually marched from St. Domingo. They say the armament will consist of 33 ships of the line, a considerable number of frigates, and 35,000 men, 12,000 of which are to come from Cuba. Between Cape Tiberoon and the isle of Ache, the captain saw seven French men of war of the line, which are supposed to be cruising for the London fleet, or to prevent the junction of admiral Sir Peter Parker's squadron with admiral Rodney.

New-York, Aug. 16. By the latest accounts from Rhode-island we are informed, the French have 2000 men sick in their hospital. The rebels have demanded a quantity of salt rations of the count de Rochambeau, but they could not be spared; the count, however, advanced them 200 barrels of flour. There had been assembled about 2500 or 3000 militia under Mr. Hoath's command, but most of them are gone home; they had not been permitted to join the French troops. Endeavours were used to recruit the French regiments with new levies from the inhabitants of the continent of Rhode-island, but the people discovered much aversion to that service, so that few or none were obtained.

tained. A price was limited for fresh provisions that might be brought to the French camp.

Charles-Town, Aug. 22. The following orders of the Right Hon. Lieutenant-General Earl Cornwallis, after the glorious victory obtained by his lordship over the rebel army on the 16th instant, and other interesting and important advices just arrived in town from Camden, are published by authority.

LORD CORNWALLIS'S ORDERS.

Camden, Aug. 17.

My sense of gratitude and admiration for the behaviour of the troops, which I had the honour to command in the action of yesterday, is so great, that words cannot express my feelings. The determined intrepidity with which every soldier fought in that glorious field, proved his sincere affection to his king and country, and his resolution to maintain their rights, and revenge their injuries.

My thanks are particularly due to Lord Rawdon and lieutenant-colonel Webster, for the great assistance which I received from them, and for the courage and ability which they shewed in conducting their respective divisions. The spirited exertions of the commanding officers of the different corps of infantry, deserve my warmest praise and acknowledgment.

I am much indebted to lieutenant-colonel Tarleton, who commanded the cavalry, and lieutenant M'Leod, who commanded the artillery, for the great services they performed on that important day.

I must likewise express my obligations to lieutenant-colonel Hamilton, and have no doubt that the ardour which was shewn by the young troops under his command, will, in future, be productive of the best consequences to the cause of Britain.

I feel most sensibly the advantages I received from the zeal and good conduct of my aid de camps, capt. Ross, and lieutenant Haldane, and of major of brigade, England, acting as deputy adjutant general, and the majors of brigade, Manly and Doyce.

RD. ENGLAND, Acting Deputy
Adjutant General.

B I R T H S.

The Hereditary Princess, of Hesse Darmstadt of a Prince.

Oct. 4. The Lady of the Right Hon. Col James Stuart, of the 92d regiment, now in Jamaica, of a daughter, at Richmond.

11. Lady Pringle, wife of Sir James Pringle, of Stichill, Bart. of a daughter at her house in George's-square, Edinburgh.

18. The Lady of William Paul, of Nafferton, Esq; Barrister at law, of a daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

Thomas Warren, Esq; Barrister at Law, of the Inner Temple to Miss Nancy Powell, of the same place.

Sept. 14. Francis Grainger, Esq; of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, to Miss Sophia Barker, of New Bond-street.

25. Mr. John Young, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, to Miss Jean Lamont, daughter of Colin Lamont, Esq; of Knockdow, Argyleshire.

29. Robert Partridge, Esq; of New Bond-street, to Miss Elizabeth Fisher, of Oxford-street.

Oct. 2. Edmund Reynolds, Esq; of Milford, in the county of Hants, to Miss Anna Maria Rivett, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Rivett, Esq; of Derby.

5. Henry Styleman, Esq; of Ringstead, in Norfolk, to Miss Gregg, of Lower Grosvenor-street.

The Rev. Peploe Ward, Prebendary of Ely, to Miss Hamilton, of Chester.

8. Thomas Ashby, Esq; of Brownlow-street, to Miss Elizabeth Salmon, of Argyle Buildings.

19. Richard Molesworth, Esq; of the Pay-office, Whitehall, to Miss Kitty Cobb, of Twickenham.

D E A T H S.

The Hon. Mrs. Clarges, mother to Sir Thomas Clarges, Bart. and sister to Lord Viscount Barrington.

The Hon. John Roper, second son to the Right Hon. Lord Teynham.

Sept. 22. The Hon. Lady Mary Ramsden, relict of Sir J. Ramsden, Bart. at Chelsea.

The Most Hon. the Marchioness of Lothian, in Portland-place.

Oct. 2. Crayle Crayle, Esq; at his seat at Britwell, near Salt-hill.

3. John Stewart, Esq; at Winchester, Sussex, late commander of the Mount Stuart East Indiaman.

6. Robert Williamson, Esq; at Clapton.

Sir William Sharp, at Blechnolly, in Surrey.

Thomas Whitaker, Esq; at Cheney-place, in Hampshire.

10. Frederick Etherington, Esq; in Sackville street

11. Mrs. Willis, a maiden lady, of great fortune, in Hatton Garden.

12. Benjamin Berenger, Esq; at Hammer-smith,

14. Sir Joseph Montague, at his seat near Dartford.

15. Mrs. Elizabeth Hasenclever, wife of Peter Jacob Hasenclever, Esq; merchant, of Lisbon.

19. Charles Crumpton, Esq; at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge.



T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For N O V E M B E R, 1780.

This N U M B E R contains

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. Neat and elegant Patterns for Watch-Papers. 2. A beautiful historical Picture of Ella; and, 3. A new Song, the Words by a Correspondent, set to Music for a Counter-Tenor Voice, by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are not a little obliged to several new correspondents for their useful intimations, and shall avail ourselves of them the very first opportunity.

After a long investigation, it was concluded by the *Female Senate* to postpone those *elegant letters*, signed *Saccharissa*, till the beginning of the new year, if it should be agreeable to the fair writer; her determination therefore will either fix or change our resolutions.

Henrietta R. will perceive that we stand still, in expectation of her continuation of *the Life of Epaminondas*; and we are too sanguine to expect a disappointment.

Our *old*, our polite, and *liberal* correspondent, will excuse another hint that we are applied to for a continuation of the *History of Fashions*, or the successive variation of dress in the metropolis. If it will not coincide with her avocations to observe that punctuality, which she has been so kind as to promise us in her last favour, we beg her either to choose herself a *coadjutor*, or else should be glad, if some other female would venture to steal her idle pen out of her standish.

The hint of publishing a translation of *Le Dissipateur* or *Spendthrift*, of Monsieur *Distouches*, on which the comedy of the *Generous Impostor* is founded, meets our ideas, and shall appear the first convenience. The continuation of the *Account of the late Riots in the Metropolis*, is postponed to give room to more temporary subjects.

We cannot refuse to insert the following card, to shew our impartiality.—A card. “A gentleman fully convinced of the propriety of Miss C——’s conduct, and a defender of female innocence, takes this method of assuring Mrs. C——r that her information of the young lady and an officer is without foundation. Recommends to Mrs. C——r to be more cautious in future how she circulates censorious reports, when the honour and reputation of a female is concerned.”

Besides the articles in prose already adverted to, we beg leave to return our thanks for a translation of the *History of Epaminondas*, continued from p. 478, vol. vi. *Enigmatical List of Towns in Berkshire* by E. T——r. *Of Counties* by R—— C——x. *Young Ladies in Rochester, Kent*, by J. H——r——n. *Letter 3d. and last, from Horatio to Harriet*, containing instructions how to behave in the married state, &c. and must beg the author to realize his promise of future favours. A letter of expostulation from a friend, signed, D——, &c. &c. &c.

In the poetic line, we are favoured with *Verses on Ross and its Environs*, inscribed to Miss M. L. by *Alenzor*. *To Mr. H——, of Chorley, on his miraculous Balsam for destroying decayed Beauty*, by B. *On Music and Friendship to Delia*, by Maria. *Friendship*, by J. P. *Winter*, by J. D——n. *Autumn*, and a *Rebus*, by W. M——s, jun. *On Love, a Rhapsody*, by Alonso. *To the Zephyrs*, by a *Despairing Lover*. *Lines on a Rose, given to the Authoress by a very beautiful Youth*, by Pastorella. A *Rebus*, by ——. *Acrostic*, by Amantor. *To Miss S. C——*. *The Complaint*, by Anna L. G. *Poem on Ludlow*, by M. H——r. *Acrostic*, by ——. *Croydon Fair*, by Patrick M’Fun. Continuation of the Translation of *Telemachus*, by Sabrina, &c. The original ode performed at Guildhall, with other pieces, came too late for insertion. *The Elegy, occasioned by the Death of two Sisters*, with a second letter from the same hand will be attended to, the former of which is intended for publication, and the future favours of the learned author will be deemed repeated honours.

intimacy which subsists between our families will possibly admit.

Her friendship and attention to the lovely orphan, is a proof of the innate goodness of her disposition : for none but a noble mind could care for the object they believed an impediment to their wishes. Would to heaven I could do justice to her merit ; but it is, I hope, a happiness reserved for some more worthy being.

The post it going out, so must close my letter, with a thousand good wishes to every individual at the vicarage, and with unutterable esteem, remain, dear Poyntz,

Your most sincere friend,

FITZWILLIAM.

(To be continued.)

E L L A ;

O R,

The F O R C E of L O V E.

Illustrated with a curious Plate from the Design of a celebrated Artist.

OSBERT, king of the Bernicians, who had his royal residence at York, returning one day from hunting, repaired to the house of Bruen Brocard, guardian of the sea-coast against the incursions of the Danes. As the earl himself was at that time absent, his wife did the honours of the family, and by her address and personal charms raised such a flame in the breast of the monarch, that he at first endeavoured to seduce her by magnificent promises ; but she continuing constant to her matrimonial vows, he obtained by violence what he could not attain by flattery. The fate of Lucretia was revived in the struggle this lady shewed in defence of her virtue, and the consequences of the injury she had received were the same as those of the injured Roman.

The distress in which she appeared on Bruen's return, engaged his notice, and after he had obtained a full recital of Osbert's outrage, he determin-

ed to sacrifice him to the resentments of implacable anger. He told his tale in the unadorned language of distress, roused the anger of the Bernicians, and prevailed on them to place Ella on the throne, in opposition to Osbert.

This revolt was succeeded by a civil war, in which Osbert was defeated and slain. Ella now being without a rival, thought of enjoying the sweets of peace, and thinking to establish his throne by forming an alliance with some neighbouring potentate, in the matrimonial line, he repaired to the court of Buthred, intending to offer his service to the fair Rhodogune, his daughter, whose personal charms had attracted most of the neighbouring princes to her father's court as suitors.

Rhodogune, who had beheld the royal youths without predilection, was disengaged on Ella's arrival. But his martial port, his genteel address, his accomplishments for one of that age, gained him the preference to all his rivals.

His rank introduced him to many a private interview with the royal beauty, and however her person might have fixed his choice, her mental charms seemed to him to recommend her still more strongly. Buthred, her father, was no stranger to their interviews, but beheld them with an eye of penetration. He had formed a predilection for prince Ethelred, thinking him a more powerful ally, and was determined to raise as many obstacles as he could to prevent the union between Ella and his daughter. The enamoured princes penetrated through his designs with all the keenness which characterises the eyes of lovers. Obstacles which he thought insurmountable, they surmounted with ease ; and almost exhausted all the artifices he could find amidst the stores of opposition.

Sighing for their union, and foreseeing that it would be attended with much procrastination, the lovers summoned up courage enough to throw themselves together at Buthred's feet,

to ask his consent, and even in his presence to vow an eternal constancy to each other.

Buthred was both alarmed and irritated at this bold attempt: and in the first transports of his passion, declared that Ella never should have his daughter by his consent, adding, that he had already promised her hand to Ivar.

A flood of tears, which overflowed their eyelids, showed their reciprocal feelings, but shewed them in vain. Buthred remained inexorable. The disconsolate lovers finding it impracticable to soften the resolute monarch, retired. And after some conversation together, Rhodogune agreed to an elopement. The arrangement was settled in a few days, and the time for putting their plot in execution was agreed upon.

Rhodogune in the interval thinking it inconsistent with the delicacy of her sex, and the dignity of her rank, to go unattended on so hazardous an enterprise, resolved to open her mind to Edgiva, a favourite female attendant. Not adverting to the danger attending a manœuvre of this kind, she had like to have rendered her design abortive. At the first discovery of her intentions to Edgiva, she revolted at the idea of entering into a conspiracy against her sovereign, and threatened to inform him of the whole transaction. Rhodogune being disappointed in her project, and willing to prevent the mischief which her discovery might produce, she softened her so much by her blandishments, that she prevailed on her to conceal her intentions from her father, till she was gone off, giving her full liberty to make the discovery as soon after as she pleased. Edgiva promised secrecy on these conditions, and the next morning Ella set out, attended with the fair fugitive, accompanied by a retinue which had attended him from his own kingdom. Buthred was, as Edgiva promised, soon apprized of his daughter's elopement with Ella. Too choleric to lose time in fruitless complaints, he informed Ivar of the alarming circumstance, who ac-

companied him with a firm resolution to bring back the royal fugitive or perish in the attempt.

They had not continued the pursuit long before they came in sight of Ella and his royal companion: for Rhodogune was so delicately formed, and Ella's care of her health was so great, that they did not continue their flight with that speed, which they might have otherwise done.

Ivar had no sooner set eyes on his rival, than he clapped spurs to his horse, left the ancient sovereign behind him, and galloped towards Ella, foaming with vengeance. Ella perceived him at a distance, prepared for the onset he expected, and, after some few pushes with his lance, he tumbled him lifeless from his horse. At the instant in which he fell Buthred came up, and Ella taking Rhodogune by the hand, led her towards the royal parent, and they prostrated themselves both at his feet. The sight of an only child, shedding the tears of filial penitence, melted his heart, and after some struggle of reluctance, he pardoned them both, and gave them his blessing.

*A Sketch of a celebrated FLEMISH
PAINTRESS.*

MARIA SYBILLA MARIAN is highly praised both by naturalists and painters: her pertinacious resolution to leave the needle for the pencil, brought to her mother's mind, that when pregnant with her, she had been troubled with a kind of disorder, which was an unusual but very active desire of surveying insects, and all other natural curiosities, and that she had made a no small collection of caterpillars, shells, and petrifications, which she used to make her greatest amusement. This is adduced as a farther instance of the impression of a mother's inclination on her children; but this system seems daily to lose ground. However it be, Mademoiselle Maria was a phenomenon, indeed, both in the depth of her studies and the delicacy of her pencil.

Account of a new Comedy, called THE GENEROUS IMPOSTOR, which was performed, for the first Time, at Drury-Lane Theatre, on Thursday, November 22, the Characters of which were thus represented :

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Henry Glenville,	Mr. Palmer.
Sir Jacob Oldgrove,	Mr. Baddeley.
Charles Oldgrove,	Mr. Dodd.
Supple,	Mr. Bensley.
Steward,	Mr. Burton.
Trimbush,	Mr. Vernon.
Holdfast.	Mr. Parsons.
Mrs. Courtly,	Mrs. Baddeley.
Dorinda,	Miss Farren.
Phillis,	Miss Pope.

This comedy is the production of the Rev. Mr. O'Beirne, (chaplain to lord Howe) and is avowedly founded on a piece written by Destouches, called *Le Dissipateur, ou l'honnête Friponne*, which was presented for the first time at the theatre of Paris in 1753.

The object of the plot is to hold up an example of profligacy corrected and reclaimed by virtue and generosity. The chief incidents of the fable are these :— Sir Harry Glenville, in love with and beloved by Mrs. Courtly, gives himself up, like another Timon, to dissipation and extravagance. Beset by flatterers, and surrounded with parasites, his fortune is rapidly wasting, in the course of luxury and profuseness which he pursues.

Mrs. Courtly, seeing that his ruin will inevitably soon follow, if not entirely prevented, by stratagem by degrees possesses herself of his whole substance, obtaining some part on pretence of occasional inconvenience and distress, and the remainder, (including his estate, dwelling, its furniture, &c.) by duping him at play. In order to ensure success to her schemes, she prevails on Supple, the most confidential flatterer of Sir Harry, to assist her in her purpose, and as an inducement to him to conceal and further her designs, gives him room to

hope that she entertains a passion for him. Supple, whose sole object is the obtainment of Mrs. Courtly's fortune, readily swallows the bait, and does all in his power to hasten the conveyance of Sir Harry's fortune into the hands of the widow. As one means of obtaining which for Mrs. Courtly, Supple persuades Sir Harry that she is instant, and in a fit of jealousy, the Baronet pays his addresses to Dorinda, Supple's cousin.

When matters are come to a crisis, Dorinda, from mercenary principles, refuses Sir Harry's hand, Supple, and all the companions of his happy hours, instead of assisting, reproach and insult him. Trimbush alone, the servant of the Baronet, shews any real affection for his master, with whom he offers to part his last shilling. Lost to all hope of comfort, and driven to despair, Sir Harry draws his sword, and is about to plunge it into his bosom, when Mrs. Courtly suddenly enters, arrests his arm, confesses the motives for her conduct, and restores him to happiness and himself. The only reward she claims, is a promise that he will live hereafter with more prudence, and live with her.

Oldgrove, his Father, Holdfast, and his Steward, are subordinate characters, and occasionally appear for the purpose of carrying on the plot. The first is a dissipated man of fashion, the companion of Sir Harry, and the quondam professor of affection for Dorinda, who had rejected the offer of his hand, from a mercenary hope of obtaining that of the Baronet, in the hour of his prosperity. Oldgrove is disinherited by his father, for his extravagance, and Holdfast, the rich uncle of Sir Harry, disinherits him for a like reason. The steward is a rascal, who robs his master continually, by adding to his tradesmen's bills, and pocketing the difference. In the denouement, all these characters are disposed of.—The father and uncle are reconciled to the son and nephew, and the steward runs away, to escape the detection of his villany. In the denouement also, it appears,

that Supple is sufficiently punished, by discovering that the widow had deceived him, and made him the dupe of her honest artifice.

The bill of fare did not hold out the strength of the theatre; the comedy was nevertheless well acted. Mr. Palmer played Sir Harry with great feeling and great success. In the last act he highly merited what he received,—the general applause of the theatre. Mr. Dodd made the most of the trifling part of Oldgrove, and Mr. Bensley and Miss Farren contrived to render the odious characters of Supple and Dorinda respectable, if not interesting. Mr. Baddeley, Mr. Parsons, and Mr. Vernon, had but little to do; what they had to say, they said well, particularly Mr. Vernon. Mrs. Baddeley made a good shift with Mrs. Courtly; it is needless to observe that Miss Pope did the character of Phillis every possible justice.

The *Generous Impostor* was prefaced by a prologue spoken by Mr. Palmer, and followed by an epilogue delivered by Miss Farren: the latter had some good points in it, and was well spoken by Miss Farren, whose rapid improvement we are happy to acknowledge.

At the end of the second act, a kind of pastoral *divertissement*, consisting of singing and dancing, was introduced. It was well executed, and the music reflected great credit on Mr. Linley, but it did not altogether produce any great effect.

The following are the SONGS, TRIO, and CHORUSES in the PASTORAL.

TRIO and CHORUS.

Hark! how the woods resound with mirth
and song; [train
See where, in circling troops, the shepherds
To varied notes th' expressive dance prolong,
While love looks smiling on and guides the
strain.

SONG. First Shepherd.

In vain from scene to scene I rove,
In hopes to ease my love-sick breast;
Her image, wherefoe'er I move,
Pursues, and robs me of my rest.

Ah! who could think a form so fair,
So lov'd, could thus my peace destroy,
Or that those lips should speak despair,
That breathe but happiness and joy.

The star that gilds the evening skies,
The strain that melts the shepherd's song,
Boasts not the lustre of her eyes,
Boasts not the music of her tongue.

When love first led me to her bower,
Ye happy scenes of fond delight;
My fancy form'd in that sad hour,
Adieu!—she chides me from her sight.

And yet she own'd, no rival swain
E'er found the way her heart to move—
Oh! would some Sylph from Beauty's train,
Descend, and warm her into love!

Yet then some happier swain to bless
Her hand enraptured she'd resign—
Ah! Delia, who would e'er possess
That hand whose truth would equal mine.

SONG. First Shepherdes.

Hard is her lot who loves like me,
And yet, while honour's harsh decree
Forbids her tender griefs to name,
Dare not reveal her secret flame.

When Strephon breathes the am'rous vow,
With angry frowns I arm my brow;
And tho' my heart says I'm to blame,
Dare not reveal my secret flame.

Drest in your tears no more appear,
Too charming youth! for ah! I fear,
Spite of my doubts and virgin fame
This treacherous heart will own its flame.

VAUDVILLE. Second Shepherd.

Ye coy ones your lovers who treat with disdain,
Tho' your hearts blame in secret the rigour
you feign,
When next they implore ye,
Set this pattern before ye,
And let them no longer complain.
'Twill soon be too late to comply—
Time rushes unfeeling by—
When once his bald pate you discover,
'Twill be your's then to woo,
Yet in vain you'll pursue,
You may love—but ne'er meet with a lover.

CHORUS.

When once his bald pate you discover,
'Twill be yours then to woo,
Yet in vain you'll pursue
You may love—but ne'er meet with a lover.

ACCOUNT of the GUNPOWDER-PLOT,
compiled from various celebrated and
authentic HISTORIANS.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MA-
GAZINE.

S I R,

The grand events which are remarkable in the history of our own nation, should be frequently recommended to the notice of its natives, and more especially to the minds of the fair sex, who, at the same time as they amuse a leisure moment, are storing their minds with matter for conversation, and rendering themselves shining lights in the midst of the circles of politeness. The present month seems to attract our notice strongly towards an event which threatened our religion, our laws, and property with one undistinguished ruin; but as various writers, viewing the same object in a different light, must disagree in their descriptions, I thought it would not be unentertaining to your fair readers to lay before them the accounts of the most authentic historians in the series in which they wrote, and as a proper conclusion have finished the whole with the narrative of one of the sex, who seems to be one of the favourites of the historic Muse. If you approve of this trifle, I purpose in future to transmit some other historic *groupes* on the same plan: and am

Your's,

PHILALETHIA.

Account of the Gunpowder Treason Plot
in 1604.

SOMETHING yet stuck, especially in the consciences of the Popish party, that could not be purged away without a toleration, which they petitioned for; but not being granted, they contrived one of the most horrid and stupendous mischiefs that ever entered into the hearts of men: for their heat of malice would not be quenched with the blood royal, but the nobility and gentry, the repre-

sentative body of the whole kingdoms united in Westminster, must be shattered in pieces, and dismembered by the blast of six and thirty barrels of gunpowder, which those dark contriver, had hid in a cellar under the Parliament-house, being discovered by a light from heaven, and a letter from one of the conspirators, when the fire was already in their hands, as well as rage in their hearts, to put to the train.

The principal of these contrivers was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of a good plentiful estate, who first hatched and brooded the plot, and promised to himself the glory of an eternal name by the propagation of it; making choice of Thomas Percy, Robert Winter, Thomas Winter, John Grant, Ambrose Rookwood, John Wright, Francis Tresham, Sir Everard Digby, and others, gentlemen of good estates (for the most part) and spirits as implacable and furious as his own; who, like combustible matter, took fire at the first motion, their zeal to the Roman cause burning within them, which nothing but the blood of innocents can quench. The design thus set a foot, they bind themselves to secrecy, by those sacraments which are the greatest ties upon the soul; and Saint Garnet, the Jesuit, was their confessor. The foundation being laid, every man betakes himself to his work, some to provide money, some materials. Percy was to hire the cellars under the Parliament-house, to lay wood and coal in for his winter provision; Guido Faux, a desperate ruffian (who was to give fire to the train) was appointed to be his man to bring in the wood and coal. The gunpowder, provided in Flanders, is brought from Lambeth in the night, and covertly laid under the wood. Thus they prepare all things ready for the burnt-offering against the day the parliament should meet, which was to be upon the seventh of February [1604-5]. But the king, for some reasons of state, (which at that time the dictates of Providence did much approve of) prorogued the parliament to the fifth of November following,

which scattered the contrivers at present, and they were at their wits end; and some of them went beyond seas, because they would not be at, or too much about the covert, their materials being fitted; others that staid here persisted with patience, (made a vice by them) and met often to consult how they should manage their great business, if it took effect. They looked upon the king and prince as already sacrificed to their cruelty: and Percy undertook to dispatch the duke of York. But because they must have one of the blood royal, that must serve as a center to adhere to, to keep all from confusion, they meant to preserve the lady Elizabeth, and make her queen, that under her minority and innocency, they might the better establish their bloody principles of piety and policy. They had designed the fatal day to be upon the fifth of November, when the king and both houses were to meet, and that day they appointed a great hunting-match at Dunsmore-Heath, in Warwickshire, to be near the lord Harrington's house, where the lady Elizabeth was. And they had, by their horrid art and experience, so fitted their matches, that were to convey the fire to the powder, that they could know a hundred miles off, to a minute, when that monstrous fiery exhalation would break out.

Solacing themselves in this bloody expectation, and thinking their conveyances under ground were not seen above by the divine discoverer, they stood like vultures gaping for their prey; when, behold, one tender-hearted murderer among the pack, willing to save the lord Monteagle, wrote this * letter to him:

* Who it was that wrote this letter to the lord Monteagle was never known or how it came that king James suspected its meaning to be what it really was, is in a great part a mystery to this day. Yet I cannot give myself leave to doubt but king James had some light given him from Henry IV. of the designs of the papists against him; for in the duke of Sully's *Memoirs*, there is more than once

“My Lord; out of love, &c.” as copied by Mrs. Macaulay in her account of this horrid transaction.

Here is the protection of the holy God desired, a strange expression in so unholy an action, which is like their zeal that made their children pass through fire to Molock; what horrid madness kindles such sacrifices! The lord Monteagle astonished at the letter, (though he understood it not) thinking there might be something in it of dangerous concernment, communicated the contents of it to the earl of Salisbury, and some others of the king's council. Salisbury could not find out the riddle; he concluded him either a fool or a madman that wrote it, by this expression; *The danger is past as soon as the letter is burnt*: if the danger be past, when the letter is burnt, what needeth any warning? But he did not reach the meaning: for the writer's desire was to have the letter burned, and then the danger would be past, both to the writer and receiver, if he had the grace to make use of the warning.—The king was hunting the fearful hare at Royston, while they laid this snare for him in Westminster. As soon as he came to Whitehall, the earl of Salisbury being of his intimate councils, and principal secretary of state, shewed him the letter. The king considering it circumspectly (as Cicero said of the Sybils' works, *Imajus est attenti animi quam furentes*) said, “This is no madman's

mention made of some sudden blow intended in England about that time. And in one letter the king is desired to take warning from the fate of the assassin of Henry IV. which has since been so often quoted by several authors, both Papists and Protestants, as an argument that the Jesuits approved of the murder: it is there said, “That Henry IV. was not only an inveterate enemy to the catholic religion in his heart, but had obstructed the glorious enterprizes of those that would have restored it in England, and occasioned them to be crowned with martyrdom.” Now it is well known Garnet, and the rest that were executed for the powder-plot, were reputed martyrs for the catholic cause by the college of Jesuits at Rome.

writing.

writing. There is a great blow to be given ; “ they shall not see it that feel it ; ” which is some secret mischief. Many times fear is a profitable and active servant, if it do not domineer and grow masterly. He was so sensible of a stroke, that he felt it, as it were, coming. Therefore the day before the parliament should begin, he commanded the earl of Suffolk, lord chamberlain, to make a strict search about the Parliament-house ; who, accompanied with the lord Monteagle, entered the cellar under the house ; which he found stuffed with billet faggot and coal ; and asking Winyard of the wardrobe, (who was house-keeper) what provisions they were ? He said, “ he let the cellar to Mr. Thomas Percy, (who was one of the gentlemen pensioners to the king) and close by, in a corner of the cellar, stood Faux, in ghastly condition, (being a raw-boned tall man) who being questioned, said, “ he was Percy’s servant.” The lord chamberlain, that would make no noise and bustle at that time, left both the engine and engineer as he found them, taking no further notice, but apprehended just cause to have the cellars further searched : the lord Monteagle assuring himself, it was Percy that writ the letter to him, as soon as he heard him named, for there were some intimacies betwixt them. The king with his council advising what to do, resolved of a further search that night, committing the trust to Sir Thomas Knevet, one of the gentlemen of his privy chamber, a man of approved fidelity ; who, with a retinue suitable to such an enterprize, coming to the cellar about midnight, he met the watchful minister of impiety, Faux, at the door, on whom he presently seized : and making farther search, pulled out the core of all that horrid contrivance. Faux, his underground works being digged out, and seeing all unkennelled, confessed the intention, and was only sorry it came not to perfection, saying, “ God would have concealed it, and the devil only discovered it.” In his pocket they found a watch (which was not

common then) and a tinder-box, the engines to minute out his time to strike the stroke, so punctual was he in his wickedness ! This tough piece, upon examination, by the lords of the council, could have little drawn from him, only he said again, “ he was sorry it was not done.” But the conspirators revealed themselves ; for finding all discovered, they pack to Dunsmore, to the hunting meeting, breaking open some stables in London, and taking out divers horses of noblemen, that were put in riders hands to manage, thinking to make a great party. But the high sheriffs of Warwickshire and Worcestershire hunted these fire-brand foxes so, that they were forced (most of them) to *earth* themselves at Littleton’s house at Hal-bade, and there Percy and Catesby desperately sallying out, were both slain, so were John Wright, and Christopher Wright, Thomas Winter, Francis Tresham, and the rest were taken ; Tresham died of the strangury in the Tower ; Thomas Winter, Guido Faux, Robert Keys, Thomas Bates, Robert Winter, late of Woodington in Worcestershire, Esq ; John Grant, of Northbrook, in the county of Warwick, Esq ; Ambrose Rookwood, late of Staningfield in the county of Suffolk, Esq ; and Sir Everard Digby, of Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, knight, were executed according to their demerit.

This prodigious contrivance did not only stupify the whole kingdom with amazement, but foreign princes made their wonderment also. And though, for the propagation of the catholic cause, they might have conscience enough to wish it had taken effect, yet they had policy enough to congratulate the discovery ; and some of them to take off the asperity of the suspect, sweetened their expressions with rich gifts and presents to the king and queen. But this bloody design, found in the hands of the malefactors grasping the mischief, and confirmed by their own confessions (being such spirits as were fit *boutefeus* for so desperate an enterprize) was, notwithstanding,

standing, fathered upon the Puritans, (as Nero did the burning of Rome upon the Christians) by some impudent and cunning Jesuits, whose practice is to deceive, if not quite to clear their party: yet, by stirring this muddy water, to make that which is in it to appear less perspicuous; and it is like the rest of their figments, fit baits for ignorance to nibble at; which some years after I had the opportunity at Bruges, in Flanders, to make Welton, an old Jesuit, active in the powder-plot, ingenuously to confess.

This preceded the second sessions of the first parliament prorogued till the fifth of November; and upon the ninth they met, where, with hearts full of fears and jealousies, they ripped up the ground of the machination for discovery of the complotters, and laid a foundation of good laws against Papists, as might serve for a bulwark in the time to come. The king was not unmindful of the lord Monteagle, the first discoverer of the treason, for he gave to him and his heirs for ever, two hundred pounds a year in fee-farm rents, and five hundred pounds a year besides, during his life, as a reward for his good service.

Wilson's History of the Life of King James I. in the Complete History, Vol. II. p. 674 to 676.

(To be continued.)

On SPRING and MUSIC.

SPRING is the most beautiful of all the seasons. Nature, which appeared expiring during the severities of winter, is re-animated, and renews its existence: all the beings which composed it are in easy motion, and every thing announces a general revolution; the sap in the vegetable, and the blood in the animal system, circulates with more rapidity. The trees are adorned with their new foliage, and the meadows are enamelled with a thousand rising flowers. The streams, whose captive wave appeared fettered by the gloomy north winds, burst

their chains at the approach of the soft Zephyr's. The birds chaunt their pleasures, and make the woods resound with their amorous warblings. Give yourself up to all the charms of this agreeable season; abandon then the pomps of cities to inhabit the humble fields: they were the first-abode of man; they there enjoy pleasures, perhaps less brilliant, but more pure than those which in cities are so highly prized. 'Tis there the philosopher, after having contemplated nature, cannot refrain from admiring the greatness of God in all his works.

The meads and the forests leave no melancholy in the heart of man. Is there a place more favourable to lovers, and where they can better enjoy their endearing intercourse? Every sense is gratified at once; the sight by the verdure, the smell by the perfume that the flowers exhale, and the song of the nightingale is a sweet repast to the delicate ear.

Let music exert its empire over your soul, abandon yourself to all its impressions; let it transport and elevate you beyond yourself. Music, as well as poetry, paints objects to the mind; it expresses the different passions; it hath secret springs, sometimes to affect us, and sometimes to enrage us, that one would think, in these instances, that the heart acts in unison with the ears.

JUVENIS.

* * We must not omit the emendation of this author, who observes, "that the article was left out in the following clause, "pendant les rigeurs de hiver," and besides the H is mute, and we should read "pendant les rigeurs de l'hiver," the putting "compagnes" instead of campagnes, is a mistake of the printer.

Besides the translation above, we are honoured with several others; one from *Modesta*, a second from *Eliza B—*, North Yarmouth, Norfolk; and a free and elegant one from *C. W.* all which may be traced in the alterations we have presumed to make in that which we have inserted.

DE.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

S I R,

I Have observed with pleasure, that the Editor of the Lady's Magazine, is ever studious to impress the minds of his fair readers with the highest regard for piety and virtue; I doubt not, therefore, but every attempt to further this desirable purpose, will be well received.

Nature herself has been very favourable to the fair sex in this respect, as she has made them peculiarly susceptible of those tender emotions that lead to the practice of universal benevolence—Education too lends them her friendly aid—for as there is generally a stricter eye kept over them than the male-sex, they have, consequently, a better opportunity of acquiring betimes a habit of being good and virtuous—for the most gay and profligate will look upon those vices as detestable in a woman which, in our sex, through the degeneracy of the age, are not only excused but applauded as indications of taste and spirit—Thus we see the advantages women enjoy in this respect.

The great importance of religion to the female character may likewise be easily demonstrated.

By religion I don't mean a studied and affected austerity; that religion which consists only in solemn airs and grimaces can answer no end, but to deceive some, and excite the ridicule of others—On the contrary, a pious disposition is the only spring of rational cheerfulness—This consideration recommends it very much to your fair readers—By making them easy in their own minds it cannot fail to render them agreeable to others, and to procure them the friendship and esteem of all—It diffuses a pleasing sweetness, and attractive grace, over every look, word, and action, and brightens the countenance with unaffected smiles.—What the poet said of the blooming years of life may be

applied to them with peculiar propriety, when piety heightens the charms of youth—

“ Then glows the breast as op'ning roses fair,
 “ More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing,
 “ Honest as light, transparent e'en as air,
 “ Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

And when they move along with heedless steps in the flowery paths of youth, Virtue will prove their best, their surest protection.—It has a certain dignity about it, which will infallibly awe the most daring and licentious—The sweet buds of beauty are in no danger of being rifled, when they are guarded around with such a fence.

—How happily are the good effects of a pious and virtuous disposition experienced in the married state—and to what a height may we expect that conjugal affection will arise, when it is founded upon so solid a basis!

It falls more immediately within the province of the female, to stamp the first impressions on the infant mind—It is more especially her “ delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot.”

When she is deeply impressed with a sense of religion and virtue herself, she will certainly take the earliest opportunities to recommend them to her young ones—She will do all in her power, to make vice appear odious to them, whilst, on the other hand, she never fails to unfold the charms of virtue and unaffected religion to their admiring eyes—When they are thus happily trained up in their infant days, we may indulge a pleasing expectation, that they will become useful members of society; that those principles of goodness, they have imbibed so early, will induce them to study to promote the welfare of all mankind, and finally introduce them to the possession of unbounded happiness.

Of what great importance then is a pious disposition to the female character, since the good effects of it are not confined to the present moment, but extend their delightful influence to unborn millions?—

I am Sir,

Your's &c.

W. D.

The FORCE of PREJUDICE.

THERE are some so blinded by the powder of antiquity's rust, that they can see nothing excellently designed or finished, but what was executed before the Christian æra. This is rank prejudice: such people are like the Londoner, who being upon a visit in the county of Norfolk, would not allow any one thing to be so good there, or taste so well, as in town. Walking out with some company in Norwich market-place, a paviour, with his hammer was thumping down a new piece of pavement, and giving the emphatical Hah with it: a by-stander observed that his lungs were remarkably strong—"Pho, pho," replied the man of the town, "they Hah twice as loud in London." Another taking notice that the sun shone very bright, the visitor swore, "it shone twice as bright in London."

HISTOIRE D'EMILIE.

(Continued from Page 491.)

EMILIE, comme nous l'avons dit; avoit une fille. Elle pouvoit être âgée de douze ans quand elle perdit sa mère. Du Côté de la figure, du caractère & des sentimens, elle annonçoit qu'elle en feroit la vive image. Le père de Frimonville, désolé de voir son fils éloigné de tout engagement, forma le projet de lui faire remplacer dans son cœur la place, que la mere de cette aimable

enfant y avoit occupée. On la fit sortir du couvent où elle étoit pour la lui faire connoître.

Ses parens trop instruits par le passé, ne firent pas difficulté de se prêter aux vûes de M. de Frimonville. Son fils la vit. Une ressemblance marquée dont son ame conservoit jusqu'aux moindre trait, renouvella les transports de sa tendresse. On lui fit part alors des intentions où l'on étoit.

Cette ouverture l'étonna d'abord, mais enchanté de tant d'attraits semblables à ceux, qui avoient décidé son premier penchant, il y consentit dans l'espérance de conserver, en possédant la fille, le même amour qu'il avoit eu pour la mère.

On attendit qu'elle fût en âge de se marier.

Frimonville l'épousa aussi-tôt & il vecût avec elle de manière à faire sentir à toute la famille des Vieuxbois quels reproches elle avoit à se faire d'avoir privé Emilie d'un pareil bonheur.

La fin,

GERTRUDE.

* * * We must once more intimate the wishes of a variety of ladies, as well as our own, to our good friend *Gertrude*, that she will not let so good a pen as her's remain idle in her standish, but oblige us with a continuance of her correspondence as often as it suits her.

A CARD.

AS the lottery begins drawing this day, and many minds are anxious about the success of their adventure, permit a correspondent to recommend to your fair, interested readers, a serious perusal of the affecting history of the Monmouth family, with which you have lately favoured your readers.

Nov. 16, 1780.

R. R.

L A U.

L A U R E T T A.

(A new Translation from the French of
MARMONTEL.)

By HARRIOT DELANY, a young Lady
of nineteen.

(Continued from Page 532.)

THERE is no one who under the suspense and impatience of expectation, has not sometimes experienced, at Paris, the torment of hearing the din of carriages, which he imagines to be that which he waits for, of which every one comes in its turn, and carries away the hopes which it had given birth to. The unhappy Luzy continued for three hours in this cruel suspense. Every carriage that he heard might perhaps be that in which Lauretta was; at last hope, so often defeated, gave place to distraction.

“I am betrayed,” said he, “I can no longer doubt it. It is a train which is hid from me. The caresses of the perfidious —— served only to conceal it the better. She wisely chose the day on which I was to sup in the country. She has left every thing behind her, to convince me, that she has no need of my presents any longer. Certainly some other person has loaded her with presents. She would have blushed to have any thing of mine. The weakest token of my attachment would have incessantly reproached her for her treachery, her ingratitude. She wanted to forget me, to enjoy without interruption the man whom she prefers to me. Ah, the perjured ——! Does she think that she can find any one that will love her as I do? Her anticipated wishes are extinct. Such are womankind! They grow tired of every thing, even of being happy. Alas! can you be so perfidious ——? Can you be so, and think of me? Of me! Of me! did I say? what does my attachment or my grief concern her? Alas! while I can scarcely smother my complaints, while I am bedewing her bed

with my tears, perhaps another—— nature revolts at the idea, and I cannot sustain it. I will know my rival, and if the flame which is kindled in my bosom, does not consume me before day-light, I will not die unrevenged. It certainly must be one of my false friends, whom I have foolishly introduced to her. Perhaps, Soligny ——. He was captivated when we saw her at the village ——: she was sincere and artless then. How is she changed!—He wanted to see her again; and, silly confident fool, thinking I was beloved by her, not imagining that Lauretta could be inconstant, I brought my rival to her. I may be mistaken; but, on the whole, I begin to suspect him. I will go immediately to clear up this affair: follow me, said he to one of his attendants; and the day-break had scarcely appeared, when Luzy, knocking at his door, insisted on seeing him.—“He is not at home, Sir,” said the Swiss—“He is not at home!”—“No, Sir, he is in the country.”—“How long has he been there?”—“Ever since last night.”—“At what time?”—“At the dusk of the evening.”—“And what place in the country is he gone to?”—“That is what we don’t know; he took his *valet de chambre* with him.”—“And in what carriage?”—“In his *vis-à-vis*.”—“Is he to stay there any time?”—“He will not return within a fortnight: he bid me take care of his letters.”—“When he returns, you will tell him that I came, and insisted upon seeing him.”

In a word, as he was going away he said, now I am convinced. Every thing confirms it. Nothing remains but to find out their retirement. I will snatch her from his arms, the perfidious ——, and I shall have the pleasure of washing out my injury and his treachery with his blood.”

His researches proved fruitless. The rout of the chevalier was a mystery he could never unravel. Luzy was there in suspense a whole fortnight, and the strong persuasion he en-

certained that Soligny was the cause of her elopement, would not suffer him to fix upon any other idea.

Through his impatience, he sent every morning to know if his rival was returned. At last it was announced that he was at home. He hastened to him, burning with fury; and the genteel reception the count gave him served only to exasperate him the more.

“My dear count,” said Soligny to him, “you enquired after me with some earnestness, in what can I serve you?”—“In delivering me,” said Luzy, turning pale, “from a life I detest, or from an odious rival: you have robbed me of my mistress; nothing now remains but to rob me of my heart.”—“My friend,” replied the chevalier, “I have as great a mind as you to cut my throat, for I am mad with disappointment, but not from you, if you please: let us therefore understand one another first.—You are, you say, robbed of Lauretta; I am very much concerned for it, but, on honour, it was not by me. Not that I can boast of much delicacy on that head; in affairs of intrigue I excuse my friends, and I indulge myself in petty larcenies; and though I love you cordially, if Lauretta had been inclined to deceive you, for me, rather than any other, I would not have been hard-hearted. But for running away with girls, I have no inclination that way; it is too serious an affair; and if you have no other reason for killing me, I would advise you to let me live, and breakfast with me.”

Though the language of the chevalier seemed very explicit, Luzy still cherished his suspicions. “You disappeared,” said he, “the very same evening, at the same hour, and have concealed yourself for a fortnight; and I know, besides, that you had a strong attachment for her, and that you envied me at the time that I run away with her.”

“You are very happy to find me in this humour,” said Soligny, “I

love you enough to come to an éclaircissement. Lauretta set out the same night as I did; this I cannot deny: this is one of those fatal incidents, which compose the plot of romances. I thought Lauretta as handsome as an angel, and I longed for her certainly; but if you would cut every man's throat, who should be guilty of that crime, I dread for one half of Paris. The most important circumstance is, therefore, the mystery of my absence, and my staying from home. Well, I am going to explain it to you.

“I was in love with madame de Blanfon, or rather I was in love with her fortune, her family, and her interest at court; for the lady has every requisite exclusive of herself. You know that though she be neither young nor handsome, in lieu of that, she is very sensible, and very easy to catch fire. I had then the good luck to please her, and I did not see that there was an impossibility of being, what we call happy, without coming to marriage. But marriage was my aversion; and instead of that respectful timorousness inseparable from a delicate attachment, I evaded every opportunity of abusing her weakness. So much reserve disconcerted her. She said, “she had never seen a man so timorous, and so awkward. I was as modest as a young maid; I was quite teasing.” I will not tell you all the artifice I made use of for three months, to provoke an attack without surrendering. A coquet has never practiced more to stir up a useless flame. My behaviour was a master-piece of prudence and address: but my widow beat me at my own weapon. I am her dupe, she has surprized my credulous innocence. Seeing that she must form the attack in a regular way, the mentioned marriage. Nothing could be more advantageous than her inclinations. Her fortune was at my disposal without reserve. There was but one objection: I was rather young, and my character not known to her enough. By way of trial, she proposed our going to have a tête-à-tête

tête together, for some days in the country. "A fortnight's solitude and liberty," said she, "would make us better acquainted with each other, than if we were two years at Paris." I fell into the snare, and she managed affairs so well, that I forgot my resolution. How frail and weak are mankind! Engaged to act the part of husband, I was obliged to support it, and I gave her the best opinion of me that I was able; but she soon thought that my passion grew weaker. It would have been of no service to profess that it was the same, she told me that she was not to be imposed upon by frothy expressions, and that she saw I was altered. To be short, as I rose this morning, I received this *lettre de congé*, in her own hand writing, and well worded:

"I am satisfied with the slight trial I have made of your sentiments. You may go, Sir, whenever you please. I must have a husband whose attentions never grow remiss, who loves me always, and always in the same manner."

"Are you satisfied? This is my adventure. You see that it has resemblance with that which you attributed to me. I was therefore run away with, as well as thy Lauretta: heaven grant that she has not been served as I have. At present, though you are undeceived with respect to me, do you not suspect some other person?"

"None at all. I was wrong; forgive my grief, my despair, my love, and the step I took,"—"You are mistaken," answered Soligny, "nothing was more just: had I robbed you of your mistress, I ought to have given you satisfaction. There is nothing in it; so much the better; and we are good friends. Will you have any breakfast?"—"Would that I were dead."

"That would be rather precipitate; that remedy ought to be kept for more serious affronts. Thy Lauretta is pretty, though somewhat roguish; you should endeavour to recover her; but if you cannot get this, I would advise you to take another mistress, and the sooner the better."

All the while Luzy was distracted, and lavished away his money by handfuls to discover some traces of Lauretta. She was at her father's; lamenting her fault, or rather her *lover*.

Basile had said in the village, that he could not live without his daughter, and was going to fetch her. They found her very much improved. Her charms were full-blown; and even in the eyes of the villagers, what is called the *air de Paris*, had given her new attractions. The ardour of the lads, who had courted her, revived, and she was not less lively: but her father rejected every one of them. "You shall never marry while I am alive," said he to her, "I will not impose upon any body; work and weep with me. I have sent your base seducer all that he gave me. We have nothing of his remaining but the disgrace in which he has involved us."

Lauretta, with the greatest humility and resignation, obeyed her father without making the least remonstrance, or even daring to look him in the face. It was an incredible hardship to her to resume the habit of indigence and labour. Her tender feet were hurt, her delicate hands were blistered; yet these sufferings were but slight. "Bodily pains," said she, sighing, "are nothing, those of the soul are more poignant."

Though the image of Luzy was always present to her, and her heart was unable to divert the impression, she had no longer any hopes, or any inclination to return to him. She was sensible how much her late trespass had embittered the life of her unhappy father; and though she had been at liberty to leave him a second time, she would not have consented to do it. But the spectre of the distress in which she had left her lover, pursued her every where, and became her punishment. The right she had to be accused of perfidy and ingratitude became only a fresh torment to her.

"If I could but write to him! but I have neither the liberty or the means

of doing it. It is too little to have *re-nounced* him; I am obliged to *forget* him: notwithstanding, I shall sooner forget myself; and it is as impossible for me to hate as to forget him. If he were to be blamed, his affection was the cause of it; and it is not my business to punish him for it. In every thing that he has done he had no other intention but my good, and that of my father. He has deceived himself; he has run on the wrong side of the post; but at his age love is the sole knowledge we can boast of. Yes, it is a duty both to him and myself to clear up my character and behaviour; and on this point alone I must prove undutiful to my father."

There was no other difficulty attending this but the finding means of writing to him; and her father, without designing it, had spared her that trouble.

One evening, as Luzy was retiring more dejected than ever, he received an anonymous packet. The hand in which the address was written, was unknown to him; but the crest wanted no comment. He broke it open in a hurry; he recognized the purse that he had given to Basile, containing the fifty *louis* that he had put into it, and two other parcels which he had given him, amounting to the same sum each.

"I see," said he, "I am discovered. The angry father sends me back my presents. Passionate and choleric, as I know him to be, as soon as he knew where his daughter was, he came in search of her, and forced her to follow him."

He immediately assembled Lauretta's attendants. He examined them, asking, "Whether any of them had seen a countryman with her," whom he described to them? One of them recollected, that on the very day on which she eloped, a man, who answered his description, had stepped on the boot of Lauretta's carriage, and spoke with her about a minute.

"Let's be gone—put the horses to my chaise immediately," cried Luzy.

On the second night, having arrived within a few leagues of Coulange, he

disguised one of his retinue in a peasant's dress, sent him forwards to gain intelligence, and while he waited for him endeavoured to take some repose. A lover can never expect it in so cruel a situation. He counted the minutes, from the departure of his messenger to his return.

"Good news, Sir!" said his domestic, when he came back. "Lauretta is at Coulange with her father."—"Ah, I now have some respite from my agonies."—"They likewise say that she is going to be married."—"Married! I must see her then."—"You will find her in the vineyard; she works there all day long."—"Just heaven! what hardships!—Let's go to her, I shall conceal myself, and thou, under that disguise, may watch for the moment in which she may be alone: don't let us lose a single one, let's set out immediately."

Luzy's messenger had told him the truth. A rich match had been proposed to Lauretta, and the curate had in a manner commanded Basile to accept of it.

In the mean while Lauretta worked in the vineyard, and thought of the unhappy Luzy. Luzy came and perceived her at a distance. He advanced with precaution, saw that she was by herself, fled to her with the utmost precipitation, and offered her his hand. At the rustling he made amidst the leaves, she lifted up her head, and turned her eyes towards the spot from whence the noise came. "Lord!" cried she—surprise and joy robbed her of her speech. All in a tremor, she found herself in his arms before she could articulate his name.

"Ah, Luzy," said she at last, "is it you! this is what I pray'd for. I am innocent in your eyes; that is enough; I will endure the rest. Farewell! Luzy, farewell for ever! Begone. Pay a tear to the memory of Lauretta. She made use of no reproaches. You will be dear to her till her last gasp."

"I!" cried he, pressing her to his bosom, as if any one should have attempted

tempted to tear her from him again ;
 “ can I leave thee ! O thou best half
 of myself, can I live without thee, or
 at a distance from thee ! No ; it is not
 in the power of any one on earth to
 separate us.”

“ There is one, which is sacred to
 me, and that is the will of my father.
 Ah, my friend, if you had known
 the profound grief into which my
 flight plunged him, one of your sensi-
 bility and good nature, as you are,
 you would have given me back again
 to his tears. To rob him of me a
 second time, or to plunge a dagger in
 his heart, would be the same thing to
 me. You know me too well to ask it
 of me ; you are too humane even to
 wish it. Give up an hope which I can
 indulge no longer. Adieu. May
 heaven grant that I may expiate my
 fault : but I find it very hard to re-
 proach myself on account of it.
 Adieu, I say, my father is coming ;
 it would be shocking for him to find
 us together.”

“ That is what I could wish,” said
 Luzy.—“ Oh, you want to redouble
 my agonies !”

At that very instant Basile arrived,
 and Luzy going some steps to meet
 him, fell on his knees. “ Who are
 you ? What is your business ?” said
 Basile to him, at first in astonishment.
 But after he had fixed his eyes upon
 him, he cried, stepping back, “ be-
 gone, get you out of my sight.”

“ No, I will die at your feet, if
 you will not deign to hear me.”

“ How dare you to come into my
 sight, after you have ruined my daugh-
 ter ?”

“ I am highly criminal, I must own
 it, and see in what manner I punish
 myself ; yet if you should but hear
 me, I hope that you would pity me.”

“ Ah !” said Basile, looking at his
 sword, “ if I were as great a coward,
 as barbarous as you.”—“ See,” said
 he, turning to his daughter, “ how
 meanly vice appears, and what the
 shame is with which it is attended, since
 it forces a man to crawl at the feet of
 one of his own species, and to submit
 to his contempt.”

“ If I were only a vicious man,”
 replied Luzy, with some warmth, “ in-
 stead of imploring, I would brave you.
 Impute my humiliation only to that
 which is most honourable, most noble
 in our nature, to love, to virtue itself,
 to the longings I have to expiate a
 fault, perhaps of a venial kind, and
 which I should not reproach myself
 for so much, if my heart were not
 good.” Then with all the force of
 sentiment he strove to vindicate him-
 self, by charging the whole upon the
 fashion of the age, and the infatua-
 tion of passion.

“ The world is very lucky,” re-
 plied Basile, “ that your passion was
 not avarice ; you would have turned
 out a Cartouche,” [a highwayman.]
 Luzy trembled at the application.—
 “ Yes, a Cartouche ! And, why not ?
 Could you have the baseness to think,
 that innocence and honour are of less
 value than riches and life ? Have you
 not taken advantage of the weakness
 and innocence of this unhappy girl, to
 rob her of those two treasures ! And,
 as for me, her father, do you think
 that you have done me less injury than
 if you had assassinated me ? A Car-
 touche is broken on the wheel, be-
 because he has robbed a person of
 those things without which we might
 support life ; and you, who have rob-
 bed us of what a girl well educated, or
 an honest father could not live with-
 out, what do you think you deserve
 for it ? They call you a *nobleman*, and
 you imagine that you are so : but
 are these the traits of that *noblesse*
 which you make your boast of. In
 the moment of distress, when the worst
 of men would have pitied me, you
 come to me, you pretend to compas-
 sionate me, and you say at the same
 time within your heart, “ There’s a
 poor man, who has no other consol-
 ation in the world but his daughter ;
 she is the only thing that heaven has
 left him ; I will rob him of her to-
 morrow !—Yes, barbarian, yes, vil-
 lain, this was what teemed in your
 bosom. And I, silly, credulous crea-
 ture, admired you, and loaded you
 with blessings. I begged heaven to
 prosper

prosper all your wishes; but all your wishes tended to the seduction of my daughter. What do I say, unhappy wretch! I gave her up to you; I made her run after you, in reality to give you back that money, that poison with which you thought you could corrupt me; it seems as if heaven had forewarned me that it was a pernicious, a traiterous gift, I resisted the impulse; I was obstinate to think you compassionate and generous, while you was only perfidious and void of pity; and the hand that I would have kissed, and bathed with my tears, was ready to tear out my heart. See," added he, baring his bosom, and shewing him his wounds, "see what a man you have disgraced. I have shed more blood for the good of my country than you have in your veins; and you, worthless man, what are your exploits? To involve a parent in desolation, and to debauch his daughter; to impoison both of our days! Behold the unhappy victim of your seduction, see how she soaks the bread which she eats in her tears! Educated in the simplicity of an innocent and laborious life, she once loved it; but now she detests it; you have made labour and poverty insupportable to her; she has lost her joy together with her innocence, and she cannot lift up her eyes without blushing. But what makes me despond, what I shall never forgive you for, you have shut the heart of my daughter against me: you have extinguished the yearnings of nature in her soul: you have rendered the father's company a punishment; perhaps—alas!—but I cannot utter it—perhaps I am odious to her!"

"Dear father," cried Lauretta, who, all this while had remained highly dejected and confused, dear father, this punishment is too heavy! I merit every thing but the reproach of ceasing to love you." As she uttered these words, she fell at his feet, kissing off the dust from his shoes. Luzy, likewise, prostrated himself through the excess of his tenderness. "My father," said he, "forgive her, forgive me, embrace your children, and

if the seducer of Lauretta be not too unworthy of the title of her husband, I conjure you to grant it me."

This revolution would have melted a more obdurate heart than that of Basile. "If there were," said he to Luzy, "any other resource to restore my honour, to restore both of you, and your innocence, I would reject this; but it is the only one; I embrace it; for I neither will have, nor do I expect any thing from you, and shall cultivate my vineyard as long as I live."

The loves of Luzy and Lauretta were consecrated at the foot of the altar. Many said that he had demeaned himself, and he so far agreed with them; "But," said he, "it is not that meanness which they blame me for, it is doing evil, which involves us with shame, and not the reparation of it."

It was not in his power to prevail on Basile to leave his humble cottage. After using every persuasion to draw him to Paris, lady Luzy prevailed on her husband to purchase a farm near Coulange, and her good father consented at last to pass his old age in it.

Two hearts, formed for virtue, were transported at recovering it. This resemblance of celestial pleasure, the union of love and innocence, left them nothing to wish for, but to see the fruits of so amiable an union. Heaven heard the wishes of nature, and Basile, before his death, embraced his grandchildren.

J——.

AN ESSAY ON ŒCONOMY.

' Your fortune is not large indeed,
But then 'tis *little* that you need;
For Nature's wants are *few*:
In this the *art* of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that *little* do."

DR. COTTON.

AT such a juncture as this, when dissipation and extravagance are making ample strides towards universal monarchy, and when frugality ought to be so carefully attended to, some strictures

strictures on the necessity, nature, and advantages of economy will not, it is presumed, be foreign to the purport of a Magazine, or disagreeable to the serious reader.

But here I must beg leave to observe, that these remarks are not intended to elucidate all those instances of laudable management, and prudent behaviour which merit the appellation of economy; but only such a part of that extended subject, as teaches us to make the best use of a large fortune, and to live decently on a little.

Without economy we cannot be just either to ourselves or our fellow creatures. On this position its necessity may be founded. A man who is possessed of a large income is no more than a steward for his fellow mortals. Now, if he lavishly or wantonly squanders his riches, he both robs himself of the pleasure, and his neighbour of the advantages that ought to result from them. It is no diminution of his fault that he pleads an absolute right of disposing of his estates as he pleases. With respect to individuals, this plea holds good; but with respect to the community, there is no such thing. His fortune is given him by his bountiful Creator, in order that it may be "eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, health to the sick, comfort to the distressed, and bread to the hungry." If it be disposed of in this manner, it will be an inexhaustible fountain of pleasure and delight, both to himself and those around him. If he squanders it away foolishly, he robs himself of that pleasure; and if he spends it wickedly, he deprives his neighbour not only of the advantages of it, but, very probably, of his virtue also.

To a poor man the obligation is equal: though he is not called upon to impart to others, it is his indispensable duty to give every man his own, as far as he is able. Now, in these circumstances, it is impossible he should do this without commencing a good economist. He has but a little, and with that little he has much to do: hence, the most prudent management is absolutely necessary.

Upon this ground a general rule may very naturally be established, which holds equally true, be the estate or condition what it may, *viz.* that it is the indispensable duty of every individual to dispose of his income in such a manner as may be the most conducive to the public advantage. If this be admitted, and I am persuaded it never will be controverted, the necessity of economy is admitted also.

If economy be considered as an active principle, its nature may best be described by its effects. Whoever is regulated by this virtue, will take care to have his affairs in due order, will manage with prudence, and embrace forecast.

It has often been justly observed concerning order, that it is the primary law of nature, and where it is not introduced, good management cannot be found. A rich man, who adheres to this principle, has all his affairs so methodized, that he is able, almost at sight, to dispose of every part of his income in the most useful manner. He knows what sum, or sums he has reason to expect, what his finances are able to bear, and how much may probably be spared for the relief of others. Order too will be found equally valuable for a poor man. If he has but little, he will find it needful to put that little under more rigid regulations to compass his end: without it contrivances are but conjectures, and the best schemes but crude guesses.

Indeed, without a due attention to this essential requisite, prudence will either be exerted with the utmost difficulty, or it will not be exerted at all. And yet, unless prudence be the link that unites the two parts of this valuable chain, contrivance will degenerate into cunning, and order to deceit; But where it obtains, it harmonizes the whole system, and stamps every regulation with the mark of integrity.

When these two essentials are properly exerted, they naturally educe forecast, which is rather their consequence than a separate virtue. Notwithstanding

withstanding this, where it is absent a person cannot possibly be a good *œconomist*. Look but carefully around you, and experience will point out its work in a more striking manner than the ablest pen. A good manager will not be content to think for to-day, his thoughts will take in a larger compass, and comprize some feasible schemes for the time to come. He will not only attend to his present exigency, but also lay down some probable mode of supplying his future wants.

By attending to the preceding remarks, another extra requisite will be found necessary, and that is industry. It is to little purpose that a person is frugal, unless he endeavours to obtain something valuable to exercise his frugality upon. Every honest scheme should be exerted in order to procure the necessaries of life, as well as every caution be used in disposing of these necessaries. Many would merit the title of good *œconomists*, were not this a requisite; but they will not exert themselves to obtain such an income as may render their frugality efficacious.

The advantages resulting from *œconomy* are very numerous. By it the rich are enabled to taste all the pleasures of doing good, without any alloy: through it they obtain an agreeable regularity in all their affairs; it assists them to support a decent hospitality, without injuring any individual; and it cheers their hearts with the hopes of that reward which awaits all those who "have made to themselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness." It also renders the poverty of the poor much more supportable: helps to secure him in honesty; procures him the favour of his worthy neighbours; secures to him the issues of a kind Providence, and gives him a claim to the blessings of another world.

Another advantage which indirectly flows from *œconomy* is, it prevents all those sins which proceed from extravagance; and, in that respect, preserves its votaries from a multitude of sorrows. What these sins are it is not

easy to define; but as the love of money is said to be the root of all evil, so the wasting of it may be said to be the root of all sin.

Were *œconomy* but universally cherished, we should have far fewer complaints of the state of the nation, and of the badness of the times. Here another advantage will be found to arise: all complaints imply dissatisfaction and uneasiness; hence it may very properly be called the Nurse of Content.

Were this virtue but once effectually established, we should hardly know one half of our neighbours, they would be so changed. Many, who flutter about in silks, and parade with a coach and a couple of footmen, would be reduced to a much lower station; and many, who hoard up useless thousands, would begin to enjoy them in a becoming manner, and "deal out their bread for the relief of the needy." Bankrupts would then be few, as such a conduct would remove their cause; and the number of mendicants would most materially decrease, as industry would drive many of them to labour, and open-hearted charity would prevent most of the rest from shewing their heads.

But there are many people, within the compass of my acquaintance, who commend this virtue, yet refuse to practise it, and this both in a public and private line. These surely merit both our pity and advice. To such as these I must beg leave to observe, that they are nursing their own misery; and that a few spirited exertions, in order to overcome their own weaknesses, would amply repay all the pain such exertions could expose them to.

In this lower world such exertions are as essential to honesty as they are to peace. We are continually surrounded either by a train of delusive ideas, or a croud of sycophants, or both, which endeavour to persuade us to dispose of our present peace, and our future welfare for the sake of gratifying some favourite passion, or some accidental whim. These we ought to guard against very carefully, and remember

member that, while we are in this world, we must not suffer ourselves to be guided by caprice, or any motive which is not strictly virtuous, unless we would be wretched in the world to come.

Denton.

T. P—K.

A short SKETCH of a LIVING MAN-TRAP.

By BOB SHORT.

“ Beauties, in vain, their sparkling eyes may
roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the
soul.”

POPE.

WHEN I meet a fine woman in the street, the beauty of her person, the elegance of her dress, or the politeness of her air naturally attracts my notice, admiration, and regard. I behold her, it may be, for some time with a secret veneration; while most who pass by her, struck with the symmetry of her features, or the gentility of her appearance, make a sort of pause, as if considering how nearly she resembles the perfection of human nature, in the view of every discerning and attentive spectator.

Would to God every such lovely fair one was as much to be esteemed for the charms of her MIND as the beauty of her FACE! But is this the case? No; far from it.

We find, too often, where there are most *personal* attractions to catch the eye, there are least *mental* accomplishments to enamour the heart. Permit me to say, in my humble opinion, a pretty woman in *person* only, is a mere idol for fools and sensualists to bow down to, but a woman with a beautiful *mind*, as well as *face*, is an object, angels may admire, and heaven itself approve.

“ Virtue alone against decay can arm,
And even lend mortality a charm.”

SOLITARY WALKS.

Hampstead.

BOB SHORT.

VOL. XI.

ANECDOTE concerning the EXECUTIONER of King CHARLES.

THE histories of England being altogether silent as to any discovery of the executioner who gave the fatal blow to the decollation of Charles I. the following short account must be highly acceptable to the public.

Richard Brandon, common executioner, or hangman, at that time, died upon Wednesday, June 20, 1649, (within five months after the king's martyrdom.) The Sunday before Brandon died, a young man of his acquaintance, being to visit him, asked him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the king's head? Brandon replied, “ Yes, because he was at the king's trial, and heard the sentence denounced against him;” which caused the said Brandon to make this solemn vow, or protestation, *viz.* wishing God to perish his body and soul, if ever he appeared on the scaffold (to do that wicked act) but immediately he fell a-trembling, and hath ever since to his death continued in the like agony. He likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half crowns, within an hour after the blow was struck; and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves, and an handkerchief out of the king's pocket. As soon as he was carried off from the scaffold, he was proffered twenty shillings for that orange, by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same; but afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary-Lane. About six o'clock that night he returned home to his wife, living in Rosemary-Lane, and gave her the money, saying, “ it was the dearest money that ever he earned in his life;” which prophetic words were soon made manifest. About three days before he died, as above mentioned) he lay speechless, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and in a most deplorable manner departed from his bed of sorrow. For his burial great store of wine was sent in

by the sheriff of the city of London, and a great multitude of people stood waiting to see his corpse carried to the church-yard, some crying out, "hang him, rogue! bury him in a dunghill!" others pressing upon him, saying they would quarter him for executing the king, insomuch that the church-wardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them; and with great difficulty he was at last carried to White-Chapel church-yard, having a bunch of rosemary at each end of the coffin and on the top thereof, with a rope tied across from one end to the other.

MEMOIRS of the late celebrated Actress.
Mrs. CIBBER.

MRS. Cibber had been, for a long time before her death, subject to a disorder, which was unfortunately unknown to her physician, and consequently treated so improperly, that she was often prevented from giving the public that exquisite pleasure, which she was sure to impart whenever she acted. Her health was so precarious, and she was so subject to frequent relapses, that the newspapers ranked her among the dead near three months sooner than her decease.

About a month before her death the king commanded the comedy of *The Provoked Wife*; she was then indisposed, but was supposed to be recovering some degree of health; nothing could prevent her paying her duty to the king and queen by playing the part of Lady Brute, a character for which she always discovered a most remarkable fondness. The acting this part when her health was so infirm, some people believed to be the immediate cause of her death; but the truth is, she had been strongly pressed to bathe in the sea-water, to which she had a most fixed aversion: however, she complied with the advice of a very eminent and skillful physician, and that compliance precipitated her death. Her indisposition was supposed to be a bilious colic; but on her body being opened, it proved

that her disorder arose from stomach-worms.

Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber was daughter to Mr. Arne, an upholsterer, who lived in King-Street, Covent-Garden, and was born much about the time the Indian kings, mentioned by the *Spectator*, were lodged in her father's house.

When very young, her voice was so melodious, that her friends entertained great hopes of her becoming a very excellent singer: and, I believe, she acted, when she was about fourteen years of age, the part of *Tom Thumb* in the opera of that name, which was set to music by her brother, afterwards the celebrated Dr. Arne, and performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

She certainly made some considerable progress in music, and was occasionally employed at concerts. When she married Theophilus Cibber, Colley observed to his son, that though his wife's voice was very pleasing, and she had a good taste in music, yet, as she could never arrive at more than the rank of a second rate performer, her income would be extremely limited. "The old man added, "that he had never heard her repeat a speech from a tragedy, and he judged by her manner, that her ear was good."—Upon this, she became a pupil to her father-in-law, and he publicly declared, "That he took infinite pleasure in the instruction of so promising a genius." She was likewise certainly indebted to the lessons of Aaron Hill for part of her success in *Zara*: he gave her critical lessons upon every line of the part.

I have little more to add to that which I have said of Mrs. Cibber's inimitable power of acting. Her great excellence consisted in that simplicity, which needed no ornament; in that sensibility which despised all art; there was in her person little or * no elegance; in her countenance

* The author, Mr. Davies, is certainly mistaken in this assertion; but he makes abundant amends for hazarding it, by the pains he has taken to confute it himself in the sentences immediately following.

a small share of beauty, but nature had given her such a symmetry of form and fine expression of features, that she preserved all the appearance of youth long after she had reached to middle life.

The harmony of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her look. In grief and tenderness her eyes looked as if they swam in tears; in rage and despair they seemed to dart flashes of fire. In spite of the unimportance of her figure, she maintained a dignity in her action, and a grace in her step.

In conversation Mrs. Cibber was extremely agreeable; she was civil without constraint; and polite without affectation. She was not the mere actress; her accomplishments rendered her dear to the first quality of her own sex. There was ever such an engaging decency in her manner, that, notwithstanding a peculiarity of situation, she charmed and obliged all who approached her. She was a perfect judge of music, vocal and instrumental, and though she was not mistress of a voice requisite to a capital singer, yet her fine taste was sure to gain her the applause and admiration of the best judges.

Though I do not vouch for the following story, yet it will serve to prove the public opinion of her musical expression: it has been said, that many years since, when she sung in the oratorio of the Messiah at Dublin, a certain bishop was so affected at the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, "Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee." She died in January 1766, and was buried privately in Westminster-Abbey.

INTERESTING HISTORY of the MONMOUTH FAMILY.

(Continued from Page 519.)

ELEONORA, who was simplicity itself, believed every word, and this intercourse; was continued for some months, without his being able

to find a proper opportunity for the completion of his wishes.—Chance at last favoured him. Mrs. Gibbons was seized with a violent cold, and taking a sweat, said, she would lie in bed that day. After Miss had made an early dinner, being alone, she left Mrs. Gibbons to her repose, and went into the garden. The afternoon was pleasant; she went out at the back gate, and walking up the lane, which came into the great road, she observed a stage-coach near, which she knew passed Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's house several times in a day. Intending to pass an hour or two with that dear woman, finding an empty seat, she was conveyed to the cottage, and found that lady and her son together. This was just as he could wish: Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was called out, and he made use of her absence to persuade the simple Eleonora to elope with him. His task was not hard, and under pretence of walking out to meet the stage, he conveyed her away, and as soon as possible, took the same route that her unfortunate sister had pursued before, with such fatal success. Fitz-Simmons being more able to manage than was the artless Frederick Sydney, he surmounted all difficulties, and they soon returned, man and wife. When tea-time approached, Mrs. Gibbons enquired for her young lady, but Miss was no where to be found. Mr. Monmouth soon came home, and receiving this intelligence, stormed like a madman; when he was calmer, he began to consider, where she could be gone, as he knew of no acquaintance she had made: on interrogating Mrs. Gibbons, she at length confessed, that Miss had sometimes been so kind as to stop a few minutes at the house of an acquaintance of her's, and named Mrs. Fitz-Simmons.

Monmouth remounted his horse, and rode directly to that lady's house; but the good woman denied having had the honour of Miss Monmouth's company for some days. From the coachman he learnt, the frequency of the lady's visiting at the cottage; and when the wretched father heard the

character of Capt. Fitz-Simmons, he made no doubt but his daughter had been decoyed away; and Mrs. Gibbons, though innocent in this matter, was dismissed with disgrace and reproaches.

When the new-married couple returned, the captain wrote a penitential letter to her father, intreating permission to throw themselves at his feet, and excused their elopement, on the score of an ardent passion, and the fear of losing so amiable a young lady, &c.

This letter dispatched, which Fitz-Simmons assured her would set all to rights, Eleonora attended the mercers, and other tradesmen, who were to equip her for her bridal appearance. She ordered her purchases to be carried to the cottage, and the bills to George Monmouth, Esq.

On her return from this pleasing expedition, an angry letter was received from her father, calling the captain by the most opprobrious epithets, ordering him to send home the deluded girl, and also threatening vengeance, and a prosecution. Fitz-Simmons endeavoured to laugh it off, and told Eleonora the letter only contained words of course; but she might be certain there would soon be a reconciliation.

The day after the delivery of the silks, the tradesmen waited on Mr. Monmouth; he not being at home, they left their bills, saying, "they would call in a day or two for farther commands." When Monmouth came and found the bills, he vented his wrath in the most horrid execrations, and dispatched an advertisement to the press, to declare, "he would pay no bills sent to him in the vile name of Fitz-Simmons." Those who did not immediately see this notice, waited on him, but were treated with unparalleled insolence and disdain. Thus repulsed, they went to the cottage, but could get no redress, the silks were cut and pinked at the mantua-makers, and few articles could be received back with any advantage.

Fitz-Simmons was obliged to keep himself concealed, till want of common necessities induced him to resume a method which he had before practised occasionally; this was levying contributions on the highway.

In his first attempt he was secured, and sent to prison.

About this time, Alfred Monmouth, was just returned from a pleasurable party, as was his brother Erasmus from Holland. They were soon made acquainted with their sister's unhappy situation, and interceded with their father to take her home. He was soon induced to pity her distress, and considering her rather as a deluded child, than as intentionally criminal or undutiful, sent for her to come home to him. The poor Eleonora, just then fifteen, obeyed the summons with pleasure, and soon after Fitz-Simmons ended his career at the gallows. Eleonora was a kind companion, and tender nurse to her father, till about two years ago, he died. When his affairs were settled, his wealth was considerably diminished by the fluctuation of business, rather than his expences; but he was still possessed of considerable sums. His sons sold all his estates, and made an equal division of the whole, between themselves and their sister. They agreed to live together, and entered upon a life of the fashionable gaiety and dissipation in which, it is most probable, in a few years, they will find "that riches make themselves wings, and fly away."

Essential Requisites in the Choice of a HUSBAND.

In LETTERS *from* HORATIO *to*
HARRIET.

(Continued from Page 516.)

LETTER II.

My dear Harriet,

IT was no inconsiderable disappointment to me, that I was prevented the pleasure of seeing you in the country,

try, as I fully intended ; but it is some satisfaction to hear you are well, every thing that concerns you I consider as of importance, and my best wishes constantly attend you.

The last letter I had the honour of writing you, was on a subject of much consequence ; it was dictated by a heart animated with the warmest sentiments of affection and esteem.

The qualifications I therein mentioned are, in my estimation, essentially necessary to your enjoying that refined pleasure, and solid satisfaction in the marriage state, which I am confident you are capable of, with a deserving object, and which your temper and disposition, as well as your person and accomplishments, entitle you to expect.

I flatter myself you have attentively considered what I wrote, and that your sentiments do not materially differ from mine. Though I well know you are possessed of a good understanding, and the justest principles ; yet when I reflect how powerful are frequently the effects of a sudden passion, even for an unworthy object ; and how apt the most prudent are to be struck with mere external advantages ; I cannot avoid repeating this caution, that you should guard your heart against a strong prepossession in favour of any man, of whom you have only a slight knowledge.

I promised to give you some rules, which may probably enable you to discover the merit and abilities of the person who may solicit your favour ; and with great readiness I now perform that promise, though I cannot in the compass of a letter enter so fully into the subject as I could wish, and must therefore content myself with mentioning what I take to be the principal points.

I recollect an observation made by the author of a paper in the *Tatler*, that “ one of the most certain ways for a woman to form a right judgment of the man who addresses her, is to find out in what estimation he is held by men of reputation in the same line of life.” There is great pro-

priety in this assertion ; such persons are usually capable of discovering much of his real character, from his general conduct and behaviour in public life, and his connections with the world ; and will commonly, if not under the influence of prejudice, or personal resentment, give merit its due.

A little attention will enable you to discover a material difference between the behaviour of the sensible worthy man, who, anxious for your favour, tells you the real sentiments of his heart ; and that of the weak superficial coxcomb, who in the style of modern romance, will use the most romantic absurd language in praising your person, and describing the power of your charms : his manner and actions will satisfy you, that he thinks to impose on you by the grossest flattery, and to make an easy conquest of your heart by his superior merit ; the elegance of his person, or the gracefulness of his manners.

The one will be respectful, diffident, and fearful of giving offence ; whilst the other will be bold, confident, and assuming, and behave as if he thought he was conferring a favour on you by the offer he makes.

It is not, I am persuaded, difficult, for a person of your understanding to discover from the general turn of a man's conversation, whether he possesses any considerable share of good sense or not.—If you observe a man always most talkative, when the conversation is no ways interesting, and the subject trifling ; and that he is silent, or says little, when in company with men of abilities, if subjects of importance are discussed : you may take it for granted, he is conscious of his incapacity, and fearful of exposing his weakness by joining in the discourse : unless you have sufficient reason to apprehend his silence proceeds from a natural modesty and diffidence, which persons of real merit, and solid understanding sometimes possess, and cannot get rid off.

The man of sense will usually, by what he says, discover some marks of genius, or a well-informed mind, although

though conversation takes ever so light a turn; but he will always appear most animated, when it is on topics whereby the mind may be improved, or some good impression made on the heart; on such subjects, if he loves you, he will delight to converse with you familiarly; he will deliver his sentiments candidly, and pay a respectful regard to every thing you say. Happy will he be to give you information on any subject you are unacquainted with, and think himself honoured by your applying to him for it.

But the empty trifler will generally entertain you with common place sentiments, and the most uninteresting anecdotes, and observations; and his ideas being narrow, in short you will neither be informed, or improved by any thing he says.

I apprehend one of the most certain rules to judge of a man's abilities and capacity, is to attend to the manner in which he employs his time. If he acknowledges he is not fond of reading, if he appears unacquainted with the writings of authors of eminence on any subject, and never applies himself to any kind of study, nor takes pleasure in the society of men of genius, and extensive knowledge; you may be assured that his understanding and abilities are very limited and confined; and that he has no desire of improving them: and with such a man, I am sure, you could not pass your time in a manner agreeable to your disposition, and the liberal turn of your mind.

But the principles of a man are of still greater importance: as a bad heart makes a man more truly despicable than a weak head; I recommend to you carefully to avoid all such as are known to have ill treated, or in any respect behaved dishonourably to others of your own sex. The man who can commit one flagrant act of cruelty, or injustice, especially to a female, will seldom flick at committing another, if it suits his purpose, or he thinks to gain any advantage by it. There are in genteel life many young men against whom I would particularly guard you,

as they have no real honour, or true generosity. The persons I mean, are usually possessed of some abilities, improved by education; they study the graces with attention, and take much pains to render themselves agreeable; but they are to be distinguished by an unbounded vanity, and self-complacency. From the high opinion they entertain of themselves, they think every woman must feel impressions in their favour: they pride themselves on the conquests they have made, and frequently boast with exultation of the arts of deception they have successfully practised. Such a man no sooner gets into the company of a young lady of any beauty or merit, but he behaves to her in the most respectful manner, and takes every opportunity of paying her particular attention; his looks and his manners are studied, and, together with his words and actions, are designed to convince her she has made an impression on his heart. If he can contrive to be alone with her, he will use the most passionate expressions of regard, and be very liberal in his praises of her person or accomplishments. Should she, unaccustomed to dissimulation, appear pleased with his company, and satisfied of his sincerity, and especially if she goes so far as to acknowledge her heart is not indifferent to his merit; he has gained all he sought for, his vanity will be flattered. He will leave her with the most perfect indifference, and, if expostulated with on the subject, will probably ridicule her behaviour, and appear surprised she should think any thing was meant, more than common politeness warranted. Is not such a conduct as this cruel and base? And ought not such a man to be despised? Confident I am there are many who value themselves on being thought men of gallantry, that act in this manner; and I doubt not but many amiable and deserving women, of great sensibility and goodness of heart, have been rendered unhappy for years by such ungenerous conduct.

I would

I would have you, my dear Harriet, always think yourself obliged to any man, who makes you an offer, whether you approve it or not; but if any one even makes professions of love to you, yet cautiously avoids a proposal of marriage, though there may be no bar to a union, that he is acquainted with; you ought to consider him as offering you a gross affront, and treat him with the contempt he deserves. The man of honour who really loves you, will above all things desire you for his wife, and will not be backward in telling you so. I am satisfied that where there is a genuine warm affection, it will discover itself by a thousand little attentions, and make a man act uniformly the same; which it is hardly possible for a person to observe or do, who only affects a passion he does not feel. An unbiassed mind may easily discover the difference.

That you may form a right judgment of a man's principles, observe who are his associates, and in what company he appears best pleased. It is a common but true saying, that "A man is known by his company." Indeed, so powerful is the force of example, that people in general adopt much of the principles, and follow almost implicitly the practices of those with whom they pass much of their time. The man of good principles will be fond of the company of men of the same cast, and never cultivate any intimate acquaintance or connection with those of an opposite character.

If a man appears to take pleasure in treating religious subjects, or moral duties with ridicule, if he accustoms himself to indecent or indelicate language, or if in common conversation he frequently uses vulgar, profane expressions, I should much doubt the goodness of his heart, and in general entertain but a mean opinion of his understanding. Such a man will not be worthy of you, nor will he, as I apprehend, be at all suited to your disposition, nor calculated to make you happy.

Need I caution you against the man who has a strong attachment to his bottle; I mean the man who habituates himself to an indulgence producing intoxication. If I mistake not, you have seen some of the bad consequences of this vice, sufficient to deter you from ever thinking of being united to a man who is addicted to it.

Drunkenness is certainly a vice of the most pernicious tendency, especially in young persons; it destroys or deadens all the rational faculties, and hurries men into the commission of the worst crimes, however good their natural dispositions or principles may be: it makes them unfit for society, and renders them truly despicable. Often have I sincerely pitied a delicate amiable woman, tied for life to such a husband!

A good disposition, and sweet natural temper is assuredly of no little consequence for securing and preserving domestic happiness in the marriage state, (as I told you in my former letter;) and therefore it is material that you should not be mistaken in this point. It is, I know, said, that men of the worst tempers and dispositions, can so command themselves as to appear in a different light when it suits their purpose: this may be true for a short space of time, but, as I apprehend not for any long continuance. A careful observer, after having been many times in the company of a man, and seen him at all hours, and in most of the common situations of life, may generally discover the natural turn of his mind, and the prevailing passion of his heart. However engaging is a generous, compassionate, and benevolent temper! and how extensive its effects on the whole conduct! surely it may be easily distinguished from its opposite, as well in a person's manner, as in his words and actions. The selfish narrow-minded man, will not be able to conceal the meanness of his soul; where he cannot avoid doing a generous action, he will do it with reluctance, and with so ill a grace, as to

take off all its merit, and make no impression in his favour.

I have often thought that the true disposition of persons is best known by observing the manner in which they behave to their servants and inferiors: the worst-tempered men will often behave with respect and the highest good manners to their equals, and with great complaisance and politeness, (if not with servility) to their superiors; but the man of real benevolence and a good heart, will uniformly shew a degree of kindness in all his words and actions to his dependants, and those with whom he has any connection, however poor, low, or mean their circumstances or situation may be; whilst the sour, morose, or violent tempered man, whose heart is not warmed by the noble principle of universal philanthropy, will commonly behave to such persons with haughtiness and reserve, and his manner of treating them will be severe and unfeeling.

Sure I am, that every woman of understanding, of delicacy, and tenderness of heart must give a preference to the man I have pointed out; and you possess these to a degree much above the generality of your sex.

I verily believe, that two of the principal causes of unhappiness young women experience in the marriage state, are their anxiety in early life to be their own mistresses; and their apprehension that if they refuse one offer, they may not have another; therefore, if the man who addresses them is any thing tolerable in his person or behaviour, and especially if he is possessed of any considerable share of property, they eagerly catch at the bait, and solemnly engage to honour and obey one for whom they feel the greatest indifference, and they voluntarily risque every consequence which may result from the defects of his head or his heart. Neither of these motives need operate with you; and I therefore the more earnestly press you to act with caution in a matter of such importance as the choice of a partner for life; for, whatever may be thought of it by many, the engagements both

parties lay themselves under when they enter into the marriage relation, are very extensive, and of a very serious nature, and ought to be well considered.

I am persuaded you are deserving of the best of men, and have every requisite to make a man of sense, of a good heart, and great sensibility, as happy as is possible in this state of imperfection and uncertainty.

That you may be blest with one of this description, and enjoy a long continuance of health and spirit, and every thing desirable in life, is, my dear Harriet, the sincere wish and prayer of

Your faithful,

And affectionate friend,

HORATIO.

(To be continued.)

* * We hope, nay we trust that our correspondent will be punctual in his next communications.

A DEDICATION,

Which may serve almost for any Book either in Prose or Verse, that has, is, or shall be published.

The AUTHOR to HIMSELF.

Most honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first, that it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public; then, as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts, which it is possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great as, I am sure, or greater, than any man else

can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated by a spirit of malice, or envy, the inseparable attendant on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may, perhaps, be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric; but since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing I so much desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but till then, can only assure you, that I shall continue to be,

Dearest Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

And the greatest of your admirers.

LETTERS from a FRIEND,

Addressed to a YOUNG LADY.

(Continued from Page 527.)

LETTER II.

“ My Dear Friend,

AFTER having, in my last letter, slightly hinted to you, what is chiefly necessary for you to know and practice in regard to religion, I shall now lead you a little into a world, where it is highly requisite for you to appear with at least a proper behaviour; to be merely inoffensive is not enough.

You have been entrusted with a much more than common share of talents, and of such it becomes you to make some use; but, O my dear child, how careful must you be that they are not misapplied. Your lively

parts, your unsuspecting heart, and your openness of behaviour, all combine together to draw you into a thousand dilemmas. Remember then you cannot be too watchful over your words and actions; recollect every circumstance that has happened, when you have been in company, and consider how and when your behaviour has been the least defective; for if you would wish to please and be agreeable, believe me, it is not to be done without great care and pains.

You must be obliging to all, ready to speak and give your opinion, where you are desired, with modesty and humility; and let me, above all, beg you to remember, that a haughty, contemptuous, fullen behaviour, either to equals or inferiors, is both disgusting and hateful in the highest degree.

At the same time that I am giving you these rules, do not in the least imagine that I mean you to adopt that shocking, hypocritical way, so much extolled by a late polite writer, and which he dignifies with the title of *Simulation*: a ridiculous appellation for all the insinuating arts of a sly designing sycophant! Beware, cautiously beware of this: for it is not the appearance of civility and good temper that I mean you to put on, but the reality. There are many little fashions in acting and speaking, to all which I would have you conform, though not to the silly affectation of every little coquet. Those modes of speaking, which sensible and genteel people of either sex adopt, are proper for imitation; and from them too I would wish you to learn a manner of address to different sorts of people, together with all those minutias upon every occasion; which however trifling they may seem, and indeed really are, yet those who possess them not, are often slighted and shunned by the world, and reputed awkward and vulgar.

I have known several instances of most sensible and good persons, who from living a recluse life, being shut up from all company, and conversing only with two or three of their own family, as retired as themselves, have,

have, when they came out into the world, been ridiculed as the most absurd of all beings, though it was scarcely for any thing besides their dress, their manner, and their way of speaking. These particulars, though I am far from wishing you to spend much time upon, are still so necessary in *their* way, that I could by no means think myself excusable in passing them over.

Adieu then for the present.

(To be continued.)

THE MATRON.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER LXXXIX.

IN many of the matrimonial differences which have lately occurred between people of fashion, and people of no fashion, the blame has been, it is highly probable, laid on the wrong person. The women, in general, have been most censured; but upon a minute and candid investigation of the matter in question, the men have been justly considered as their seducers from the paths of honour, and that line of decorum to which every female should pay the strictest attention. Admitting, however, that some wives have received provocations from their husbands, are we sure that they did not first provoke them? Are we certain that they did not by the folly—I will not add criminality, of their conduct, rouse their resentment—I will not add, drive them to revenge!—It is an old, and, I believe, a true adage, that a “good wife will make a good husband,” at any time. Supposing then that a man is somewhat inclined to be capricious, and discovers a wandering disposition, will it not be well worth her while, who is married to him, to endeavour to comply with his reigning humour, that she may lure him back to his conjugal duty? or to wait patiently, at least, till he becomes sensible of his errors, and to avoid a widening of

the domestic breach by the commission of follies equally reprehensible?

I was led into this way of thinking by an unhappy event in my own family, owing entirely to a want of thought in my grand-daughter, Mrs. Dawson, who had a most flattering prospect of happiness, at her first setting out in life; prospects which she, I am afraid, has quite destroyed by her passion for dissipation and expence; the latter naturally arising from, and closely connected with the former. By her unwearied pursuit after pleasure, she has driven her husband from his home; and by her extravagance, she will, I fear, exclude his return to it, with that credit, at least, which he first supported. Often have I mentioned the inutility of all her mother’s remonstrances, accompanied with mine, and of her husband’s repeated persuasions. We cannot, with our united efforts, prevail on her to act with more discretion in public, with more propriety in her own family, by attending to her maternal duties, and by discovering that affection for her children, by which every woman in a similar situation ought to distinguish herself. In vain has every method been tried to convince her that the weakness and absurdity of her behaviour may be productive of very serious consequences: nothing can recall her from that whirlpool of folly to which she is hurried with a most dangerous rapidity. Too often has she been abroad, when Mr. Dawson wished to see her at home, and engaged herself in parties of pleasure in which he had no share. During the last year, she has spent the greatest part of her time with her brother and his bride; and as she could not expect to be treated by them, or indeed handsomely suffer herself to be treated, she has also spent her husband’s money in a manner by no means agreeable to him. In short, Mr. Dawson, thus deserted by her who should have made home every way inviting to him, and inviting she might easily have rendered it, had she acted with the smallest prudence, as he had a strong predilection for

for the quiet pleasures of life, and preferred an evening by his own fire-side to card-parties, theatrical, or any other public amusements. Thus left, and being young, and formed to please, he became an object in the eyes of a young female in the neighbourhood, who had been the mistress of a man of fashion, who dismissed her upon his marrying a lady with a considerable fortune: he had, indeed, been more generous to her than she deserved, as he had not been her first seducer: he had made a provision which was quite sufficient for her in a retired way of life; the only one she should have led; but such a provision by no means satisfied a woman of her turn. By seeing Mr. Dawson frequently pass to and fro, and finding, upon enquiry, that he had a genteel fortune, and a pretty wife, who removed herself from him whole weeks in pleasurable excursions, she thought she had encouragement enough to build upon: she, therefore, took every opportunity to throw herself in his way, but in such a manner, as to give every meeting the air of an accidental rencontre. These accidental interviews insensibly brought on by degrees an acquaintance. He was soon invited to spend his leisure hours at her house, as she passed for a widow with a small fortune, and pretended to avoid company for prudential reasons. Dawson, believing her to be a pattern for discretion, grew of course more and more intimate with her; and the intimacy between them increased till it was attended with very serious consequences. By charging him with having been the cause of her ruin, and by a numerous train of insinuating arts, she drew from him considerable sums, till at length his circumstances became as much injured as his character and his peace were. Mr. Dawson is naturally possessed of an upright mind, and has a great deal of sensibility in his constitution; if his heedless wife, therefore, had but availed herself of such dispositions in a husband, dispositions truly desirable, they might have been the happiest of couples.—At pre-

sent they live in a state the most distant from felicity.—He, with good principles, and acute feelings, is, I verily believe, a sincere penitent, for having deviated from the paths which he would have pursued had his Emily been willing to accompany him; and she, on the other hand, in consequence of his not being either able or willing to maintain her in the extravagant style most agreeable to her inclination, upbraids him continually for the diminutions in her allowance, and vows she will not live with him, if she is not enabled to keep up her accustomed appearance in the genteel world.—Having been acquainted by some officious people, who go about seeking whom they may make miserable, with his new connection, she turns his attachment to Mrs. Benson into a plea for a separate maintenance, not scrupling to declare that she has not ever been guilty of the slightest breach of her matrimonial vow: and indeed plays the virago in so spirited a style, inflamed by the operation of her resentment, that poor Dawson would, in my opinion, be very glad to get rid of her upon any terms. However, as he has not a sufficiency to provide for their separate pleasures, he must maintain her as well as he can; and if she would be tolerably patient, if she should be content to act with more discretion, study œconomy, and shew some regard for him, some affection for her children, they might still enjoy the sweets of connubial satisfactions: but while she grows more refractory and irritating; and while he, though heartily ashamed of having been drawn in to act so foolishly, still flies to Mrs. Benson for the sake of spending a peaceful hour or two, which Emily will never let him enjoy at home, (even quarrelling with her mother for endeavouring to persuade her to bear with patience the evil which she has brought upon herself) there can be no prospect of the restoration of their nuptial felicity.—Many of these disagreeable circumstances were communicated to me by Miss Partlet, who, though she pretends to feel, and I be-

lieve she does feel, a family affection for Emily, as a cousin, has so much of the curiosity of the old maid about her, that I am not quite sure whether the gratification of that passion may not overbalance any concern she might otherwise experience, on her cousin's account.—I have taken all the advantage of this unwelcome affair in my power to console Pen, for being unfortunately destined to a single life, by telling her she has happily escaped a connection with an inconstant husband; but my consolations have not yet had the wished-for effect: she still looks forward to the land of matrimony, (not the Land of Promise, I doubt) constantly replying, “Aye, Madam, but if I had been blest with such a man as Mr. Dawson, and acted agreeably to your advice, which I certainly should have followed, I should have been the very happiest wife in all the three kingdoms: but such felicity,” continued she, with a far-fetched sigh, “such felicity will never, I fear, be my lot.”—I could not help smiling at our antient cousin's lamentable interjection, though I am so deeply hurt by the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson; nor do I know how to extricate them from the evils into which they have plunged themselves, as neither of them seems disposed to assist the other towards the recovery of their lost happiness.

My daughter has written both to my son and to Mrs. Stanly, for their advice upon so embarrassing, I may say so distressful an occasion. They both agree in telling her that it is proper every person should smart for the follies which they commit, that they may be deterred from the repetition of them.—Their proposal is, that this wretched pair should go into a more private way of life, (they cannot, indeed, appear in any style, without the liberal assistance of their friends,) to turn off all their servants, except one female domestic, and the nurse, and to educate their children under their own inspection. All this is perfectly right: and Mr. Stanly is acquainted with my approbation of his

council: but I tremble for the fate of the poor children, who will, I am afraid, suffer in every shape, from their being under the care of such parents. May their helpless age, and pleasing innocence, make an impression upon the hearts of the father and mother, sufficient to draw them from all their idle worldly pursuits, and to render them desirous of training up their ductile representatives to be better members of society than themselves!

As I have disclosed the secret of my family (not of my own “prison-house,”) from the most laudable motives, let all the married readers of this Number (the Dawsons in the married state) take warning, if they will not condescend to take advice.

(To be continued.)

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(Translated from the French.)

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 544.)

L E T T E R L X.

From M. NORTON, jun. to the Countess de SOLMES.

I Should be the most ingrateful person in the world, if the first products of my pen were not employed in testifying my acknowledgments to you for the tender interest you have shown, with respect to my fate: you shed such tears on my irregularities as are to me inestimable: you have likewise “hoped against hope:” and without doubt the prayers you have offered up to heaven on my behalf, have brought down its pity upon me. Let me repeat it, my Lady, what obligations am I under to you! What thanks do I not owe you! I should have taken the liberty to write to you, were it only to render them to you; but a fresh motive has reduced me to a necessity of writing.

You

You rather over-rate the conduct I observed in the unhappy affair which has turned out far better than I had reason to expect : I had involved myself in the most embarrassing state that could ever have happened to me : and I had, if I may be permitted the expression, lost the right of acting as a Christian ought to do on such an emergence.

Supposing I never had the misfortune to forget my duty, I should have been far from banishing myself for an action, in which I should have gloried, if I were not forbid it in any case whatever : and I must confess to you with the utmost sincerity, that “ I should have blushed to have blushed at it.” If I were in a country where it was deemed honourable to be a sharper, to seize on another’s property, could I look on my integrity and my detestation of falsehood as shameful ? No, certainly ; and if I should wish to be esteemed by the few honest men which might keep themselves so amidst these perverse mortals, I should even commit an act which would expose me to public shame to obtain their friendship. This is precisely the conduct I should have observed in France in any other circumstances. To fight without being compelled to it by duty, is the action of a fool, of a bad Christian, and of a rebel to one’s prince ; it is to commit a robbery on one’s country, which has a claim upon our lives. Who sees not that it is glorious to avoid such excesses ? And, as you express it, there is none but a coward, who can be afraid of the contempt of those whom he contemns himself.

Three months before I had forgot my duty I would have refused a challenge, if I had received it in the most numerous assembly ; and after the refusal, I should not have thought that I ought to quit my family to go to Malta, only to convince a set of senseless fellows, that they had done me wrong in the idea they had conceived of me, and in thinking that my refusing to fight had no other motive but the fear of dying. Let me add

once more, of what signification is the good opinion of those to me, whose esteem is acquired only by doing every thing which would forfeit that of men of sense ?

Unhappily for me, I was under a different predicament, as I have had the honour to inform you : I had lost sight of the most essential duties, I had left my father’s house clandestinely, and it was known to more than one, that I was determined to dispose of my hand without his consent, nay even in spite of him. A man, in such criminal circumstances, must have talked of the motives of conscience with a very bad grace, when he intended to commit one crime more. It is true, that when I resolved to avoid the meeting I had appointed to the marquis, I detested my dissipations, and the same motive which induced me to renounce my crimes, did not permit me to fight the duel ; but my defects were public, and my repentance was known only to heaven ; they might, without temerity, attribute my refusal of fighting to cowardice, to fear ; and if that were the case, I should have merited contempt. But now, I am of opinion that a man of honour, insensible to contempt, when it is not well founded, cannot push that delicacy which he has for his reputation too far, when he has had the misfortune to give birth to judgments that are to his disadvantage, by his own misconduct.

I was going then to Malta to undeceive these good gentry, with respect to myself ; I am not certain I should have succeeded, for the enterprise carried with it all the air of despair, which sometimes rouses the greatest poltroons to an appearance of magnanimity.

Heaven, by a boundless exertion of goodness, has furnished me with a more expeditious means to recover that reputation, which is the wish of my heart, and I have thereby gained the inestimable blessing of a friend, who is as dear to me as myself, even prior to the ties which are going to unite us, were even thought of. Add to

all these advantages, that which your kindness gives me a right to hope for, the continuation of a friendship which I should merit, if it were to be purchased by the most respectful and the most sincere sentiments, with which I shall be as long as I live,

My Lady,

Yours, &c.

(To be continued.)

THE GOVERNESS.

(Continued from Page 537.)

I Suppose I looked very much pleased, as I really was, to find myself with an old acquaintance, and not with a gentleman who was almost a stranger to me; and before whom I wished to make a more correct appearance. He accosted me by saying, he was glad to see me in such good spirits; "You will, I hope, pardon, however," continued he, "at the same time, my telling you that I am sorry for the occasion."

I smiled at the serious manner in which he delivered these words, and told him I thought he seemed to deal in paradoxes.

"Possibly," replied he, with still more seriousness, "you will be ready to charge me with insanity; but I cannot help it, I must speak or die. Will you, Miss Haywood, be so obliging as to inform me whether you have actually given your hand to Mr. Spelman?"

I hesitated; I believe I looked confused; I certainly felt my face glow while I answered, "I have not yet made any promise, Mr. Hammond."

"You have inspired me with new life, Madam," said he, "by this condescending answer: but I must beg leave to press you for a still more kind reply, an assurance that you never intend to be his."

This last request, whilst it opened my eyes, did not, I confess, in the least tend to lessen my embarrassment:

however, I told him that I had not yet taken such a resolution: adding, that I should act agreeably to the advice of my friends: "I dare not then," replied he, "flatter myself with any hopes, as I know that Mr. Spelman's fortune is far superior to any thing I can pretend to; all I can urge in my own behalf, in order to defend my pretensions is, that I have loved and esteemed you from my first becoming acquainted with you, and that I never presumed to make any attempts to gain your affections, till I found myself possessed of a decent income: and I have only to add that every thing in my possession is, with myself, at your disposal, if you think me, and every thing belonging to me, worthy of your acceptance."

Here he stopped, having apparently almost exhausted himself by the violent agitation of spirits into which this declaration had thrown him: and, indeed, I was so much distressed by it, that I scarce knew what to say in reply: but there was no time to lose, I had only a moment to consider. I expected Mr. Spelman to enter the room every instant. He had made me a most generous offer, yet my heart felt no sensation stronger than that arising from the deepest gratitude: on the other hand, I must freely own, that I had always thought Mr. Hammond an amiable man, though I never permitted myself to dwell upon his valuable qualities; as I imagined that in my situation in life, the indulgence of a tender passion might have proved injurious to us both; but now, things appeared in a very different light: however, there was no time for us to enter upon the discussion of so delicate a subject, I therefore acquired presence of mind enough to tell Mr. Hammond that I was greatly obliged to him for the preference he gave me to many women, with fortunes equal or superior to his own, who would, doubtless, be glad to share them with a worthy man, adding, that I had nothing, except what I gained by making myself useful to those whose affluence enabled them

them to employ me, and that I even shared the little I gained, in consequence of my feelings on their accounts, with the unfortunate children of my sister.

"I desire nothing," exclaimed he, hastily, interrupting me, "I desire nothing but your affection: my little will be sufficient to support you, without any employment: and even to maintain those children also, who shall become mine, by adoption, if you can make yourself happy in giving me your inestimable heart, with your most desirable person."

"I believe I can," replied I, somewhat confused, and hesitating; "but you know I must absolutely dismiss one gentleman, before I can accept of another. I expect Mr. Spelman every moment, you will, therefore, I dare say, allow me to delay my final answer till to-morrow. I shall then be sincerely glad to see you here again."

With his features brightened by hope, in consequence of this answer, he seized my hand, pressed it to his lips, and took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, I flew up stairs to put myself to rights.

A loud rap soon announced Mr. Spelman.—I had but just time to settle my cap before he entered the room.

Having been extremely fluttered by Mr. Hammond's unexpected visit, I scarcely knew what to say, and, therefore, desired a little more time to consider about a definitive answer.

He said "he could not oppose my wishes in any thing, but that he could not help looking upon this demurring as an unfavourable symptom."

I did not, I confess, deny it: I plainly told him, "indeed, that a gentleman whom I had long known, but who never had it in his power, till now, to marry, had offered himself; and that I believed I could not refuse him."

Mr. Spelman replied, "that though he could not help wishing me all possible happiness, he looked upon himself as peculiarly unfortunate in having fixed his affections where they could not, he found, be returned: I will

not distress you, Madam," continued he, "with importunities, which will not, I see, prove availing; but I must beg leave to say, that if any thing should happen to prevent your union with this happiest of men, I shall be insensibly impelled to renew my endeavours to persuade you to be mine."

This gentleman's behaviour was so very handsome and polite, that I was sorry to be under the necessity of rejecting him; but I could not accept of him without doing him the greatest injustice, as I really preferred Mr. Hammond to him, whom I had long esteemed.

Soon after Mr. Spelman left me, I wrote to my aunt, and to Mrs. Masters, for their approbation. The former sent me a letter full of praises for my disinterested conduct, as she called it; though, I confess, I could not look upon myself as entitled to any particular eulogiums, as I certainly liked Mr. Hammond better than Mr. Spelman: and what is fortune alone without the society which is dear to us?

From Mrs. Masters I received the following laconic epistle.

"Lizzy,

"I am sorry you oblige me to tell you that you are, and ever will be, a great simpleton. Why is not Mr. Spelman, with eight hundred a year, to be preferred to Mr. Hammond, who has but three? There is no difference in the men, but a considerable one in the money. I am quite ashamed of you.

E. MASTERS."

It pained me to act in opposition to Mrs. Masters's advice; to the advice of a lady who had been a very kind friend to me; but I should have been "quite ashamed" of myself, if I had acted in another manner.

Mr. Hammond came at the time appointed, and I had taken care to keep both Poll and Fuzz at a proper distance. It would be idle to repeat all that an enraptured lover says when every

every thing runs smoothly and agreeably to his wishes : yet, I must own, that though I was, myself, perfectly satisfied with Mr. Hammond and his fortune, I was sorry to burthen him with the little Grahams ; but he appeared so happy to oblige me by being kind to them, that I began to feel a satisfaction in having given him an opportunity to exert the uncommon benevolence of his heart.

My affairs now began to take a new turn. I quitted Mr. Manning's family, not, however, without seeing the young ladies shed tears at my departure, while I, on my side, truly rejoiced to take leave of the teasing animals which had caused me so much uneasiness and vexation. Having asked Mr. Hammond, one day, if I did not make a most ridiculous figure the afternoon he came to make me his agreeable offer : he replied with the gallantry of a man in love, that he was so eager to secure me for his own, he hardly took any notice of my appearance. " You was certainly a very extraordinary lover," said I, " to overlook the person of the woman whom you wished to marry." " I must always think the person of Eliza," replied he, in tender accents, " exceedingly engaging ; but the accomplishments of her mind will be ever most valuable in my estimation." I laughed at my sentimental lover, and was in my turn most cruelly laughed at by Mrs. Masters, who scolded poor Hammond for discovering the violence of his passion for me, by depriving me of eight hundred a year.

(To be Continued.)

The History of the DUCHESS of BEAUFORT.

(Continued from Page 547.)

THE duke of Sully, as well as all the other historians who have mentioned this parting of the king and his mistress, allow that there was something very extraordinary in the grief expressed by the two lovers upon this occasion.

When the moment came that madame de Beaufort was to leave Fontainebleau, she appeared overwhelmed with anguish. The king, who was more passionately fond of her than ever, struggled to repress his emotions : he conducted her half way to Paris ; and although they proposed only an absence of a few days, yet they dreaded the moment of separation, as if they were never to meet more. " Thole," says the duke of Sully, " who are inclined to give faith to such kind of forebodings, will lay some stress upon this relation. The two lovers renewed their endearments ; and in every thing they said to each other at that moment, some persons have pretended to find proofs of these presages of an inevitable fate "

Henry, sighing, led his mistress to the boat which was to convey her down to the arsenal. Just as she was preparing to enter it, she stopped, and turning to the king, who was oppressed with grief, she spoke to him, as if for the last time. She recommended to his care her children, her estate of Monceaux, and her domesticks. Henry listened to her, but, instead of comforting her, gave way to sympathizing sorrow. Again they took leave of each other, and a secret emotion again drew them to each other's arms.

The king, not being able to tear himself from her, the marshal D'Ornano, Roquelaure, and Frontenac, forced him away, and prevailed upon him at length to return to Fontainebleau, after he had tenderly recommended the care of his mistress to La Varenne, with orders to conduct her safely to the house of Zarnet *, to whom he chose to confide this pledge so dear to him.

* Sebastian Zarnet, a private gentleman of immense fortune. He was an Italian, and a native of Lucca, but got himself naturalized in 1581. He desired the notary who drew up his daughter's contract of marriage, to stile him lord of seven een hundred thousand crowns. Henry IV. loved him for his wit and facetious humour, and chose his house for collations and parties of pleasure.

The duke of Sully, being at Paris when madame de Beaufort arrived there, he thought himself obliged to wait on her before he fet out for his estate at Rosny ; and by the account he gives of her difcourse to him, it appears that her melancholy ideas were already diffipated ; and that she again indulged herself in her gay dreams of royalty, and cherished all her ambitious hopes ; dreams so soon to be changed to a frightful certainty, and hopes shortly to terminate in despair and death.

“ She gave me,” says the duke of Sully, “ a most obliging reception, and seemed to have wholly forgot our dispute at St. Germain ; but not chusing to explain herself clearly upon that compliance with her projects to which she wished to bring me, she contented herself with endeavouring to engage me in her interest, by mingling with those civilities which she shewed to very few persons, words which carried a double sense, and hinted to me a boundless grandeur, if I would relax a little in the severity of my counsel to the king with regard to her.

“ I,” pursues the duke, “ who was as little moved with the chimeras that filled her head, as with those she sought to inspire me with, pretended not to understand any part of a discourse intelligible enough ; and answered her equivocal terms with general professions of respect, attachment, and devotion, which signify what one will.”

The duchefs of Sully, going likewise to pay a visit to the triumphant mistress, was overwhelmed with the airs of royalty assumed by this poor creature, already devoted to the shades of death, and so soon to answer at the tribunal of divine justice for that guilty grandeur which she preferred to eternal happiness.

Madame de Beaufort kindly intreated the duchefs of Sully to love her, and to converse with her as a friend. “ Entered into confidence,” says the duke of Sully, “ that would have appeared to be the last instances

of the most intimate friendship to those, who like madame de Sully, knew not that the duchefs, who had no great share of understanding, was not very delicate in the choice of her confidants. It was her highest pleasure to entertain any person she first saw with her schemes and expectations, and when she conversed with her inferiors, she scarce submitted to any caution, for with them she no longer guarded her expressions, but often assumed the state and language of a queen.”

“ Madame de Sully,” continues the duke, “ could not avoid shewing some surprize at the duchefs’s discourse, especially when that lady, making an absurd assemblage of the civilities practised among persons of equal rank with those airs of a queen, told her she might come to her *coucher* and *lever* when she pleased, with many other speeches of the same kind.”

It was in the midst of these intoxicating dreams of ambition, and while she resigned her whole soul to scenes of present pleasure, and to hopes of future greatness, that Providence thought fit to put a period to her life.

She was still at the house of Sebastian Zamet, who had received his fair guest with all the assiduity of a courtier solicitous to please, when on Maundy-Thursdlay, after a luxurious repast, she had an inclination to hear the evening service at St. Anthony’s the Less ; she was there seized with fainting-fits, which obliged her attendants to carry her back immediately.

As soon as she arrived a Zamet’s, she went into the garden, hoping to receive some benefit from the air ; but in a few minutes she was attacked with an apoplectic fit, which it was expected would have instantly stifled her.

She recovered a little, through the assistance that was given her ; and strongly prepossessed with a notion that she was poisoned, she commanded her servants to carry her from that house to madame de Sourdis her aunt, who lived in the cloister of St. Germain.

They had but just time to put her to bed, when thick succeeding convul-

sions, so dreadful as amazed all who were present, and every symptom of approaching death, left Monsieur Varenne, who had taken up the pen to inform the king of this melancholy accident, nothing else to say, but that the physicians despaired of the duchess's life, from the nature of her distemper, which required the most violent remedies, and the circumstance of her being big with child, which made all applications mortal.

Scarce had he sent away the letter, when the duchess drawing near her last moments, fell into new convulsions, which disfigured her so horribly, that Varenne, not doubting but that the king would, upon the receipt of his letter, set out instantly to see his mistress, thought it more prudent to tell him, in a second letter, that she was dead, than expose him to a spectacle, at once so dreadful and afflicting, as that of a woman whom he tenderly loved, expiring in agitations, struggles, and agonies, which scarcely left any thing of human in her figure.

On the Saturday following, the convulsions had turned her quite black, and writhed her mouth to the back of her neck. Riviere, the king's first physician, coming in great haste upon this occasion with others of the king's physicians, but just entered her chamber, and when he saw the extraordinary condition she was in, went away, saying to those who were with him, "This is the hand of God."

A few moments afterwards the duchess expired, in a general subversion of all the functions of nature, capable of inspiring horror and dismay.

The king, who, upon the receipt of Varenne's first letter, had not failed to mount his horse immediately, received the second when he was got half way to Paris; and listening to nothing but the excess of his passion, was resolved, notwithstanding all that could be said to him, to give himself the consolation of seeing his mistress once more.

Marshal Bassompierre, in his memoirs, relates that Henry did not be-

lieve his mistress was dead, and continued his journey; but that Varenne, having come to acquaint the marshal D'Ornano and him, who had accompanied the duchess to Paris, that she was just dead, they both took horse, to carry the melancholy news to the king, and hinder him from proceeding to Paris.

We found the king, says marshal Bassompierre, on the other side of La Sauissaye, near Vilajuif, coming on post-horses, with the utmost expedition. As soon as he perceived the marshal D'Ornano, he suspected that he was come to bring him fatal tidings, which as soon as he had heard, he uttered the most passionate complaints.

These noblemen, having with great difficulty prevailed upon Henry to go into the abbey La Sauissaye, they laid him upon a bed, till the coach which they had ordered to follow came from Paris; they put him into it, to carry him back to Fontainebleau; during this little journey, he was so oppressed with grief, that he fell into a fainting fit in the arms of the master of the horse.

As soon as he arrived at Fontainebleau, he dispatched a messenger to the duke of Sully, who was at his country-seat, to desire he would come to him instantly.

It is worthy remark, that the king should upon this occasion of his mistress's death think no one so capable of giving him consolation as the man who had most opposed his extravagant fondness for her; such is the involuntary homage which even the passions themselves pay to wisdom and virtue!

When this messenger arrived at the duke's castle, he was conversing with his wife upon the extraordinary airs assumed by the duchess of Beaufort, when she last saw her; and perceiving her to be so much affected with the discourse she had held with her, as to conclude there would certainly be some great change in the fortune of this lady, the duke acquainted her with madame de Beaufort's design to get herself declared queen, with the practices

practices of her relations and dependents for that purpose, the struggles the king had in his own mind, and the resolution he had taken to overcome himself.

Madame de Sully was listening attentively to this relation, when they heard the bell of the first gate of the castle, without the moat ring, and none of the servants answering, it being scarcely day, a voice several times repeated, "I come from the king."

The duke of Sully that instant wakening one of the grooms of his chamber, sent him to open the gate; and in his impatience to know the cause of this early summons, he slipped on a night-gown, and ran to meet the courier, when observing a deep concern upon his countenance, he asked him, trembling, "If the king was ill?"

"No," replied the man, "but he is in the utmost affliction: madame the duchess is dead."

"This news," says the duke of Sully, "appeared to me so improbable, that I made him repeat his words several times, and when convinced that it was true, I felt my mind divided between grief for the condition to which her death reduced the king, and joy for the advantages that France would derive from it, which was increased, by my being fully persuaded, that the king would by this transitory affliction purchase a release from a thousand anxieties, and much more anguish of heart than what he now actually suffered. I went up again to my wife's chamber full of those reflections.—"You will neither go to the duchess's *coucher* nor *lever*," said I; "for she is dead."

So sudden, and so fatal a fall from all those towering hopes of grandeur, filled madame de Sully with astonishment and concern for the unhappy duchess of Beaufort. The shocking particulars of her strange death she was made acquainted with by a letter from La Varenne to her lord.

The duke of Sully hastened to the king, whom he found walking in a

gallery, so oppressed with grief, that all company was insupportable to him. This wise counsellor and faithful friend employed every argument drawn from religion, virtue, and policy to mitigate his sorrow; he even ventured to represent to him, that the event which now caused him all this affliction was among the number of those which he would one day look upon as most fortunate: he conjured him to consider the painful situation he would have been in, if his mistress had lived; when, on one side, struggling with the force of a tender and violent passion, and on the other with the silent convictions of what honour and duty required of him, he would have been under an absolute necessity of coming to some resolution with respect to an engagement which he could not break without torture, nor continue without infamy.

"Heaven," he told him, "came to his assistance, by a stroke painful indeed; but the only one that could open the way to a marriage upon which depended the tranquility of France, the fate of Europe, the welfare of his subjects, and his own happiness."

"Henry," adds the duke of Sully, "had not the weakness of resigning himself up to grief through obstinacy, or of seeking a cure in insensibility; he listened more to the dictates of his reason than his passion, and appeared already much less afflicted to the courtiers who entered his chamber. At length, every one being careful not to renew his grief, which his daily employments gradually diminished, he found himself in that state in which all wise men ought to be, who have had great subject of affliction; that is, neither condemning nor flattering the cause, nor affecting either to recal or banish the remembrance of it*."

* Le Grain tells us, that the king made all his court go into mourning for the duchess of Beaufort; he himself was dressed in black the first eight days, and afterwards in violet.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of
YOUNG LADIES, at WALSINGHAM,
NORFOLK, Page 548.

1. Bridges. 2. Rix. 3. Lambert.
4. Guybon. 5. Ivory. 6. Coe.
7. Pigge. 8. Noble. 9. Bunton.
10. Blyford. 11. Holl.
12. Walker.

J. PLAYFORD

*** We have received Solutions likewise from Miss *Biddy Lloyd*, *Harriot Pelham*, *Dorinda Dubois*, *Charlotte Smith*, *Joanna Drinkwater*, *Priscilla*, *Imoinda*, *Doricourt*, *Amelia F——gs*, *Stratonice*, *Calphurnia*, *Selima*, *Belinda Blouze*, *Secondfight*, *Stormont*, *Miss Right*, and *Nancy Voucher*, *Wasingham*, &c. who all agree with the above.

Enigmatical List of TOWNS in MIDDLESEX.

1. A weapon used by Indians in war.
2. Four sevenths of a carpenter's tool, and part of a candle.
3. A farming utensil.
4. A coarse hat, and part of a swine.
5. A coach.
6. A grinding machine, and a promontory.
7. A female bird, and a Spanish title.
8. Two thirds of congealed water, a fish, and the tip of the fashion.
9. A thing to sharpen edge-tools upon.
10. Four-fifths of a dog, and the reverse of fast.
11. Three-fourths of any thing that cuts, and a town in Hertfordshire.
12. A small thing much used by the ladies, and three-fourths of nigh.
13. A vowel, a consonant, and a passage over a river.
14. Half the end of a prayer, and a green pasture.
15. A driving instrument, and a vulcan.

16. Four-fifths of a soup-spoon, and part of a swine.

17. Four-fifths of a place for coaches, a consonant, and an unpurified metal.

18. Three-fourths of a book in the New Testament, and two-thirds of a digit.

19. Four fifths of the ensign of housewifery, a consonant, and two thirds of fight.

20. A consonant, a child's seat, and a weight.

R. C—x.

Enigmatical List of Young LADIES in CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.

1. A numerical letter, a soaring bird, and a vowel.

2. The second letter in the alphabet, and a convenience for opening a door.

3. Three-sevenths of a fox, a consonant, the reverse of young, and a serpentine letter.

4. A knight of the Bath, whose name is repeated, changing the second vowel, an animal's foot, and a vowel.

5. A security for another, and two-thirds of the organ of sight.

6. A summer's residence for soldiers, and two-thirds of mistake.

7. The Christian name of a memorable traitor in the last century.

8. To bid a person depart, a letter not found in the French alphabet, and two-fifths of a fault.

9. The lords of the creation, myself, and half a room set apart for business.

10. A pleasant taste, and a marriage pledge, omitting the first letter.

11. A guardian's charge.

12. Two-thirds of a person renowned in Scripture for patience; two-thirds of the reverse to old, and what added, changes the singular to the plural.

CHELMER.

P O E.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

INDOLENCE the MUSE'S FRIEND.

WHEN wit employs the pointed quill
To shew the poet's parts and skill,
To Indolence the Muse we owe,
From her the easy numbers flow.
By her the dazzling thoughts refine,
And keenly grace each nervous line.
O! whether in the verdent glade,
'Midst half-averted sun-beams laid,
I catch the limpid stream by fits,
Which o'er the lawn's gay bosom flits,
And seems, like some coy nymph, to mean
Not quite to hide, nor quite be seen:
Or by the chearful evening-blaze,
I lose the thoughts of dismal days,
When winds and rains contest the skies,
This planet's dirty speck their prize;
Do thou, sweet Indolence, attend
Our youth's delight, our age's friend!
When pensiveness, thy soft effect,
Makes each intrusive care neglect,
And leaves to wealthier folks, and kings,
The low vicissitudes of things.
Then let good-natur'd verses flow,
(Thy easy sons despise a foe,)
Then point the line, and mend the phrase,
And teach to please a thousand ways:
Far from the Muse that bard is thrown,
To whom thy influence is unknown!
See bustling coxcombs drudge their brains,
And blot, and take a world of pains
To spin out some dull thought in rhyme,
With which yet duller fools kill time.
The well dress'd poet bids "the fair,"
Rhime to, "an easy shape and air,"
And o'er each flimsy couplet lingers,
How cautious!—lest he ink his fingers.
The wild fanatic, in his raptures,
Burlesques the sacred writ by chapters,
And calls his idiot declamation
New light, and marvellous inspiration.
Then, rapt with holy nonsense hymns he,
" * Papa. Mama," in strains as flimsy,
As Swift, of memory immortal,
In nurse's song, mirth, love, and sport all.
'The gentle maid, Clarissa's pupil,
To nought of wit, or humour stoop will,
But if mama should hap' to scold
At face unwash'd, or cap too old,
The confidante must know the quarl,
Be told how persecutors snarl,
And at the gentle, lamb-like creature,
Shew hugeous teeth, as if they'd eat her.
Then must Sternholdian stanzas rise,
'To th' tune of " Spare mine enemies,"

* See Moravian Hymns.

And tears, and fasting, and a prayer,
Conclude the perilous affair.

The pertest miss, who thinks to rally
Some rhyming beaux "too charming Sally,"
Will tell your faults to half the town,
In hopes to make her stuff go down;
Will spoil her verse in ev'ry letter,
(Too little read to steal a better,)
And thro' a tedious Hudibrastic,
To fibbing and detraction fast-stick.

Plain truths in plainer rhimes I tell,
And who so hears them shall do well.

O! could they stop the inundation
Of wretched verse throughout the nation;
My Muse should drop the well-try'd quill,
Pleas'd to continue nameless still;
Or to my fair alone should sing,
For whom she fledg'd her trembling wing;
From whom she courts the modest praise,
Superior far to gilded bays.

X.

S O N G.

ASSIST me, ye musical nine,
O! lend me, Urania, thy aid;
Submissive I bow at thy shrine,
Instruct a poor ignorant maid.
Instruct her in soft flowing verse,
The cause of her sighs to explain;
Ah! teach her with ease to rehearse
The worth of a blooming young swain.
Leander is generous and good,
Engagingly soft his address;
I could not but love, if I would,
I can't even wish to love less.
His wit and his sense is refin'd,
His temper is even and sweet;
But, oh, all the charms of his mind
I cannot find words to repeat!
He can weep at the woes of his friend,
And be pleas'd when that friend shall re-
joice:
His conduct he'll ever defend,
When assaulted by calumny's voice.
Kind heaven, preserve the dear youth
From sorrow and heart-rending care,
And, as the reward of his truth,
May he gain the good-will of his fair.
May he flourish in affluence and ease;
May honour his virtues attend;
And may a good conscience and peace
Benignantly smile on his end.

EUGENIA.

VERSES

VERSES spoken by a Teacher to the young Ladies of a Boarding School in Essex, at their Vacation.

HOMER, 'tis true, in carts his ballads sung,
Thro' Grecian streets loud artless plaudits rung;
But, ah! dare I recite, in tinkling chime,
Unmeaning metaphors, and doggerel rhyme?
Suppose to make you laugh I first shou'd try,
My verse, I fear, wou'd rather make ye cry.

Well, be it so, since 'tis at your request,
I'll e'en proceed, and strive to do my best.
O! I've a brilliant thought, will make you stare!

What think you, shall I turn a strolling player?
In humble Shore attempt to show my skill,
And bend to penitence a stubborn will;
Meekly resign'd, my wretched fate deplore:
Tell them, "I die, and will offend no more?"
Or mad Alicia—like with ten-fold rage,
Start, rave, and foam the fury of the stage.
"O! give me back my Haltings!" there's a sound!

To freeze your hearts, nay, cleave the solid
What, if in comedy I try my art,
Think you in that I could engage the heart?
Low comedy your taste can never please,
Devoid of graceful dignity and ease.
Besides, I much shou'd dread the barb'rous scoff,

And horrid, odious sounds of *Off! Off! Off!*
My lisping accents sure would never do;
My person, face, are much against me too:
Tho' yet, methinks, t'wou'd give my heart delight,

To earn my candle, and my groat a night.
But jests apart, no longer must prevail
The airy laugh, the sprightly jocund tale;
My heart, too sad such pleasure to retain,
Returns to its late bias, "grief and pain."
To you, ye fair ones, let me now apply;
For you my tears shall flow, my soul must sigh.
How hard it is from what we love to part;
What anguish must corrode the feeling heart!
O! had I never known this smiling train,
What misery had I escap'd, what heart-felt pain!

Ah! may these lovely blossoms learn to glow,
And melt at each distressing tale of woe:
May every virtue ripening in the mind,
The sweet reward of tender goodness find!
May fair discretion, modesty, and truth
Beam in each eye, and guide their ductile youth:

Almighty heaven, your choicest blessings pour
In rich profusion on each blooming flower;
And as the rose, whose glowing tints tho' lost,
Preserves its native sweets the garden's boast;
So may you flourish when those beauties fade,
Nor Time have pow'r your moral worth to shade:

So may you live, and fair examples prove
Of virtuous friendship, and connubial love.

ANNA LITTLEWIT.

The RURAL EXPEDITION.

Wrote at the same School.

Dear Sister,

YOU ask me for news; prithee, what can I write,

In the midst of a school can a mortal indite:
O say, is it possible now to make verse,
When the ladies have all got their tasks to rehearse?

Besides, I have got neither pen, or good paper,
And pray who can see by this dim, twinkling taper?

Perhaps, when the lasses are gone up to bed,
I may then try to animate this stupid head.

So now I'm at peace, let me think of a theme:

[scheme.
Apropos; let me tell you our last Sunday's
The morning was charming, the air quite serene,

[scene;
And frost, rigid frost, had all whiten'd the
When to church I conducted my fair youthful train,

[down the lane:
And enjoy'd each sweet view as we trip'd
But mark what a change! e'er the sermon was done,

[the sun,
Baleful clouds had obscur'd the bright face of
While a storm from the north rag'd and drove
with such fury,

[assure you.
None could parry its force, 'twas so vast, I
In this exigence say you what was to be done?
O now, my dear girl, comes the best of the fun:

[croud
The parson, god blefs him, invites all the
To partake of the shelter his cottage allow'd.

(A cottage! No, no, what a woeful mistake,
Thus a parsonage-house for a cottage to take:)
There a tight cleanly damsel the roast-meat sat turning,

[burning;
And by moving a cord, she prevented it
But alarm'd at the strangers, she let the cord drop

[done chop.
Till the meat was scorch'd up like an over-
An officer, seeing the woman's distress,
Undertook, with good-nature, the cause to redress.

[blade,
'Twas sure most diverting to see a young
With a gay scarlet coat, genteel sword, and cockade,

[roast,
Take the office of turnspit, and ruling the
Did honour, I'm sure, to his gen'rous host.
Our benevolent clergyman next let me praise,
Whose kind hospitality merit these lays;

O, had I the talents of Goldsmith to trace
Such philanthropic virtue that beams in his face,

I would highly extol what I so much revere,
But too faint are my powers his worth to declare.

Now methinks I can hear my dear Sally exclaim,

[shame!"
"Good Lord, what prolixity! finish, for
Have patience, my dear, while I tell you in form,

That we safely reach'd home in defiance of storm

By

By our brave son of Mars we were kindly pro-
 tected; [lected.
 For the females by soldiers are seldom neg-
 If your patience is tir'd, much more is my
 hand, [mand,
 So adieu, dearest sister, I'm your's at com-
 ANNA LITTLEWIT.

A PROSPECT near BILLERICAY.

THE chapel, tower, that distant stands,
 Rear'd by antiquity's bold hands,
 Adorns the rising ground;
 Beneath my feet a grassy dell,
 Sweet contrast to the gentle swell
 That nobly spreads around.

Beyond the prospects wide extend,
 The various hills of Kent ascend,
 And overlook the meads:
 Above the sky illumin'd wide,
 Below the soft meand'ring tide,
 Skirted by sedgy reeds.

The raptur'd senses here exhale
 From verdant slopes, and sunny vale,
 Each aromatic sweet:
 Here every beauteous prospects rise,
 In fair profusion to our eyes,
 To deck the calm retreat.

ANNA LITTLEWIT.

On a beautiful AUTUMNAL EVENING.

HOW sweetly pleasant shines the sun,
 How calm the evening breeze,
 And, in his absence, how the moon,
 Pale, glitters thro' the trees!

The mild effulgence gleams around,
 And sheds a pleasing light,
 With soften'd shadows paints the ground,
 And gilds the gloomy night.

O ye, who love the evening walk,
 Now to the grove repair;
 With friends congenial sweetly talk,
 And blissful moments share.

Even the owl's discordant throat
 Can here no terror raise,
 While listening to the warbling note
 Of Philomela's lays.

ANNA LITTLEWIT.

THE MUSING RAMBLE; OR, POETIC SOLILOQUY.

WHEN the fair evening tempts me out
 to stray,
 Beneath the shade, or o'er the meadows gay,
 Where bounteous Nature spreads her beauties
 wide,
 And murmuring rills in sweet meanders glide,

I musing thus exclaim—Ah! where's my
 friend?

Too distant far his gen'rous aid to lend;
 Ungarded I must wander here and there,
 Absence deprives me of a lover's care.
 Perhaps he's now with solemn thought op-
 press'd,

Or wearied with fatigue, he sinks to rest.
 If so, may some bright vision charm his view,
 And represent his Clara faithful, true.
 I'll change the scene, and next suppose he
 may,

E'en at this moment, join in converse gay,
 With friends sincere, in social chat declare,
 (Ah! flattering thought) he loves his absent
 fair;

And says, if she could but this circle join,
 —————, and every joy'd be
 mine:

Or now, perhaps, like me he gently strays
 Where artless Nature charms in winding
 maze;

Where bubbling rills meander thro' the grove,
 And Philomela tunes her voice to love,

Imagination thus the picture draws,
 To sooth the mind, and gain the heart's ap-
 plause.

By means like these the gloom of absence
 wears

A brighter face, and loses half its cares:
 No fears perplex—and all its tortures cease,
 And the lull'd soul sinks down in tranquil
 peace.

But, ah! this happy frame of temper ne'er
 Can long remain, but fleeting as the air,
 It gilds the present hour—the next we find
 The pleasing vision fled—and fate unkind.
 Our life is chequered so—with bliss and woe!
 As active Fancy's quick transitions show,

Dunmore.

CLARA.

A B S E N C E.

A PASTORAL.

Humbly inscribed to Miss B—E—Y, of
 C—m.

O Could you, my Delia, but see half the
 pain,
 That absence inflicts on my breast,
 No longer you'd laugh, to hear me complain,
 Or think that my vows were but jest.

Ere morn with its radiance illumines the
 sky,

Ere the larks or the linnets awake,
 For you, my fair charmer, I pour forth the
 sigh,
 And with the day blest for your sake.

When night spreads her mantle, besludded
 with gems,

And Phoebe ascends on her throne,
 To the woods and the caves I whisper my
 flames,
 And echo attends me alone.

No

No more at the dance, or the rustics gay
sport,
The frolicksome mirth of the green,
Where the nymphs and the swains at ev'ning
resort,
Is Daphnis, your Daphnis e'er seen.

Where the nymphs there more fair than the
beams of the morn, [fume;
And more sweet than the bean-fields per-
Did the goddess of beauty each feature adorn,
And the rose yield its tints to their bloom.

While Delia, my dearest, thy absence I wail,
Not a charm in the fairest I see,
Compar'd with thy lustre, I think they look
pale;
And their converse is tasteless to me.

The silence of shades, and the gloom of the
grove,
The pensive and murmuring stream,
Delight most my heart, the fond slave of love,
For there on thy beauties I dream.

If the turtle, best emblem of passion sincere,
But coo his soft tale to his mate;
If the nightingale pour her sweet notes on my
ear,
I join, and the accents repeat.

Sweet warbler! be still, your wish flutters
near,
And well will repay all your love;
While I, to the absent must breath out my
care,
Nor hope that my sorrows can move.

O Delia! thy presence with transport can fill,
Thy smiles are more bright than the day;
In thy converse alone, I forget every ill,
And feel it return when away.

If this heart forms a wish, if this breast heaves
a sigh,
Believe me, my fair, 'tis for you:
If the tear of despair often starts in my eye,
'Tis because you are lost to my view.

No longer then doubt the warm truth of my
heart,
Since by love's mighty monarch I swear,
For the crowns, and the plumes of the great,
I'd not part
With the wreath which I form'd of your
hair.

DAPHNIS.

The BLUSHING ROSE.

I.

THERE is no sweet the summer yields
In garden, grove, or lawn,
Invites us more to walk the fields
At rising of the dawn,
Like this gay flower—see disclose!
The garden's pride—the blushing rose.

II.

I much am tempted to describe
Something that charms me more;
But impious it were to imbibe
A passion to tell o'er;
Therefore content I will depose,
None can compare with blushing rose.

III.

When gaudy insects round her fly,
Impertinently vain,
I hasten to the charmer nigh,
And strike them with my cane.
I cannot help but interpose—
When such surround my blushing rose.

IV.

Enraptur'd once I flew in haste
The charmer to destroy;
But guardian thorns surround her waist,
Such boldness to annoy.
My heart, bereft of its repose,
Did chide me for my blushing rose.

V.

Oh! what would I most cheerly give,
Could I preserve her mine,
To bless me with her sweets, and live,
And on my breast recline;
I'd covet not the charms of those
That are above my blushing rose.

S O N G.

I.

WHILST some their passion do conceal,
Or tell of pains they do not feel,
I boast my flame—and ever glory
To wear the chains of L—— S——.

II.

Altho' I feel a pleasing pain,
(Unknown to those who passion feign;)
If she a tender glance bestows,
My heart with instant transport glows.

III.

A fairer face sure ne'er was seen,
Nor yet a more engaging mien;
She's ever innocently gay,
And all the graces round her play.

IV.

Love basks upon her damask cheek,
(A sweeter place he need not seek)
He wantons in her flowing hair,
And bids us of her eyes beware.

V.

Those charming eyes will surely wound,
Can there a heart so hard be found
As not their lustre to admire,
Nor languish with a fond desire?

VI.

Oh! could she bless these longing arms,
And pleas'd to me resign her charms;
The frown of Fortune I'd defy,
And fondly clasp her 'till I die.

HORATIO.

FOREIGN

THE DREAMING LOVER.

The Words by a Correspondent, set to Music by Mr. HUDSON.

For a Contra-Tenor Voice as by Request, and agreeable to the Comps given, from F to C.

When rais'd by hope, and aw'—d by fear, Thou'rt pre—sent

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with various notes, rests, and slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with notes and rests. The lyrics 'When rais'd by hope, and aw'—d by fear, Thou'rt pre—sent' are written below the lower staff, aligned with the notes.

to my mind, For all my thoughts my on—ly dear, Are

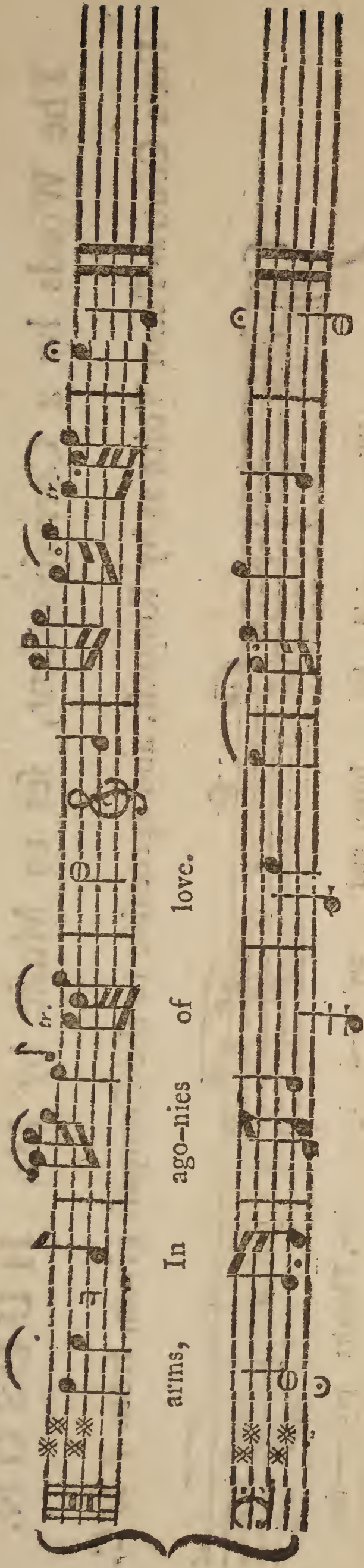
The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'to my mind, For all my thoughts my on—ly dear, Are' are written below the lower staff.

till ——— to thee ——— con—fess'd by sleep's re—

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics 'till ——— to thee ——— con—fess'd by sleep's re—' are written below the lower staff.

st—less charms, In thought I see you move; I strive ——— to clasp you to my

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics 'st—less charms, In thought I see you move; I strive ——— to clasp you to my' are written below the lower staff.



I pant, I sigh, I stretch my arms,
 To grasp an empty shade;
 I wake, and all those empty forms,
 Those dear delusions fade.
 Ah! ease each anxious drooping fear,
 Fair Stella end my fate;
 You'll *bles* me by your *love*, my dear,
 You'll *kill* me with your *bate*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Venice, Sept. 19.

WE have accounts, that the Captain Pacha, having got together a number of row-boats, went at the head of 6000 men, to the coasts of the Morea, towards Maina, and as soon as he approached, the Mainottes submitted to him without opposition; but the Mountaineers, who are descendants of the Spartans, some of whose laws are still preserved among them, and particularly the love of independence, made a very vigorous resistance, and, in one attack, killed 800 Turks, wounded many more, and took 100 prisoners, and all this without much loss on their side, owing to the advantage with which they had posted themselves. The Turkish General finding he cannot dislodge them, seems as if he would content himself with blocking them up in their mountains, and guarding all the avenues by which they may come into the lower country to provide themselves with provisions; but it is imagined that they, being aware of this, have already sufficiently provided themselves for a long time. This people was formerly tributary to the republic of Venice, but regained their liberty when Morea became under the domination of the Porte.

Madrid, Sept. 25. We have received advice from Cadiz, that the Spanish squadron under Don Solano is arrived at the Havannah and Porto Rico, where the troops have been landed; that M. Guichen was to return to France, with part of the fleet, whilst M. de la Mothe Piquet was to observe the motions of Admiral Rodney, who was at Jamaica.

The ordinance relative to the ships of war and privateers, &c. of the belligerent powers, published by the Queen of Portugal, is much approved of here.

Petersburgh, Sept. 26. They write from Kamtschatka, that the body of the English Captain Clarke, who died three days after his arrival in the port St. Peter and St. Paul, has been buried on a mountain near the port. The crew of his ship have erected a monument to his memory, on which they have engraved his name, arms, the day of his birth, and that of his death.

The courier dispatched from hence to carry to the court of Denmark the ratification of the treaty of armed neutrality, to protect the commerce and navigation of the respective subjects of the contracting powers, returned here this day with his Danish Majesty's Ratification.

Cadiz, Sept 26. Count d'Estaing arrived here this morning about nine o'clock. He

immediately paid a visit to the two Spanish generals, and to M. de Beaufset, the French admiral: after which he went on board the *Terrible*, of 100 guns, where he hoisted his flag. On his entering that ship, he was saluted by her guns and by those of all the other ships in the Bay. This afternoon the Count d'Estaing dined with the French consul. He is every where received with all the honours due to his rank.

Lisbon, Sept. 28. The Queen has given orders for a squadron to be immediately fitted out, consisting of one 80 gun ship, one of 74, three of 66, four of 64, one of 54 one of 42, one of 40, one of 38, and one of 34 guns. It is said that six sail of the line, and two frigates, will be ready next month.

Madrid, Sept. 29. Two loans are actually opened at the court, one upon the canal of Arrogan, on the same footing as the former. It is to the amount of about a million and a half of Dutch florins, and the House of Eche-rique and Sanchez at Amsterdam has the management of it. Those who choose to be concerned in it may pay half in ready money, and half in obligations not renewed of the last loan, of which there are about 1200, and which will be received at the rate of one hundred per cent. With regard to the second loan of 9,900 000 piasters in bills of credit, the terms of that loan have been fully published by the court.

Rome, Oct. 1. The Roman Senate having formerly erected monuments in honour of emperors who had signalized themselves by some grand exploits, the conservators of Rome, after their example, desirous of immortalizing the memory of the reigning pontiff, think themselves in duty bound to place on the front of the capitol an inscription expressive of their gratitude for the draining of the Pontine Marshes, executed with such success under the pontificate of Pius VI.

The melancholy news of the death of prince Victor Amadea de Carignan, hath suspended the departure of Don Philip Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, who was on the point of setting out for Turin to marry the princess Catharina-Louisa, sister of the illustrious deceased.

Vienna, Oct. 4. By a courier arrived this morning with dispatches for the Count de Proli, we learn, that the Imperial ship *le Prince de Kaunitz*, Capt. Ange Leep, safely arrived in the port of Trieste on the 30th of September. This ship, the first which has been sent to the East-Indies under the Imperial flag, sailed from L'Orient in Brittany

in March 1779, for Canton, in China, from whence she returned, after having put in at the Isle of France, and afterwards at Malaga, with a cargo valued at about two millions and a half of German florins consisting of tea, rhubarb, and various other commodities.

Madrid, Oct. 10. The Commander General of the blockade of Gibraltar perceiving what advantages the garrison of the place reaped by the kitchen gardens situated on some ground out of the place, thought it necessary to deprive them of it, and after reconnoitering the ground, he resolved to spoil the wells, burn down the small houses, and destroy the gardens; accordingly he caused a parapet to be built, about 300 toises from our lines, which was to serve as a battery of mortars, and in the night of the 30th of last month, he sent some artillery officers, with some of the volunteers of Arrigon, under Colonel Gutierrez, who went very silently to the place pointed out, and acquitted themselves of the commission they were sent upon with great bravery, setting fire to the palisades, and other outer works, and retiring without any other accident, except one soldier wounded. The place did not perceive what was going on, or they might have annoyed us very much with their artillery; the advanced centuries fired a few shot at us, which were returned; the enemy remained inactive all the next day, and the small houses and other works were on fire at seven the next evening; and the enemy, imagining we should attempt something the following night, threw seventeen bombs upon the ground, where their gardens stood, but without doing us any mischief.

Paris, Oct. 15. M. de Sartine, the minister of the marine, is dismissed. On Friday last, at two o'clock, M. Amelot, minister and secretary of state, went to him in the name of the king, and demanded his state papers. It is said, that he delivered to him a letter from the king, who thanked him, in obliging terms, for his services in the marine.

The successor in the above important post, is to be M. de Castries, lieutenant general and the commandant of the Gendarmerie. We are assured that yesterday morning he went to Marly, where the court is at present, and there took the oaths to the king in quality of minister of the marines.

Hague, Oct. 15. The States of Holland will assemble on Wednesday next, the 18th of this month. It is said they are only separated in the interim to receive the advices of the respective cities relative to the most important points of their next deliberations, among which one is to examine, "Whether it is not necessary to send a squadron to the East-Indies to oppose as much as possible any further hostilities, so flagrant as that on the Island of St. Martin, that may be committed by the English." The Directors of the East-India Company have laid before their High

Mightinesses the particulars of what has happened at the Island of St. Martin, and have solicited that the most efficacious and speedy protection possible might be sent thither by their High Mightinesses, as without it they feared that the Americans, seeing they were no longer safe in the Dutch ports, would cease to trade with them, as already all the American vessels had from fear sailed from Curaçoa, St. Croix, and St. Thomas.

Madrid, Oct. 18. Notwithstanding the activity of Don Barcelo, several small vessels have lately got into Gibraltar; the greatest part of them came from the African coasts, where the English consul residing at Tangier, freighted them at a high price.

Vienna, Oct. 21. The Austrian navigation is become important, especially in the Low Countries; and the English pay more respect to the Imperial flag than to that of any other neutral power.

Paris, Oct. 24. Count de Vaux, and the other general officers, who went to pass part of the summer with the troops encamped in Brittany, are returning home again; there is no mention made of a descent on England, for which so much preparation was made last year.

Hague, Nov. 6. By advices received from Copenhagen, we learn, that the court have issued orders for the immediate raising four regiments of cavalry, of 500 men each, and that all their ships of the line will be sheathed with copper, and a very strict inspection be made into the expenditure of the public money allowed for naval service. The fleet will be at sea as early as possible in the spring, and will then consist of 13 ships of the line, in which ships of 50 guns will be included.

10. The French king hath made an agreement with Spain, by which all who desert from his armies, and are in the service of that country, may continue in it for the time they are enlisted, and afterwards return in full security to France; and all French deserters, wheresoever dispersed throughout Europe, who do not chuse to return to their colours, if they will enlist for three years in the Spanish service, will, at the expiration of that time, be considered in the same light as if they had joined their respective corps.

Paris, Nov. 11. We have received advices from Cadiz, which confirm the account of the arrival there of M. de Guichen and his convoy, on the 23d of October. M. de la Motte Piquet has been obliged to put into that port.—The Count de Sade, chief d'escadre, died on his passage, as did likewise the Chevalier de Brack, captain of the *Magnanime*. Nine ships remain at St. Domingo, and D'Experience at Martinico. The Count D'Estaing hath given orders for the fleets to be ready to sail on the 27th. He hath distributed 10,000 changes of clothes among the sailors going from a hot to a cold climate.

H O M E N E W S.

L O N D O N, October 26.

SO much pains is taken by our enemies, both foreign and domestic, to depreciate as much as possible that grand bulwark of our religion, liberty, and laws, the navy of Great Britain, which, to say the truth, was never in a better or more formidable condition than at present, that a just and accurate account of our sea forces cannot but be agreeable. The following will shew our whole force at this time.

In commission.

East Indies. Nine sail of the line (including the *Prothée* of 64 guns, convoy to St. Helena) and one 50 gun ship. In the West Indies, under Admiral Rodney, that is to say, at the Leeward Islands and Jamaica, 35 sail of the line, (two of which are three deckers) and three 50 gun ships. In America, ten sail of the line, eleven of which are three deckers, and six 50 gun ships, besides four of the line employed as guard-ships. Ships repairing and fitting that are in commission, seven sail of the line, and four 50 gun ships. Total in commission, 103 sail of the line, all first, second, and third rates, of which there are three of an 100 guns and upwards; eleven of 90 guns and upwards; three of 80 guns and upwards; forty-four of 74 guns; four of 70, twenty-four of 64, and ten of 60 guns. Ships building, and in ordinary; one of 100 guns, four of 90, fourteen of 74, one of 70, twenty-one of 64, and five of 60 guns. Total 46. Thus our naval force will appear to be composed of 149 sail of the line, independent of 50 gun ships, frigates and sloops, and of other denominations, though generally estimated at an hundred and twenty-two sail only.

31. The following peers took their seats for the first time in the house of peers—Lord Stowell; William Hall Gage, Baron Gage; James Brudenell, Esq; Baron Brudenell; Sir William Bagot, Bart. Baron Bagot; Charles Fitzroy, Baron Southampton; and Henry Herbert, Esq; Baron Portchester.

This day the parliament met; his majesty went to the House of Peers, and being in his royal robes seated on the throne with the usual solemnity, Sir Francis Molineux, Knt. Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, was sent with a message to the House of Commons, commanding their attendance in the House of

Peers; the Commons being come thither, his majesty signified his pleasure to them by the Lord High Chancellor, that they should return to their house and chuse their Speaker, and present him to his majesty for his royal approbation to-morrow at two o'clock. They returned accordingly, and chose Charles Wolfran Cornwall, Esq; to be their Speaker.

His majesty was attended yesterday to the House of Peers by his grace the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Robert Bertie.

Nov. 1. Yesterday evening, at seven o'clock, the ceremony of christening the young prince was performed in the Great Council Chamber of his majesty's palace, by his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; his royal highness the Prince of Wales, and Prince Frederick being godfathers, and her royal highness the Princess Royal being godmother. His royal highness was named Alfred.

This day his Majesty came down to the house at two o'clock, and having, in the usual state, ascended the throne, the Commons, on receiving his majesty's orders, attended below the bar, when Mr. Cornwall, their new elected Speaker, thus addressed his majesty:

“ May it please your majesty,

“ Your dutiful Commons of Great Britain, in parliament assembled, having, pursuant to your majesty's directions, and their ancient right, proceeded to the choice of a Speaker, I am sorry to be obliged to acquaint your majesty, that their choice has fallen upon me, who, conscious of my own inability to discharge so weighty and important a trust, most humbly intreat your majesty to give them an opportunity of reconsidering their determination, and send them back to a new and more worthy election.”

The Lord Chancellor, after receiving his majesty's instructions, then replied,

“ Mr. Cornwall,

“ However diffident you may be of your own qualifications, his majesty is so well convinced of your talents, abilities, diligence, and sufficiency, in the high and important situation to which you have been so deservedly elected, that his majesty cannot decline giving the fullest approbation to the choice which his Commons have made in your election; and therefore I am commanded by his majesty to declare, that it is with great pleasure that he allows and confirms you as their Speaker.”

Mr. Cornwall then made the following answer :

“ Since your majesty, by approving the choice of your Commons, has thereby confirmed me their Speaker, I most humbly entreat your majesty to accept my most humble acknowledgments for your majesty's favourable opinion of my humble abilities, and that your majesty will graciously vouchsafe to pardon my failings and infirmities, and that no unguarded word or act of mine may ever be imputed in any wise to your faithful Commons ; and, that your Commons of Great-Britain may be the better enabled to discharge their duty to your majesty and their country, I do, in their name, and on their behalf, by humble petition to your majesty, lay claim to all their ancient rights and privileges ; particularly that their persons, and those of their servants, may be free from arrests, and all other molestation ; that they may enjoy freedom of speech in their debates ; that they may have free access to your royal person upon all occasions ; and that all their proceedings may at all times receive from your majesty the most favourable interpretation.”

To this the Lord Chancellor, by his majesty's direction, answered :

“ Sir,

“ The king has commanded me to say, that he has the highest confidence in the duty, loyalty, and affection of his Commons to his person and government, as well as in the wisdom, firmness, and prudence which they will use in all their proceedings ; and his majesty does most readily grant and allow to them all their privileges, in as full and ample a manner as they have at any time been granted and allowed to any former parliament, by his majesty or any of his royal predecessors.— With respect to that part of your petition which concerns yourself, though his majesty is certain that no man could stand less in need of it than yourself, yet, that you may enter with the fullest confidence on this arduous task, to which you are so worthily chosen, his majesty has directed me to assure you, that he will ever be disposed to put the most favourable construction on your words and actions.”

This ceremony being ended, his majesty, from the throne, addressed both houses of parliament in the following words :

“ *My Lords and Gentlemen,*

“ It is with more than ordinary satisfaction that I meet you in parliament, at a time, when the late elections may afford me an opportunity of receiving the most certain information of the disposition and the wishes of my people, to which I am always inclined to pay the utmost attention and regard.

“ The present arduous situation of public affairs is well known ; the whole force and faculties of the monarchies of France and Spain are drawn forth, and exerted to the utmost, to support the rebellion of my colonies in North America, and, without the least provocation or cause of complaint, to attack my dominions ; and the undisguised object of this confederacy manifestly is to gratify boundless ambition, by destroying the commerce, and giving a fatal blow to the power of Great Britain.

“ By the force which the late parliament put into my hands, and by the blessing of divine Providence on the bravery of my fleets and armies, I have been enabled to withstand the formidable attempts of my enemies, and to frustrate the great expectations they had formed ; and the signal successes which have attended the progress of my arms in the provinces of Georgia and Carolina, gained with so much honour to the conduct and courage of my officers, and to the valour and intrepidity of my troops, which have equalled their highest character in any age, will, I trust, have important consequences in bringing the war to a happy conclusion. It is my most earnest desire to see this great end accomplished ; but I am confident you will agree with me in opinion, that we can only secure safe and honourable terms of peace by such powerful and respectable preparations, as shall convince our enemies that we will not submit to receive the law from any powers whatsoever, and that we are united in a firm resolution to decline no difficulty or hazard in the defence of our country, and for the preservation of our essential interests.”

“ *Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

“ I have ordered the estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. I see and feel, with great anxiety and concern, that the various services of the war must, unavoidably, be attended with great and heavy expences ; but I desire you to grant me such supplies only, as your own security, and lasting welfare, and the exigency of affairs shall be found to require.”

“ *My Lords and Gentlemen,*

“ I repose an entire confidence in the zeal and affections of this parliament, conscious that, during the whole course of my reign, it has been the constant object of my care, and the wish of my heart, to promote the true interests and happiness of all my subjects, and to preserve inviolate our excellent constitution in church and state.”

War-Office, Nov. 4. His majesty has been pleased to appoint his royal highness Prince Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburg, to be colonel in the army, by brevet, bearing date the first of November, 1780.

6. Letters from Jamaica mention, that the remainder of the troops which took Fort St. Juan on the Spanish Main, have arrived at Jamaica. They amount to about eighty, which were all that remained of above 900 who went upon that unhealthy expedition.

The squadron destined to reinforce Sir George Brydges Rodney in the West-Indies, consists of the following ships, viz. *Barfleur*, of 90 guns, Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. rear admiral of the blue, Capt. Inglefield; *Gibraltar* 80, Capt. Walter Sterling; *Invincible* 74, Capt. Charles Saxton; *Monarca* 70, Capt. John Gell; *Princessa* 70, Sir Thomas Rich, Bart. *Prince William* 64, Capt. Stair Douglas. Frigates: *Thetis*, Captain Linzee; *Santa Monica*, John Linzee; *Sybil*, Lord Charles Fitzgerald.

9. Yesterday the Right Hon. Sir Watkin Lewes, knt. Lord Mayor, went in the city barge, accompanied by the respective companies in their barges to Westminster-hall, where, after walking round the hall, and saluting the several Courts of Justice, the Lord Mayor recorded warrants of attorney in his majesty's Court of Exchequer; and after inviting the Lord Chancellor, Judges Serjeants, and king's counsel to dinner, they returned by water to Black-frars-bridge, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs began the procession in their coaches, preceded by the proper officers and gentlemen of the association, to Guildhall, where an elegant entertainment was provided. Several of the nobility, the judges, and other persons of distinction were present. His lordship made a very splendid appearance; his livery was pink, trimmed with broad silver lace.

11. On Saturday the Attorney-General made a motion in the Court of King's-Bench, that the Sheriff of Middlesex should be ordered to summon a jury for the trial of Lord George Gordon, and that the pannel, together with a copy of the indictment, should be sent to his lordship, which motion being assented to, Mr. Erskine, on the part of his lordship, moved, that he should have the liberty of nominating his own counsel, under the act of the seventh of King William, and that Mr. Kenyon and himself be accordingly admitted his lordship's advocates. Mr. Justice Buller asked if it was usual for such motions to be made, but by prisoners in person, at the bar of the court; but Lord Mansfield observed, that if Mr. Attorney General had no objection, the court would not be disinclined to grant the motion in its present form. Mr. Wallace declining any opposition, it was accordingly admitted. Mr. Erskine then moved to know, if Mr. Kenyon, being a king's counsel, would be permitted to plead for his lordship without the royal licence? To which Lord Mansfield replied, that he, Mr. (Erskine) knew as well as the court, that no such permission could be granted, but by the king's authority. His lordship observed, that the

court had not the power of dispensing with the oath taken by the king's advocates; and that the licence, therefore, must be obtained at the proper office.

The following, among many others, are subpoena'd as witnesses upon the trial of Lord George Gordon, on the validity of whose evidence the grand jury found the bill against his lordship.

John Cator. M. P. Counsellor Anstruther; Justices Wright and Hay; Mr. Chamberlain, solicitor of the Treasury; Jealous, Parrott, and M'Manus, three of the late Sir John Fielding's men; Barwell of the House of Commons; Pearson of ditto; M'Ray, a chairman.

The above list may be depended on as authentic.

13. By letters from Lisbon we learn, that the attack on Gibraltar from the Spanish lines has been carried on for some time past with astonishing vigour; that shells were flying in the air, without intermission day and night; in consequence of which, General Elliot had ordered the wood work and naval store houses near the ordnance magazine to be removed, lest by their taking fire, any accident might befall the powder. It is also added, that the guns on a Spanish battery which was raised eight feet above the plain, had been dismounted in one day by the fire from Willis's battery; and that General Elliot was not in the least apprehensive of the enemy's effecting any advantages by the attack.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, Nov. 14, 1780.

COPY of a letter from Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. to Lord George Germain, one of his majesty's principal Secretaries of State, received by Capt. St. George, one of Sir Henry Clinton's aids de camp, who arrived from New York in the *Fortune* frigate.

New-York, Oct. 12, 1780.

My LORD,

IN my separate letter of yesterday's date, I had the honour of informing your lordship, that the American Major-general Arnold had quitted the rebel service, and joined the king's standard; and I at the same time gave your lordship a circumstantial detail of the reasons that induced him to take this step, as well as of the unfortunate failure of a plan, which I had the most sanguine hopes, if carried into execution, would have been productive of the greatest good consequences to his majesty's service, but which terminated most fatally for Major André, my adjutant-general, who being taken prisoner, was tried by a board of rebel general officers, and condemned by their sentence to suffer death; which sentence was ordered by the rebel General Washington to be carried into execution upon this unhappy gentleman on the 2d instant. I sincerely lament the

the melancholy fate of this officer, who was a very valuable assistant to me, and promised to be an honour to his country, as well as an ornament to his profession.

I had the honour to transmit to your lordship, in my dispatch marked 104, a copy of the instructions I proposed giving to Major-general Leslie, whom I had appointed to command the expedition to Chesapeake, in order that your lordship might be informed as to the principal objects of it.

This expedition will certainly fail the first favourable wind, the troops having been embarked for some days, and every necessary arrangement made for that purpose.

Your lordship will receive herewith a state of the troops under my command of the 1st instant, together with a distribution of the same as they stood on the 6th of that Month.

I have the honour to be,

With the greatest respect,

Your lordship's most obedient

And most humble servant,

H. CLINTON.

Admiralty-Office, November 14, 1780.

CAPTAIN Brisbane, late commander of his majesty's ship the *Alcide*, arrived at this office yesterday with dispatches from admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney and Vice-admiral Arbuthnot, giving an account of the arrival of the former at New York, on the 14th of September last, with eleven sail of line of battle ships and four frigates, and of his having taken upon him the command of his majesty's ships on that station.

Extract of a Letter from Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot to Mr. Stephens, dated on board the Royal Oak, at Sea, Oct. 17, 1780.

Having accidentally fallen in with the *Fortunée*, under the orders of admiral Sir George Rodney to proceed to England, I avail myself of the opportunity to acquaint you, for their lordships information, that I put to sea with this squadron from Gardiner's Bay on the 10th instant, intending to cruise between the East End of Long Island and Nantucket Shoals; but, on the 14th, falling in with the transports and victuallers under the Escort of the *Hyæna*, (from which the *Adamant* had separated a few days) I judged it expedient, on account of the numbers of rebel privateers fitted out to intercept us, to see them off Sandy Hook, which they entered yesterday.

I am now proceeding to resume the cruising station before-mentioned.

The Chevalier de Ternay and his squadron yet remain at Rhode Island.

The squadron under my command is in the best order, and ready for any service.

Six privateers, mounting twenty guns, and manned by upwards of 700 seamen, have been since my last, captured from the rebels by his

majesty's cruisers, and carried into New York: and this day, after a chase from the squadron, by signal, of six hours, the *Culloden* came up with and took the privateer ship *Washington*, of Boston, mounting twenty six pounders, and 120 men.

On the 30th ult. the *Pearl*, being off Bermuda, fell in with the French frigate *L'Espérance*, of twenty-eight twelve pounders, which, after an action of two hours struck to the superior gallantry and good conduct of captain Montagu. The prize arrived at New York two days ago.

For the particulars of the above-mentioned action see the following extract of captain George Montagu's letter to admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, dated off New York October 13, 1780.

Extract of a Letter from Captain George Montagu, of his Majesty's Ship Pearl, to Sir Geo. Brydges Rodney.

ON the 30th of September we fell in with a French ship, who engaged us close for two hours, and maintained a running fight for two hours and a half more, when she struck. She proved to be *L'Espérance*, from Cape Franco's, bound to Bouadeaux, a frigate belonging to the king, but loaded by the merchants, and having only a letter of marque, mounting 26 twelve pounders on her main deck, and 2 six pounders on her quarter-deck, with 173 men: she had 20 killed and 24 wounded. I think it a justice due to the captain to say, that he defended his ship with great bravery. The *Pearl* had six men killed and 10 wounded; among the former was the first Lieutenant, Foulke, of marines, and the latter Mr. Dunbar, master.

The very cool and determined behaviour of the officers and ship's company merits my most sincere acknowledgements.

17. In consequence of the order of the House of Lords, issued yesterday to the Warden of the Tower, or his deputy, to bring to their bar the body of George Earl of Pomfret; his lordship was accordingly brought, and being placed at the bar, the Lord Chancellor thus addressed him:

" My Lord,

" I am commanded to inform you, that their lordships entertain a deep and due sense of the heinous offence you have been guilty of towards the privileges of their house in the person of a noble peer, by certain letters which you sent to his grace the Duke of Grafton, and which have been read to their lordships, containing matters unworthy of, and unfit to be written by one member of this honourable house, to another of equal dignity. They have ordered me also to pronounce to you their serious reprimand for such conduct; but in consideration of your petition, representing your concern for what was done, and your solemn engagement to re-

linquish

quish all thoughts of further resentment, they are willing, upon your asking their pardon, and making proper acknowledgments in your seat, to pardon your offence, and to restore you to the possession of your privileges and freedom."

The above reprimand being concluded, the clerk was ordered to read to the Earl of Pomfret the copy of the submission and engagement which the house expected from him as the expiation for his offence, previous to his enlargement. He accordingly came close to the noble lord, who complained of hearing him with difficulty, and read as follows :

" I am highly sensible of the offence I have been guilty of, in having sent these rash and unadvised letters, and humbly ask pardon of this most honourable house, for having so done. I do now believe that I laboured under a most gross error in imputing to his grace the Duke of Grafton those intentions with respect to me, of which I accused him; and do here give your lordships my most serious and solemn engagement that I resign all ideas and intentions of resentment towards him, and also towards all the persons who have been made mention of in the course of this unhappy transaction."

The clerk having finished the reading of this paper, the Earl of Pomfret addressed himself to the house, and said,

My Lords,

" As the terms of the paper which has just now been read to me, are to be the guide and direction of my future conduct, I think it extremely necessary that I should understand them perfectly. I am to pledge my honour to this house, to suspend all intentions of violence and resentment towards certain persons; but that I may do this effectually, my lords, I must first request of this most honourable house, that a full and explicit description may be given me of the objects, that I may know when I meet them, to conduct myself with respect to them, with due deference to the injunctions of your lordships, and with a proper observance of the solemn engagement I am to make. I do assure this most honourable house, that I feel no violence or resentment at this time against any man; but as I conceive it highly proper that I should understand perfectly every engagement I make with your lordships, I hope you will excuse the trouble I give in requesting an explanation."

The Lord Chancellor then moved, " That the Earl of Pomfret should withdraw;" which being ordered, and the noble earl having left the house in consequence, the noble and learned lord from the woolstack came forward, and entered into a minute recapitulation of all the circumstances attending this transaction. After having described the original grounds of the offence, of which the Earl of Pomfret had been guilty, and all the subsequent steps which his lordships had taken in consequence, he proceeded to comment upon the objection which

had been started by the noble delinquent, towards the acknowledgment which that house required of him. In his opinion, it would neither suit the dignity of their lordships, nor the particular justice of the case, that one tittle of the paper, which had just been read, should be altered. Various persons had been included in the noble lord's original denunciations of vengeance, and it would be a mark of singular injustice in the house, if in the measures they adopted for future prevention of mischief, they did not extend their protection to these men, though they were not members of that most honourable body. If any other peer differ with me in opinion, he will rise to mention it, if not, I will move your lordships, " that the Earl of Pomfret be called in again, and this explanation be given him."

No other peer attempting to speak, the Usher of the Black Rod was ordered to bring the Earl of Pomfret to the bar.

This being done, the Lord Chancellor, in his seat, addressed him nearly as follows :

" My Lord,

" I am directed by their lordships to inform you, that they have taken your objection into consideration, and are of opinion, that it is not proper there should be any alteration in the acknowledgment they have prepared for you. Your lordship has, yourself, said, that you felt no resentment against any man; that being the case, it is not to be supposed that you can have any serious objection to the most extensive interpretation that can be given to the paper alluded to. Your lordship must be conscious, that other gentlemen were glanced at in your original suspicions, with regard to the transaction in question, besides the Duke of Grafton; two by name, Mr. Stonehewer and Mr. Smith; a confined engagement to his grace, therefore, would be by no means sufficient for you, nor proper for this house to permit. It is the opinion of their lordships, however, that not only the above two gentlemen should be understood to be embraced in the resignation of your resentment, but also that every other person whatever, who has either been obliquely included as a party in the transaction itself, or has been subsequently concerned in the course of the proceedings arising from it, should be equally considered as the objects of this promise, and as having an exemption therefore from every future violence or resentment.—My Lord,—Your lordship now understands the purport which their lordships wish your acknowledgment to bear, and as they have an entire confidence in your honour, when you have once pledged it, they will consider your promise sufficient protection for the various gentlemen, in whose security they are interested."

Lord Pomfret, without further reluctance, was beginning now to read his concession, where he stood at the bar, when the Lord Chancellor interrupted him and said,

" My

“ My Lord Pomfret,

“ It is the order of their lordships, that on your consenting to repeat the submission, which you hold in your hand, you should be restored to your seat, and be indulged with the liberty of doing it in your place, in a much more honourable manner than at the bar, where you now stand.”

The order was then read, which was passed on Thursday, to the effect mentioned by the Chancellor; after which, Sir Francis Molyneux, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, presented his lordship with his sword, who then took his seat amongst the lords, and read the submission prescribed for him by the house, which we have recapitulated above. This ceremony being performed, the following order was agreed upon.

Die Veneris, 17^o Novembris.

It is ordered, by the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, that George Earl of Pomfret be, and is hereby discharged from the restraint he lies under in the custody of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod attending this house.

The above order being read, his lordship was discharged of course.

List of the capital prizes since Thursday Nov. 16, when the State Lottery began drawing at Guildhall.

No. 40,523 20,000l. No. 47,349, 14,738 5000l. each. No. 4,554 2000l. No. 40,312, 3036, 14,685 1000l. each. No. 14,108, 34,229, 23,776 500l. each. No. 10,692, 28,675, 23,642, blanks, but as first drawn tickets, entitled to 500l. each. No. 30,734, 41,122, 22,485 20l. each, but as first drawn tickets, entitled also to 500l. each.

B I R T H S.

Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, of a princess; at Florence.

Oct. 24. The Duchess of Rutland, of a son, at his Grace's house in Arlington street.

Nov. 6. The Duchess of Leinster, of a daughter, at Carron in Ireland.

M A R R I A G E S.

The Rev. Dr. Luntley, fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, to Miss Susannah Walwyn, of Hereford.

Her Serene Highness the Princess Augusta Carolina Frederica Louisa, eldest daughter of his Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Brunswick, to his Serene Highness Prince Frederick William Charles of Wirtemberg.

Oct. 23. John James, Esq; of King's-Arms-Yard, Colman-street, to Miss Anderson, daughter of Alexander Anderson, Esq; of Highgate.

24. James Trower, Esq; of Lincoln's-Inn, to Miss Sarah Exley, of the same place.

25. John Ingilly, Esq; of Ripley-Hall, in Yorkshire, to Miss Amcotts, daughter of Wharton Amcotts, member of parliament for East-Retford, Nottinghamshire.

26. William Egerton, Esq; of Tatton-Park, in Cheshire, to Miss Mary Wilbraham Bootle, second daughter of Richard Wilbraham Bootle, Esq;

30. Montague Burgoyne, Esq; son of Sir Roger Burgoyne, to Miss Hervey, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square.

Nov. 15. Abraham Richardson, Esq; of Lambeth, to Miss Susannah Morrison, of College-street, Westminster.

D E A T H S.

Capt. Edward Rigby Aldred, of the Loyal Irish, in Westmoreland.

The Count de Borch, grand chancellor of the crown, at Warsaw.

The Count de Zinzendorf and Puffendorf, Lord of Wassembourg, &c. at Vienna.

Thomas Frederick Musgrave, Esq; at Stone, in Somersetshire, uncle to the lady of Sir James Langham, Bart.

Richard Cribb, Esq; at Jamaica, major of the 79th regiment, or royal Liverpool volunteers.

Oct. 24. Robert Jefferies, Esq; rear admiral of his majesty's fleet.

Sir Francis Crawford, Knt. near Rochester, in Kent.

William Duckett, Esq; of Harham, in the county of Wilts.

30. ——— Fallowfield, deputy comptroller of Hull.

31. Anthony Minchin, Esq; merchant, at Hackney.

John Bishop, Esq; at Radwinter, near Saffron Walden, in Essex.

Nov. 1. Mrs. Ann Covey, a lady of considerable fortune, and a relation of the late Dr. Cheney, Dean of Winchester.

2. Thomas Wroughton, Esq; at Aldenham, in Wiltshire, formerly in the commission of the peace for that county.

3. Thomas Gordon, Esq; of Milbank.

6. Jeremiah Seabright, Esq; on Epping Forest, formerly a Turkey merchant, in St. Mary Axe.

8. William George Donaldson, Esq; of Turnham-Green.

11. Charles Dower, Esq; at Tottenham.

12. Arthur Jennings, Esq; at his house in Bloomsbury-square.

13. Edward Clutterbuck, Esq; in Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square.

14. Alexander Frampton, Esq; in Queen-street, May-Fair.

15. John Stephens, Esq; at Hadley, near Barnet.

The Rev. John Walker, D. D. rector of Spotsbury, Dorsetshire, canon of Wells, and archdeacon of Dorset.

Capt. Thomas Mapley, at Mile-End, commander of a West-India man.

16. Dr. Watson, physician, near Blackfriars-bridge.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

For D E C E M B E R, 1780.

This N U M B E R contains

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15 Rules to make the Connubial State happy	638		
16 Continuation of the History of the Gunpowder Plot; from Carte	640		
17 Account of the Same from Mrs. Macaulay	644		

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. An elegant Pattern for an Apron, or Handkerchief.
2. A beautiful historical Picture of the Nuptials Interrupted; and,
3. A new Song, the Words by a Correspondent, set to Music, by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where Favours from Correspondents will be received.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are not a little obliged to *Henrietta R.* for the punctuality she always observes in her communications, and hope that she will excuse the liberty we take in intimating, that our last supply will probably be exhausted in the Supplement.

Our good friend who has transmitted us the *Dress for December*, will accept of our acknowledgements; and give us leave to hope, that as she has revived her correspondence, she will likewise continue it the next year without interruption.

We must take the liberty of informing our correspondent dated from the *Salopian*, that his version of the *Brochure sur le Printems*, was sent us too late for publication; the translations from *Miss James*, at the *young Ladies Boarding-School, Great Baddow, Essex*, and that from the same place by *G. R.* we are sorry to include in the same description: but we hope that the latter will nevertheless favour us with those *Anecdotes*, &c. which he promises, as the best means of reviving one part of our original plan, and exciting emulation amidst our fair patronesses.

The remarkable Anecdote of a Gentleman, &c. has made its appearance in the public prints already, and cannot be more extensively diffused by appearing in our collection: if the author would resume the *Female Reformer*, we have some assurance he might contribute to the real embellishment of a sex; towards which, he expresses the most sincere friendship.

The article of *Marriage*, did not come properly authenticated, and will be too late for insertion ere we can receive an answer.

Amidst an elegant variety of other pieces, we beg leave to acknowledge in the Prose department, *Solutions to the Enigmatical List of Towns in Middlesex*, from *C. G. John Francis Walsingham*; *Sarah S—i—k*, *Redburn Mills, Herts*; *J. R—*, *London*; &c. *Answer to the List of Towns in Norfolk*, p. 548, by *Priscilla and Matilda*. *To the List of Young Ladies in Chelmsford, Essex*, by *Louisa Ann*, &c. *A new enigmatical List of Towns in Middlesex*, by a female Correspondent. *List of Officers in the Eastern Battalion of the Norfolk Militia*, taken from the *Norfolk almanack for 1781*; and *Enigmatical List of Ladies Amusements*, both by *J. Francis Walsingham*. *Enigmatical List of Players Names*, by ——. *Enigmatical List of Young Ladies at St Ives, in Huntingdonshire*, by *Caroline*. *Continuation of the enigmatical List of Young Ladies in Chelmsford, Essex*, from page 604, by *Chelmer*. *Enigmatical List of Towns in Surry*, by *S. A.* &c. &c.

In the poetic department we are honoured with *The Fall of the Leaf*, written in *October*, by *J. B.* *Enigma*, by *Belinda*, *Poetical Answer to the List of Towns in Middlesex*, by *Sally A—ms*. *To Eliza*, by *Calista*. *Picture of the Play-House, when honoured with the Royal Presence*, by *Henrietta C—p—r*. *A Love Elegy*, by ——. *An Apology for Insensibility, addressed to Miss O—n*, *B— Street*, by *Zeno*. *Venus triumphant* is rather too luxuriantly descriptive to appear in our Repository.

Several other pieces not specified above, will appear in the SUPPLEMENT, which will be published towards the middle of January, on which account we beg that our correspondents would be as early as possible in their communications; those who have any hints to propose, either for embellishing or improving our plan, will be listened to with the most grateful attention.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

For D E C E M B E R, 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 567.)

L E T T E R X V I.

Miss TASTY to *Miss* BETSEY
EVERGREEN.

YOUR letter, my dear Betsey, found me in the greatest sorrow: well they may say, "all is not gold that glitters." My lord has refused to fulfil his vows; and, whenever I press him on the subject, says, "we are now as much married, as if the priest had joined us." I do not know how it is, but I think he has not, of late, been so good-humoured as he used to be. He takes little or no notice of me, and is for ever writing of letters. My maid says, she is sure they are to a lady; but I cannot think that, for he has told me a thousand times, he should never love another but his Kitty.

If it was not for Miss Spencer, I should be quite moped to death, for now the weather is so bad we cannot

go out, and nobody visits us; so that cards and reading are the only amusements we can take.

I was last night very desirous of going to the play, but (for what reason I know not) his lordship refused my request, and though I wept for very vexation, appeared very little affected by my tears. I wish, Betsey, you were with me, I might then pour my complaints into your faithful bosom, and your advice would be my greatest comfort. If, after all, he should not intend to make me lady Moreton, but then I have his bond—twenty thousand pounds is a sum too capital to lose the thoughts of, that alone will, at least, prevent him from thinking of any other—O! here he comes! I must throw away my letter, lest he should discover my uneasiness.

Heavens, Betsey! never could I have thought it—Artful wretch! I have all this time, my dear, believed myself mistress of a house, which it seems, in reality was only borrowed of a friend, to serve the present moment, and as the owner is going to marry, we are now to remove to London. The latter part of the story does not at all displease me, but yet if his designs had been strictly honourable, why not have taken me to his family seat? I dare not express my anger lest it should produce a quarrel; yet can I hardly stifle my resentment at his ungenerous proceedings?

We are to leave Richmond in a few days, and my next will, I imagine, be dated from some of the squares, for I know his lordship's house is somewhere at the court end of the town, but where I cannot inform you till my next.

Adieu my friend, pray that my expectations may not be blasted by disappointment, and continue to me your friendship, which will be some consolation, though deprived of every other.

K. TASTY.

LETTER XVII.

Lord MORETON to Captain BOSTON.

“EVERY dog has his day:” Kitty has had her's, and must now give place to superior beauty. Absolutely trapped, Charles! caught in the trammels of love, as assuredly as I shall soon be in those of Hymen! An hundred thousand pounds boy! talk not then of the miseries of the state.

The wound was made—let me see where—O! about a week ago, in a morning-drive from Richmond to Hampton-court—My fair sultana happened to be indisposed, consequently did not bless me with her company. A lady in an elegant riding dress, attended by a servant in rich livery, passed me on the hill. I had then only a transitory glance of her, but a few minutes afterwards, her horse taking fright at something that lay in the road, she was thrown against a bank, and before I could alight, appeared to have paid the debt of nature. Fortunately I was mistaken. She had received no hurt from the accident; but fear had wrought its usual effects on delicate constitutions, and what I took for the insensibility of death, was only a fainting fit.

With the help of her servant, I soon restored her to life, and gently placing her in my phaeton, begged to have the honour of conducting her home. The request was received with becoming dignity, accompanied with many apologies for the trouble it would give me; and the servant being gone in

pursuit of the run-away steed, we slowly proceeded towards Hampton, which the lady informed me was the place of her residence.

I had now an opportunity of making some observations on her person, which I found inimitably lovely, and her conversation, though in indifferent English, convinced me she possessed a large share of conversable talents.

From her discourse, I learnt, that she was the daughter of a widow lady, of immense fortune, who had been some years settled in England; but, till within these six months, she had herself been a boarder in a convent at St. Omer's.

On our arrival at an elegant little villa by the road side, I was politely received by the old lady, who expressed the most grateful acknowledgments for the care I had taken of her Maria, and when I took my leave (with intreating the permission of calling sometimes to enquire into the state of their health) gave me a general invitation. This was exactly what I wished, for the first glance of the fair incognita, had raised a *combustion* in my heart, and, as I found upon enquiry, that she was not *come-at-able* on any but honourable terms, I determined on such to visit her.

My frequent calls on Levi before my father's death, has reduced my personal estate to a very slender compass, and the restriction of not cutting or lopping any of the timber for a certain number of years, has long withheld me from figuring as I could wish. Now a hundred thousand of the ready will make a tolerable arrangement, and should the old Tabby happen to make her exit, once in a century, there will be three thousand a year more! These you'll own, are powerful inducements, and when neither balanced by deformity or ugliness, will render the matrimonial *pill* not quite so nauseous to the taste.

Kate, I suppose, will be quite in the dumps, when she happens to discover my intention; but as I am not yet tired of her, I shall endeavour if possible, to keep her in the happy state

of

of ignorance, and to that purpose have acquainted her the house is your's, and that for certain reasons, we must remove to London.

My behaviour for some time past, must have convinced her, that there remains no hopes of being lady Moreton, and, while entirely dependent on my bounty, prudence will certainly point out to her, that complacency and condescension is the best rule of conduct. To give the girl her due, she is possessed of sufficient attractions to render an attachment more permanent than will be mine; but though I cannot love her alone, she may, perhaps, for some time hence, command some share of my affections, and when the bitters of matrimony happen to predominate over the sweets, will serve to fly to as an alleviation to my cares; but, till my amiable *intended* loses the prevailing charm of novelty, must expect but little of my company.

I have sent Stewkly to London to prepare a lodging for her reception, and have prevailed on Spenser to pass a few weeks with us, that my frequent elopements may not so much be noticed.

When once she hears we are married, there will be no remedy but resignation, and finding her hopes on that head vanished, she will be glad to submit to any terms that are likely to secure her the continuance of my protection.

I sent you the publications you enquired for; yesterday, by the Bath machine—In your next give me your opinion of them.

I see my pretty mistress walking on the terrace, seemingly quite *en pensero*, I must go and coax her into good humour; and then fly to Hampton and devote the remainder of the evening to her rival: business sufficient on my hands you see, without spending any time in scribbling.

Adieu; drink success to the amours of

Yours, &c.

MORETON.

(To be continued.)

FULL DRESS for DECEMBER.

TOUPEE Frenched, five curls down each side, one long braid behind, fastened with a diamond or pearl knot. Small caps, or Ruben hats, ornamented with a profusion of variegated and white spiral feathers and flowers. Fine laced ruffs round the neck, and Ruben handkerchiefs. The Turkish and French long Polonese, of rich plain satin, trimmed with white and painted wreaths of flowers; the trimming set on each side of the gown strait, and edged with blond and crape, full plaited; Vandyke cuffs, with large treble ruffles. Plain satin shoes, with brilliant or pearl knots. Large hoops.

UNDRESS.

The Italian cap, which is made entirely of crape and fine blond, flat lappets, hang very low behind. Polonese gown over a large hoop, trimmed down the sides with ribbons, fur trimmings, intermixed with ribbon. Puckered coats of white satin. Very long full trimmed aprons. Vandyke handkerchiefs, narrow black collars round the neck. Slippers with roses. Satin hats covered with crape, with a plain crape turban, bow in front of crape, with Burgundy and white flowers. Long cloaks, trimmed with swan's down and crape. Favourite colours, clay, Burgundy, prune, white, and pink.

The D E S H A B I L L E.

Circassian dresses, with short aprons; small hoops. Large French caps, with six plaitings to the face. Large plain satin hats.

CHARLOTTE STANLEY.

* * * We are desired to present the thanks of many ladies to our old correspondent for the revival of her communications, with a particular request, tha

that in future, she will preserve that punctuality which she voluntarily promised.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS of a WIDOW;

Written by herself.

INNUMERABLE have been the histories, founded on fact, of single women; of Miss and Miss such a one; (sometimes distinguished with a dash —, or a star *; sometimes exhibited with their names either g—tt—d, or at full length:) as if the whole duty of woman was included in a state of virginity, and ended upon her commencing a wife. — Now whatever people may think of the duties of virgins and wives, I will venture to affirm, that a widow has still a more difficult part to perform on the great stage of the world; especially if she happened to make her first appearance in the matrimonial character when she was very young. This was my case; and as I really think that there is a great deal of delicacy, as well as dexterity required in the conduct of a widow, I am willing, for the benefit of those who were thrown into similar circumstances, to appear in the light of a prompter; and, by giving a detail of the different scenes in which I have figured, neither suppressing my virtues, through false-shame, nor concealing my failings, through false-pride, to hold out instructive lessons to the widows of the age.

However, as I could not have been a widow from the beginning of my life, I must go back to some of those days which preceded my wedding one.

My father was a man who in the earliest part of his life, had been brought up in the merchant's counting-house: and when he there made himself sufficiently useful in the business allotted to him, he was taken in as a

partner by his principal. His share was not, at first considerable, but as he was unweariedly diligent, and deservedly fortunate, he soon improved his situation: a situation which might have been a very happy one, if he had not married too early; and increased his family, before he had sufficiently provided for the demands of a number of children. Yet, as he was ready to do every thing in his power for them, he generally determined to give them, what is called, an useful education. In consequence of this resolution, I was taught writing and accompts, needlework, dancing, and French. With regard to music and drawing, my father did not deem those accomplishments absolutely necessary; he supposed them indeed fit only for females in high-life. Declining therefore to throw away his money, as he called it, he would not encourage the acquisition of fashionable accomplishments, which might take off my attention from those which would, in his opinion, prove more serviceable to me. — However, though my father was so careful not to fill my young mind with what, he believed, could not be productive of any utility, my mother, on the other hand, like most women, being desirous of seeing her children capable of acquitting themselves upon every occasion, like those of other people in the same sphere of life, prevailed on him at last to let us learn the more ornamental parts of education: declaring, that she thought the politest education was the most eligible, cost what it would; often saying, to him, “You see what strange creatures those appear with all their riches, who have not the genteelst accomplishments to set them off in the world.” Such sayings as these were not always relished, but they were irresistible.

(To be continued.)

A TREATISE on the EDUCATION
of DAUGHTERS.

*Written by the celebrated Archbishop of
CAMBRAY.*

Translated by a Lady.

C H A P. I.

*Of the IMPORTANCE of the EDUCA-
TION of DAUGHTERS.*

NOTHING is more neglected than the education of daughters; custom, and the caprice of mothers, are for the most part absolutely decisive on that point. It is taken for granted, that a very little instruction is sufficient for the sex; whereas the education of sons is looked upon as of principal concern to the public; and though there is scarce less mismanagement in this than in the bringing up of daughters, nevertheless people are fully persuaded that no small degree of discernment is requisite to insure success. How many masters do we see? how many colleges? what expence for impressions of books, for researches into the sciences, methods of learning languages, and choice of professors?

All these grand preparations have frequently more show than solidity; however, they indicate the high notion people have of the education of boys: as for girls, say they, what necessity is there for them to be scholars? Curiosity makes them vain and conceited; it is sufficient they learn in time how to govern their families, and to submit to their husbands without debate; and here they are ready to produce a number of known instances of women grown ridiculous by pretence to scholarship; after this they think themselves justified in blindly abandoning girls to the management of ignorant and indiscreet mothers; it is true, we ought to be very cautious of making pedantic ladies. Women, for the most part, have less strength of understanding than men, but more curiosity; wherefore it is not proper

to engage them in studies likely to disturb their heads. It is not for them to govern the state, direct the operations of war, or to interfere in the administration of religious affairs. Thus they may stand excused from those extensive articles of knowledge, relative to politics, the art military, jurisprudence, theology; even the far greater part of the mechanic arts are not suitable to them. They are formed for gentler occupations; their bodies, as their understandings, are less vigorous, less robust than that of men; but nature, in compensation has appropriated to them industry, neatness, and œconomy, and hence arises their taste for the calm duties of domestic life.—But what are we to conclude from the natural weakness of woman? the weaker they are, of the greater moment it is to give them strength. Have they not duties to fulfil, nay, duties on which the life of society depends? Is it not by them that families are ruined or upheld? by them who have the regulation of the whole train of domestic affairs, who have a general influence upon manners, and consequently have a sway in what most nearly affects mankind?

A woman of judgment, application, and real piety, is the soul of a whole great family: she inspires that order, that prudence, and purity of manners, which secure happiness here and hereafter. It is not in the power of man, though vested with all public authority, by their deliberations, to make any establishments effectually good, unless women are aiding in the execution.

The world is not a phantom; it is an assemblage of families; and who can adjust the government of them with more exactness than the women? They, besides their natural authority and assiduity in their houses, have the farther advantage of being born careful, minutely attentive, industrious, insinuating, and persuasive.

As for mankind, where else must they look for the comforts of life, if marriage, that closest of all alliances,

shall

shall be converted into bitterness? And children, who, in their turn, will be called mankind, what will become of them, if spoiled by their mothers from their infancy.

Observe the parts women have to act; they are not of less moment than those of the men; as they have a house to regulate, a husband to make happy, children to bring up well; add, that public virtue is no less necessary for the women than for the men; without insisting on the good or evil import they may be of the world, they are half of the human species, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, destined to life eternal. Finally, to omit the good influence of women well brought up, let us consider the evil they are productive of, in defect of an education inspiring them with virtue. It is certain this defect in them is more mischievous than in men, because the irregularities of men frequently proceed from the bad education they have imbibed from their mothers, and from those passions other women have inspired them with in their riper years. What intrigues does history present to our view? What subversion of laws and morals? What bloody wars, innovations of religion, revolutions of state, all caused by the vices of women? These are proofs of the importance of a good education for girls. Let us then consider the men's.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Do not know any thing which in general creates more uneasiness in families, than that obstinate sort of petulance between husband and wife, which is distinguished by the name of *spirit*, and which both consider as the highest derogation from their con-

sequence, not to keep constantly up. In the good old times of our progenitors, if a man was now and then guilty of an error, his wife, instead of absurdly following his example out of revenge, made use of every art she was mistress of to steal him from a continuation of it; and instead of provoking him by the severity of her reflections into the commission of fresh excesses, strove, by an unaffected tenderness, and a modest representation of consequences, to work upon his heart, or to convince his understanding. If after all, her well-meant efforts were not attended with the wished for success, she endeavoured to conceal his failings and follies, from the world; and by the undeviating rectitude of her own behaviour, continually strove to make amends for any inconveniences which his indiscreet conduct brought upon his family.

Now-a-days, the case is widely different; a sort of fashionable contest exists between our married couples, who shall run into the greatest excesses. Does the husband throw away a thousand guineas at a horse-match, the lady looks upon herself obliged, as a woman of spirit, to be equally extravagant at the card-table. Does he stand suspected of an intrigue? as a woman of spirit, she must have an arrangement also on her hands, and repay him in earnest for his supposed infidelity. In short, let his errors be what they will, she considers herself under an indispensable necessity of retaliating the very worst, however destructive such retaliation may be either to their fortune or their character.

I am, Sir,

Your's,

H. K.

Account of the new comic Opera called the ISLANDERS.

SATURDAY evening, November 21st, a new comic opera called the Islanders, was performed at Covent Garden theatre, the characters of which were thus represented.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Governor,	Mr. Clarke
Garcia,	Mr. Mattocks
Dr. Fabio,	Mr. Wilton
Gil Perez,	Mr. Edwin
Domingo,	Mr. Quick
Felix,	Mr. Leoni
Yanko,	Mr. Reinhold
Secretary,	Mr. J. Wilton
Camilla,	Mrs. Martyr
Elvira,	Mrs. Webb
Julina,	Miss Morris
Flametta,	Miss Satchell
Orra,	Mrs. Kennedy
Slaves, Islanders, &c.	

This opera is said to be the production of a young clergyman, by some, and of Mr. Dibdin, by others. The whole fable is evidently founded on two pieces written by Saint Foix; (if we mistake not) *l'Isle Sauvage* and *la Colonie*, both of them comedies of three acts.

The story is substantially as follows. A Spaniard who was sent out to colonize and govern a newly discovered island, is shipwrecked, and, as he imagines, sees his wife, daughter, and niece perish, by the overturning of the long-boat. He and his son, with the rest of his people, get safe from the wreck, to an island inhabited by savages; driving out some, and subduing the rest, he keeps possession of the island, and settles in it. After fifteen years residence, news is brought to the governor, that the canoe, in which his son rowed a fishing, sunk, but the slave who was with him, and had swam on shore, asserts that he saw his young master safe upon a rock, joining to a neighbouring island.

At this crisis the opera commences, and presents us with Gil Perez, the

governor's steward, announcing to the colonists the new law just made, by which it was ordained, that all the young women should forthwith marry; and in order to give the ordinary an equal chance with the handsome, the young men who marry the latter, are obliged to pay the portions of the former. After a good deal of sport, in consequence of this idea, the scene changes to another island, to which it appears Elvira, Julina, and Flametta (the governor's wife, daughter, and niece) had escaped safe, and where they had resided for some time, attended by Yanko, a faithful and virtuous savage, who had, with the rest of his brethren of the island, been driven out of the opposite island by the governor, but whose wife Orra, still remaining in captivity, the idea of her need of assistance, had operated in his mind in favour of Elvira and the girls, and induced him to shew them every possible mark of zeal, attention, and service.

To this island it appears that Felix had swam, and Elvira, struck with the strong resemblance his features bore to those of her husband, gives him relief and concealment. The two girls are strangely agitated at sight of him, and feel different emotions in his favour; Julina, who is a kind of natural coquette, expresses great regard and friendship for him, but nothing more; Flametta, on the contrary, who is all tenderness, is strongly captivated, and acknowledges her passion. As soon as Yanko discovers Felix, he begins to have his apprehensions for the safety of Elvira and the girls, dreading that the other savages may have seen Felix, and that it may lead to a discovery of them.

Matters are left in this state, when the scene shifts to the governor's island, where we find Garcio, who is in love with Camilla, one of the greatest beauties of the place, has, in conjunction with Dr. Fabio, (a priest who will have his joke) persuaded Domingo, his friend, and a remarkably ordinary man, to dress himself up like a woman, and call himself Dorothea, in

order to receive the portion that he may be obliged to pay, in consequence of his marrying Camilla, and this scheme is hit upon from an idea, that as Domingo would appear to be the most ugly woman in the island, there would be no fear of any persons consenting to marry her. The avarice of Gil Perez, however, prevails on him to ask the governor's leave to wed the pretended Dorothea.

The courtship is whimsical; Domingo, much embarrassed to get out of the scrape, declares that he lost his virtue in an orchard to Dr. Fabio; this succeeds, and Gil Perez drops all thoughts of the marriage.

This resolution is accompanied with a determination to be revenged of Fabio, whom Gil Perez recollects to have been particularly forward in his recommendation of the pretended Dorothea; the doctor soon appears, and a laughable dialogue ensues, in consequence of the cross purposes upon which it turns; at length they part, and the scene changes again to the savage island, where Elvira appears, lamenting the regard for Felix she too evidently sees impressed on the hearts of Julina and Flametta. She determines to watch them, and retires for that purpose on observing their approach. The girls converse upon the subject, and Julina seems ready to follow Yanko's advice, and give Felix up, while Flametta owns her sentiments in his favour, and wishes to be left on that desert isle alone with him, rather than lose him for ever.

The mother, filled with all that jealousy of mean connections, which distinguishes Spaniards of rank, fears lest the birth of Felix should have been ignoble, and therefore determines to do all in her power to check the growing passions of the two girls. In order the better to effect this, and trusting for success to their simplicity and total ignorance of the world, she persuades them that love influences the complexion, and if violent, changes the skin from white to the colour of the savages. Julina alarmed at this intelligence, determines to think no

more of Felix, but Flametta, impelled by different feelings, declares she fears she has already changed colour; after some artless conversation, they retire to avoid the savages, who having seen Felix, are coming in great numbers to find him.

In a subsequent scene, Yanko having insisted on carrying off Felix, as his countrymen were arrived in boats, he is hurried away, and Elvira, Julina, and Flametta are left in great distress.

The scene then changes to the governor's island, where Domingo and Fabio are contriving a new plot on Gil Perez, whom the latter prepares to fall into it. The plan is, that Domingo shall call himself the brother of Dorothea, and under pretence of demanding reparation for his sister's injured honour, bully and frighten Perez.

In order to heighten this scheme still more, Fabio gets Perez to withdraw, and persuades Domingo to change his voice alternately, so as to make it appear to the ears of Perez, as if Dorothea and her brother were at high words. Domingo is with difficulty brought into it, but at length he consents, and having first frightened Perez out of the room, he assumes the double character of Dorothea and her brother; but Perez beginning to suspect something, had slipped unperceived out of the room to which he had retired, and placed himself under the table; he sees therefore through the trick, and detecting Domingo, threatens to inform the governor of all that has passed. Fabio in return, threatens him to declare the peculations which he had been guilty of, in carrying the new law into execution, and which had come to his knowledge, by means of the persons whom he had confessed. A desire of safety produces a resolution to keep secrecy on all hands, and they part in friendship.

Yanko then arrives on the governor's island, with Elvira, Julina, Flametta, and Felix, whom he begs to retire till he has seen the governor; presently afterwards Fabio enters,

and

and having hailed Yanko, conceives the idea of prevailing on him to speak in his behalf to his country-woman Orra, for whom the doctor has long entertained a sneaking kindness, and whom he has often endeavoured in vain to seduce. Yanko is shocked at the old man's vicious disposition, but at length undertakes the business, with a hope of saving some distressed country woman from ruin. Just at this moment Orra enters to Fabio; Yanko instantly recollects and is recollected by his wife, and the faithful pair express a great joy at their meeting again, after so many years absence. Fabio excuses himself by pretending that what he had before said to Yanko, was a mere joke, and that he meant to put Orra into her husband's hands.

The governor and all the characters then come on, and after Yanko has restored to him his wife, son, daughter, and niece, the piece concludes with a quartetto and chorus: the governor having first consented to the union of Flametta and Felix, and remarked, that virtue and humanity are confined to no particular spot, but are to be found in the remotest corners of the earth.

This opera was received very favourably. The two plots, the serious and the comic, are strongly operatical, having independently great claim to attention, and possessing abundant power of creating stage effect. The comic part of the fable (which is obviously founded on a story told by Will. Honeycombe in his letter, in the 511th number of the *Spectator*) is pregnant with rich seeds of humour, and might have been extended to great advantage. The serious part also is extremely affecting, and though the simplicity of it in some degree approaches the ridiculous, if well managed, would have made an excellent three act piece. To blend them together with success, was certainly a very difficult task; a task which our author, notwithstanding the objections his piece is liable to, has executed suffi-

ciently well, to deserve great encouragement and applause.

The characters of Yanko and Orra are new to our stage, and are preserved with great consonancy; the songs of the latter are not only written with taste, but set with uncommon appositeness. Several other airs were well composed. The overture had merit.

The performers, for the most part, did their characters justice—Mrs. Kennedy never had her powers so happily suited before, she looked the character, and sung the beautiful airs of Orra incomparably. Miss Satchell spoke the dialogue of Flametta in a manner that convinced us she will make an excellent actress; she seems perfectly to feel and understand what she says, which is the best promise for rapid improvement: Miss Morris played prettily, as far as her present state of abilities would allow.

This opera was decorated with new scenes and dresses; the former were extremely beautiful.

The following are the most approved airs.

A I R.—Gil Perez, Mr. Edwin.

Come courage lads and drink away,
A man upon his wedding day,
Ought rarely well his part to play
At stingo and October:
For who would be that stupid elf,
For whim, caprice, or love, or pelf,
To poison, hang, or drown himself,
Or marry when he's sober?

For madam's will at nothing stops,
She must have balls, and routs, and fops,
And often ransacks all the shops,
In gay attire to robe her;
Then drink—the day you take a wife,
As the last comfort of your life,
For ever after noise and strife,
Are sure to keep you sober.

A I R.—Garcia, Mr. Mattocks.

Did fortune bid me chuse a state,
From all that's rich, and all that's great,
From all that ostentation brings,
The splendour, pride, and pomp of kings:

These gifts and more did she display,
With health, that felt not life's decay,
I'd spurn with scorn the useless lot,
Were my Camilla's name forgot.

But did she for my fate assign,
That I should labour in a mine;
Or with many wretches more
In slav'ry, chain me to an ear;
Or from the sight of men exil'd,
Send me to a Siberian wild,
For this and more would she atone,
Were my Camilla all my own.

A I R—Camilla, Mrs. Martyr.

Love's a flame, the mind illuming,
Which perfect heat and radiance gives,
And seems as it were not consuming
On world'y comforts while it lives.
But wasted like the glimm'ring taper,
Failing in that its force supply'd,
It flies, an unsubstantial vapour,
Leaving no trace of where it dy'd.

A I R—Felix, Mr. Leoni.

Oh! memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.
Thou, like the world th'oppress'd oppressing,
Thy frowns increase the wretches woe;
And he, who wants each other blessing,
In thee is sure to find a foe.

A I R—Julina, Miss Morris.

This strange emotion at my heart,
Oh! that I could explain;
'Tis joy, 'tis grief, 'tis ease, 'tis smart,
'Tis pleasure, and 'tis pain.
The busy trembling flutterer plays,
It knows not how or why;
And throbs and beats a thousand ways,
Ah! prithee quiet lie.

A I R—Flametta, Miss Satchel.

Passion is a torrent rude,
Which rapid bears down every height,
A turbulent unruly flood,
Which with the ocean would unite.
Reason's a fountain, calm, serene,
Which near gay fields and laughing bowers,
While it reflects th'enchanted scene,
Is borne among a bed of flowers.

A I R—Fabio, Mr. Wilson.

This life's a day's journey—we rise in the morn,
The sun, trees, and flowers our prospect adorn;
When perhaps we have scarcely been set out an
hour,
But slap we're o'ertaken, and fous'd in a
show'r.

To shelter then quickly, and see now 'tis o'er,
And in pretty good spirits we set out once
more;
Now up hill, now down, now even, and now
We are cover'd with dust, and now popp'd in
a flugh.

Thus we jog on 'till dinner, now wet and now
dry,
And now we've a low'ring, and now a clear
sky;
With the wine, the good landlord, the fire,
and the cheer,
Now refresh'd we set forward to end our ca-
reer.
But the roads are uneven, we trip, are bemin'd,
And j lted, and jostled, and tumbled, and tir'd;
Yet we keep a good heart, and our spirits are
light,
In hopes we shall meet with a good inn at
night.

S O N G—Yanko, Mr. Reinhold.

What cannot beauty, spotless beauty do!
Had I stern justice voice obey'd,
The dire command had dom'd you to the
grave:
But milder mercy, with the aid
Of gentle pity, still cry'd save;
And anger kind compassion grew,
What cannot beauty, spotless beauty do?

What knew I, when days failing light,
Yielded her empire to the night?
Death might direct the lion's way,
To make that precious form his prey:
From fear thy danger set me free,
And when I vow'd to succour thee,
Echo these caves with gladness fill'd,
And heav'n and earth approving smil'd.

A I R—Orra, Mrs. Kennedy.

Poor Orra, tink of Yanko dear,
Do he be gone for ever,
For he no dead, he still here,
And he from here go never.

Like on a sand me mark him face,
The wave come roll him over;
De mark he go—but still de place,
'Tis easy to discover.

I see fore now, de tree, de flower,
He droop like Orra surely;
And den by'm bye, dere come a shower,
He hold him head up purely.

And so some time, me tink me die,
My heart so sick he grieve me;
But in a little time me cry
Good deal, and dat relieve me.

Engrav'd for the Lady's Magazine.



The Nuptials Interrupted.

The ITALIAN BISHOP.

AN ANECDOTE.

NOTHING is more necessary to a fallible being than advice, but nothing is more shunned, nothing more unwelcome. The person who wants advice is above owning his want, because it is an oblique intimation that he is deficient either in sense or experience. The person who offers advice comes in the plumage of one of superior abilities, and therefore, from the pride of human nature, is shunned by the weak, and instead of appearing in the amiable light of a friend, is looked on as one, who would impute folly, or want of attention to the person, whom he endeavours to benefit. Yet though a medicine may be unpalatable, it may be rendered pleasing to the eye, for the pill, which in its native hue would excite disgust, when gilded by the medicinal artist, may appear pleasing, and be taken without those revolvings of the stomach, which it would excite in its undisguised state. The following anecdote may serve not only to confirm these detached remarks, but may likewise prove a lesson to those who give advice, and point out to them, the means of rendering their interpositions of friendship agreeable.

An Italian bishop had struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function, without ever betraying the least indications of impatience. An intimate acquaintance of his, who revered him for his passive virtues, which he thought it impossible for him to imitate, asked the prelate one day, "If he could communicate to him, the secret *he* had made use of to be *always easy*?"

"Yes," replied the reverend sage, "I can teach you *my* secret very easily. It consists in nothing more than making a right use of my *eyes*."

His friend begged him to explain himself.

"Most willingly," replied the bishop — "In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and I remember that my principal business *here*, is to get *there*: I then look *down* upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred: I then look *abroad* into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who are in all respects more happy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I have to repine or to complain."

The reader from hence, will easily determine, in what manner advice may be conveyed, without the appearance of arrogating superiority, and without alarming the pride, or exposing the ignorance of those, who stand in need of counsel and instruction.

D——.

The NUPTIALS INTERRUPTED.

Decorated and illustrated with an elegant Plate, engraved from the Design of one of the most capital Artists in Europe.

THOUGH Providence has, in some measure, left the happiness of mankind to their own endeavours, yet it has not divested itself entirely of its *super-intendence*. They therefore who find that their progress towards content is impeded, ought not to be surprised or hurt, by what they term cross or unforeseen accidents. Virtue itself exists and refines only by opposition; and that character which struggles with most difficulties, like silver purified in the fire, is rendered most amiable and most glorious in the eyes of generous minds.

The earl of R—— was blessed with a daughter, who attracted the notice of all his acquaintance, both on account of her personal and mental accomplishments. The earl, naturally of a religious turn of mind, was thankful to Providence for the amiable

ble blessing he was honoured with, made it his constant care to watch over her conduct in her infant days, and continued his solicitude till she arrived at the age of maturity. His attentions were confined to the perfecting her mind, that of his lady to the embellishing and polishing her person. Lady R——, had in her earlier days been initiated in all the dissipations of the gay circle, and valued herself more on her taste for dress and skill in etiquette, than for any acquisitions she had made in science, or any progress she had made in the paths of morality. Her company was therefore that of the most giddy, the idle, the volatile, and most thoughtless persons in the vicinage.

Similarity of sentiment is the great cement of society. The company of lady R—— was not less courted by those of her own standard, than she courted their's; and Clarissa was too frequently exposed to those conversations, which she could not hear without disdain, or think of without disgust. Amidst these groups of triflers, the person who recommended himself to lady R——'s favour, was the marquis de G——. He was well read in all the arts of seduction, and had practised them with success. His dissipations had made a great derangement in his finances; to repair which, he was in search of some lady whose fortune was considerable. Had he made his pretensions only to wealth, lady R——'s daughter came strongly recommended; but as he had some predilection to personal charms likewise, her's could not but answer his most sanguine wishes. He thought himself secure with respect to lady R——, but he foresaw many an obstacle in his way, to recommend him to the favour of the earl her husband; yet as his circumstances admitted of no delay, he determined the first time that he saw lady R——, to beg her to intercede for him, both with her husband and her daughter.

He knew that the earl was no friend to his wife's gaiety, or to the gaiety of her acquaintance; and that

he dreaded nothing more, than her being seduced by the example of the former, and habituated to frivolity by the conversations of the latter. In his private lectures, he therefore strove to guard her against the dangers she had to encounter, and to inculcate such principles as might enable her to surmount the difficulties which her virtue had to struggle with. Above all, he endeavoured to set before her the ill consequences of forming an alliance with a man of frivolity, who was more remarkable for his dress than his learning; or more fond of appearing vicious than virtuous. His attentions in this line, met with all the success that he could wish for, and he beheld with rapture, the seeds of virtue growing to perfection by the watering of instruction. Though example has an unbounded influence on the human mind, he thought it too delicate a point to give the least intimation, that he was fearful of that of his wife; and he was cautious, lest by raising barriers against the imitation of her foibles, he might weaken her authority as a parent, and, by that means, gradually lead his daughter into a disregard for his own.

Having acquitted himself of his duty in this point, he thought that his attentions would be very partial, if he did not, by giving a lively portrait of the traits of her mother's friends, render them as despicable in her eyes, as they were in his own. Clarissa, who had sagacity enough to penetrate his design, looked on her mother's circle as composed of persons below her approbation, and unworthy either of her regard or notice.

The marquis de G——'s embarrassments urged him to make the most early application to lady R——, but inspired rather by low cunning than prudence, he endeavoured, by redoubling his attentions towards her, to render a refusal almost impossible. When he thought he had gained that ascendancy which he wished for, he at first commended the person of her daughter, was lavish in the praise of her discretion, and pronounced that the man

who

who was favoured with her hand, could be the envy of all his sex. He next described her behaviour in such colours, as conveyed a resemblance with lady R——'s; giving her, at the same time, a considerable preference. When flattery is administered by one for whom we have a predilection, its reductions are inevitable. Lady R—— heard the marquis with great complaisance, affected to blush at the compliments paid to her own accomplishments; but concluded with assuring the marquis, that he was as much mistaken in her daughter's *penchant*, as he had been guilty of overcharging the picture of her own embellishments.

Though lady R—— seemed to give but little encouragement to the marquis's suit, she thought it ought not to be entirely discouraged; she therefore resuming the discourse, told him, "that it was an affair of too much importance to be huddled up in a moment, and that her husband, whose *ton* was different from her's, was to be gained before she thought it advisable to break it to her." The marquis owned the propriety of her observation, but continued to beg her to second his views, as a disappointment would be worse than death, and would strike at the root of all his future happiness. The conversation broke off by the approach of other company, and the marquis retired with the happiness of thinking that his application would be successful.

Lady R—— saw that her daughter was now marriageable; that her attractions had gained her a group of admirers of a cast different from that which composed her circle; that her husband might probably get the start of her in finding out a proper match for lady Clarissa, and consequently her *penchant* for the marquis would end in disappointment and humiliation. She sought therefore an opportunity of having a private conversation with her daughter on the important subject: and catching her in her chamber perusing *Le Vrai Ami de Femme*, she looked over her shoulder, and fixed

her eye upon the author's description of the qualifications requisite in a husband. This gave her an opportunity to sound her sentiments of the author, and finding her commending him for his prudence, his elegance of thought, his deep researches in morals, and his knowledge of all the springs of human actions; she cut her short by asking her, whether it was her intention to live beloved by the world, or to hide her accomplishments in the gloom of a convent? After this, ridiculing the observations of the author as the chimerical remarks of an unsound brain, she displayed the accomplishments of one whom she would recommend with all the gay colourings that a misinformed imagination could conceive to render frivolity agreeable. Clarissa made her a bow of filial reverence, but not of acquiescence. The principles she had imbibed from her father enabled her to see through the flimsy sophistry that had been employed to seduce her: but when she had adverted to the affinity of the person who had made use of it, the reflection raised an astonishment mixed with the most poignant concern.

She understood, for the first time, the delicacy with which her father had clothed his instructions; and her heart revolted at the thoughts of her disagreeing with either of her parents in sentiment.

Her anxiety on this occasion discovered itself in too visible marks on her countenance to escape the tender solicitude of her father. He sympathized with her in secret, but was determined to sift her to find out the secret cause of her solicitude. After dinner lady R——, being engaged in a party of pleasure, left him alone with Clarissa. The yearnings of a tender parent burst all bounds, and, with plaintive accents, he begged to be informed of the cause of that chagrin and anxiety which was painted on her countenance. Clarissa found herself in the labyrinth of perplexity; to evade an *eclaircissement* so mildly requested, would be an act of ingratitude towards the

the tenderest of parents ; to inform him of what had passed between her and her mother seemed likely to sow the seeds of discord between them. She cast her modest eyes to the ground, and continued some minutes in a mournful silence. This circumstance still giving an edge to Lord R——'s curiosity, he laid aside the appearance of an anxious friend to assume the authority of a parent ; insisted on her immediately disclosing the secret to him, and menaced to disclaim her, on her non-compliance, as a daughter. Thus pressed, Clarissa burst into tears, and, with many a sigh, gave her father a minute detail of what had passed in the late interview between her and her mother. Lord R—— heard the discovery with amazement ; and thought it was high time to counteract a plot which was forming against the virtue and happiness of his daughter, at the same time that it was aimed against her fortune. With all the warmth of paternal tenderness he wiped away her tears, bid her comfort herself, and assured her that the intelligence she had given him should be kept a secret ; because, however mistaken her mother might be, her errors could not divest her either of the authority or the title of a parent. He concluded with telling her, that he did not wonder at her being sought for by those who had any taste for beauty, or any reverence for virtue ; the former might possibly bring her more suitors than the other ; because that which strikes the senses, meets with more subjects than that which wins the judgment ; or, in other words, they were more people who had distinguishing eyes than well cultivated understanding. " Not that I would intimate, that you want for application from those who come under the latter description, for I have received many a letter from those of that cast, who modestly solicited me with leave to offer you their hearts, thinking my assent as the only means of succeeding in their addresses to you. Though I approved of the method they had taken, yet I thought it would deeply wound your delicacy, if

the information should originate from me ; and besides, it would carry with it such an idea of despotism as I shall always revolt at. Your choice shall be free, as your happiness must be the consequence of it : I doubt not your prudence, and I am certain you cannot mistake, while you put yourself under its guidance."

Lady Clarissa listened to the earl with profound silence, and repaid the compliments at the close of his discourse with a smile of gratitude.

(To be continued.)

RECEIPT for making INDIAN INK.

TAKE of isinglass six ounces, reduce it to a size, by dissolving it over a fire, in double its weight of water. Take then of Spanish liquorice one ounce, and dissolve it also in double its weight of water ; and grind up with it an ounce of genuine ivory black. Add this mixture to the size while hot ; and stir the whole together till all the ingredients be thoroughly incorporated. Then evaporate away the water, and cast the remaining composition into lead in moulds greased, or make it up in any other form.

ANECDOTE of the Czar PETER THE GREAT.

WHEN Peter the Great visited Paris, he was conducted to the Sorbonne, where they shewed him the famous mausoleum of cardinal Richelieu. He asked whose statue it was, and they told him : the view of this grand object threw him into an enthusiastic rapture, which he always felt on the like occasion, so that he immediately ran to embrace the statue, saying, " Oh ! that thou wert but still living ; I would give thee one half of my empire to govern the other."

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(Translated from the French.)

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 598.)

LETTER LXI.

From Mad. NORTHON, to the Countess de SOLMES.

I Assure you, my lady, that though you had filled another sheet with your *I woulds*, I should not have been tired of them. The weddings which will be celebrated in a few days, do not engross all our time in making our arrangements for them, but give us time to read over and over again the kind and good things you have sent us; we have time enough besides to deliver our sentiments upon them, and you shall have the result of it, which is, I crave your pardon, a little critique on one of your *I woulds*.

I am pretty sure that your expressions do not accord with your sentiments; however, to keep close to the text, those that do not know you so well as I do, might fancy that you kept the halfway between Christianity and Deism, from your sally against the affected assiduity of some persons going to church. I agree with you in respect of the long meditations which some devout persons affect to make there, which ought to be reserved for their secret retirements at home; for Mad. de Maintenon, who retired an hour and half to prayers, before she opened her door, appeared constantly among the religious as often as her health and the duties of her station would permit her. We ought to set the example of being constant in our attendance at church on those days set apart for public worship; we should never dispense with going to the sacrament whenever it is administered, without very weighty reasons; I know that you never miss while your health will suffer it, and that your curate

sees you constantly at the rails of the altar. This is what I intimated to our gentlemen, and we unanimously concluded, that this was not the point which you would recommend to the devout to correct, but the affectation of being singular and unseasonable in attending public worship. I beg pardon, on my knees, for my criticism; and to induce you to forget it, I will give you the detail of our arrangements for the weddings. A fortnight hence the double marriage will be celebrated; we wait for the important moment with a calm and composed joy, which gives the young folks an opportunity of adverting to these remarkable preparations.

I have commissioned my brother to give you the detail of the benevolent action by which he acquired the possession of so immense a quantity of diamonds, and his letter will accompany this.

The Baron, who looks upon the day of his daughter's marriage, as the happiest in his life, was very uneasy to have neither friends, nor a family to invite to the entertainments he intended to give on the occasion. "Pleasure," says he, "cannot be enjoyed but in proportion to the numbers of partakers to which it extends."—"I am entirely of your opinion," said Eliza embracing him, "and during the three months we spent at Paris, before your arrival, I have contracted some friendships, which may free us from the disgust of being satisfied by ourselves, who may partake in our feasts."

The Baron, who understood her literally, replied, "You surprise me; I could never imagine it was possible, that while you had your aunt's company, there could be a single person, who was of the appellation of a *friend* besides her; but you inform me that you have a great many"

Eliza, smiling, and kissing his hand, said, "It is true, that I did not contract a friendship with those I spake of, at my aunt's. Indeed, Sir, you looked upon me as a spoilt girl ever since your arrival at Paris; I scarcely

could form a wish without having it gratified by your goodness; you gave me leave to look upon you as a friend, to whom one might reveal one's thoughts, without fear of offending; and as one whom one might ask any question: do not then be displeased at those which I am going to make. There are some customs which are seldom laid aside, at least very rarely; one of which is to expend at a wedding in proportion to the fortune of the parties. Supposing then that you had a family, or a large circle of acquaintances, what sum would you devote to the entertainments you would give them? How much would the bill amount to?"

"I beg to see through your designs," said the Baron, "which shall not, however, hinder me from returning you an answer. I would gladly spend five hundred *louis* in entertainments; but as for your bill and cloaths, &c. I designed always to set apart five hundred thousand *livres*. I would have doubled that sum for your jewels, but they are out of the question; as there are very few ladies at court that have so many as yourself, that article must be taken out of the account."

"Let it be so, dear Sir, that will not prevent your happy girl from having it in her power to communicate her joy to a great number of friends, if you would give her those sums which you have set apart for entertainments and pin-money. Mine is complete, as, by your orders, I have already spent a considerable sum in that article; give me leave to borrow from superfluous luxury something to make a fund for another world. I have so short a time to spend in this, that I ought to make haste to procure myself a good establishment in the next."

"Certainly, my daughter is so old, that she has not a moment to lose," replied the Baron; "she is about seventeen, which is very near to decrepitude! What must I think then of myself, who have passed more than half of my life already?"

"Who has ever employed it better for that which will know no end; than

yourself?" said my brother, interrupting him. "Has not every one of your actions been good?"

"In imitation of the Marquis," said the Baron, "I will make my general confession. I have done a great many benevolent actions in my life; but I have done very few that deserve the appellation you have given them. I am fond of liberality, of making others happy, because, as I said before, I do not like to be the only happy person amidst numbers, whose melancholic and long countenances bear the signatures of misfortune; their chagrins, their miseries transmigrate, if I may be allowed the expression, into me: is it not natural to struggle to get rid of a sentiment which corrodes one's heart, or eclipses our brightest days? I have perceived more than once that my Eliza has more noble, more refined views. If you will all join issue with me, we will make her our almoner, and I will add to it, that of being my director, and would learn from her how to exercise my charity in what I give away."

Had you seen the amiable confusion which appeared on the countenance of my girl, on perceiving that our little circle applauded the discomfite of her father, you would have been convinced of the sincerity of the efforts she made to persuade the Baron, that she had not one quality deserving praise, which she had not received from education; and that she was indebted to me for the desire she had for doing good. The conclusion of the whole is this, that her father leaves her full power to dispose of the fifty-two thousand *livres*, which he intended to sacrifice to luxury and pleasure.

The Marquis looked at me, and seemed to say, "Ah, if I had not squandered away my fortune, I might have increased that sum, in joining my mite to it," I would readily have said, "Since the Baron's generosity has made us as rich as Eliza, why do not we imitate her example!" I had not strength enough to pronounce these words, and my countenance reddened so much at the idea of a fortune so dependent on another

other, that I durst not dispose of so trifling a sum, in comparison of that which I was to be mistress of, that every one perceived my emotion.

My brother guessed what I felt, and I was obliged to confess my false delicacy, which mortified our common benefactor so, that it was easy to perceive, that he would have had a thousand times more satisfaction in enriching us, than a miser could have enjoyed in receiving his presents. I promised him sincerely to renounce for ever the pride which was concealed under the mask of delicacy; and this promise made him good humoured again.

You see then there are more than a hundred thousand livres set apart for making others happy; the grand affair, at present, is to dispose of it in such a manner as to procure a permanent advantage to the indigent. Each of us have engaged to make a plan for this disbursement, and our little society orders me to request your's.

I assure you, my lady, that we could as easily dispose of many millions, as a hundred thousand livres, which appear to me a trifle in comparison of the miseries we wish to relieve. My brother is going to give you the detail of the beneficent act which put him in possession of the diamonds he has presented to us; but I must previously say a word or two of the Erlacs. The mother and daughter have left Paris, on receiving a letter which the Baron wrote to his sister as soon as he had discovered the black plot they had formed against his daughter. Enquiries have been made to find out their retreat, and I shall inform you of the result of our researches.

M. NORTHON in continuation.

THE detail which you are promised from me shall be very concise.

An European, as mean in aspect as he appeared to be with respect to the gifts of fortune, had been entertained in the houses of several rich colonists according to custom; for the planta-

tions being detached, they look upon the arrival of a stranger or countryman as a piece of good luck, especially as he can give them some account of the country they had left; and it is usual for him to pass some months with those who entertain him without any fear of becoming expensive. This stranger was afflicted with a dropsy, which made no great progress on account of the exact regimen which he observed; on which account, he was unable to keep pace with his hosts, who passed one half of their time in eating and drinking. He perceived that his way of living was rather disagreeable to those whom he dwelt with; and, after meeting with the same inconvenience in several places, he was preparing to return to Europe, at the hazard of dying in the voyage, when he heard some of the colonists ridiculing the abstemious manner in which we lived at our house.

I ought to premise, that notwithstanding the idea they formed of my table, it was genteel, and suitable to the produce of my employment. Those who had held it before me, had made more advantage of it, which enabled them to spend more; but custom could not justify in my eyes the extension of privileges incompatible with justice and humanity; I therefore continued in a state of mediocrity which would have forced me to be frugal, had it not been a part of my character.

Nelson, that was the name of the European, thought that my style of living suited his situation, and came to me to request the rites of hospitality. I have said before that his exterior was far from prejudicing any one in his favour; he had even something forbidding in his countenance; so that only humanity, sustained by Christianity, could interest one in his favour. He spoke little, was cold, and it was easy to discern that he was of a hasty, opinionated, and warm temper, were it not for the virtue he was obliged to affect, in order to free his friends from the disgust with which these faults might inspire them.

He passed some months at my house without speaking a single sentence, and never answered but by monosyllables. I thought, notwithstanding, that he seemed to be interested in our conversations; I strove by my looks to draw him from the state of annihilation he seemed to have fallen into. My endeavours proved successful: Nelson developed himself by degrees; and I soon perceived, that under a despicable appearance, he concealed very good natural parts, adorned with useful acquisitions. The discovery made no alteration in my behaviour towards him; yet it appeared more lively, more animated, and persuading myself that heaven had sent me a man, fit for a friend to me and my son, my confidence and attachment increased gradually, and was returned by him with the same warmth.

He spent two years with me, which seemed rather short, supported entirely with the attentions we paid to his impaired situation: I perceived, with concern, the progress of his disorder. Death, which approached him with slow steps, did not terrify him; and after having discharged with sincerity all the offices which Christianity requires of its disciples in the last period of life, he begged me to favour him with a private conversation for one hour. It was then that he gave me a detail of all his misfortunes. After having been the sport of his passions in youth, he came in his mature age by way of resource to America. Fortune had often raised him to the upper part of her wheel, only to make his fall the more sensible, and the shock more painful. He every where met with sharpers, *ingrates*, and was at last convinced that religion alone could form real attachments, because she chains the passions, whose opposite interests burst those ties, which seem the most indissoluble. From his tenth year he had been in search for a friend, which he thought he had found in me. "I was still," said he, smiling, "to be duped over and over again. I could have gained mercenary friends, who from the prospect of an opulent in-

heritance, would have pretended an attachment. I will do myself justice, my dear friend," said he, offering me his hand; "nature used me like a step-mother, with respect to external accomplishments, and my conceit has never been strong enough to blind me so much as to make me think that my character could compensate for the disagreeableness of my person. I am naturally hasty, choleric, reserved, and silent: the treacheries I have experienced have augmented the latter disposition; therefore nothing but self-interest or Christianity could attach any one to me, and procure me the consolations which I stood in need of, in the melancholy state to which my disorder had reduced me.

"As I have a natural antipathy to all friendship founded on interest, I set myself to seek after, and receive a friend from the hands of religion; I found you one, and it is but justice that I should now make some return for the gratuitous attention you have paid to me."

As Nelson spoke these words, he put into my hands those diamonds, of which the beauty has surprised you, and would not suffer me to make those acknowledgments which so considerable a present deserved.—He expired a short time after, and I carefully concealed the treasure he had honoured me with, according to his request. He knew nothing of the Baron but from what he had heard of me, and seemed apprehensive that the predilection I had for him might have magnified his virtues.

"I should be glad," said he, "to procure you a handsomer settlement than that which is in your power. This is the assurance of reality; if the Baron is the man you would make me believe him to be, your indigence cannot derange his views for the establishment of your son; then indeed you may look on him as a very rare and uncommon acquisition, as a *real* friend. Though he should be so base as to break his promise, I have furnished you with an expedient to punish him with, which has nothing odious in it."

These

These are the motives of my *reserve*; it was not built on my diffidence of my friend, but on fulfilling the dying request of Nelson. I must add, that I took a singular pleasure in educating my son in such a style, as might one day diminish the dangers of his coming to an opulent fortune; and if he could by any means relinquish the principles which he had imbibed almost from his cradle. The agitations which always attend the abuse of riches, contrasted with the calm which he might have enjoyed in his state of mediocrity, would naturally bring him back to his first habits.

We wait with impatience for your *resolutions* with respect to the employing of the hundred thousand livres, mentioned above: your experience, which we are defective in, will be a great assistance to us in this critical juncture.

(To be continued.)

RULES to make the CONNUBIAL STATE happy.

In LETTERS from HORATIO to
HARRIET.

(Continued from Page 592.)

LETTER III.

My dear Harriet,

I Experienced a sensible pleasure on receipt of the obliging note you last week did me the honour to write me. The very respectful manner in which you mention the two letters I lately sent you, affords me much satisfaction; especially as you declare that your sentiments on the subjects they treat of, so nearly coincide with mine. Be assured, my dear girl, that a real esteem for you, and an anxious desire of promoting your welfare, were the sole motives that induced me to give you my advice, and a firm persuasion of your good sense and discretion, led me to conceive that it would not be disregarded by you. I can truly assert that I have not a wish nearer my heart, than that you may be distin-

guished as one of the happiest, as you are one of the worthiest of your sex. This will assuredly much depend on the man to whom you will give your hand and heart.

When a woman marries, she does in a great measure trust every thing that is dear to her to the honour of the person she is united to; and therefore it is surely the height of imprudence to risque so much without having the strongest reasons to believe he will not abuse the confidence she places in him, nor neglect or desert her for another.

This subject merits peculiar consideration, as every future event of a woman's life depends much on this connection, and her behaviour in it.

You will, I trust, pardon me, if I so far trespass on your time, as to request your attention to a few farther observations and directions how to conduct yourself in that relation; so as to secure a permanent satisfaction, should you be blest with a husband who really loves you, and is in every respect worthy of you.

Marriage has by many been made a subject of ridicule, and considered as a state of confinement, and unreasonable restraint. Poets and dramatic writers have frequently exercised their wit in representing it as the source of strife and discord; and many of very refined ideas have maintained it to be the "grave of love." However true these opinions may be frequently found, I am confident they are not universally and generally so.

It must be admitted that there are, comparatively, very few happy matches, yet this is by no means a proof that the connection itself is unfriendly to happiness, nor capable of softening the cares, and giving a true relish to the best pleasures of life: much depends on the motive from which it is entered into. If we reflect on the views, the characters, and dispositions of the major part of persons who enter into it, we may justly ask, what can be expected from such matches?

Those who are far advanced in life, having themselves lost, or perhaps never

never possessed any considerable degree of sensibility, too frequently inculcate on their children the necessity of marrying a person of superior, or at least equal rank with themselves, and of large possessions; and that other considerations are of very inferior importance. Hence interest or pre-eminence becomes the primary motive with many (especially with those in the higher stations of life) for entering into this state. And it is certain, a considerable number of your sex very early contract an unbounded taste for dress, fashionable amusements, and a life of dissipation; and, provided they can get a man who will supply them with money to indulge their favourite pursuits, and enable them to appear in a distinguished style, they very little regard what is his natural disposition, or what are the qualities he possesses.

On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that the generality of young men of fashion soon begin a life of pleasure, and extravagance; they freely indulge themselves with loose and profligate women, and thereby contract a disrelish for sober life, and all the domestic pleasures that may be experienced in the conjugal state; and not unfrequently after a long course of debauchery and excess, they look out for a woman of fortune to recruit their shattered finances, and to enable them to continue the same course of life. And it is notoriously true, that their character is but seldom a bar to their success; very commonly are they preferred to a man of regular life and good principles, though he possesses superior understanding, and has a fortune unincumbered. Are such persons fitted or disposed to taste the rational and refined pleasures of domestic life, or the sweet delights of virtuous love?

But they are not the motives of interest or rank that are the sole occasion of unhappy marriages; many will sacrifice these considerations, and act from other views; but I am well persuaded very few come together with a strong affection for each other, founded

on mutual esteem, and with a determined resolution to promote each other's happiness: and without this no solid comfort can be long expected. This affection very frequently exists only on one side, and there is an indifference on the other: in this case, neither party can be happy; the affection of the one will necessarily abate for want of a proper return, and the indifference of the other will most probably increase.

It is, in my opinion, a dangerous expedient for any person of understanding and refined sentiments to marry without a real love for the party, and an assurance that love is reciprocal.

The social passions are, for wise and good purposes, strongly blended with our very frame, almost all persons possess them to a greater or less degree. Those who have good natural abilities, and have had a liberal education, especially if they are endowed with a natural softness of temper, experience their power most forcibly. Such a person must and will have one favourite object, or be unhappy. The heart will not be satisfied with a vacancy, it will be useless and uneasy till it has found some congenial soul on whom to place an unbounded affection, and give full scope to all its tenderness: and having once fixt, it will not easily give up its hold, nor be tempted to change, unless that affection meets not an equal return, or the object ceases to be deserving, and then it will receive a wound which will not be soon or easily healed.

If this sentiment be just, how necessary is it that those who become united for life should entertain this affection for each other? Without it, it is impossible that any true domestic felicity can be experienced; and not only so, but it is natural to expect, and will often be the case, that the parties will fix their hearts on, and extend their anxious wishes after other objects. How will they then regret the tie they are under, and in vain lament their want of liberty! Cut off, and for ever separated from those whose company

company and conversation, whose smiles and regard are absolutely necessary to their enjoying any of the comforts of life ! To persons of good principles and much tenderness, this is as dreadful and distressing a situation as the mind can conceive of ; how will it embitter life, and cast a gloom over the whole soul ? It is not an uncommon case ; those who experience it in general can only blame their own imprudence and folly ; but they frequently deserve the greatest pity.

I will take it for granted, that the person you will be united to, has every requisite I mentioned in my first letter ; that he loves you to excess, and that your heart experiences the same delightful passion. Even in this case, great care and caution are necessary to be observed, lest trifling occurrences by degrees cool the brightness of this mutual flame, and repeated jars extinguish it. The best have their failings ; the sweetest tempers are sometimes ruffled, and we are all too ready to undervalue a good in possession, and believe that something better may be enjoyed. Though I entertain the highest opinion of the goodness of your heart, and of your prudence and direction, I will in a few words give you some cautions, the want of attention to which has, as I apprehend, been often fatal to the peace and comfort of married persons.

Ever consider it as a matter of the first importance to preserve your husband's affections. To him you are to look for support and protection, and to secure his smiles and approbation should be your highest ambition, and the grand object of all your actions. Let it be your constant endeavour to make home agreeable to him ; meet him with the kindest looks, and all that winning softness you are capable of, and let him see that you are always pleased and happy in his company. Then will he return to you from the employments and engagements of public life, with ever-new delight. Should any disagreeable occurrence disturb his mind, your ten-

derness will calm his soul to peace, and the ardour of your love revive and cheer him, and he will prize you as the dearest comfort of his life.

As you will be intrusted with the conducting of his household affairs, pay a constant attention to family-concerns, and the well ordering of your servants ; and let him see that you have always a regard to œconomy, and that his substance is not wasted, nor heedlessly destroyed, for want of a prudent manager. If any of your female servants misbehave, or are guilty of repeated faults, neither scold nor chide them when he is by, a better opportunity may be taken. A man of delicacy is often hurt by altercations between a mistress of a family and her servants ; and you may be irritated so as to lose the command of your temper, and appear before him disturbed by passion, and resentment. If good words will not reform them, it is better to discharge them from your service ; a woman who enters into disputes with her servants very much degrades herself, and unless she descends to the lowest and most violent language, often comes off worst in the contest.

Should any little difference in opinion arise at any time between you and your husband (as may sometimes be the case), never contest the point with him, unless you do it with the greatest good humour ; and if you cannot bring him over to your sentiments, make a merit of at least appearing to submit to his.

Do not be indifferent, nor think it a matter of no importance in what dress you appear when at home, but accustom yourself to such cloaths and ornaments as you know will best please him, and make you look most agreeable in his eyes.

Ever guard against a peevish and fretful disposition. When habitually indulged, this temper grows on a person, and occasions a sour dissatisfied turn of mind. Always behave to his friends, relations, and visitors with cheerfulness and good temper ; and study to please, and make them happy

whilst

whilst at your house. He will consider this as a mark of attention to himself, he will afterwards hear your disposition and behaviour commended, and feel the greatest satisfaction and delight in attending to the praises bestowed on you, from a consciousness of your deserts, and the reflection how near and dear you are to him.

I would not have my dear girl think that I entertain the most distant idea that she will ever act unworthy of her education, and the good principles she has imbibed; on the contrary, I have a perfect confidence that she will, in every station of life, act with her usual discretion, and be an ornament to her sex. But the very best need frequently be reminded, how necessary it is, where persons are constantly together, that an attention should be paid to things of the most trivial nature, lest the seeds of animosity be sown, and an impression made on the mind not easy to be removed? An angry look, or an unkind word, from a person we love, will always be painful, and cause uneasy reflections; and too much care cannot be taken against the least breach in that mutual confidence and complacency which is the bond of union with generous minds.

I have now pointed out to you what qualities, I think, are essential in a man to render him worthy of you; I have given you some rules to discover his real merit, and in this letter have added some advice and caution to direct your conduct when you become mistress of a family. I flatter myself I shall many years live to see you fill a respectable station in life, and universally regarded as a pattern and example to others of your sex.

I am,

With the greatest sincerity,

Your assured friend,

And humble servant,

HORATIO.

*** We wish a continuation of our friend's correspondence.

ACCOUNT of the GUNPOWDER-PLOT,
compiled from various celebrated and
authentic HISTORIANS.

GUNPOWDER-PLOT. Carte, Vol. III.

IT was resolved to blow up the parliament-house, the place where the cruel laws against their (the Papists) religion were enacted. The time for doing it was to be whilst the king was making his speech at the opening of the session, on Tuesday, November 5, when the queen, the prince of Wales, the lords spiritual and temporal, the council, the judges, and the most considerable gentlemen of the kingdom were to be likewise present. It is amazing, that so execrable an enterprise, for destroying so many royal and noble persons, and for involving friends and enemies, the innocent and the guilty in one common ruin, should ever enter into the hearts of men pretending to religion, especially since they might reasonably expect, that if it had taken effect, it would have raised such an horror and fury in the minds of the people of England, as might have produced a general massacre of the Papists. For this purpose, Percy, a gentleman pensioner, and nearly related to the earl of Northumberland, whose rents he used to receive, had, about a year and half before, hired a part of Whineyard's house, in the Old Palace, from whence he had access to a vault or cellar under the House of Lords, to lay his wood and coals in; and * Fawkes, under the name of Johnson, passing for his servant, had at different times, conveyed privately into it, so great a quantity of gunpowder, as filled two hogheads and about thirty-two barrels, which he artfully covered with a large number of billets and faggots, as provision for fires in the winter. He had provided likewise a small quantity of fine powder to make a train, and a piece of match with a tinder-box to have fired

* An old soldier of fortune, fit for any desperate enterprise.

it

it at the time, and to have saved himself by the respite of half an hour, whilst the match was burning. It was proposed to send intelligence of the blow, as soon as it was given, with all possible expedition into Warwickshire, that the princess Elizabeth, who was then with her governess the lady Harrington, might be seized at Combe, near Coventry. When they had her in their hands, they intended to proclaim her queen, and laying the plot upon the Puritans, to say nothing of any alteration in religion, till they had wrought her to their purpose, and were able to effect their design.

Osborne and other writers imagine, that the king had notice given him of this conspiracy from Henry IV. [of France] who had lately restored the Jesuits to their houses at Paris, and had always received from some of them, very important intelligences in relation to his own affairs; but nothing of this is so much as hinted in any of the letters of the count de Beaumont, who took leave of the king on October 16, and set out a few days after for Paris. It is, however, not improbable, that Cecil might receive an intimation of it from some of the secular priests whom he favoured, and who, notwithstanding the mortal hatred between them and the Jesuits, had, on several occasions, in the late queen's time, discovered and given information of the latter's secret practices. However this was, the manner of its discovery is thus related by the earl of Salisbury. About eight days (or as M. de Thou says, with more exactness, ten days, viz. on Saturday October 26) before that on which the parliament was to meet, William Parker, lord Monteagle, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Tho-

mas Tresham, received about six in the evening, a letter (delivered to his footman in the dark, to give him) without name or date, in a hand disguised and scarce legible. Some have not scrupled to suggest that this letter was written by Cecil, and sent in that private manner to entrap Monteagle, to whom, on some account or other, he was an enemy; but there is no occasion for having recourse to such an anecdote, founded, so far as appears, merely on conjecture. It is much more natural to think, that the dark advertisement in it, came either from Tresham, who was his relation, or from some other of the conspirators, who might be careful of the safety of a young nobleman of their own religion. The letter ran in these words, (the reader will find them in Mrs. Maccaulay's account of this horrid transaction) and Monteagle was for a good while at a loss what judgment to form of this letter, and unresolved whether he should slight the advertisement or not, and fancying it a trick of his enemies to frighten him into an absence from parliament, would have taken the first party, if his own safety had been only in question. But apprehending the king's life might be in danger, he carried it at midnight to the earl of Salisbury, who was full as much puzzled about the meaning of the letter; and though he inclined to think it a wild or waggish contrivance to alarm Monteagle, thought proper to consult about it with the earl of Suffolk, the lord chamberlain. The expressions, that "the blow should come, without knowing who hurt them," made them imagine, that it could not be more proper than the time of parliament, nor by any other way like to be attempted than with powder, whilst the king was sitting in that assembly. The lord chamberlain thought this the more probable, because there was a great cellar under the parliament chamber, never used for any thing, but some wood or coal belonging to Whineyard, the keeper of the Old Palace; and having communicated the letter to the earls of Not-

† M. de la Boderée succeeded Beaumont, and in his first audience, James returned thanks to Henry, for seizing one of the plotters at Paris, and delivering him to the English ambassador. Had Henry discovered the plot, he ought much more to have received thanks on this account, yet not the least hint is given thereof.

tingham, Worcester, and Northampton, proceeded no farther, till the king came from Roylton, on November 1, to Westminster.

His majesty being shewed the letter, and acquainted with their suspicions, was of opinion, that either nothing should be done, or else enough to prevent the danger, and that a search should be deferred till the evening before the day designed for the execution of the diabolical enterprize. Thus on Monday November 4, in the afternoon, the lord chamberlain, whose office required him to see all places put in readiness for the king's coming, taking Monteagle with him, went to visit all the places about the parliament house, and taking a slight occasion to see the cellar, observed only piles of billets and faggots, but in greater number than he thought Whineyard could want for his own use. Asking him who owned the wood, and being told it belonged to one Mr. Percy, he began to have some suspicions, knowing him to be a rigid Papist, and so seldom there, that he had no occasion for such a quantity of fuel; and Monteagle confirmed him therein by taking notice that Percy had made him great professions of friendship, though he was not come out of the North when the letter was received. There were no other materials visible, yet Suffolk thought it absolutely necessary to make a farther search, and upon his return to the king, a resolution was taken, that it should be made in such a manner as to be effectual, but without scandalizing any body, or giving any alarm. Sir Thomas Knyvet, steward of Westminster, was accordingly ordered, under the pretext of searching for stolen tapestry hangings, in that place and other houses thereabouts, to remove all the wood and see whether any thing was concealed underneath. This gentleman going at midnight, unlooked for, to the cellar, met Fawkes just coming out of it booted and spurred, with a tinder-box and three matches in his pockets, and seizing him without any ceremony, or asking him any questions, caused

him to be bound, as soon as the removal of the wood, discovered the barrels of powder. Fawkes, an hardened and intrepid villain, made no difficulty of avowing the design, and that it would have been executed on the morrow. He made the same acknowledgement at his examination before a committee of the council; and though he did not deny the having some partners in the conspiracy, yet no threats of torture could make him discover any of them, declaring, he was ready to die, and would rather suffer ten thousand deaths, than willingly accuse his master or any other. It was however drawn from him, by repeated examinations, and assurances of his master's being apprehended, "that whilst he was abroad, Percy had kept the key of the cellar; had been in it since the powder was laid there; and, in effect, that he was one of the principal actors in the intended tragedy." In the mean time, it was found out, "that Percy had come post out of the North on Saturday night, November 2, and had dined on Monday at Sion-house, with the earl of Northumberland; that Fawkes had met him on the road; that after the lord chamberlain had been that evening in the cellar, he went about six of the clock to his master, who fled immenitely, apprehending that all was discovered." Salisbury in his account of this matter, ascribes the thorough search that was made, entirely to the lord chamberlain, owning, for his own part, that tho' he had been sufficiently apprised of the recusants designing some stir during the parliament, yet he could not possibly conceive it was of such a nature, as had never entered before into the hearts of any conspirators mentioned in history.

The news of the discovery spreading as quick as lightning, the conspirators fled different ways, but most of them into Warwickshire, where Sir Everard Digby had appointed a hunting match near Dunchurch, to get a number of recusants together, sufficient to seize the princess Elizabeth. This design was prevented by her taking refuge in Coventry; and their whole party

party amounting to about one hundred horse, retired to Holbech, the seat of Sir Stephen Littleton, on the edge of Staffordshire. They had broke open stables and taken horses thence, in the adjoining counties; and Sir Richard Walsh, high sheriff of Worcestershire, pursuing them to Holbech, invested them there, and summoned them to surrender. In preparing for their defence, they put some moist powder before a fire to dry, and a spark from the coals setting it on fire, some of the conspirators were so burnt in their faces, thighs, and arms, that they were scarce capable of handling their weapons. Their case was desperate, and no means of escape appearing, unless by forcing their way through the assailants, they sallied for that purpose. Catesby, the first who proposed the manner of the plot, Percy, and the two Winters, were killed. Thomas Winter, Grant, Digby, Rookwood, and Bates, were taken and carried to London; where the first made a full discovery of the conspiracy. Tresham, lurking in that city, and frequently changing his quarters, was apprehended not long after, and having confessed the whole matter, died of a strangury in the Tower. The earl of Northumberland, suspected by reason of his relation, T. Percy, was, by way of precaution, committed to the custody of the archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, and was afterwards fined thirty thousand pounds, for admitting T. Percy of the band of pensioners, without tendering him the oath of supremacy. Robert Winter and Littleton, wandering through woods in the country, were at last seized and sent to the Tower. Hugh Owen, and Baldwin § the Jesuit, being demanded of the arch-duke, the former was imprisoned and his papers seized; but under pretence of his be-

ing naturalized, and the privilege of the latter's order, neither were sent to England. Some escaped to Calais, and coming thither with others, who fled only to avoid a prosecution, which they apprehended on this occasion, were kindly received by M de Vie, the governor; but one of them declaring before him, that he was not so much concerned at his exile, as that the powder plot did not take effect, de Vie was so much incensed at the man's glorying in such an execrable iniquity, that he had like to have thrown him into the sea. Eight of the plotters were tried on January 27, and convicted; Sir Everard Digby being the only one that pleaded guilty to the indictment, though all the rest had confessed their guilt before. He was executed on the 30th of that month, with Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates, at the west end of St. Paul's Church Yard; as Thomas Winter, Keys, Rookwood, and Fawkes, were in the Old Palace Yard, the day following. The earls of Nottingham, Worcester, Suffolk, Devon, Northampton, and Salisbury, were in the commission for hearing their trials, and took occasion to vindicate the king from ever having promised the Roman Catholics a toleration for their religion, the breach whereof had been alledged as the chief ground of their discontent. Garnet had been mentioned in Tresham's confession, and being tried on March 28, "for his knowledge and concealment of the conspiracy, for administering an oath of secrecy to the conspirators, for persuading them of the lawfulness of the treason, and praying for the success of the great action in hand, at the beginning of the parliament," was condemned, notwithstanding his false excuse of having known of the plot only in confession, which he was not to reveal. The sentence was not executed till May 3, when confessing his own guilt, and the iniquity of the enterprise, he exhorted all Roman Catholics to abstain from the like treasonable practices.

§ Baldwin being afterwards banished Flanders, was seized by the elector Palatine, and sent to England, but no evidence appeared against him.

Account of the GUNPOWDER-PLOT, from Mrs. MACAULAY'S HIST. of ENGLAND. Vol. I. p. 24, &c. A. D. 1605.

THE Papists in general were much exasperated at the disappointment they met with from the conduct of James. Some of the Spanish partizans laid great stress upon a pretended conveyance of the crown of Great Britain by Mary queen of Scots to the Catholic king. All the discontented Papists who had been banished England, were supported in the Netherlands by that monarch, and great sums remitted into England, for carrying on plots against government.

The intended execution of one that had been machinating near a year and half, was hastened, or rather fixed, from some severities the sect had suffered, in consequence of an act in their disfavour, which had passed the last session of parliament. Determined on vengeance, some of the most enthusiastic of the body conspired under Garnet, the superior of the Jesuits, who had been the manager of their cabals, to destroy with one blow the most powerful of their enemies.

The design was against the king and parliament; and the plan so far executed, that thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were, by means of the conspirators, lodged in some vaults under the house of lords, to be fired on the first day of their meeting, when the king was to harangue, and the queen and prince of Wales had proposed to have been present. After the explosion, the rest of the royal family were to be seized by the conspirators; and Elizabeth, James's youngest child, to be declared queen, under a protector of their own choosing. The vaults had been hired by Percy, a near relation of the earl of Northumberland, under the pretence of a lodgment for a great number of faggots, which covered the tremendous deposit.

The fifth of November, which was the day assigned for the meeting of parliament, drew nigh. Exalted were the hopes of the conspirators; but a

fatal assurance of success, united to private affection, drew from one of the party an indiscretion, which happily defeated the well concerted plan. On the 26th of October, the lord Monteagle, whose father had been a great sufferer in the reign of Elizabeth, for his affection to Popery, received the following letter.

"Out of the love I bear some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation: therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your own county, where you may wait the event in safety; for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This council is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is past, so soon as you have burned the letter †. I hope God will give you grace to make a good use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you."

Monteagle carried this letter to Cecil, then earl of Salisbury, who either did, or pretended to think little of it; and the affair was dropped, till the king, who had been some time at Royston*, returned to town. On re-can-

vassing

† Rapin relates, that both James and his ministers were puzzled at the sentence, "For the danger is past, as soon as you have burned the letter." Cecil ridiculed it as the incongruity of a fool or a madman; and James thought it referred to the quick execution of the blow. The obvious sense of the words is, that if the letter was burned, the receiver could not incur danger from the advice.

* While the king was at Royston, he devoted himself so entirely to hunting, that he forbade his ministers to disturb his pleasures with any business, saying, "His hunting was necessary to the state; it was good for his health, and his health was necessary to the state." These huntings were great nuisances; they are taken notice of as such, in a letter from Matthew Hutton, archbishop of York, to vis-

count

vassing the letter, the gunpowder was scented. Most authors attribute this to the sagacious timidity of James §. He was fond of the reputation of this discovery, and publicly assumed it.

The night before the meeting of parliament, officers were sent to search the vaults under the house of lords; on removing the faggots the gunpowder was discovered. || Guido Fawkes, under the disguise of Percy's servant, was found lurking about the place, was taken, and on the sight of the rack, confessed the whole plot, with the names and quality of the conspirators. On this arrest, the criminals that remained in London, fled into Warwickshire, where their confederates were posted, to seize on the person of Elizabeth, so soon as they should hear of the success of the project. There they made a vigorous defence, but were all taken, except three, who were killed in the struggle; viz. Catesby, esteemed to be the inventor of the plot, Thomas Percy, and Robert Wright. These following were convicted of treason, and executed; Sir Everard Digby, Guido Fawkes, Robert and Thomas Winter, John Grant, Ambrose Rookwood, Robert Keys, Thomas Bates, Esqrs; and Garnet, the superior of the Jesuits. Francis Tresham was convicted likewise, but died of a strangury in prison. Two catholic lords, Mordaunt and Sturton, were fined, one, ten thou-

count Cranbourn. "I could wish," writes this prelate, "that there were less wasting of treasure of the realm, and more moderation of the lawtul exercise of hunting, both that the poor man's corn may be less spoiled, and other his majesty's subjects more spared."

Winwood's Mem. Vol. II. p. 40.

§ There are some authorities which say, that Cecil had before received the intimation of the intended plot from France, and the manner in which it was to be executed. Cecil owns, in a letter to Cornwallis, the whole affair was discovered, before the letter was shewn to James.

Winwood's Mem. Vol. II. p. 172

|| Guido Fawkes was an officer in the Spanish service. He was sent for from Flanders by the conspirators, as a man of tried resolution and zeal for the Roman Catholic faith.

sand, and the other six thousand pounds. The earl of Northumberland suffered the severe penalty of thirty thousand pounds, and was detained in prison for several years, because he had admitted Percy into the number of gentleman pensioners, without having exacted the requisite oaths. These were the arbitrary sentences of the star-chamber. The lord Monteagle was rewarded with an estate of two hundred pounds a year, and a pension of five hundred pounds.

The parliament met on the 9th of November. James's speech on the occasion of the plot, is perhaps as remarkable as the occasion itself, the whole of it being, according to the genius of the orator, uncommonly prolix. I shall only give the most striking passages.

"And now I must crave a little pardon of you (that since kings are, in the word of God itself, styled Gods, as being his vicegerents on earth, and so adorned with some sparkles of divinity) to compare some of the works of God, the great king, towards the whole and general world, to some of his works towards me, and this little world of my dominions." He then draws a comparison between the destruction of the world by water, the salvation of Noah, the destruction of the world by fire, and the salvation of the faithful, with his own dangers and escapes, in the Gowrie and gunpowder conspiracies. He distinguishes the general sort of deaths which mankind may suffer: "For by three different sorts, in general, may mankind be put to death. The first, by other men and reasonable creatures, which is least cruel, for then both defence of men against men may be expected; and likewise who knows what pity God may stir up in the hearts of the actors at the very instant? besides the many ways and means whereby men may escape in such a present fury. And the second way, more cruel than that, is by animal and unreasonable creatures? for, as they have less pity than men, so it is a greater horror and more unnatural for men to deal with them;

them; but yet with them both resistance may avail, and also some pity may be had, as was in the lions, in whose den Daniel was thrown, or that thankful lion, that had the Roman slave in his mercy. But the third, the most cruel and unmerciful of all, is the destruction by insensible and inanimate things; and amongst them all the most cruel are the two elements of water and fire, and of those two the fire is the most merciless. When the letter was shewed to me by my secretary, wherein a general obscure advertisement was given of some dangerous blow at this time, I did upon the instant interpret and apprehend some dark phrases therein, contrary to the ordinary grammar construction of them, and (in another sort, than I am sure any divine or lawyer in any university would have taken them) to be meant by this horrible form of blowing us all up by powder; and thereupon ordered search to be made, whereby the matter was discovered, and the man apprehended. It resteth now that I should inform you what is to be done hereafter upon the occasion of this horrible accident. As for your parts, that are my faithful and loving subjects of all degrees, I know that your hearts are so burnt up with zeal in this errand, and your tongues so ready to utter your dutiful affection, and your hands and feet so bent to concur in the execution thereof (for which, as I need not to spur you) so can I not but praise you for the same) as it may very well be possible, that the zeal of your hearts may make some of you in your speeches rashly to blame such as may be innocent of the attempt." He then excuses the papists in general, and says, "That many papists laying their only trust upon Christ, and his merits, at their last breath, may and often times are saved; detesting in that point, and thinking the cruelty of puritans worthy the fire, that will admit no salvation to the papists." He charges them, "not to think that any foreign princes had a hand in the

plot, but to speak and think of them very reverently."

In the conclusion of this long speech are instructions to the parliament, of the nature of their office, that they are not to be too busy in proposing new laws, but to consult on those which are proposed by the king; that they should be wary of proposing novelties, but most of all not to propose any bitter or seditious laws."

Macaulay's Hist. vol. I. p. 24 to 31.

THE MATRON.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER XC.

I Was just going to answer a very obliging invitation from Mr. Mancel, to keep my Christmas with him, when the following letter was brought to me.

To the MATRON.

"Madam,

"AS you have attempted, in several papers, to make a reformation among our wives and daughters, I must beg leave to point out to you one capital error of which too many women are guilty, I mean their entering upon pursuits in which they cannot possibly make a figure, for want of proper talents and capacities, and respecting those duties which are more immediately deserving of their attention, and for which indeed they are more immediately qualified. I am very much inclined to believe that they fall into this mistake from a too violent desire to distinguish themselves in a line for which they think they are, from the powerful operation of their vanity, particularly fitted. Those who are not taken notice of, on account of their beauty or their dress, unable to bear being overlooked, sometimes, in order to bring themselves out of the quiet obscurity in which fortune has placed them, and in which they might have laudably remained without giving offence to any living creature, take up the pen instead

of

of their needle, and scribble verses of various kinds (perhaps scratch out a something they call a play). Into this way of employing their time they are probably led by the numerous productions lately published by female hands. Now, in my opinion, the time as well as the talents of most of our writing women might be more usefully employed; and I wish, Madam, that you would give them a little of your salutary advice with regard to the poetic and dramatic passion, which is at present so prevailing. I wish you would persuade them to make their own cloaths, and to mind the linen of their fathers or their husbands, instead of penning rants for a tragedy, or studying flippant dialogues for a comic drama. Many a poor man, I am afraid, has his meat boiled to rags, and roasted to tatters, and his stockings full of holes, because his wife or his daughter is too much engaged in their airy flights on the top of Parnassus, to see that the servants do that duty which is beneath her regard. The Muses have often been humourously called a pack of ragged jades, and it is very certain that many poetesses exhibit themselves upon Pegasus with striking marks of inattention in their appearance, arising, no doubt, from their being too much attached to their sublime pursuits, to bestow a thought on any sublunary occupations: it may also be observed, that if female writers happen to get any fame by their literary performances, it rarely is of much service to them; it generally makes them vain, proud, insolent, and overbearing, as they then imagine they have not only more sense than the rest of their own sex, but even fancy themselves superior to our's. In consequence of these delusions of the imagination, they become idle, impertinent, and, in short, good for nothing; treating their female friends of common understandings with contempt, and the men with a supercilious neglect not to be endured. In few words, I do not know any animal more detestable than a woman who thinks herself a

wit, or who takes it into her head that she is a genius: but we are obliged to the modern education of our females for this character among the fair sex. Are not girls permitted, almost as soon as they know their alphabet, to turn over as many novels and plays as they please, while they are learning to read and write? And do they not, when they have finished their education, as it is absurdly called, consider themselves sufficiently qualified to chatter away upon all subjects in every circle in which they appear? These are not mere suppositions, Madam; and if girls so brought up, so educated, are ever embarrassed by the blushes of shame, they have nothing to do but to mount the rostra in those parts of the town where our debating societies assemble: they will then be in a fair way to acquire a firmness of tone, and intrepidity of face, which may enable them to put the devil himself out of countenance. To conclude, Mrs. Grey, I must be plain with you: I mortally hate an impudent man; but an impudent woman is not to be borne. Had I any daughters, I very much question whether I should suffer them to learn the A, B, C. I protest, I hardly think it safe to let them go, in literature, beyond their horn-book. Do, therefore, my good Madam, take these matters into your serious consideration, and endeavour to keep down the little saucy female upstarts of the age, who are nuisances wherever they come, by their carriage and their conversation, and you will very much oblige,

“Your's,

“As you succeed,

“MANLY.”

P. S. I am the more in haste to have a stop put to the audacity of these impertinent females, having, but two nights ago, been smartly corrected, in a room full of company, for speaking improperly, and not laying my emphasis in the right place. However, if my young critic in petticoats had been in a proper place, I would have corrected

corrected her to some purpose, I assure you. Indeed, Mrs. Grey, if we permit our women to run such lengths, they will not give a man leave to open his lips."

After having given the above epistle a thorough and attentive perusal, I am sorry to say, that there are some passages in it which I cannot entirely approve; at the same time, however, I must think myself obliged to the writer for sparing me, while he liberally throws invectives about him against those females who employ their pens more frequently than their needles.

It is true, indeed, my goose-quill is never drawn, but in consequence of an honest wish to make my own sex both wiser and better; and if, at the same time, my papers dedicated to their service, should also prove in the least beneficial to any of my male readers, I cannot possibly suppose myself idly or impertinently employed. Raillery apart, lest I should offend my good friend, and correspondent, Mr. Manly, I must own, I agree with him in thinking that no woman should, by giving up too much of her time to reading and writing, neglect those domestic and social duties peculiarly adapted to her sex, and required by her situation. Should her circumstances be ever so affluent, should her rank be ever so elevated, she should, at least, be capable of knowing what ought to be done by those whom she employs in her service, and attentive enough to see that it is done. Every woman, whatever her station in life may be, has a set of duties to perform, as a daughter, wife, mother, and mistress of a family, which should be the first objects of her attention; When these duties are properly performed, she may certainly have recourse, in the moments of relaxation, to those amusements which relieve the mind, without corrupting the heart. and among these amusements those of a literary kind may be admitted without meriting the severe strictures of a satirical critic. Every amusement warranted by propriety must be exempt

from censure; and no man will exhibit any proof of the soundness of his understanding, who condemns a woman for her literary pursuits, if her passion for them does not render her unfit for the performance of every domestic duty, and too proud to trouble herself with the management of her household affairs. Literary pursuits in the female world, under those restrictions, are not only defensible, they are highly to be commended; and the many late productions, in various branches of polite literature, sufficiently justify this decision in their favour.

One of our brightest luminaries in the literary hemisphere, though he had not the highest opinion of female wit, advises a young lady to cast her eyes upon paper, as the safest method she could take for her own security, as well as for the prevention of any mischief to the men; and, doubtless, Mr. Manly cannot but allow that she who amuses herself with tracing letters upon paper, is more safely, as well as more rationally employed, than she would be in shuffling a pack of cards, or shaking a dice-box: nay, I will venture to say, that a female orator, even without a mask, does not pursue a line of pleasure half so dangerous and detrimental, as the female gambler. Let me not be mistaken, however. I am by no means a friend to female debates, either in private or public, as a lady who is capable of confuting her adversary in the school of elocution, may with a "rash dexterity of wit," foil her husband at home: in such a case, every wife, with all her capability, will conduct herself in a manner rather to be reprehended than applauded. However, though I cannot help censuring those women who are too lavish and too loud in the exercise of their tongues (supposing them ever so eloquent) either abroad or at home, I have no objection to their taking up their pen, when they have laid down their needle, especially, if they can happily, like some of our present authoresses, acquire both fame and fortune, and contri-

contribute to the support of their families, in conjunction with the industry of their husbands. But neither the married nor unmarried female scribbler, as Mr. Manby calls us, will be entitled to any apology, if she, pluming herself upon the superiority of her powers, to insult those of either sex, who are confessedly her inferiors with regard to literary attainment. If such a woman should feel a propensity to correct a man in a public place, or in a private company, for any improprieties in his language, I would advise her to communicate her correction in a whisper; for it must certainly hurt any lord of the creation to be openly reprehended for his oral mistakes, by any lady in the universe; yet, if the two sexes would always correct each other in a proper style, upon every occasion, that is, with good sense, good nature, and good breeding, they would reap considerable advantages from such a line of conduct, and take the best ways and means, (especially in the marriage state,) to raise fresh supplies of felicity for every current year.

(To be continued.)

The GOVERNESS.

(Continued from Page 600, and concluded.)

WE paid no regard to her railery, but at his earnest desire I began to prepare for my marriage. I had saved enough to purchase decent apparel for the occasion, but the good-natured Mrs. Thomson, and her sister, Miss Gaskin, who was herself upon the eve of being united to a very worthy man, made me many genteel presents of silk and lace, while Mr. Thomson and the intended bridegroom, presented to Mr. Hammond some pieces of useful plate; and even Mrs. Masters, though she pretended to be angry, was not so in reality, as Mr. Hammond told me she spoke of my disinterested conduct, so she was pleased to call it, in the highest terms.

VOL. XI.

For my part, I confess, I could not see any thing remarkably commendable in my taking the man I liked best, as no fortune can make us any amends for the loss of the society we love; in my own opinion, therefore, I appeared rather selfish; yet I do not see neither how I could have acted otherwise, without doing justice to both the gentlemen who had discovered so much esteem for me.

Every thing being ready, the day was fixed for our marriage, Mr. Hammond having first kindly insisted upon my aunt's leaving her lovely dwelling, and occupying an apartment in the house he had taken for us. This house was not at a great distance from that of Mr. Masters, who, with his lady, sent us in such useful pieces of furniture, china, &c. so that we really had little occasion to lay out money, to render our habitation both elegant and convenient.

On the morning which preceded our wedding-day, while I was giving directions to a servant about the removal of my remaining cloaths to the house of which we were to take possession, (my aunt being there to receive them, Mr. Hammond also absent about some necessary business) a person desired to speak with me, but he refused to send up his name. Coming down hastily, and scarce looking at him, for he was wrapped up in a furtout, and appeared rather shabbily dressed, I asked him what he wanted with me.

"I have a great deal to say to you," replied he; "but I perceive you do not seem to know me, though I formerly did you many-kind offices;" speaking in a tone and manner that not only reproached me with a deficiency of politeness, but implied a want of gratitude. I could not however, recollect who he was, or where I had seen him; he appeared indeed desirous of hiding his face with his handkerchief for some time. At last, throwing off his furtout, and looking at me fully, he said, "And so, Eliza, you have really forgot your brother?"

In consequence of the articulation of these words, and upon a nearer examination of his features, I exclaimed, "Surely, you are not my poor long lost ———!"

"I am, indeed," replied he, "and poor enough, Eliza, but I will not repine, as I have found my sister in so good a way; for I hear you are going to be married to a man who can keep you well; and, therefore, I hope you will be both able and willing to assist me, and return the many proofs you received of my affection when we were children."

"Freely, brother," answered I; "but sit down now, and let me get you some refreshment. — Oh! that my dear honoured father had been but alive to see you return, though in ever so low a capacity, it might have lengthened his days."

"Talk not of our father, my dear sister," replied he; "I was unworthy of so valuable a parent; but if I can, by having severely smarted for my follies, and as sincerely repented of them, be entitled to forgiveness, I may still hope for your favour."

"All, all, that I can do, to serve you," answered I, weeping, "shall be done to make you easy."—"Aye," replied he; "but I want an immediate supply to help me out of some trouble I have fallen into."

"Here," said I, pulling out a purse, in which were ten guineas, and some silver; "take this; will it be sufficient? or shall I fetch you more?"

"No," answered he; "not now; I must go and dispose of this sum, and then I will come to you again."

I pressed him to stay a little while, but to no purpose, in order to hear where he had been, and how he had lived. He broke abruptly from me, as soon as he had got my purse, and left me full of anxiety and wonder.

This unexpected interview recalled the tenderest and most affecting ideas and images to my memory. I revered my exemplary parents, I wept afresh at the loss of them with as much filial sensibility, as if they had just been torn away from me for ever.

While I was in this melancholy situation, Mr. Hammond came in. Surprised to see me so greatly afflicted, he intreated me, eagerly, to acquaint him with the cause of my sorrow. The moment I informed him of it, he begged me to be comforted, and assuring me that my brother should be as dear to him as his own; that he should want for nothing in his power to bestow; and that our house should be his home.

I cannot express the joy I felt at this increasing kindness of Mr. Hammond's, who went from me to tell my aunt of the arrival of her nephew, and sent her to stay with me till his return. We staid indeed so long in a state of expectation, that I almost began to think he had taken his flight a second time. In this situation, I was soon alarmed with the rattling of wheels, and the hard rap of a footman. I started from the reverie into which I had been plunged, by the unexpected appearance of my brother before me, but so much altered in his dress, that I could scarce believe my eyes. He now looked as fine and as elegant as a birth-night beau.

"What, do you not know me, Eliza?" said he. "But come, I have tried you sufficiently; and now I hope to give you satisfaction, by informing you, that after having eloped from college, on account of debt, which I could not discharge, I entered into the service of the East-India company, and was carried to their settlement at Bengal. There I made so rapid a progress by application to the business which demanded my attention, and by the removal of numbers who stood in my way, that I rose in a little time to a superior station. In short, for I should take up too much of your present time by entering into details, I have acquired a very considerable fortune, the knowledge of which I endeavoured to conceal from my dear sister, till I saw how she would receive a brother who had been unfortunate as well as culpable, by having proved an egregious dupe to a set of villains, not much older than myself, but

but much more experienced; men who called themselves my friends, and strove to make me think them so, till they had stripped me of every thing. Thank heaven! I am now re-inflated, though not by them. I am indeed rich, far more so, the smallness of my expectations considered, than I ever could have hoped to be. And now, my kind, my generous sister, you must let me pay my debts to you; in the first place, however, give me leave to tell you, that you must not think of connecting yourself, in the manner intended, with your present lover. I cannot suffer my fortune to descend to such a man as Hammond."

"As you please, Sir," said I, (pained at his entertaining the most distant idea of contempt for a man who had so generously engaged himself to me, and who had also cheerfully agreed to receive him as his brother) "I will then never expect or desire any thing from you; I think myself very happy in being the choice of so worthy a man as Mr. Hammond, in his being desirous of sharing his fortune with me, but be assured, that were he at this moment to be deprived of all his possessions, I should hold myself firmly engaged to him; I would here even invite him to share with me whatever I obtained from the exertion of my honest endeavours in the line of industry; and I cannot look upon that person upon earth in the light of a relation, or friend, who is mean enough only to hint at my deserting such a man as Mr. Hammond."

I had, by this time, worked myself up to such a pitch of anger, to a most unusual pitch, that I could not proceed. Clapping up my handkerchief to my eyes, I burst into a flood of tears, which I could neither prevent nor restrain. Finding myself on a sudden embraced, on one side by my brother, and on the other by my lover, I heard the latter tenderly desiring to know the cause of my sorrow: heard almost at the same time the former exclaim, "Noble, generous girl! Most excellent Eliza!" continued he, turn-

ing to Hammond; "you will possess a treasure in my sister; a treasure of inestimable value. Still, however, as she is thoroughly deserving of every kind of reward for her virtues, as you are also for having distinguished them, permit me to present her with this token of my affection and friendship, putting bank notes into my hands to the value of twenty thousand pounds. It was in vain for Hammond or for me to refuse them. He insisted upon the former's taking them, and settling the amount of them on me, if he approved of that mode in the disposal of it.

"Certainly," cried Hammond. "My Eliza deserves every thing. Myself, and all I have in the world are in her power. We need not, however, deprive you of so large a part of your fortune, as I hope we are rich in felicity."

My brother in reply, assured us that he had enough for us all. Accordingly, he made a very handsome addition to my aunt's income, and provided for the little Grahams; their poor father being no longer in want of any earthly assistance, having died during his confinement of grief and regret, as he declared, for leaving me, and marrying Kitty. My brother also amply returned the favour I had received from many other good friends; and then, after having seen me married, and the happiest of wives, paid his addresses to Miss Masters, a very amiable and accomplished girl: saying, that as her mother had been a true friend to me, he would endeavour to repay her friendship, by his affection and esteem for so deserving a part of her family as her Maria was. Thus, at length, after having struggled with many difficulties, by endeavouring always to persevere in the paths of virtuous industry, I became not only happy myself, but had the additional, the inexpressible pleasure of seeing all my remaining friends round me fully satisfied with the felicity which they enjoyed.

LETTERS from a FRIEND.

*Addressed to a YOUNG LADY.**(Continued from Page 594.)*

L E T T E R. III.

“ My Dear Friend,

I Embrace the first opportunity to give you my sentiments upon your dress and appearance. First then, I hope, you will never wish to afford a ridiculous spectacle to your friends and acquaintance, by following every silly, absurd fashion, whether it may be becoming, or elegant, modest, or the contrary; a mode, which I am sorry to observe, is but too common among young women at present. Let but a frightful fashion be adopted by any conceited woman, who is tolerably handsome, and, in an instant, as if by contagion, the whole sex is transformed into the same figure. Now a more absurd thing was never thought on; for how is it possible, that what may be perhaps highly becoming to one person's features and complexion should suit every one indiscriminately?

Take my advice then, my dear friend, upon this head, and neither be the first to follow the fashion, nor the last to leave them off.

In every action let prudence and discretion be the rule of your conduct, and leave to those the manner of your appearing in the world.

I would wish you to be, first of all, genteel in the choice of whatever you wear, easy and elegant in putting them on, and as neat, as it is possible to be, in every thing that regards your person.—A dirty flatternly woman is, of all objects, the most wretched. What idea can one have of such a woman's *mange* or œconomy? She lavishes away more money by negligence and inattention, than would double her income, if carefully expended.

Such a person is perpetually idle, or if she works, it is without knowing for what or for why. She buys without once thinking, whether she is not lavishing her money away upon trifles,

for which there is no sort of occasion; she reads without the least attention or profit; and she goes to church only because they tell her it is Sunday, and other people go.

Your conduct, I hope, will be widely different. Notability and a saving turn are highly suitable to your station in life; and I therefore would wish you to spend the greatest part of your morning in making almost every thing you wear. Let not a silly pride tempt you to leave those matters to servants; you can always do that, but not always will it seem agreeable to you to lay aside such a custom, especially if through indolence you loiter away those hours, which are much better employed at home, than running about to every auction and *spectacle* in town.

Learn the real value of every article you buy, and never be imposed upon in these matters. Get from your friends, who are most remarkable for appearing well dressed at a little expence, the cheapest and most moderate ways of appearing, and, above all, never be prevailed upon to make yourself a fright, by adopting any singular fashion that is quite unbecoming to you. When it is universal follow it; so much as is allowable, and must be complied with, as it then ceases to be extraordinary, but in such a mode do you be sure to be always the last.

Before I conclude, let me give you one piece of advice: never indulge an extravagant fancy, by purchasing variety of useless toys and trinkets; what is really genteel and suitable to your income, I give you leave to have; but by producing every day some new trumpery, you gain the character of an expensive woman, and learn a custom of being for ever in the topshop.

Believe me, my dear friend, the world will much more readily call you frivolous than sensible, if they can find but the least occasion for so doing. Carefully, therefore, shun folly and absurdity, and the prevailing foibles of the age. Believe me,

Your's, &c.

(To be continued.)

The SYLPH HUSBAND *.

A MORAL TALE.

*A new Translation from MARMONTEL.**By Miss GEORGINA H——T, a young Lady between Sixteen and Seventeen.*

“**F**LY from the snares of the men,” is a lesson continually dinned in the ear of a young girl: “avoid the seductions and artifices of the sex,” is as frequently whispered in the ears of a young fellow. Are we then following the system of nature, by making one sex the enemy of the other? Are they formed only to plague or hurt one another? And what must be the effect of these suggestions, if both of them should understand them literally?

When Eliza quitted the convent to go to the altar to marry the Marquis de Volange, she was fully persuaded, that, next to a suitor, the most dangerous being in nature was a *husband*. Educated by a recluse whose melancholic imagination represents every object in dismal colours, she could foresee nothing for her but rocks in the world, and snares in marriage. Her delicate and timorous soul was withered and cramped with fear; and age had not yet given her sense the happy power of an *opinion*: so that in a married state every thing appeared mortifying and painful to her. The first attentions of her husband, instead of assuring, increased her terror, and served only to alarm her. “It is thus, said she, that the men cover the chains of our servitude with flowers. Flattery crowns the victim; and pride will soon sacrifice it. My desires are now sought

after to be instantly contradicted. My heart is founded to find out its secret recesses, and if any weakness should be discovered, they will be made a handle of, to bring me to a lower degree of humiliation. I shall take care of the snares that are laid for me.”

It is easy to foresee the coldness and indifference which this fatal prejudice, which appeared on the side of Eliza produced in their most intimate engagements. Volange discovered the antipathy she had for him. He would have endeavoured to cure it, if he could have guessed the cause of it; but the persuasion that he was hated, discouraged him; and by losing the hopes of pleasing, it was evident that he would lose his pains if he had attempted it.

His situation was the more uneasy on account of its being opposite to his character. Volange was gaiety, gallantry, and complaisance itself. He had made his marriage rather a joyous festival than a serious affair. He had taken a young, handsome wife, as we select a deity, to elevate her to the altar. “The world will soon adore her,” said he; “I shall introduce her with triumph, I shall meet with a thousand rivals: so much the better! for I shall eclipse them all by attentions, my vows, my homage; and inquietude, joined to a delicate and timorous jealousy, will secure the love of Eliza from the negligence of a husband.”

The disdainful and impatient coldness of his wife put an end to his illusion. The more he was enamoured, the more he was hurt by the distance she kept; and his tender and pure passion which ought to have promoted his happiness, was ready to become his punishment. But an innocent artifice which was suggested by mere chance, re-established him in all his rights.

The sensibility of the soul is essentially active; and if it has not a real object, it will form to itself a chimerical, or fantastic one. It was decided in Eliza’s opposition, that there was nothing in nature which was worthy of her attachment. But she had found in fiction enough to occupy, to affect, and

* The author has given us the following account of his design in the above tale. We frequently see married people worthy of reciprocal love, yet through diffidence in each other, passing from coldness to antipathy, and from a groundless prejudice, forming a real evil to each other. This I have described in the *Sylph Husband*. The manner of reconciliation I have made use of, is somewhat singular, but it has been adopted on the stage: there is nothing of my own in this tale, but episodic details, characters, and morals.

and to melt her. The fable of the Sylphs was at this time in vogue. One of those romances had fallen into her hands, which describes the commerce between those spirits and mortals; and these brilliant chimeras had with her all the charms of reality.

Eliza, as we have intimated, believed in the * Sylphs, and longed to have one. We have at least the power to paint to the imagination what we wish; but yet it is not easy to pourtray a *spirit*. Eliza was obliged to attribute all the lineaments of a man to the Sylph she wished for. But as a residence for a celestial being, she had formed a body according to her imagination: an elegant and noble shape, an animated interesting, ingenious figure, a complexion pure and as bright as that of the Sylph, who inhabits the morning star; fine, languid, blue eyes, and a something aerial in all his graces and person, which cannot be described. She had added to this portrait the lightest drapery, flowers and ribbands of the softest colours, a silk robe almost transparent, filled by the breath of zephyrs, two wings like those of I ve, of whom this Sylph was the exact resemblance—Such was Eliza's chimera, and her heart, seduced by her imagination, sighed after what it had formed.

It is natural for our most familiar and most vivid ideas to renew themselves in our dreams: the dreams of Eliza soon made her believe that the object of her imagination had a real existence.

Volange, though pretty certain that he was not beloved by his wife, had no reason to observe her with the eyes of jealousy; he saw her behave to his sex with an engaging gaiety, an easy address, and sometimes with an air of friendship; but no man had yet obtained a look from her, that could give him the least alarm. With them her behaviour was reserved, her air disdainful, her deportment cold; she spake

little, scarcely listened to them, and though she had no visible *ennui*, she could not help shewing some concern and even impatience. For one of her age to be neither full of sensibility, nor coquettish, was inconceivable. But at last she betrayed herself.

As the Opera of Zelindor, at its first exhibition, had the most brilliant success, Eliza was at the exhibition with one of her women, for whom she had a predilection, and nothing attaches a timorous person more than having surmounted the difficulty of a first confidence. Eliza was desirous of having the confidant of her weakness always near her. And her private box would have given her no pleasure, were it not for the liberty of their being in it together, without any other witnesses.

Volange, who from an opposite box observed all the motions of Eliza, saw her eyes sometimes brighten at the sight of Zelindor, and speak to Justina with some emotion.

I know not what made him uneasy, but finding Justina the same evening alone—"Methinks," "says he, thy mistress enjoyed herself very much at the opera?"—

"Yes sir, she is all in raptures at it. Zelindor is her darling. He seems to have been made on purpose for her. She has not recovered from the surprize of seeing her very *dreams* represented on the stage."

"What, has thy mistress such dreams as those?"

"Alas!—Yes, sir; and it is very unlucky for you to reduce her to the pleasure of dreaming. Indeed, sir, you are very happy, that one who is so young and handsome as she is, should content herself with falling in love with Sylphs."

"Sylphs!"

"Yes, sir, Sylphs! But I betray her secrets."

"Thou art in jest, Justina"

"Not as you think for. Believe me, sir, you do not do right to live with her in the manner you do. Oh, when I see the young lady on waking, with an animated complexion, languish-

ing

* See this doctrine exemplified in the Preface to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

ing eyes, a mouth more blushing than the rose, tell me sighing, that she had just had a pleasant dream, how do I pity her, and how do I hate you!"

"What wouldst thou have? Thy mistress has a more affectionate husband than she could meet with in a thousand; but she has made no other return to the most tender passion than a coldness which is no better than disdain."

"You may think so. You have mistaken timidity for coldness; but this is like your sex. You shew no mercy to a young lady. Why should you shrink backwards? why should you not exert the right you have over her?"

"That is the very thing that has held my hands. I am above owing any thing to constraint; and I should have been more vigorous in my approaches, had she been more free in her refusals."

"You gentlemen are very great, when you plead your delicacy! You imagine that every one would believe you on that score."

"Stop, Justina, I have a thought, which may reconcile us, if thou wilt but give me thy assistance."

"If I will!"—

"Eliza is in love with the Sylphs."

"And, what then? how can you render yourself invisible?"

"By going to her only in the night-time."

"Aye! that stratagem pleases me mightily."

"It is no new thing; more than one lover has made use of it: but Eliza has no preconception of it, and I am persuaded she will nibble at the bait, and be taken. There is nothing difficult but in the outset; in the first starting of the intrigue; but I depend on your address for furnishing me with the means."

An opportunity soon offered. "O Justina, said Eliza, on waking the next day, what happiness have I enjoyed? I dreamt that I was in a bed of roses, where the handsomest of the celestial tribe was sighing at my feet—

"What, Madam, do spirits sigh? and what kind of a personage was the handsome celestial?"

"I should attempt, in vain, to give you a description of one, who has no model among human beings. As the idea is effaced by my waking, I can scarce recover the brilliant idea myself."

"But may I not know, at least, what has passed in your *tête à tête*?"

"I do not know; but I was enchanted; I heard a most melodious voice; I breathed the most fragrant perfumes, and on waking, all vanished away!"

Volange was apprized of his wife's dream, and amidst his regrets he thought of playing the Sylph upon her. The *quintessence de rose*, was scarcely known at that time in Paris; Volange presented Justina with a small phial of that precious aromatic. "To-morrow," said he, "before thy mistress wakes, do thou take care to scent her bed with this perfume."

"Heavens! cried Eliza as she waked, am I still in a dream! come hither, Justina, and tell me what thou smellst."

"I smell nothing!"

"Dost not thou smell roses?"

"Permit me, my dear mistress to tell you that you *ramble*. You are not dreaming, but broad awake. Indeed I do not understand you."

"Thou art right; nothing is more beyond all comprehension: draw the curtains—Oh the fragrance is still more sensible!"

"You alarm me."

"Mind what I say. I told thee yesterday, as well as I can remember, that I was sorry, that the dream of the *bosquet* was dissipated, and that I was fond of the fragrance, which I respired. He has heard me, my dear Justina."

"Who, my Lady?"

"Who! Dost not thou know? thou tirest my patience. Leave me. But he ought to know, while he is present, that they are not the flowers which I regret. Oh that his voice were still more sweet: that it would affect my heart more sensibly; and his *traits*, his divine *traits*! Useless wishes!

wishes ! alas, shall I never have a sight of him.

“ Indeed, my lady, there is no likelihood that you should.”

“ Thou plungest me into the abyss of despair. Is it the effect of love, to envy me, to endeavour to destroy the most flattering illusion ! for this is certainly one ; I ought to think it so ; I am not so great a simpleton——But then the fragrance of the roses !”——

“ Yes, I smelt them ; nothing is more certain ; and this is not the season for those flowers.”

“ What can I say, my lady ? Notwithstanding the eagerness I have to please, I cannot believe that a dream is a reality.”

“ Well then, Mademoiselle, do not believe it. Let my *toilette* be in order, and let me dress myself. I am in an agitation, in an emotion which I blush at, but cannot compose.”

“ Triumph ! Sir,” said Justina on seeing Volange, “ the Sylph is announced, is wished for, waited for ; and if he should appear, take my word for it, he will meet with a warm reception.”

(To be continued.)

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Continued from Page 533.)

LETTER XV.

Miss WALLIS to Miss ELIZA WILLIS.

Percy-Place.

THIS letter, my dear Eliza, will be the last you will in all probability receive from me this year, here. As to what another year may bring forth I know not. Tell my dear father and mother that they may expect to see me at Beach-Wood next Thursday ; and the week following, Capt. and Mrs. Percy, and Mr. Gordon, and Miss Wallis set off for the journey to the camp, which, I hope, will prove an agreeable one.

Mr. Gordon has, since I last wrote, obtained the consent of Mr. and Mrs.

Wallis to receive the hand of Miss Wallis ; but the wedding will not be celebrated till after their return home. Little Charles Percy is to be at Berry-Hill during the absence of his father and mother ; the latter will, I hope, renew her correspondence with me again ; at least I shall desire her, if she has any spare time on her hand in the course of her tour, which, I believe, they intend to take in their way home from Coxheath.

Miss Wallis is in charming spirits, and has recovered her lovely bloom and chearful looks again. How happy am I, Eliza, in having, in some measure, contributed to restore them ? There is, I think, more joy in giving pleasure than in receiving it ; but there are many not of my way of thinking ; perhaps you may be one of them, but a happy mind is certainly one of the greatest blessings in this life. It enables us to go through all the vicissitudes that may await us ; and though we may sometimes taste the bread of adversity, and drink of the cup of affliction, yet a contented mind will make the former more palatable to the taste, and the latter less bitter. These are my sentiments, and, I believe, I may venture to say, those of my dear sister. But what a sober moralizing letter have I wrote you ?

You will hardly think it came from Harriot Willis ; but you know, Eliza, it is agreeable to be grave sometimes, as well as lively ; and there is as much pleasure found in the one as the other. I do not imply, because to be grave is to be dull ; very far from it.

We are going this afternoon to drink tea at Maple-Park, and as I have never been at the Hermitage, Sir William and my lady are so obliging as to make a party there, on purpose for me ; and as it is within an hour of the appointed time for going, I must leave off scribbling, to equip myself a little for our expedition. When I come home, you shall hear how I like the place ; for it is not worth while to give it you on paper, as you will see me so soon.

Good

Good bye, my dear girl, may every joy be your's.

Your affectionate sister,

HARRIOT WILLIS.

(To be continued.)

Of the PECULIAR MANAGEMENT of DAUGHTERS.

FEMALE children being as much by nature rational creatures as males, it seems pretty obvious, that in bringing them up to maturity, there is some regard to be had to the cultivation of their reason, as well as the adorning of their persons. As to the forming of their temper, the directions which suit those of the other sex, will with some small variation suit them. As girls are more apt to run into vanity, on account of their beauty or dress, than the other sex, it will be necessary to guard against this folly, which else will grow with years, till it becomes insufferable. And after all, there is no doubt but a foolish head is always contemptible, whether it be covered with a cap or wig. And a creature that values itself only upon its form, and has no other ambition but to make that agreeable, must be sunk to a very low pitch of understanding, and has little pretence to rank itself with rational beings.

The proper education of a daughter, if a parent has a mind she should be fit for filling a place in society, and being a suitable companion and help-mate for a man of sense, is, first, reading with propriety and life; readiness at her needle, especially for people in middling stations; a free command of her pen, and complete knowledge of numbers, as far as the rule called practice.

A woman cannot, with ease and certainty, keep, or examine the accounts of her own family, without these accomplishments. The knowledge of English grammar and orthography is absolutely necessary to any person, who would write to be read. Without some acquaintance with geo-

graphy and history, a woman's conversation must be confined within a very narrow compass, and she will enjoy much less pleasure in that of her husband and his friends; and his entertainment from her conversation must likewise be very much abridged, if she can bear no part on any but the subjects of fashion and scandal.

Plays, romances, love-verses, and cards, are utter ruin to young women. For, if they find any entertainment in them, they must unavoidably give their minds a cast, which can never be suitable to the useful part of a female character, which is wholly domestic. For whatever the fine ladies of our age may think of the matter, it is certain that the only rational ambition they can have, must be to make obedient daughters, loving wives, prudent mothers and mistresses of families, faithful friends, and good Christians; characters much more valuable than those of skilful gamesters, fine dancers, singers, or than even of wits and critics.

Suite d'Histoire d'EPAMINONDAS.

(Continued from Page 459.)

LA trêve fût, en effet, accepté de deux parties. Les Lacédémoniens repassèrent sur le champ le mont Cithéron, & rentrèrent dans la Liconie. Archidamus y congédia les alliés & retourna à Sparte avec les restes de la plus belle armée que cette ville superbe eût jamais mise sur pied. Avant Epaminondas ils ne revoyoient guères cette capitale qu'accompagnés de la victoire. L'habileté de ce grand homme leur fit perdre une habitude si glorieuse.

Malgré le deshonneur d'une défaite si honteuse, Sparte donna un spectacle bien digne d'admiration. Les amis, les parens, les peres des illustres morts que s'étoient courageusement sacrifiées à la defense & à la gloire de leur patrie, se rejouissoient publiquement de la perte de ces généreux citoyens, dont ils envoyoient la destinée. Ils s'embras-

soient avec joye ; ils paroïssent contents & recevoient sur les places publiques les complimens de leur concitoyens.

L'amour de la patrie & de la gloire sembloient être pour eux une seconde nature qui étouffoit la voix & les sentimens du sang & de la tendresse. Au contraire les peres & les amis de ceux qui avoient échapé à la journée de Leuctre ne paroïssent qu'entremblant, & n'osoient s'exposer aux regards de public.

C'étoient autant de juges inexorables qui punissoient le malheur ou la lâcheté de ces indignes Spartiens, plus severement que n'auroient fait les supplices mêmes & la perte de la vie. Le défaut de courage la leur avoit conservée, la confusion & les remords la leur rendoient insupportable. C'étoient autant de citoyens diffamés & exclus par les Instituts de Lycurgue, non seulement des charges & du commandement des troupes, mais de l'honneur même de porter les armes. Le nombre en parut cependant trop grand pour être traité à la rigueur. Les Ephores tenoient conseil, & déliberoient sur le moyens de sauver en même temps les loix & les citoyens.

Agefilas, dont l'esprit étoit fécond en expédiens, proposa de laisser dormir les loix pour ce jour, & de leur rendre le lendemain toute leur vigueur. Son avis étoit trop sage pour n'être pas goûté. Le Conseil & les Ephores le suivirent tout d'une voix & conservèrent ainsi à la patrie une armée de défenseurs. On espéra même d'autant plus de la grace qu'on leur accorda que leur honneur devoit naturellement les engager à la mériter autant que l'interet public.

To be continued.)

SUR LA POÉSIE.

Extrait du Melanges de Literature Orientale.

AVANT de courir la pénible carrière de la Poésie, il faut consulter vos forces : si vous sentez au dedans de vous-même, ce feu divin qui embrase

les grands Poètes, livre-vous alors à votre génie. Nourissez d'abord votre esprit par la lecture de ceux qui ont excellé dans l'art des vers ; Néfi & Bakie tiennent le premier rang parmi les Turcs. La Perse, fertile en beaux esprits, a produit un grand nombre de bons poètes. Quelle pureté & quelle force ne trouvez-vous pas dans Saïb & dans Kélîmi ? Djami, Nouri, & Hakani brillent de mille beautés que l'on ne peut décrire. Sadi, comme un tendre rossignol, fait retentir les bocages de ses accents mélodieux. Cherket, semblable à un aigle, élève son vol ambitieux jusqu'au ciel. Hafiz chante l'amour & le doux jeu de la treille, tandis qu'il tache de rendre les hommes plus vertueux par les préceptes de la plus sublime morale.

Les Arabes n'ont point cultivé avec moins d'ardeur la poésie que les Persans : ils ont même plus de cet enthousiasme divin, de cette fureur poétique si j'ose ainsi m'exprimer qui saisit, chauffe & enlève le cœur. Leur style est impétueux, leur imagination vive peint avec force les objets, & ils mettent dans leurs vers toute la chaleur du climat qu'ils habitent. Ils ressemblent à un diamant qui étincelle de mille feux ; mais pour sentir leur beauté, il faut entendre leur langue. Quiconque veut atteindre la perfection, doit savoir parfaitement l'Arabe & le Persan : ces deux langues sont comme les ailes avec lesquelles un poète, qui veut prendre son essor, peut s'élever dans les airs : sans leur secours il rampera toujours par terre.

Voulez-vous, que vos vers, estimés de vos contemporains, passent à postérité. Que toujours la rime soit d'accord avec la raison ; que sous emblème ingénieux, sous une allégorie fine, ils renferment une vérité utile ; qu'ils contribuent enfin à rendre les hommes plus vertueux. Le jardin de la poésie est sec & aride, s'il n'est arrosé des eaux de la Philosophie.

La plupart de nos poètes mediocres ne parlent que de Narcisses, des boucles de cheveux, de vin & de rossignol. Veulent-ils faire le portrait de la beauté imaginaire dont ils sont épris, ils la comparent toutôt au printemps,

tems, tantôt au prairée émaillée. Ses livres sont comme la rose, & son teint comme la jasmin. Servils & froids imitateurs, leur imagination languissante, ne leur présente point de nouvelles images; ils n'osent marcher par un chemin, qui n'a pas été tracé.

La vérité n'a pas besoin de la satire pour nous faire entendre sa voix. N'occupez donc jamais votre muse à ce genre de poésie. Un satyrique de profession est redouté de tout le monde, & personne ne croit être à l'abri des traits malins de sa plume. La haine, l'envie se déchainent contre lui, & les maux, que lui causent ses vers mordans, le font repentir mille fois de s'être livré à son génie caustique.

* * * *A translation is requested.*

Methods for the speedy Recovery of the Use of the Foot or Hand that has been violently Sprained.

A Sprain (which may more properly be called a strain) whether of the foot or hand, is an accident that frequently happens, and if great, occasions a painful lameness of the part for a while, and hinders the doing of their usual business; and, therefore, the proposing a method which may hasten a recovery of the part strained to its natural state, will, doubtless, be acceptable to the public, and of service to those who may want it.

It may lead us to a right management of the part strained, if we consider the effects of a strain when it is very great, *viz.*

First, Such an extension of the tendons and vessels of the muscles strained, that they cannot contract themselves to their natural length.

Second, That the great elongation of the vessels (which deprives them of their contractile power) lessens the diameter of their cavities, obstructs the free course of the fluids through them, makes them swell and become painful and incapable of their usual services, or of being moved by the acts of the will as before the accident happened.

These effects of violent strains may lead us to conclude, that the best remedies are those applications which may best attenuate their obstructed fluids, recover an easy circulation of them, and sufficiently contract the elongated vessels.

For these purposes, I advise vinegar, the rectified spirits of wine, such as we burn in lamps, friction and motion, in the following manner, *viz.*

Suppose the ancle sprained.

First, Let it be fomented with vinegar a little warm, for four or five minutes at a time, once every four hours: this will render the circulation of the fluids, in the part affected, more easy, and either prevent it swelling, or promote its subsiding.

Second, Let the person stand three or four minutes at a time on both his feet, in their natural posture, and sometimes move the strained foot; and sometimes, when sitting with his foot on a low stool, let him move it this way and that, as he can bear it: this will contribute much to contract the over-stretched vessels, and to recover a due circulation of their fluids thro' them.

Third, Let a gentle dry friction with a warm hand be sometimes used to the part affected, which will conduce much to the same ends.

Two hours after every application of the vinegar, let the parts affected be just wetted with rectified spirit of wine, and then gently rubbed.

By these means, persons to whom I have advised them, have recovered from the effect of a very violent sprain in a few days, when others have been weeks in recovering, where different ways of management, such as continual resting of the strained foot, and disuse of its motion, &c. had been recommended,

S—

Enigmatical List of the MUSES.

1. Three eighths of a town in Wiltshire, a term for splendor, exchanging a letter, and a French negative.

4 P 2

2. Four

2. Four sevenths of a figure of many angles, two fifths of a serpent with seven heads, a monosyllable reversed, and a vowel.

3. A summons, the goddess that Jupiter changed into a cow, and two thirds of an useful material.

4. An account of time, and half of an amphibious animal.

5. Two thirds of a flower, and a diphthong.

6. A vowel, and part of to bury, and two thirds of a favourite pulse.

7. Half of fear, four fifths of a term in music, and one third of to finish.

8. Three fifths of a Saxon title of honour, and part of the face changing a letter.

9. One of the sons of Judah exchanging a letter, and four sevenths of the man's name who performed the office of baptism upon Paul.

Enigmatical List of Young LADIES at BETHNALL-GREEN.

1. The twentieth letter in the alphabet, and the emblem of cuckoldom.

2. The vulgar title for youth, the fourth letter in the alphabet, and something above a yard.

3. The two first syllables of a town in Gloucestershire.

4. The name of a pleasant liquor made from a fine fruit in a similar manner to cyder.

5. Four sevenths of the token of a dog's anger, and what we are all subject to.

6. Half a laborious trade.

7. The annual produce of an useful animal, and of which he is annually deprived; the French for an affirmative, and the first syllable of the name of a noted auctioneer.

8. A man's Christian name, and the relationship a boy bears to his father.

9. The name of a town in Northamptonshire.

10. The name of the first auctioneer in the kingdom.

11. An usual expression for a very

small piece of bread, and the sixteenth letter in the alphabet.

12. Four fifths of the name of a noted alderman, a place convenient for travellers, and a man's male offspring.

RUFUS.

Enigmatical List of Young LADIES, in Oundle, Northamptonshire.

1. Four sevenths of a prickly bush, and a weight omitting a letter.

2. A title of gentility, and the first letter of a luminary in the sky.

3. Five ninths of a much esteemed fruit.

4. A river, half a fish, and a conclusion, leaving out a letter, omitting a vowel.

5. Half an author, one third of what gamesters use, and a cottage.

6. A woman's Christian name, omitting one letter, and one third of what we all must do.

7. To chase.

8. The first letter of a well known fish, two sevenths of a precious stone, a vowel.

E—N.

Enigmatical List of Young LADIES in STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE.

1. Two thirds of a river, half an affirmative, and a spring.

2. Half of Robinson Crusoe's servant's name, and what most folks do.

3. Three fifths of a kingdom, and half a town in Yorkshire.

4. An industrious insect, a bird omitting a letter, the reverse to lean, omitting a vowel.

5. A woman's Christian name, and what we all must come to.

6. Half a heathen goddess, one fifth of a number, and a consonant.

7. Three sevenths of the chief commander of a regiment, half a metal, and a consonant.

8. What we all see, omitting a letter, to contest.

9. Half to produce, the floor of a ship, changing the first letter.

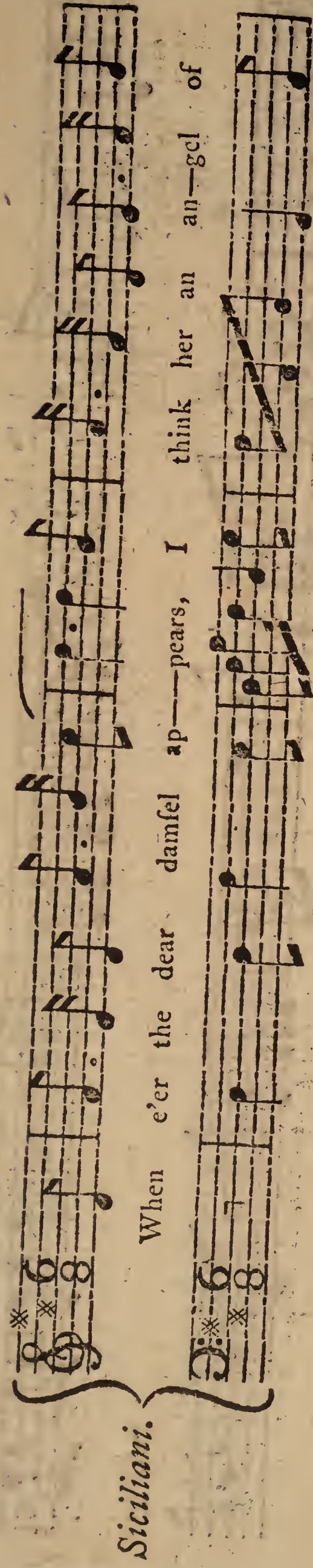
* * Solutions of the former month will be inserted in the Supplement.

For the Guitar.

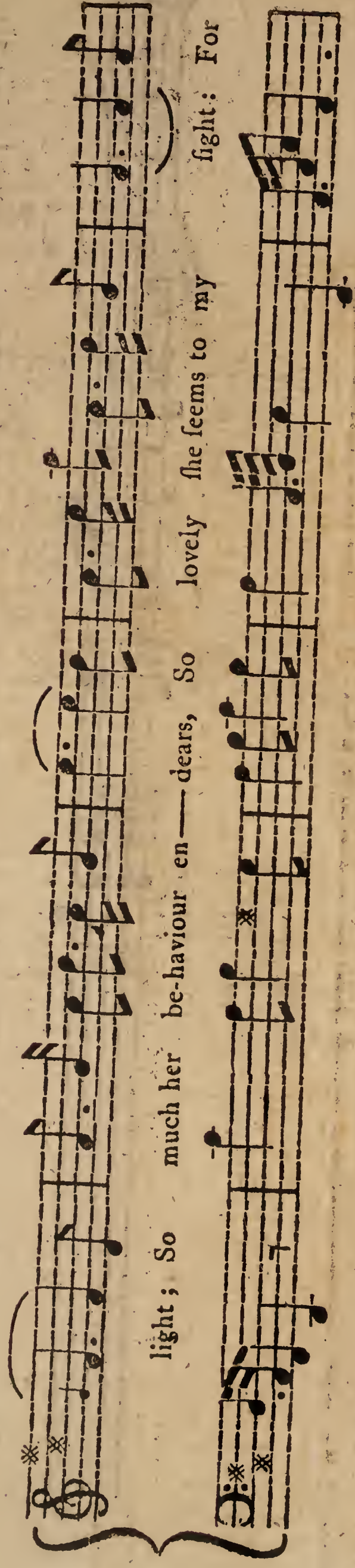
Handwritten musical score for guitar, consisting of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music features various note values, rests, and slurs. The second staff contains a measure marked with an asterisk (*). The third staff ends with a double bar line and the number 15 below it.

The Words by a Correspondent, set to Mufic by Mr. HUDSON.

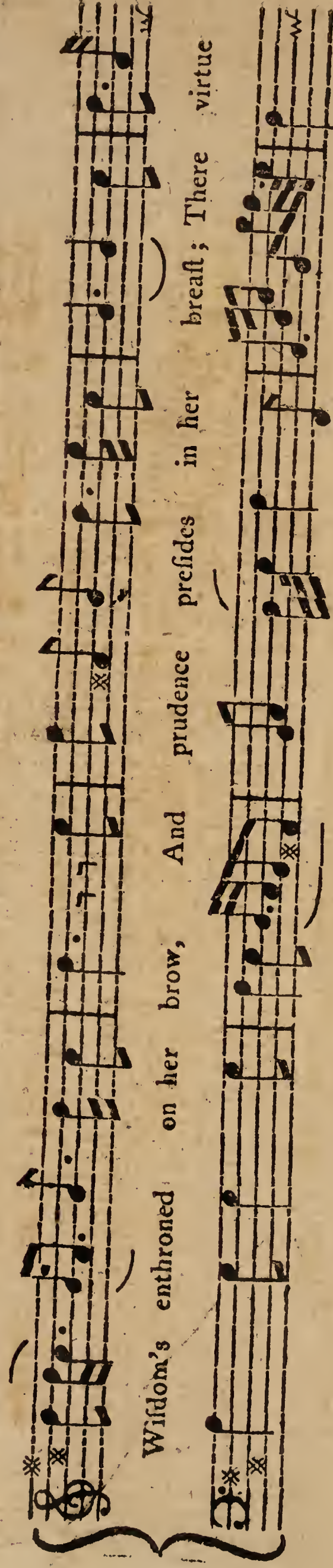
Siciliani.



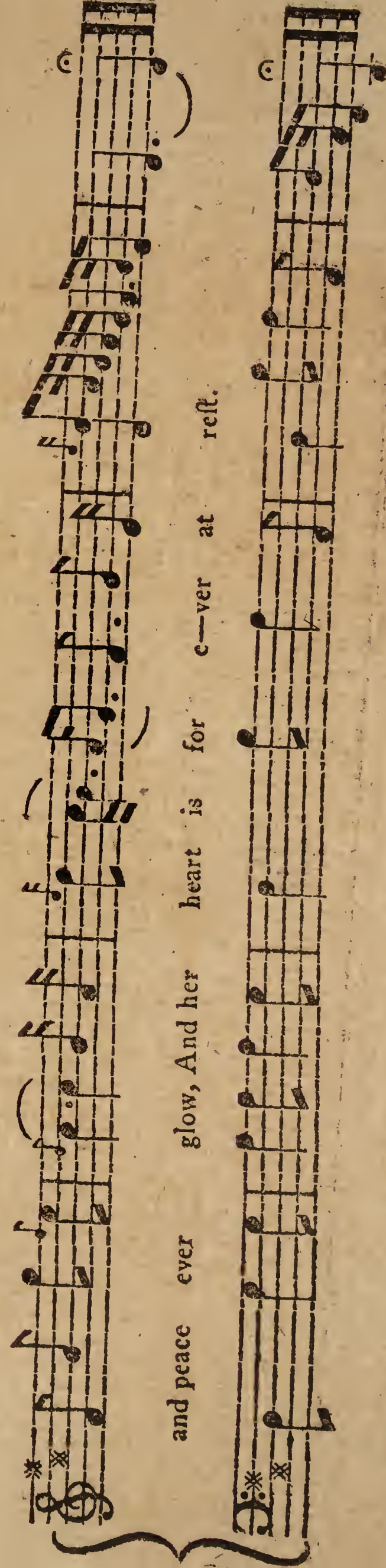
When e'er the dear damfel ap—pears, I think her an an—gel of



light; So much her be—haviour en—dears, So lovely she seems to my fight: For



Wisdom's enthroned on her brow, And prudence presides in her breast; There virtue



and peace ever glow, And her heart is for e—ver at rest.

II.
 Sweet passions her bosom inflame,
 No misconduct her actions display;
 For oh! she is always the same,
 She's ever good-humour'd and gay.
 Such, such is the maid I adore,
 Whose charms I transported behold;
 And perhaps when another month's o'er,
 I may more of my raptures unfold.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

To the Editor of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

His grace the duke of Cumberland, who at present resides at Brighton, Sussex, ordered a stag to be let out on Friday, October 6, for the amusement of the vast concourse of company who frequent that place during this season. The stag was let out at the Stein; and his end was rather extraordinary. I having spent some time at a village near Brighton, and happening to be there when the affair was, wrote the following account of the death of the stag, which is just as it fell out; and, as I am well assured it will be an entertainment to many of your readers, shall be glad to see it inserted in your next Lady's Magazine, which will oblige

Your correspondent,

Oct. 13, 1780. MARIANNE C——R.

The BRIGHTHELMSTONE STAG-HUNT.

I.

IN company with my best friend,
A little social time to spend,
Unclouded and serene,
We left the gay and giddy joys,
The vain, tumultuous croud, and noise,
And fled to Rottingdean.

II.

In peace the happy hours did flee,
Whilst we entirely were free
From vapours, or the spleen:
With comfort, joy, and calm content
Our days how pleasantly we spent,
Retir'd at Rottingdean!

III.

One morn as we together sat,
Indulging usual friendly chat,
Great noise assail'd our ear:
In haste we see the horsemen fly,
And hear the huntsmen loudly cry,
While all the hounds appear!

IV.

A noble duke, of high renown,
Residing at gay Brighton's town,
Where all the fair resort;
Such num'rous beauties there was seen,
His grace resolv'd upon the Stein,
To treat them with some sport.

V.

A stag for hunting was decreed,
And, that the sport might well succeed,
Was let out on the Stein:
But, leaving all the beauties gay,
He from the concourse flees away,
And hastes to Rottingdean.

VI.

The huntsmen quickly him pursue;
The hounds behold their prize in view:
With joy the stag is seen!
Who, while pursu'd with numerous foes,
Soon sees an end of all his woes,
And dies at Rottingdean.

VII.

For, being chac'd on ev'ry way,
Too near the cliffs he chanc'd to stray,
And instant down he fell.
His sudden death the huntsmen mourn,
And back in doleful dumps return,
The dismal news to tell.

VIII.

Thus oft, we find, it is the case
With those who after pleasure's chase,
And Folly's shrine attends,
Whose vain, uncertain hopes, and joys,
A sudden blast with haste destroys,
Which like the stag-hunt ends.

MARIANNE C——R.

* * This was designed for publication in a former month, but omitted through inadvertence.

AN ELEGY,

Occasioned by the DEATH of TWO SISTERS,
one in the eighteenth, the other in the
thirteenth Year of her Age.

AH! tune to solemn dirge the weeping
lyre,
To all th' expressive energy of woe;
Awake to all that sorrow can inspire;
Let sighs break forth, and tears incessant
flow.

From morn's fair dawn till evening's shades
prevail,
Deep-veil'd in cypress bow'r, the theme
prolong;
Till Philomel takes up the woeful tale,
And wakens echo with her sweeter song.

Yes!

Yes! lovely Anna! dear lamented maid!
 For thee the Muse, untaught to feign, shall
 mourn;
 Shall pay the last sad tribute to thy shade,
 And water with her tears thy sacred urn.

Blest with each charm that elevates thy kind,
 Late in full bloom thy virgin beauty shone;
 To virtue, sense, and elegance were join'd
 Unborrow'd sweets, and graces all thy own.

O'er Nature's face, ah! why this sadd'ning
 low'r?
 Does she, too griev'd, her sable vestments
 wear?
 Why in big-drops descends the ling'ring
 show'r?
 Does Nature drop the sympathetic tear?

Ah! well I ween might Nature sympathize,
 She never lost a sweeter, fairer flow'r;
 Not sweeter bloom'd the rose in Paradise,
 Not fairer Eve in Adam's blissful bow'r.

Yet now transplanted to some happier clime,
 Beyond the bounds of Death's destructive
 sway,
 Beyond the rage of all-devouring time,
 It spreads its blossoms to eternal day.

But oh! to sorrowing notes still tune the lay,
 Still deeper woes assail the tortur'd heart;
 Wild horror triumph'd on that fatal day,
 And Death with double fury wing'd his
 dart.

No single victim could such wrath assuage,
 * At one fell blow the same remorseless
 pow'r
 Blasts with a savage unrelenting rage,
 The budding beauties of a sister flow'r.

She too, alas! sweet spotless innocence,
 Just in the dawn of Virtue's op'ning light,
 (In years a child, but how mature in sense!)
 Was snatch'd untimely to the shades of
 Night.

Oh! 'tis a scene that rends the feeling heart!
 That drowns in tears soft Pity's melting eye;
 Here Envy's self might drop the savage part,
 And melt the harden'd breast to sympathy.

All but the ruthless pow'r of Death, for he
 (Ah what shall Death's relentless bosom
 footh?)
 Insatiate preys with horrid luxury
 O'er the sweet spoils of innocence and youth.

Scarce had the sun thrice measur'd out the sky,
 Since health had flush'd their cheek with all
 its bloom,
 Came fell disease, and bad its roses fly,
 And withered all its graces in the tomb.

So when two gentle warblers of the shade
 Tune their sweet throats, and think no
 danger nigh,
 From some fell gunner flies th' unerring lead,
 They drop, they flutter, flag their wings,
 and die.

* They both died on the same morning.

Oh! when the deep, resounding, solemn knell,
 With horrid pause, broke through the trou-
 bléd air,
 What heart so flinty knew not how to feel?
 What eye deny'd the sympathetic tear?

Blank Horror sadden'd o'er each youthful face,
 And each fair bosom echo'd back the sound;
 And hoary age confess'd so sad a case,
 Could not in Mem'ry's ample page be found.

But ah! what's Friendship's sympathizing tear,
 To agonies that ne'er can be express'd?
 What your's kind youths, or your's ye melting
 fair,
 To the keen pang that wounds a mother's
 breast!

Now fix'd, as in a lethargy of grief,
 She inly struggles with the heart-felt blow;
 Now calls the friendly tears to her relief,
 The friendly tears, alas! refuse to flow.

Oft as her eye by Misery's habit taught,
 Reads o'er her flock, she sees the horrid
 void,
 Then broods with anguish o'er the piercing
 thought,
 What now she suffers, and what once en-
 joy'd.

Ye pow'rs ordain'd by gracious heav'n's de-
 cree
 To deal its blessings to this vale below;
 To wipe the streaming tear from Sorrow's eye,
 And friendly minister to human woe.

O from your never-failing crystal urns
 The healing stream divine of comfort
 show'r;
 Health unsubdu'd, while yet the parent
 mourns,
 And Reason stands the shock of Sorrow's
 power.

And oh! if aught the friendly Muse can urge
 (She too, sad mourner, not untaught to
 grieve,
 Has felt ere-while affliction's iron scourge)
 Slight not the counsel that the Muse shall
 give.

Say in what soil, since first creation's birth
 Could happiness unmix'd with sorrow
 grow?
 Did ever, ah! did ever child of earth
 Escape the sad inheritance of woe?

He at whose birth assembled angels sang,
 Man's Saviour sent, by pitying heaven's
 decree;
 He too felt Sorrow's agonizing pang,
 And sought his hav'n through Grief's tem-
 pestuous sea.

Nor yet for nought does heav'n's all gracious
 Sire
 To Grief's fell tortures bare the lab'ring
 breast;
 To curb wild vice, and raise our virtues
 higher,
 He punishes the bad, and proves the best.

Hence

Hence rapt on Contemplation's fiery car,
Elijah like, the mounting spirit flies,
Far, far beyond this wretched vale of care,
And seeks a refuge in its native skies.

Nor think that pow'r that watches over all,
Could to thy infants' hapless fate be blind
Sure He, who gracious marks the sparrow's
fall,

Appoints the date of man's superior kind:

Ah! rather think that, to the future wife,
He saw misfortune mark the earthly state;
Saw gath'ring clouds of sorrow round them
rise,

And snatch'd them pitying from the storm
of fate.

That stroke, which moves thy bosom thus to
grieve,

Leads them to streams of bliss, without
alloy,

Beyond what tongue can speak, or thought
conceive;

Pure heav'nly streams of never fading joy.

Say, could'st thou wish to see them thence re-
turn,

To struggle with life's various ills below?

In future doom'd, perhaps, like thee to mourn
In all the sad similitude of woe?

Nor let vain thoughts perplex of care withheld,
(Wild-erring Fancy's superstitious brood)
All with admiring reverence beheld
Thy anxious trembling, fond solicitude.

Thou gav'st thy watchful never-ceasing aid
With all the Christian's, all the parent's
part:

Let then the conscious thought of duty paid,
Speak heavenly consolation to thy heart.

Hast thou not still a fair surviving train;
Some portion of thy thought on them be-
flow;

Ah! think how much it aggravates their
pain,

To see thee droop beneath the weight of
woe.

Yield then submissive to the stroke of heav'n,
Just, though unsearchable, are heav'n's
decrees,

Enough to grief, enough to Nature's giv'n;
Ah! rise to life, and hope for happier days.

That pow'r, at whose command the thunders
roil,

Curbs the wild storm, and bids its fury
cease;

That pow'r, that shakes with grief the lab'r-
ing soul,

Can hush its sorrows into lasting peace.

O then to him of life and death the Lord,
The widow and the orphan's sovereign
friend,

(Thus mercy speaks in his all-gracious word)
Warm from the heart the pious off'ring
send,

So to conduct thee through this vale of tears,
Shall meek-ey'd Patience for thy guide be
giv'n,

Faith, that the frown of Fate unconquer'd
bears,

And joyful Hope anticipating heaven.

So when this checquer'd scene of life is o'er,
And past the drear Affliction's thorny road,
Thy babes shall hail thee on that happier shore,
Where Nature blooms beneath the smile of
God.

OXFORD.

P R O L O G U E

To the GENEROUS IMPOSTOR.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

[As he enters the Stage looking upon a Paper,
and addressing himself to the Author be-
hind, from whom he is supposed to have
received it.]

THIS, Sir, the Prologue? Why this pite-
ous whine

Forebodes a catcall in each croaking line.

"The Author's first offence!"—"implore!"
—"beseech!"

Zounds! 'tis as dismal as a dying speech—

Will prove, itself, the piece's sure damna-
tion,

And give, like hawks, by *anticipation*,

"Life, birth, and parentage, and educa-
tion."

Do you discover in this cast of feature
The striking traits to suit the doleful metre?

Give it to *Parsons*—his sad—tragic face

Such plaintive sentiments will aptly grace.

The rueful meaning *Moody* may supply

E'en from the fruitful rivers of his eye;

Or with mute *pathos*, walk about and sigh.

[To the Audience.]

Prologues are alter'd since that Gothic day
When only hungry play-wrights wrote—for
pay.

Then while the bard—poor miserable sinner!
Trembled behind—uncertain of his dinner—
Forth came in black—with solemn step—and
slow

The Actor to unfold the tale of woe.

But in these days, when e'en the titled dame

Glow with the passion of dramatic fame,

When as the fashion gains, it may indite

The card of compliments for a third night,

With stile laconic, in the measur'd strain

"Lady Charade sees friends at Drury-lane."—

In those bright days—this literary age,

When 'tis the taste—the very thing—the rage

To pen some lively *morceau* for the stage.

When belles write comedies, and beaux have
wit,

The Prologue too the sprightly *ton* must hit;

Flippant and smart in careless easy rhymes,

Reflect the gayest colours of the times,

Camelion-like, on fashion's air must live,

And, like that too, each varying tint must give.

[Returning

[Returning to the paper, and supposed again to address the Author.]

This will ne'er do (pausing)—Can't you contrive to swell

To thirty lines, some airy bagatelle?

Or take your subject from some modish scenes—
"Elections"—"Camps"—"Electrical machines?"—

That thought's not bad—Why then suppose you try,

In metaphor—the house t'electrify.

Wind the conducting strains that may dispense,
The mild effluvia's genial influence,
Or fill the charge, the powerful charge that draws

From yon dread Gods! the thunder of applause:

Or if poetic virtue can't controul

The angry Critic's non-electric soul,

The ladies court—The lightning of whose eyes,

The apt allusion readily supplies.—

From those bright orbs th'æthereal beam that plays,

Will blast the Critic thorn, but spare the bays.

Something like this may do—some neat terse thing,

With a few smirks—and smiles—and bows from King.

[To the Audience.]

Mean time the want of form for once forgive,

And for this night allow the piece to live.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miss FARREN.

DID ever Author take so wide a field?
Well manag'd, what a harvest it might yield?

Neither to sex, nor age, nor place confin'd;
Dupes and impostors make up human kind.
The subject's quite exhaustless—never barren—

Indeed, says Sly-boots, which are you, Miss Farren,

Dupe or deceiver?—Hark—behind your fan,
"If credulous and tender, I'm your man."

I'll tell you, Sir, and 'tis my sex's sense,
In female life, Deceit is self-defence.

For instance now, be judges, men of fashion,
How would you treat sincerity of passion?

The doating she, who lives for you alone?
Does she?—I wish she liv'd for half the town.

I, like the bee, from flow'r to flow'r must roam;

Oh fulsome repugnition! nauseous home!

O horrid, odious bore! Oh matrimony!

Alas! poor bee quite smother'd in the honey!

But let the fair Impostor flaunt about,
And while she doats, deceive you into doubt,

Adopt the exercise of eyes from France,
Flirt with my lord, and with the colonel dance;

Be absent, fanciful, profuse, coquette,

And, sometimes humour you, and oftener fret;

She piques your jealousy, or stings your pride,
Her charms return, and she's again a bride.
Women there are, it seems of different schools,
Who reap your ruin, when they make you fools.

But such are nature's wand'rings, not her course,

Polluted streams from an ingenious source.

Dorinda's one; I have her from my heart:

I hate to make a figure in that part.

Had it been only mine, with artful play

To lure my youthful knight, and not betray,

To gain my man for better and for worse,

And sharing his affection, share his purse,

'Twas just what every prudent girl should do;

Oh! I felt all my part from top to toe.

But to forsake the wretch in his distress;

Nay more the black ingratitude profess:

Fye, Mr. Author, it exceeds all fable,

'Tis painting angels in a robe of fable.

Nature, 'tis true, makes art the sex's dower,

But forms us generous, as she gives us power.

Our end's to please, in that we're all sincere;

Mine is indeed complete—of pleasing here.

L A V I N I A.

An ODE.

THROUGH Barca's dreary deserts, I

With cheerful heart would rove;

Where scorching sands obscure the sky,

To meet at last my love.

Fearless through foreign climes I'd walk,

Undeck'd with cot or tree,

Nor dread the hungry monster's stalk;

Arm'd with the thoughts of thee.

'Twill much o'er-pay the pungent pain

Of rugged hardships past;

So in the issue I but gain

My all desire at last.

Or should I pass Arcadian bowers,

Where splendid structures rise;

Whose fields are damask'd o'er with flowers,

Whence od'rous scents arise.

These! these! indeed, might strive to please,

If they might one glance allure;

But ne'er from thee one thought can cease,

One wand'ring step secure.

No sylvan bower can cause delight,

No desolate plain despair;

Lavinia's in th' imagin'd sight,

Lavinia's all my care.

Woodstreet, Oct. 6,

1780.

T. B—LD—N.

Answer to an ENIGMA by CLARA, p. 440.

THE enigma, Miss Clara, you try'd to conceal:

In this Magazine I beg leave to reveal

To all the fair readers, and here I disclose,

That the solution you mean, is only a Rose.

Suffex.

DAMON.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Ragusa, October 15.

ON the 24th of last month, at a quarter past two in the afternoon, three shocks of earthquakes were felt here; they were in the direction of from east to west, and were so violent as to damage all the houses here more or less; and particularly that of the French consul. This is the severest shock that has happened here in the memory of man.

Constantinople, Oct. 17. The Grand Seignor returned to this place on the 7th instant from his country seat at Bechik-Tach, and is at the Seraglio with all his train. The day succeeding his arrival, three fires broke out in this capital; the first reduced four hundred houses and shops to ashes, the second one thousand, and the third sixty-one. It is not doubted, but they happened by means of some persons who are dissatisfied at the late changes in the ministry.

Petersburgh, Oct. 20. The Russian squadron, commanded by Admiral Kruse, arrived yesterday in the Road of Cronstadt; it came last in six days from Copenhagen. At the same time came in a ship of the line, lately built at Archangel. The squadron of Mr. de Kruse, which had been appointed to cruize in the North Sea, will winter at Cronstadt; and those of Admiral de Borissow, and of Captain-Commander de Palabin will pass the winter in the ports of Lisbon and Leghorn.

Stockholm, Oct. 21. It is now certain, that the ships which his majesty has ordered to be equipped with all dispatch at Carlscroon, cannot put to sea this year, but it is said, that all possible efforts will be used to have next year a respectable marine.

Cadiz, Oct. 30. Vice-Admiral d'Estaing set sail this morning with all the French ships in this port, to which are added the ships and convoy that M. Guichen brought so fortunately from America. The Spanish squadron, under the command of Lieutenant General Don Louis de Cordova, will follow that of France as soon as the wind, which fell calm after the departure of the other, will permit.

Constantinople, Nov. 2. It is impossible to say how the differences newly arisen between the Porte and Russia will terminate. Since the arrival of a courier from Petersbourg at the hotel of the Russian minister, that gentleman has several times endeavoured to obtain a conference with the Reis Effendi, who has hitherto avoided it, on pretence of his being so young in that department, that he is not yet thoroughly acquainted with the business of it. These evasions rendered the Russian

Ambassador very impatient, insomuch that he has given notice to the Turkish minister that the orders of his Sovereign were of such a nature that he was not only obliged to insist upon an immediate decision of them, but also upon the consent of the Porte to every point in question, as the Empress would not give up any one point.

Vienna, Nov. 4. We are assured, that the Emperor of Morocco had an intention of sending an Ambassador here to conclude a treaty of commerce with this Court; but the Court have declined this embassy, and signified, at the same time, that they sincerely wished that some ulterior proposals were made with regard to this project.

Cadiz, Nov. 4. By letters from St. Roch, we are informed, that the new batteries, which were judged necessary, but were suspended on account of the rainy weather, are now completely finished, notwithstanding the brisk and constant fire kept up by the enemy, who, in one single night, fired no less than 186 pieces of artillery.

Petersbourg, Nov. 7. An ordinance of the Empress has been published, dated 19th of last month, by which her Imperial majesty fixes the 10th of January, 1787, as the ultimate day on which it shall be permitted for any one to send the State Notes to the director of the Bank of Petersbourg from foreign parts to be changed, by the way of Riga, after which time no one will be admitted to change the said notes.

Lisbon, Nov. 7. Her Majesty has appointed the Commanders of nine ships of the line, and three frigates, fitting out for the protection of the trade of her subjects. The fitting out of our fleet is going forward as fast as possible, but is rather retarded by the want of sailors; and as experience has proved that many Portuguese enter into foreign service, an embargo was laid yesterday on all the foreign vessels in this port, in order to take out of them the Portuguese sailors that might be on board.

Leghorn, Nov. 8. Last Monday evening there arrived in this port four Russian men of war, and a frigate, being part of the squadron destined for the Mediterranean, under the command of Vice-Admiral Borissow, who expects another ship of the line, and a frigate. After the reciprocal salute, these ships anchored in our road. Their names are, the St. Isidore, of 74 guns, and 750 men; the Asia, the Verdure, and the America, of 60 guns each, and 650 men; and the frigate the Simon, of 32 guns, and 350 men. It is said the whole squadron will winter in this port.

Warsaw, Nov. 9. The Russian troops have received a third order to quit this kingdom, in consequence of which they are preparing to return to Russia; but it is said General Engelhardt will remain in this kingdom with two regiments.

Paris, Nov. 16. We hear from Toulon, that one of the two Russian men of war which were in the Mediterranean had struck upon a rock near the Isle d'Here, and soon went to pieces, but that the other crew were happily saved by the other ship.

Hague, Nov. 19. We are assured, that the States of Zealand have delivered their opinion entirely conformable to that of the Province of Gueldres and the Noblesse of Holland, viz. "To accede to the Armed Neutrality, on condition of securing our possessions in the four quarters of the world;" and the same States propose, after the conclusion of the above-mentioned accession, "to enter into a negotiation with England, with respect to the celebrated article of warlike stores, in conformity to the Treaty of 1674."

Paris, Nov. 20. By letters from Madrid dated the 7th of this month we learn, that the French and Spanish fleets re-entered the Bay of Cadiz on the 2d. The wind blew so very strong at N. W. that the fleets not being able to double the Cape, were obliged to tack about, and very happily gained the bay they sailed from. Several vessels suffered greatly, some lost all their rigging, but no ship has been lost, all of them having returned to Cadiz. M. D'Estaing is, without doubt, the most grieved at this accident of any person; and great is the dependence on his diligence for refitting the ships, and on his eagerness to get to sea again.

Hague, Nov. 23. Last Monday after the States General had deliberated upon the accession of the Republic to the Armed Neutrality, on which occasion the President of the Assembly made a very elegant speech, they determined to accede to it, without the guaranty for which they had so long stood out, by a majority of the following provinces, viz. Holland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overijssel and Groningen; the Provinces of Guelderland and Zealand still insisting upon the possessions of the Republic being guaranteed. The above mentioned resolution will be immediately made known to Russia and the other interested courts, and a proper declaration made relative thereto to the belligerent powers.

Ostend, Nov. 26. The Hanover packet-boat, which sailed from hence on the 22d instant, for Dover, being chased by a Dunkirk privateer, was wrecked between Dunkirk and Nieuport. Half the crew, having escaped in the long-boat, are arrived here. The pilot, and the rest of the crew, having been conducted, under an escort of French dragoons, to Dunkirk. The mail was thrown over board.

Hamburg, Nov. 28. M. de Gross, the Russian Resident, hath delivered to our Re-

gency a copy of the Treaty of Alliance concluded between his Court and that of Denmark, signed the 9th of July, and ratified on the 21st of the same month, O. S. at Petersburg. At the bottom of this Treaty is added the accession of the Court of Sweden.

Hague, Nov. 28. The memorial presented by the French Ambassador to the States General, having been read in that Assembly, it was resolved to send a copy of the said memorial to the Admiralty of the Maese, for the opinion of the members of that college upon the same, which opinion, we hear, has been received from the same college, and contains in substance, that the reprisal of the two English vessels in question having been acknowledged just, they were adjudged to the captors; in consequence of which, they were gone to Dordrecht and Schiedam to unload and sell their cargoes. This was made known by their High Mightinesses to the Duke de la Vauguyon (who had his reasons for the ignorance pleaded in his memorial) and, at the same time, they added, that they had not only sent orders to stop any further discharge of the said vessels, but also to re-load whatever remains of the cargoes were unfold, and to quit the cities of Dordrecht and Schiedam, and go to their respective destinations, or where they chose, by the way of the open sea, but not through the inland waters.

Copenhagen, Nov. 28. We have accounts from Santa Cruz, that a Danish frigate upon that station has taken and carried into that island an English privateer, which had, in sight of the fort, and even in the road, taken a French merchant ship. The Danish Governor has declared the privateer to be a lawful prize, but the Captain of her has appealed to the Admiralty here.

Warsaw, Nov. 29. A certain Pilgrim came to the Castle last Friday, and desired to speak to the King just as he was going to the Permanent Council; his Majesty ordered some persons to ask him what he wanted, but as he declared he would tell his business only to the King himself, he was brought into his presence. Some say the conference was but short, as the King at once perceived the Pilgrim to be touched in the brain; but others assert, that they had a very long conference together, and that the Pilgrim gave his Majesty some papers; be it how it will, it is certain the King did not attend the Permanent Council that day, but staid in his closet.

Vienna, Nov. 29. This evening, about nine o'clock, her Imperial Majesty departed this life to the inexpressible grief of the Emperor, the Imperial Family, and all their Imperial Majesties subjects. Her illness, though but of short duration, was exceedingly painful; she bore it with the utmost patience, and met her approaching dissolution with the greatest piety, fortitude, and resignation.

Hague, Dec. 8. The States of the Austrian Netherlands have granted a free gift of

280,000 florins to the Archduchess Maria Christina, and to the Duke of Saxe-Teschén, her husband, Governor and Governess of the Austrian provinces.

Franckfort on the Maine, Dec. 8. A negotiation is on foot between the Elector of Mentz and the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, for an exchange of some part of their respective territories. The Elector of Mentz is to give four bailliages, containing Amenebourg, Fritzlar, and forty villages, for a part of the county of Hanau.

Hague, Dec. 11. On account of the death of the Empress, mass is ordered to be celebrated in the most pompous manner through the Roman Emperor's dominions, for one month, to begin at twelve o'clock, and end at two every day. The churches are decorated in the most superb and splendid manner, with beautifully ornamented tapestry, wax-lights, &c. A coffin, which is supposed to contain the body of the deceased, is fixed in the middle of the church, and a crown of great elegance is placed upon the same; these are surrounded by the heads of the church, as well as of the laity, weeping, who in this situation perform mass. The doors have each a military guard, and the greatest care is taken to prevent confusion. The astonishing size of the wax-lights that are used on this occasion, almost surpasses all belief, many of them measure at least one yard in circumference. The same ceremony will also be observed throughout the French dominions.

Madrid, Dec. 11. The Court Gazette published this day, contains the following articles:

"Lisbon, Oct. 29. By a ship arrived from Janeiro, several letters are received, written to persons of that country by others from Buenos-Ayres; among which is a letter from Arequipa, which elucidates many circumstances, published lately, concerning the troubles arisen in that city: we have thought proper to insert the said letter, as it may interest and satisfy the curiosity of the public.

"Arequipa, Jan. 26. The menaces which appeared in many pasquinades and other more insolent papers, fixed up in the public places, began to be realized in the night of the 13th instant, by a tumult before the Custom-House. On the 14th, the rioters began to pillage it; they burnt the papers therein, and stole 4000 piastres in specie; the governor and his subalterns made their escape, except the principal officer, whose head they pierced through with a javelin. In the night of the 15th, the commotion became general and disorderly among the populace. They entirely stripped the house of the Corrigidore of every thing, leaving only the bare walls: an office in which were 30,000 piastres in specie, belonging to one of his farmers, named Don Joseph Camparos, met with the same fate; and the rioters forced open all the

gaols, and let loose the prisoners. On the 16th the nobility and the principal inhabitants of the city put themselves into a better posture of defence; they formed a company of nobles, commanded by Arrambida, and another of grenadiers under the orders of Solares. About four in the afternoon I got my regiment together; nine companies secured the entrances of the city, and patrolled there. Two parties were formed, one against the Custom-House, the other composed of the populace against the Corrigidore and some other persons. Notwithstanding the state of defence in which we were put, the Indians of Pampa came and assailed us the same night at ten o'clock, to the number of above 800. The company of Don Raymundo Telan, who guarded that entrance, made a good resistance; but was at last forced by a shower of stones to retire to the square of St. Maria. He was there joined by the company of nobles, by that of the grenadiers, and by three others of cavalry, who obliged the Indians to retreat, leaving many dead and wounded on the road to Pampa. An hour after midnight not one Indian remained behind; and on the 17th in the morning, I traversed, with four companies, all the roads and the barracks situated on the eminences, and made many prisoners.

The same day, the 17th, in the evening, two companies of cavalry, and that of the nobles, set fire to all the barracks of Pampa, and destroyed the greatest part of them. The day following six Indians were hanged. Many wounded Indians are in the hospital, and others in prison. The dead bodies of those who were slain in the night of the 16th remain hanged up before the Assembly House.

Hague, Dec. 15. Letters from Constantinople mention, that the differences between the Porte and Russia, ingross the attention of the public; the former has refused the request of the latter to appoint Consuls and Vice-Consuls in any part of the Ottoman empire, that circumstances may render necessary, alledging as a reason, that if it was granted, the Ministers of other Powers, and particularly that of Vienna, would require the same, and the residence of so many Consuls, particularly in Moldavia and Walachia, provinces governed by Christian princes, might occasion intrigues of a hurtful nature.

The States of Holland assembled again yesterday morning, and it is said they took a pre-advice relative to the answer to be given to Sir Joseph Yorke's two Memorials, which pre-advice was this day laid before the Assembly of the States General. To-morrow their High Mightinesses separate till a further convocation; which, it is said, will be immediately after the commencement of the new year.

H O M E N E W S.

Admiralty-Office, November 24, 1780.

The following are Extracts of two Letters from Sir Charles Knowles, Bart. Captain of the Porcupine, of 20 guns, to Mr. Stephens, dated at Port Mahon.

26th July, 1780.

YOU will please to acquaint their lordships, that the Porcupine being on a cruize, on the coast of Valencia, three leagues from the Colobres Rocks, on Saturday the 22d instant, at four o'clock in the morning, we saw two sail a-head standing for us, which appeared to be enemy's cruizers of superior force; we tacked to the eastward, and stood from them, and prepared for action; as the day advanced, we perceived they were two large Spanish xebecs, ships pollacca rigged; by their superiority in sailing, they came fast up with us; about six, being within gun-shot, they hoisted Spanish colours, and fired a gun to leeward about eight minutes after six. The enemy being on our weather quarter, we shortened sail, hoisted our colours, and gave the headmost ship a broadside; here the action commenced, and continued until twenty minutes past seven, at which time the enemy sheered off. The largest xebec carried 26 or 28 nine pounders, and the smallest 22 or 24; a third vessel appeared in sight, who was endeavouring to join them, and the Colobres being within half a mile of us, we made sail from them, and stood to the eastward. The enemy shortly after wore and stood after us; about nine, the headmost ship began to fire her bow chace at us, which we returned from our sterns. The third vessel joined them, which was a xebec, latine rigged, who lay too to windward of them during the following action. At ten minutes past ten, the xebecs being close up with us, we shortened sail, and another action began, which lasted till half past eleven, at which time they sheered off again. We then made sail, and stood on as before; soon after they tacked and stood after us under an easy sail till two o'clock, at which time they tacked and stood from us. We had four men wounded. The Porcupine received but little damage in the action. I cannot sufficiently applaud the spirited behaviour of the inferior officers and ship's company.

6th August, 1780.

On Sunday the 30th ult. at day light, we discovered a French frigate and convoy, whom we chased in shore, they having fallen into the

westward of Algiers, the wind being then easterly. The Minorca and Porcupine both attacked the frigate, (which was the Montreal) who from her nearness to the shore prevented our ships placing themselves in a situation to rake her, after an action of an hour and forty minutes. The situation of the bay, and the state of the wind were such, that we forged so far a-head of the Montreal as not to be able to bring our guns to bear, which obliged us to go out of the Bay, at which time the French frigate anchored with the convoy close to shore, and took protection of the coast; the calm that prevailed in the inner part of the Bay was such, that we could not, without manifest risque of being dismasted, attempt a second action with her in the situation she was placed, not having it in our power to support each other properly, by the danger of getting aground; and had we made another attempt and succeeded, the vessels we should have taken must (I believe) have been delivered up, from the application of the Dey of Algiers to our court. The rigging of both ships being much cut, and the Porcupine having received many shot under water, it was necessary to repair the damages we had sustained. Just as we had repaired our rigging, three square-rigged vessels appeared in the Haze, coming before the wind in chace of us, whom I took for French cruizers, and therefore made the signal to the Minorca to provide for her own safety; what induced me to suppose they were French, was, that Captain Lawson having been off Algiers some days before, and being discovered from the shore, on his arrival at Mahon, had received intelligence from Algiers, that the French consul at that place had wrote by a neutral vessel to France, desiring that two frigates might be sent to cruize off Mahon, and two more to come off Algiers, but which afterwards appeared to be English privateers. The foregoing reasons, together with my want of ammunition, determined me to make the best of my way to Mahon, to repair the damages the Porcupine had sustained in this and the former action. Had we been fortunate enough to have fallen in with the French convoy at sea, I have not the least doubt but we should have taken them all. If our endeavours on this occasion have not been crowned with success, I hope their lordships will not attribute it to the want of zeal on our parts. The Porcupine had three men killed and two wounded, and the Minorca had two killed.

Admiralty.

Admiralty-Office, Nov. 24, 1780.

Extract of a letter from Captain Watts, of the Pegasus, in Yarmouth Roads, to Mr. Stephens, dated Nov. 22, 1780.

Please to inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that his Majesty's ship under my command, arrived here last night; and in case their Lordships have not lately heard from Captain Murray, of the Cleopatra, (which ship I was separated from on the night of the 13th inst. in thick blowing weather) please to mention, that in company with her on the 11th inst. we fell in with, and took a very fast sailing privateer, of 18 guns, and 110 men. She is called La Contesse de Provence, and had been out of Dunkirk near two months, without doing any other damage, than taking and ransoming a brig and a sloop.

28. Yesterday being the day appointed for the election of a representative for this city in parliament, in the room of the late Alderman Kirkman, the drawing of the Lottery at Guildhall ceased at ten o'clock. About twelve, near a thousand Liverymen were assembled, and the Sheriffs, having waited for the Lord Mayor till near one o'clock, ascended the hustings in his absence, with the Aldermen Townsend, Bull, Wilkes, Sawbridge, Hayley, Thomas, Clarke, Burnell, attended by the city officers. The writ for the election, and the act of parliament against bribery being read, the Lord Mayor, and all the Aldermen not in parliament, were then put in nomination, and distinguished accurately in the popular manner, according to ancient custom; but the whole shew of hands being in favour of Mr. Sawbridge, he was declared by the Sheriffs duly elected.

Mr. Sawbridge then thanked the Livery for their approbation of his past services, expressed by their unanimous choice of him on the present occasion; avowed his opinion of the duty of representatives in parliament to follow the instructions of their constituents; and declared that he should act in future with the same zeal, attention, and integrity, as he had hitherto done.

29. Wednesday the East-India Company received some advices from their settlements in the Indies, which were brought over by a Dutch East-Indiaman, arrived at Dover. According to the advices brought over by the above vessel, the 12 homeward-bound East-India ships were not to sail so soon as was expected, therefore are not expected to arrive before Christmas.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, Dec. 2, 1780.

Major Harnage arrived in town on Thursday night from New-York, with dispatches to Lord George Germain, one of his majesty's principal Secretaries of State, from Sir Henry Clinton, Knight of the Bath, and Major-ge-

neral Phillips, of which the following are extracts and copies.

Extract of a Letter from Sir Henry Clinton to Lord George Germain, dated New-York, Oct. 30, 1780.

I have the pleasure to acquaint your lordship, that the fleet from England, under convoy of his majesty's ships Hyæna and Adamant, with recruits and stores for this army, arrived here safe, after a favourable passage, on the 15th instant; and I have the honour to transmit returns of the state and number of recruits received by this opportunity.

Major-general Leslie sailed from hence on the 16th, and I understand was seen entering the Chesapeak on the 18th with a fair wind, so that he would probably be on James River on the 20th, and consequently interrupt Mr. Gates's communication with Virginia.

I am persuaded Lord Cornwallis, with the assistance of the co-operating corps under M. Gen. Leslie, which I have given entirely to his lordship's orders, will pursue such measures as may oblige Mr. Gates to retire from those provinces. Lord Cornwallis was informed by me, previous to Gen. Leslie's sailing upon this expedition, of that general officer's being to act from his lordship's orders; and I sent him, at the same time, a copy of my instructions to General Leslie.

By the present opportunity I have the honour to transmit to your lordship some original dispatches, which were lately intercepted in a rebel mail we were lucky enough to take entire, and contain matters of no small importance. The letters now sent appear to be such as are of the utmost consequence; those that are left so shall be transmitted to your lordship by the next opportunity.

Washington has not as yet detached a single man to the southward; and by all accounts from General Arnold, Gates cannot have above 800 continental troops with him. General Washington still remains at or near Tappan.

The French have not moved from Rhode Island, but are adding fortifications to that place. Admiral Arbuthnot is watching Monsieur Ternay.

Major Harnage, of the 62d regiment, will have the honour of delivering my dispatches. His officer's services with the northern army will, I doubt not, insure him your lordship's favour and protection.

Copy of a Letter from Major-General Phillips to Lord George Germain, dated New-York, October 31, 1780.

My Lord,

Since I had the honour of addressing your lordship by the last packet, a negotiation has begun between the British and American commissioners general of prisoners, which will terminate in the exchange of all officers, prisoners of war, on both sides, and which has already

ready included such officers as were upon their paroles in New York, or Great Britain. This exchange likewise comprehends an equivalent of British and German soldiers, prisoners of war, for those of the enemy now in our possession in this place, who will be permitted to go out upon the arrival of a similar number of our privates at Elizabeth Town, the place appointed for their rendezvous.

His excellency the commander in chief will make one more effort in the course of the present negociation, for the release of the privates of the troops of convention: should it fail, and I am sorry to observe to your lordship, there is but a faint prospect of its succeeding, his excellency will immediately proceed to put into execution the plan heretofore proposed, and which was intimated from your lordship to have received his majesty's approbation, for a partial exchange of the officers.

Major-general de Riedesel and myself were exchanged on the 25th instant, as you will perceive, my lord, by the inclosed copies of the certificates of our exchange. The commander in chief has been pleased to put me in order to serve with this army.

Sir Henry Clinton having directed me to transmit to your lordship a report of the present transaction relative to exchanges, I take great pleasure in having the honour of communicating it to your lordship: this gratification arises as well from my own personal feelings individually upon this happy occasion, as from the general satisfaction a completion of this humane business must diffuse in the minds of those of his majesty's officers who will be released from their captivity.

Sir Henry Clinton has judged proper to direct, that the troops of convention be still considered as under my orders; and that all reports concerning their situation should be sent to me, in order to be laid before his excellency as usual. I take the liberty of inclosing a copy of Sir Henry Clinton's letter to me, containing his commands upon this subject: I shall continue to pursue their interests and welfare with the same unwearied zeal I have ever done.

I beg leave to repeat to you, my lord, the high and grateful sense I entertain of the many favours conferred by your lordship upon me and the troops of convention. The kind protection and solicitude your lordship has constantly manifested, both to me personally, and to those troops in general, claim our best acknowledgments and warmest thanks.

I entreat you will, my lord, represent me to the king under the most perfect attachment to his royal person and government; as one whose heart is replete with gratitude for his majesty's most gracious expressions of approbation of my conduct, and entirely devoted to his majesty's service.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. PHILLIPS.

Dec. 4. Orders were sent to Portsmouth, for three frigates and three sloops to sail immediately to Ireland, to clear the coasts of French privateers, which have for some time hindered the trading ships from sailing from Waterford and other ports.

Edinburgh, Dec. 9. We hear the Treasury have issued orders for an extra account being made out of the tythes in Scotland, with their value, which fell to the Crown by the abolition of episcopacy. As there is no prospect that ever prelacy will be re-established in this country, it is conjectured government will soon dispose of these tythes to the best advantage. It is therefore apprehended that no more tacks, or grants of them, will be given away as formerly.

11. An express arrived at the Post-Office from Ireland, with an account of the Hydra man of war being arrived at Cork from South-Carolina, with the fleet from London. Government dispatches were immediately forwarded to Lord George Germain's office.

We are informed that an express arrived at the Admiralty on Saturday afternoon, containing the following important intelligence from Capt. Hope, commander of the *Crescent*, in his Majesty's service; that on the 4th or 5th instant, the *Bienfaisant*, the *Crescent*, and a cutter (name not mentioned) having been detached some considerable distance before the main body of the fleet, in order to look out for the enemy, they fell in with the French squadron under d'Estaign, and came in so close with them, that Capt. Hope could count twenty-five ships of the line, and the other cruiser twenty-seven; that the enemy immediately threw out the signal to chase, but their ships being foul, made no way, and consequently the cruisers outailed them. After consulting with Capt. Macbride, that officer determined, that he and the two cruisers should take three different tracks in search of Admiral Darby, to acquaint him with the enemy's approach. The eastern track was struck out for Capt. Hope, who, not meeting with his Admiral, came home with the intelligence. But it was hardly probable that the *Bienfaisant* and the other cruiser should have missed the grand fleet; and, as a strong confirmation of this opinion, Capt. Macbride's not coming into port is a strong circumstance that he was fortunate enough to meet with Admiral Darby. In this event a battle must have been inevitable, and has, in all likelihood, taken place before now, as the British Admiral, we are further assured, had positive and peremptory orders to risk a battle with the enemy at all hazards. Capt. Hope further says, that while he was endeavouring to make the grand fleet, he fell in with Admiral Hood, and acquainted him with the above particulars. Another reason for inducing us to believe that an engagement has happened, is, it is believed at the Admiralty that Admiral Darby would have

have before now returned into port, had not he gone in search of the enemy.

Admiralty-Office, Dec. 12, 1780.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Charles Holmes Everitt, of his Majesty's Ship Solebay, to Mr. Stephens; dated at Spithead, 11th Dec. 1780.

Be pleased to acquaint their lordships, that I sailed the 9th inst. in the morning from Spithead; and proceeded in company with Capt. Lloyd, of his Majesty's ship the Portland, in pursuance of the orders received from Admiral Sir Thomas Pye; and in the evening about six P. M. being then to the southward of the west part of the Isle of Wight, fell in with two French privateers, which immediately engaged the Solebay, being the foremost ship; but the Portland coming up, they hauled their wind, and endeavoured to escape: the Portland thereupon passed me, and one of the enemy, into whom she poured several broadsides, and followed the headmost. I kept close in pursuit of the other, who held a running fight for three hours; when, being much disabled, she struck, and proves to be La Comtesse Besançois, of 20 twelve pounders, and 143 men, from Havre-de-Grace, which place she left the morning before. Her loss in the action is twelve men killed and fifteen wounded. The Solebay has only one seaman materially wounded, and two very slightly; but she has suffered in her rigging and masts.

The Portland pursued the chase in the night, out of our sight and hearing, but the next morning joined company again; and I had the pleasure to find, that Capt. Lloyd had been successful, having captured the consort of La Comtesse Besançois, with the loss of two killed, and seven wounded. This privateer is called La Marquise de Seignilay, Francois Cotton, commander, of 20 nine pounders, and 150 men. She sailed in company with the other from Havre-de-Grace. The loss she sustained by the Portland was, two killed and two wounded. The officers and companies of each ship behaved, as usual, like Englishmen.

I gave chase yesterday morning to two cutters and a brig, which proved the Griffin and Rambler, and the latter the Eagle, a recapture of theirs.

I arrived this day with the Portland and the two prizes; likewise the two cutters with their brig.

Admiralty-Office, Dec. 15.

Extract of a Letter from Capt. M'Bride, of his Majesty's Ship the Bienfaisant, to Philip Stephens, Esq; Secretary of the Admiralty, dated Cork, 11th of December, 1780.

On the 8th inst. being in lat. 50 north, and long. 10. 30. west, I fell in with, and took the Comptess D'Artois, a privateer of 18 guns, and 110 men, belonging to Dunkirk, out seven days, and had only taken one brig (the day before) laden with herrings, which was sent to France.

The Cerberus frigate saw the combined fleets the 1st of December, and counted them four flags, forty sail of the line, and upwards of a hundred sail of shipping under convoy, which seemed standing under an easy sail for Rochfort, Nantz, &c.

The Pandora, appointed to convoy the homeward-bound Quebec fleet, is arrived alone, and brings advice, that the fleet was dispersed in a gale of wind in the mouth of the river St. Lawrence. The fleet, when the Pandora was separated from it, consisted of 30 sail.

Lancaster, Dec. 16. The Rawlinson, Atkinson, from St. Lucia, last from St. Kitt's, arrived here this day. The Captain reports, that on the 12th of October, then riding in St. Kitt's harbour, there came on a gale of wind, which continued to blow all night, and all the next day, when the Catherine, of London, brought home her anchor, and, for fear of being foul of each other, Capt. Atkinson cut his cables, and run in; the gale continued for four days; afterwards he saw two ships part their cables, and go out to sea before him, and four or five after him. He supposes there might be 30 or 40 merchantmen lying in St. Kitt's harbour, waiting for convoy, but the ships from Antigua had not as yet joined them. He fell in with a fleet of transports from Cork, bound to America, on his passage to Lancaster, by whom he was informed that a French privateer, of 18 guns, nine pounders, had been carried into Cork the day of their departure. There was only one French man of war at their Leeward Islands, and only six of the line at St. Lucia, besides frigates.

The Leeward Island fleet was to have sailed the 15th of October, three days after the gale of wind which was so severely felt through all the Leeward Islands.

18. This morning some dispatches were received from Gibraltar, which were brought over in the Mary armed ship, arrived at Falmouth, by which we are informed, that every thing remained quiet, and that the garrison was well supplied with all kind of provisions.

20. The Glatton, Vansittart, Lord Mansfield, Lord Holland, and Pigot Indiamen, were spoke with, the 11th of August, off the Brazils; and the same day, in lat. 20. 26. long. 33. 4. W. saw six sail of outward-bound Bengal ships, all well.

Early yesterday morning an express was received from Vice Admiral Darby, with accounts, that the fleet was in the Channel, endeavouring to beat up; and Captain Fielding, of the Minerva, is since arrived at the Admiralty, with a confirmation of this agreeable piece of news, having left the fleet to the eastward of the Start; so that it is inferred, they are by this time at Spithead, to the effectual quietude of all apprehensions which had begun to run very high, inasmuch that it was latterly confidently asserted, the fleet had been obliged to put into Lisbon for provisions.

Captain

Captain Fielding mentions, that the combined fleet and ours were in sight of each other at two different times, when the French appeared to be in full force.

The following are the names of the ships under the command of Admiral Darby ;

	guns		guns
Britannia	100	Valiant	74
Victory	100	Bienfaisant	64
Prince George	98	Inflexible	64
Queen	98	Nonfuch	64
Formidable	98	Buffalo	60
Duke	98	Jupiter	50
Princess Amelia	84	Minerva	38
Foudroyant	80	Flora	36
Bellona	74	La Prudente	36
Canada	74	Ambuscade	36
Cumberland	74	Emerald	32
Courageux	74	Jafon	32
Defence	74	Champion	24
Dublin	74	Lightning, Incendi-	
Edgar	74	ary, Firebrand, Plu-	
Fortitude	74	to, and Harpy fire-	
Marlborough	74	ships.	

The state of the troops at the Dutch settlements in the East-Indies are nearly as follows :

At Batavia, and country adjacent, 1300 European soldiers, and seven battalions of Seapoys.

At Calcutta, 400 European ditto, and five battalions of Seapoys.

At Tranquebar, 170 Europeans, and two battalions of Seapoys.

At Point de Gulle and the Island of Zelean, 300 Europeans, and four battalions of Seapoys.

And in the inland garrisons about 900 Europeans, and ten battalions of Seapoys, exclusive of three troops of cavalry, and six companies of artillery.

At the Cape of Good Hope, 3000 European infantry.

The naval force of the Dutch in the East-Indies is no more than one ship of 70 guns, one of 60 guns, and one of 50 guns, upon account of the States; one of 60 guns, three of 40 guns, and several country built grabs, from 12 to 20 guns, upon account of the Company.

Capital Prizes in the State Lottery drawn since our last.

No. 31,258 20,000l. No. 23,876 10,000l.
No. 37,581 5000l. No. 38,033. 4573,
20,736, 40,665 2000l. each. No. 13,790,
39,584, 14,846 24,404, 32,068 6004,
24,329, 40,049, 9110, 20,070, 19,147,
35,275, 9959 1000l. each. No. 26,960,
47,153, 47,764, 12,677, 27,357, 27,728,
42,967, 7180, 22,100, 38,993, 40,672,

22,975, 33,173, 27,848, 35,556, 13,807,
18,451, 17,445, 31,700, 45,566, 20,047
500l. each. No. 31,141, 17,483, 38,699,
1847, 13,715, 5836, 30,284 blanks, but as
first drawn numbers, entitled to 1000l. each,
No. 21,412, 29,408, 26,140 prizes of 20l.
each, and severally entitled to 1000l.

A M E R I C A.

South-Carolina, Oct. 2. Lord Cornwallis issued a proclamation on the 16th ult. containing orders to sequester the estates, both real and personal, of such persons of that province who obstinately persist in their guilty and treasonable practices, and are either in the service, or acting under the authority of the rebel congress; or by abandoning their plantations to join the enemies of Great Britain; or by an open avowal of rebellious principles, and other notorious acts, do manifest a wicked and desperate perseverance in opposing, to the utmost of their power, the re-establishment of his majesty's just and lawful authority; and constituting and appointing John Cruden, Esq; to be commissioner to execute the purposes of such proclamation.

At the same time the said commissioner is authorized and directed to pay, for the support and maintenance of families, consisting of a wife and children, one-fourth part of the neat annual product of the seized estates respectively; and one-sixth part where there is a wife and no children, as the case may be; provided they are resident, and continue to be resident, within the province; and to pay the balance arising from the above-described estates into the hands of the paymaster-general of his majesty's forces, or his deputy, to be applied to the purpose before-mentioned, or in any other manner that may be directed by his majesty's commissioners for restoring peace to America, or the commander in chief.

New-York, Oct. 30. We were happily relieved here by the seasonable arrival of the *Hyæna*, Capt. Thomson, with a convoy of 60 sail, after a short passage of two months; without a missing ship, a thing we have not been able to say before this war. They came in on the 15th inst. with 3000 troops, stores, and provisions; with a private trade equal to a million of money. Our markets are now so stocked that we are shipping goods for Charles Town, where the *Hyæna* is going, having now a signal out for all masters of ships. Our admiral commissioner is cruising off Block Isle, to confine Ternay to Long Island. We have prizes every day coming in. The provincial marine is destroyed, and their army lingering through discontents.



T H E

Lady's Magazine;

O R,

Entertaining Companion for the FAIR SEX, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.

S U P P L E M E N T for 1780.

This N U M B E R contains

- | | | | |
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| 1 The Fortunate Sequel, or the Adventures of Ella Worthy | 675 | 17 Account of the Lord of the Manor | 704 |
| 2 Old Age censorious | 677 | 18 Airs in the Opera of the Lord of the Manor | 707 |
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| 5 Description of the City of Astracan | 681 | 12 Foote's Essay on the French Comic Writers | 710 |
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| 12 Account of the celebrated Marchioness de Chatelet | 694 | 28 A copious Index | |
| 13 The Sylph Husband | 695 | | |
| 14 Account of Harlequin Free-Mason | 698 | | |
| 15 Explanation of the Banners in Harlequin Free-Mason | 700 | | |
| 16 Airs in Harlequin Free-Mason | 703 | | |

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates, viz.

1. Two elegant new Patterns for Shoes. 2. An accurate View of the City of Astracan; And, 3. A new Song, the Words by a Correspondent, set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

LONDON: Printed for G. Robinson, No. 25, Paternoster-Row, where favours from Correspondents will be received.

On Thursday, February 1, will be published, Price 6d.

(To be continued Monthly)

Embellished with a superb and elegant Frontispiece, designed and engraved by an eminent Artist, an engraved Title-Page, a beautiful Pattern, and a new Song set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

NUMBER CXXXVII. of

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

O R

ENTERTAINING COMPANION for the FAIR-SEX.
Appropriated solely to their Use and AMUSEMENT.

For JANUARY, 1781.

C O N T A I N I N G

Continuations of the following Pieces—The Fortunate Sequel, the Nuptials interrupted, the Matron, Suite d'Histoire d'Epaminondas, Letters of Miss Eliza Willis, The Sylph Husband, Memoirs of a Widow, Letters from a Friend, and among other new Articles, a Description of Holland, &c. &c. &c.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T for the L A D I E S.

IT is with the nicest Feelings, that of *Gratitude*, on having for the Series of *eleven Years* carried on this Work by the Patronage of the *Fair*, that we announce to the Public the Continuation of a Work, which has none of the modern Incentives to recommend it, neither Politics, the Antiquarians Reveries, the Slanders of domestic Failings, nor the fastuous Pretensions of Criticisms. We are to thank the *Fair*, not only for their *Patronage*, but likewise for their *literary Productions*, for the kind Intimations we have received for the Extension and Improvement of our Plan, and for the liberal Contributions we are honoured with, for beginning the next Year with a more glorious *eclat* than we have any preceding one. Still suspending the closing of our Receptacle for any future Favours, still depending entirely on the Sex for Encouragement, we once more return our Thanks for Pieces we have now in reserve; and if we are still to enjoy the Smiles of our Fair Patronesses, we have no Apprehensions of Success the subsequent Year.

T H E

Lady's Magazine;

S U P P L E M E N T for 1780.

The FORTUNATE SEQUEL;

OR,

The ADVENTURES of ELLA
WORTHY.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 621.)

LETTER XVIII.

Lord FITZWILLIAM to *the* Rev. Mr.
POYNTZ.

PARDON a silence, Archibald, that proceeded not from neglect, but a fear of drawing upon myself the censures of a friend! How weak is reason, when opposed to love! The latter is, I find, a sentiment, which spite of ourselves sometimes overcomes the most prudent resolutions.

A few evenings ago I returned from the play with rather more than usual gaiety, (to which the rapid circulation of the glass at Edgcumb's in the afternoon) had perhaps not a little contributed.—My aunt had been sent for to wear away a lonely hour with an invalid of her acquaintance. Lady Bab was gone to the opera with a party of lady Gaylove's.

When the servant opened the door, and informed me there was nobody at

home, I could not resist the impulse of curiosity; but eagerly inquired if any body had attended Mrs. Askew.

“No body, that I know of, my Lord.—Miss Worthy seldom goes out but on an airing.”

“O then she is now at home, I suppose.”—I said no more, but stepping up the stair-case, was instantly in the drawing-room. It was plain I had not been expected at home so early, for, to my unspeakable delight, the lovely girl was there; but on my entrance, fled like Daphne from Apollo. I intreated her to stay, if there was nothing so very horrid in my appearance as to frighten her, and taking her by the hand, replaced her in the seat she had quitted.—

After a silence of some minutes (on my side spent in admiration of her improving charms—on her's in downcast looks, and modest blushes) I told her, “that it was an agreeable surprise to find her there, when I had been led to imagine her at some miles distance,” and congratulated her on the possession of two such valuable friends as Mrs. Askew and lady Bab.—It was a subject on which the grateful effusions of her heart permitted her not to be silent. She launched out into the warmest encomiums on both—and, in a style more elegant than can be imagined, expatiated on her present happiness.

My sensations were too pleasing to be suppressed, I forgot that my tongue was condemned to silence, and, in terms, that shewed my admiration, complimented her on the rapid progress she had made in her improvement, as well as in the affection of her benefactress. In the height of my enthusiasm, I could not help also paying some tribute to her beauty, and to add to the imprudence, exclaimed against the cruelty of my dear aunt in keeping her under such strict confinement; "to which," I said, "I was apprehensive my presence in town not a little contributed."—In accents mild as the gentle breeze of a summer's eve, she replied, "that nothing could appear to her a constraint, that was conformable to the wishes of a lady to whom she owed every worldly blessing; that her little knowledge of life, and the short time spent in improving herself in the necessary accomplishments of the station in which Providence had kindly placed her, rendered her, at present, a very improper companion for ladies of superior rank; and, sensible of the disadvantages she must labour under in being exposed to company, Mrs. Askew had condescendingly permitted her to eat in her own apartment, which she should continue to do till better qualified to fill a place at the table of her benefactress."

I learnt from the servants, that the ladies did not propose returning very early, and thinking it unnecessary to wait, ordered supper. Ella was again going to withdraw.—"Stay Miss, I implore you," exclaimed I; "you hold the commands of Mrs. Askew sacred; suffer the intreaties of her nephew to have some little influence."

She again reseatd herself, and (seemingly more from complacency than appetite) eat a bit of tart, and a little jelly. I took an opportunity during our repast of asking, "how it had happened that I had never before seen her, since I had been in town?"

With the most enchanting *naiiveté*, she replied, "that Mrs. Askew did not deem it prudent she should ap-

pear in the family, when there was any other than female visitors, and those only ladies of her most particular acquaintance."

"But I, Miss Worthy, surely do not come under the denomination of a *visitor*. I shall continue here with infinite regret, if I am to be a means of confining you to your chamber."

"Assure, yourself, my Lord, I think it no confinement—sensible that my benefactress lays upon me no commands, which she does not judge necessary to my happiness—I obey them with satisfaction, though ignorant of the motive."

Sweet girl! I could have said, but I only *thought* it—and proceeded to ask her some indifferent questions relating to her studies. Her answers confirmed me in my former sentiments, for it was quite improbable so much assiduity should be bestowed merely to qualify her for servitude; and, knowing the fortune of my aunt, was not less liberal than her disposition, doubted not her intention of leaving her independent of the world.

The moment was now at hand, in which the ladies might perhaps return, and thinking it would not be altogether prudent for them to find us *tête-à-tête* at so late an hour, I told the lovely girl, "that I would no longer detain her lest her constitution should suffer by sitting beyond her usual time; but could not part from her without intreating she would rank me among the number of her sincerest friends, though my sex excluded me from the happiness of shewing myself one." The tear of gratitude started in her eye (perhaps at the recollection of the trifling services I had done her family,) and rising from her seat, she withdrew, to conceal the swelling tide of sensibility. Inspired by some secret impulse, I recalled her.

"Stay, lovely Ella—before I part with you, let me intreat the small request of concealing from Mrs. Askew my having seen you here."

A blush of the deepest dye suffused her cheeks.—"As it was accidental, my Lord, I am convinced my benefactress

factress would not be offended. One of her earliest lessons was the love of truth—could I deviate from it, I should be unworthy her attentions. At your lordship's request, I shall forbear to mention it myself; but if asked, forgive me if I disobey you. Your reasons for desiring me not to mention it—can be only from wishing me not to incur the displeasure of Mrs. Askew, which (though sensible the precaution is well meant) I should much more merit were I guilty of a falsehood." In saying this, she tripped out of the room, and left me the most delighted, most enamoured of mankind.—I have not seen her since; and, as nothing has been mentioned on the subject, imagine my having done so is yet a secret from the good old lady.

What noble sentiments Poyntz! What a villain must he be, who could wish to undermine such virtuous principles! I am even angry with myself for having proceeded so far as to compliment her on her perfections; much more so for having descended to the meanness of having desired her to conceal it; but into what follies does not love conduct us?

The few encomiums I bestowed on her may (vanity apart) have inspired a sentiment, which may embitter all her peace; and which though it would constitute my greatest happiness, I ought, for her sake, most cautiously to avoid giving birth to.—How derogatory from my wonted rules of honour! Lest I should be tempted to sink into such another weakness, I will fly from a scene, which continually reminds me of my passion: and in the calm delights of friendship and a moral life, forget the world has dearer objects.

Moreton, I hear, is going to enter into a matrimonial engagement, to which, if I am not mistaken, he is more strongly pressed by his contracted finances, than inclination for the lady, whom I am informed to be the sole heiress of a wealthy Creole's widow. How he intends to dispose of the unfortunate girl he has seduced, I know not; but should he be so base as to

desert her without a moderate provision, he will deserve every ill adversity can possibly inflict, and be answerable for every crime to which necessity may prompt her.

Adieu, my friend; within a week I shall be in Wiltshire, in my way shall probably take a dinner with you, that I may discuss with Mrs. Poyntz on her darling topics, "fashion and the theatres." The latter appears to be in a declining state; the former as whimsical and fluctuating as when she was an inhabitant of the gay metropolis. My best respects attend that worthy lady; assure her she possesses a large share of his esteem, who sincerely subscribes himself her's,

And your devoted friend,

FITZWILLIAM.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS it pains me to see human nature exhibited in an unfavourable light, upon any occasion whatever, I wish you would enable me to account for those prejudices against the rising generation, which are generally entertained by those who are advanced in years.

I am very intimately acquainted with a lady in her grand climacteric, who is not only an honour to her sex, but an ornament to the age. Her sensibility, her meekness, and her beneficence, are very uncommon; I was going to say unexampled. Her conduct in the several characters of wife, mother, daughter, and widow has been truly amiable. A few evenings ago, however, I had the mortification to find her as ready to condemn the follies and vanities of her grand-children, as if she had never possessed a youthful heart, or secretly cherished the preposterous desire of undoing the work of time, in order to shine forth once more in all the vernal bloom and bright lustre of fifteen.

There

There is still, I must own, not a little to be corrected in the present age, though far from having, according to her imputation, degenerated, certain gross and dangerous practices have been utterly exploded: is there now that licentiousness, that ribaldry, that taste for *double entendre*, which, within the memory of the good old lady abovementioned, prevailed? Rarely is the female ear now shocked with the language of indelicacy; and the female heart is infinitely more secure than ever from the artful attacks of corruption.

But why do we stop here? Shall a single excellence content us? There's the rub; for while we maintain our pretensions to delicacy, we ought not to allow ourselves to make a breach in any social, any moral duty.

As for myself, I have not the least intention of setting up for a reformer. I love my neighbours, and the felicity of my friends will be ever dear to me; but according to my ideas, the business of reformation, if not properly limited, becomes equally impertinent and unprofitable. Can we trace actions upwards to their springs? Can we distinguish causes and effects in the bosoms of others, and yet be so liable to impositions in our own? I would, therefore, strongly recommend the wise heathen's lesson to every individual, "know thyself," as the most certain upon earth to cure every mental disorder. By a proper attention to this laconic piece of ancient admonition, the young would learn to restrain their flights of giddiness, and even the old would confess that vanity and error are the everlasting infirmities which "flesh is heir to."

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

CLARISSA.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IF you should at any time be at a loss for a subject, I flatter myself, you will find something new in the

history of those obscure ages which modern readers have hitherto thought unworthy of their curiosity, and which lie deserted because unknown.

The history of the unfortunate Aranthes and Aspasia is among the number, and though their epitaph at Lyons, in France, has been printed in our books of travels, yet their story at length is but little known.

Aranthes was son to the governor of one of the Mediterranean islands, and favoured with all the advantages of nature, fortune, and education. Aspasia was a Greek lady, beautiful beyond expression, and admired by all the youth of Athens, which was then the place of concourse for all the polite of the Roman empire.

Their mutual merit soon produced a mutual esteem, and this was after some time converted into the most ardent passion. They both indulged the hopes of being happy in each other for life; when Aranthes, returning home to obtain his father's consent, was taken by a pirate, sold into the internal parts of Africa, and there condemned to toil with the most unremitting severity.

In the mean time, Aspasia felt all that love and impatience could inspire; one year passed away without having any news from her lover; another came, but still the same silence; at length, an account came that Aranthes was no more, so that Aspasia now lost her love in desperation.

Time, that obliterates every passion, by degrees asswaged the pain which was felt by Aspasia; she was, at last, brought to listen to new addresses, and so far prevailed upon by the admonitions of her parents, that she consented to go into France with an old merchant who designed her for his son, then in Africa, trading with the natives of that barbarous region. Her voyage was successful, and if her refined manner charmed the old man, the son who soon after returned, was not less enchanted.

A day was fixed upon for their nuptials; and as he was the most opulent man of the country, all the inhabitants

habitants came successively to offer their congratulations; and, in order to add still greater splendor to the solemnity of the young merchant, who was to be the bridegroom, made her a present of fifty slaves, who were at that time just landed, and within half a day's journey, to attend her.

As the appearance of such a number of slaves, it was thought, would add to the magnificence of the entertainment, they were led up to the merchant's palace, loaded with merchandize, as was then the custom, and bending beneath their sorrows and fatigue. Aspasia felt all that humanity can inspire upon the sight of such a picture of human distress, while they passed on, successively, before her. But what could equal her emotions, when among the hindmost of those unhappy wretches she beheld her own Arantes emaciated with labour and affliction, and with his eyes unalterably fixed on the ground? She gave a loud convulsive shriek, and fell senseless into the arms of her attendants. As her situation naturally drew the eyes of all upon her, Arantes saw once again the dear object of his earliest passion, and flew, with haste, to her assistance. Their story and his misfortunes were soon made known to the company, and the young merchant, with peculiar generosity resigned his mistress to the more early claim of Arantes.

Were this story a novel, it would end with the greatest propriety in this place; but truth disagreeably lengthens the account; for one day, sitting in a window of one of her apartments, happy in each other, and flushed with expectations of still greater rapture, a youth, who had been shooting at birds in a neighbouring grove, drew it at random, and the arrow pierced both lovers at the same time. Thus a life of misfortune was terminated by an unfortunate end. They were both laid in the same grave, and their epitaph still continues legible, though erected near a thousand years, a monument, at once, both of the caprice of their fate, and of their mutual felicity.

I shall not make any addition to this story, Sir, by unnecessary observations: if the story itself is not worth the attention of your readers, it can receive no benefit from any remarks of mine; so that I shall trespass no longer on your patience than to assure you, with how much regard

I am,

Your constant reader,

And very humble servant,

NARRATOR.

A FAMILY SKETCH.

MR. Warren had not been united above a twelvemonth to an amiable young lady, whom he married for love, when he became acquainted with a very chatty, black, little widow, with whom Mrs. Warren happened to sup one night, near their country house. Mr. Warren was a man of much vivacity, and the widow had no inconsiderable share of wit and good-humour; her person was far from being beautiful, but there was something attractive about it, which pleased more than beauty. Mr. Warren was soon entirely attached to her, and paid little regard to any other person when she was present.

Unhappily, Mrs. Warren was a woman of spirit, and could not by any means put up with her husband's misapplied gallantry. To revenge, therefore, what she considered as a glaring insult to her own accomplishments, she scrupled not to coquet openly with a young lawyer who was often in their parties. Her behaviour, in consequence of her resentment, was, however, very unfortunate: it piqued Mr. Warren, and urged him to go on in earnest with a correspondence which had commenced in jest. "Human nature is human nature," according to a celebrated writer, "let the wise say what they will." Mr. Warren, to punish the coquetry of his wife, freely confessed that he was actually *connected* with the widow; and Mrs. Warren, not to be outdone by him, consented to the solicitations

tations of the lawyer, and stayed with him a whole night at his chambers.

The matrimonial bond, when it is once broken, is never to be rejoined. Habituated to a life of infamy, Mrs. Warren in a little time gloried in her shame, and quitted her husband's house. Mr. Warren, on the other hand, to keep himself in countenance, exhausted his fortune upon the artful widow, who never failed to make the most of his ductile disposition.—In consequence of these resolutions, the former became a prostitute by profession, and the latter destined to lament his folly in the Fleet.

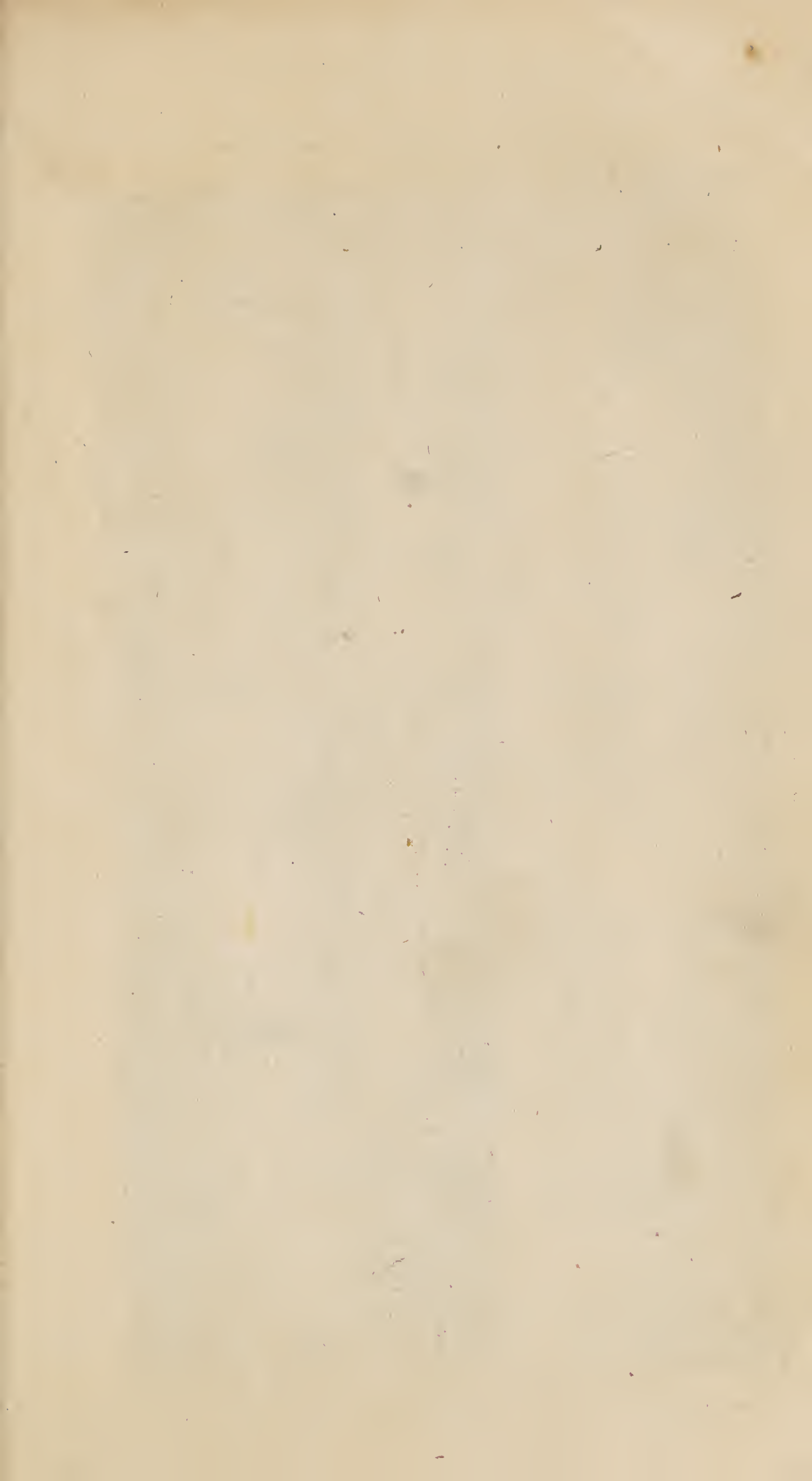
A remarkable Interview between Bishop RIDLEY, and the Princess (afterwards Queen) MARY.

IN the year 1552, the bishop visited his old college at Cambridge, and upon his return, called at Hunsdon, to pay his duty to the princess Mary. She thanked him for his civility, and entertained him with very pleasant discourse, for a quarter of an hour, telling him, that she remembered him at court, and mentioned particularly a sermon of his before her father, and then leaving her chamber of presence, she dismissed him to dine with her officers. After dinner, she sent for him again, when the bishop in conversation told her, that he did not only come to pay his duty to her grace, by waiting upon her, but farther to offer his service, to preach before her the next Sunday, if she would be pleased to permit him. Her countenance changed at this, and she continued some time silent, at last she said, "As for this matter, I pray you, my lord, make the answer yourself." The bishop proceeding to tell her, that his office and duty obliged him to make this offer, she again desired him to make the answer to himself, for that he could not but know what it would be; yet if the answer must come from her, she told him him the doors of the parish church should be opened for him, if he came, and that he might preach if he pleased, but that neither would if he hear him, nor should any of her

servants. "Madam," said the bishop, "I trust you will not refuse God's word." "I cannot tell," says she, "what you call God's word; that is not God's word now, that was God's word in my father's day." The bishop observed, that God's word is all one at all times, but has been better understood and practised in some ages than others. Upon which she could restrain her anger no longer, but told him, "You durst not for your ears have avouched that for God's word in my father's days, that you do now;" and then to shew how able a judge she was in that controversy, she added, "as for your new books, I thank God, I never read any of them, I never did, and never will." She then flew out into many bitter expressions against the form of religion at present established, and parted from him with these words, "My lord, for your civility in coming to see me, I thank you; but for your offering to preach before me, I thank you not a wit." After this the bishop was offered a glass of wine, by Sir F. Wharton, which when he had drank, he seemed concerned, and said, "Surely I have done amiss!" and vehemently reproached himself for having drank in that place, where God's word had been refused, "whereas (said he) if I had remembered my duty, I ought to have departed immediately, and to have shaken off the dust from my feet for a testimony against this house." This bigotry of the princess, gave him but a sorrowful prospect of what was to be expected if ever she came to the crown *.

R—.

* This event so much to be dreaded, was now near at hand. In July 1553, the excellent king Edward died. For three days his death was concealed, but could be so no longer. The council then waited on lady Jane Grey, and acquainted her with her accession to the throne, by the late king's will. The bishop of London (Ridley) was ordered to preach at St. Paul's, and recommend queen Jane to the people; which order he obeyed with great zeal and earnestness. But suddenly affairs took another turn: lady Jane was obliged to disappear, and the princess Mary was acknowledged and proclaimed queen.



Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



A View of Astrakhan.

DESCRIPTION of the CITY of
ASTRACAN.

(Decorated with a View of that famous City, taken on the Spot, by S. Von Somers.)

ASTRACAN, the metropolis of the kingdom of Astracan, in the island of Dongoli or Dolgoi, near Tartary, which is formed by the Volga on its E. shore, in lat. 47 deg. 10 min. N. within 20 leagues of the Caspian sea, and in long. 47 deg. 10 min. E. It derives its name from Hahdgie Takin, a Tartar prince, by whom it was founded, and was for many ages subject to those people, but was in 1554 taken by Iwan Basilowitz, Czar of Muscovy. About a century after, it was wrested from the Czars by the Tartars, and again rescued in 1688.

The city contains about 70,000 inhabitants, among whom are many Armenians (according to Busching, there are only 40 families resident here for the sake of trade) and Tartars of various descriptions, with some Persians and Indians. It is in circumference no more than 3 miles within the walls, but including the suburbs five. It is surrounded by a brick wall in a ruinous condition, being built about 200 years. In the citadel is usually kept by the Czar, or Czarina, six regiments in garrison, composing a body of 3000 men, and in the adjacent plain are erected several batteries to prevent the approach of an enemy, as Nadir Schah gave some alarms on that side.

The houses are mostly of wood. The higher part of the city commands a prospect of the Volga, which spreads itself near three miles in this place. The city is surrounded by gardens and vineyards, and all sorts of garden stuff abounds here as in England. The water melons are excellent, called by the Russians *arboose*, and reckoned the best in all the empire; but the wine is indifferent, though, if we believe Busching, the vineyards thrive not amiss.

Near Astracan they formerly dug annually some millions of pounds of

salt, which is of great use to their extensive fisheries down the Volga to the sea. They sell the salt at three copecks a pound in Astracan, but in Russia at fifteen or eighteen, about a farthing a pound.

The principal fish are sturgeon, starut, beluga, and assotra.

The revenue of Astracan to the crown of Russia is estimated at 160,000 rubles, or 33,500 pounds sterling, which accrues principally from fish and salt.

The first establisher of these fisheries was Tikon Demedeff, a carrier who settled there about half a century ago. His whole stock for some time consisted but of two horses; but shortly, through his industry, he became the greatest merchant in the city; but the crown has engrossed both the fisheries and the salt-works. This country from July to October is infested with locusts.

The Indian Pagans have a temple here, and worship a wooden pagod; but the Tartars are so averse to idolatry, that they will not carry what has the image of any thing on it into their churches. The Pagan priests use beads, incense, prostrations, and offerings.

For several miles round the city are the settlements of a very civil and industrious people, of the race of the Crim Tartars, who are tributary to the Russians. They have a singular custom.—When a daughter grows marriageable, they cover her tent with white linen, and place a painted cloth on the top; a painted waggon is left near the tent, which is her portion, and they give her usually to the man, who makes her father a present.

Astracan is the residence of the governor and the see of a bishop. Among the Russian churches, the cathedral is the newest and the most considerable. The Lutherans have also a church here, as well as the Armenians. The trade in Astracan has always been very extensive, as the people from upwards of thirty different nations resort thither on that account. It is a good sea-port, where merchants can embark for Persia, and lies 80 miles N.

of the Caspian sea, and 800 S. W. of Moscow.

THOUGHTS *on* CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

— — *Age, libertate Decembri*
Utere. HOR.

Indulge in Christmas-Folity.

AT this season of the year it has always been customary for the lower part of the world to express their gratitude to their benefactors: while some of a more elevated genius among them clothe their thoughts in a kind of holiday dress, and once in the year rise into poets. Thus the bellman bids good night to all his masters and mistresses in couplets; the news-carrier hawks his own verses; and the very lamp-lighter addresses his worthy customers in rhyme. As a servant to the public, I should be wanting in the due respect to my readers, if I also did not take this earliest opportunity of paying them the compliments of the season, and (in the phrase of their barbers, taylors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen) wish them a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Those old-fashioned mortals who have been accustomed to look upon this season with extraordinary devotion, I leave to con-over the explanation of it in Nelson: it shall at present be my business to shew the different methods of celebrating it in these kingdoms. With the generality, Christmas is looked upon as a festival in the most literal sense, and held sacred by good-eating and drinking. These, indeed, are the most distinguishing marks of Christmas: the revenue from the malt-tax and the duty upon wines, &c. on account of these twelve days, has always been found to encrease considerably: and it is impossible to conceive the slaughter that is made among the poultry and hogs in different parts of the country, to furnish the prodigious numbers of turkies and chines, and collars of brawn, that travel up, as presents, to the metropolis on this occasion. The jolly cit looks upon this

joyous time of feasting, with as much pleasure as on the treat of a new-elected alderman, or a lord-mayor's day. Nor can the country farmer rail more against the game-act, than many worthy citizens, who have ever since been debarred of their annual hare; while their ladies can never enough regret their loss of the opportunity of displaying their skill, in making a most excellent pudding in the belly. But these notable house-wives have still the consolation of hearing the guests commend the mince-pies without meat, which we are assured were made at home, and not like the ordinary heavy things from the pastry-cooks. These good people would look upon the absence of mince-pies as the highest violation of Christmas; and have remarked with concern the disregard that has been shewn of late years to that old English repast: for this excellent British olio is as essential to Christmas, as pancake to Shrove Tuesday, tansy to Easter, surmity to Midlent-Sunday, or goose to Michaelmas Day. And they think it no wonder, that our finical gentry should be so loose in their principles, as well as weak in their bodies, when the solid, substantial, Protestant mince-pie has given place among them to the Roman Catholic *aumlets*; and the light, puffy, heterodox *pets de religieuses*.

As this season used formerly to be welcomed in with more than usual jollity in the country, it is probable that the Christmas remembrances with which the waggons and stage-coaches are at this time loaded, first took their rise from the laudable custom of distributing provisions at this severe quarter of the year to the poor. But these presents are now seldom sent to those who are really in want of them, but are designed as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich land-lord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tythe to his patron. Nor is the old hospitable English custom, of keeping open house for the poor neighbourhood, any longer regarded. We might as soon expect to see

see plum-porridge fill a tureen at the ordinary at White's, as that the lord of the manor should assemble his poor tenants to make merry at the great house. The servants swill the Christmas ale by themselves in the hall, while the squire gets drunk with his brother fox-hunters in the smoking room.

There is no rank of people so heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this joyful season, as the order of servants, journeymen, and apprentices, and the lower sort of people in general. No master or mistress is so rigid, as to refuse them a holiday; and by remarkable good luck the same circumstance, which gives them an opportunity of diverting themselves, procures them money to support it, by the tax which custom has imposed upon us in the article of Christmas-boxes.——The butcher and the baker send their journeymen and apprentices to levy contributions on their customers, which are paid back again in the usual fees to Mr. John and Mrs. Mary. This serves the tradesman as a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the master and mistress to lower the wages on account of the vails. The Christmas-box was formerly the bounty of well-disposed people, who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessaries. But the gift is now almost demanded as a right; and our journeymen, apprentices, &c. are grown so polite, that instead of reserving their Christmas-box for its original use, their ready cash serves them only for present pocket-money; and instead of visiting their friends and relations, they commence the fine gentlemen of the week. The six-penny hop is crowded with ladies and gentlemen from the kitchen; the Syrens of Catherine-street charm many a holiday gallant into their snares; and the play-houses are filled with beaux, wits, and critics, from Cheapside and White-Chapel. The barrows are surrounded with raw lads setting their half-pence against oranges; and the greasy cards and dirty cribbage-board employ the gen-

teeler gamesters in every ale-house. A merry Christmas has ruined many a promising young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but before the end of it has committed a robbery on the till for more.

But in the midst of this general festivity there are some so far from giving into any extraordinary merriment, that they seem more gloomy than usual, and appear with faces as dismal as the month in which Christmas is celebrated. I have heard a plodding citizen most grievously complain of the great expence of house-keeping at this season, when his own and his wife's relations claim the privilege of kindred to eat him out of house and home: then again, considering the present total decay of trade, and the great load of taxes, it is a shame that poor shopkeepers should be so fleeced and plundered, under the pretence of Christmas-boxes. But if tradesmen have any reason to murmur at Christmas, many of their customers, on the other hand, tremble at its approach; as it is made a sanction to every petty mechanic, to break in upon their joy, and disturb a gentleman's repose at this time, by bringing in his bill.

Others, who used to be very merry at this season, have within some few years been quite disconcerted. To put them out of their old way, is to put them out of humour: they have therefore quarrelled with the almanack, and refuse to keep their Christmas according to act of parliament. My cousin Village, informs me, that this obstinacy is very common in the country; and that many still persist in waiting eleven days for their mirth, and defer their Christmas till the blowing of the *Glastonbury Thorn*. In some, indeed, this cavilling with the calender has been only the result of close œconomy; who, by evading the expence of keeping Christmas with the rest of the world, find means to neglect it, when the general time of celebrating it is over. Many have availed themselves of this expedient: and I am acquainted with a couple, who are

enraged at the new style on another account; because it puts them to double expences, by robbing them of the opportunity of keeping Christmas-day and their wedding-day at the same time.

As to persons of fashion, this annual carnival is worse to them than Lent, or the empty town in the middle of summer. The boisterous merriment, and aukward affectation of politeness among the vulgar, interrupts the course of their refined pleasures, and drives them out of town for the holidays. The few who remain are very much at a loss how to dispose of their time; for the theatres at this season are opened only for the reception of school-boys and apprentices, and there is no public place where a person of fashion can appear, without being surrounded with the dirty inhabitants of St. Giles's, and the brutes from the Wapping-side of Westminster. These unhappy sufferers are really to be pitied; and since Christmas day has to persons of distinction a great deal of infidelity about it, I cannot enough applaud an ingenious lady, who sent cards round to all her acquaintance, inviting them to a route; which they declared was the happiest thought in the world, because Christmas-day is so like Sunday.

The TRUE POINT of HONOUR.

A MORAL HISTORY.

In a Series of Letters.

(Translated from the French.)

By a LADY.

(Continued from Page 637.)

LETTER LXII.

From Mademoiselle NORTHON, to the Countess de SOLMES.

I Have passed, my dear Lady, two very agreeable days, which were rendered so by being employed in acts of justice. The Marquis, at my entreaty, made a schedule of his debts,

which amount to more than three hundred thousand livres; and a part of my jewels, which I disposed of with my brother's consent, has procured a plenary discharge to my future husband. This is the subject of all our conversations, and every one, who should over-hear us, might, without incurring the imputation of temerity, look upon us as a couple of misers: for, literally, we talk of nothing but money, and the means of augmenting our fortunes. The different projects which our discourses have given birth to, have produced a very good effect; but before I descend to particulars, I must give you some account of the different visits we have paid since my last letter.

We began with the *General Infirmary*, which, perhaps, you know. Alas! my Lady, what heart-rendings have we experienced at the sight of an assemblage of objects worthy of the warmest compassion? The poor are *heaped* up there on one another, and render the place itself unwholesome, notwithstanding the utmost attentions of those, who have the management of the hospital to render it as convenient as possible. They say that the revenues of the house are not sufficient for the great number of patients which it contains; that it would be of the greatest utility to enlarge it, to endow it, and to form a code of laws for its better regulation in future.

Objects affect us according to the difference of our dispositions; my Eliza was deeply affected with the sight of a multitude of young girls assembled in a large room, seated by fours on a kind of long form, with their backs to each other, and employed in all kinds of works. They were crowded together so closely, that it was with great difficulty we passed between them; and the heat was so great, that the air we respired there, instead of refreshing our lungs, seemed to introduce an inflammatory vapour, which stopped respiration. I was for taking myself immediately away from this kind of purgatory, but she begged me to let her stay a few minutes, which she employed in contemplating

these melancholy victims of the poverty, or irregularities of their parents; and on our going out, she said to me;

“ I have seen enough to determine me in what manner to employ my money; and if we have all been affected with the same sympathy; our alms are now fixed.”

You may persuade yourself, my lady, that my sentiments coincided with my pupil's; far from it: bodily evils affect me much less than those of the soul; and I had secured an access to visit some unhappy creatures, which were more to be pitied than those who had melted the heart of Eliza! It was the seat of horror, differing from that below, only from the possibility of opening its gates. You understand me as speaking of the place wherein women of bad lives are confined: they are not usually exhibited; but I had an order from the superior for the admission of myself and another; and it was Eliza whom I chose for my companion. Form to yourself a vast number of poor creatures, of which many were not able to deface those charms which nature paints on the countenance of the sex; but what a frightful contrast was there between their faces and their discourse! They swore, blasphemed, and uttered expressions of so much horror, that they made my hair stand on end. Eliza stood motionless on the threshold of this room, and my design was not that she should go through it, but only have a sight of it. She ran away with a precipitation that marked her consternation, and demanded of the person, who conducted us; “ how they could suffer such blasphemies in a house dedicated to the honour of the Deity?”—“ Alas! what would you have us do to prevent this disorder?” said the good girl. They are chastized and beaten; but unless their tongues were cut out, you could not oblige them to be silent? they defy both hard treatment and blows. Knowing that they cannot be detained a day longer than the time for which they are confined; they make up for the chagrin of being there by insulting those who have the misfortune of

having them under their charge; they leave us with the bitterest reproaches, and frequently return worse than they were at first.”

“ Indeed, my dear sister,” said Eliza, “ it would be as well to leave them to their bad courses, as to confine them here, where they eat the bread of the poor to no manner of purpose. Why are they not confined for life? Then indeed, despairing ever to come out they might become more manageable.”——“ You are in the right,” replied the girl; “ but unless these were to make room for others, the hospital would never be able to contain those of their stamp.

Eliza could not put an end to her enquiries, and the sister was in a hurry to leave us, when she luckily espied one of the governors, whom she had seen twice before at madam d'Er-lac's. She thought that he was not of the same principles with the rest of her aunt's circle, and had distinguished him for her conversation. He paid her a compliment, and she entreated him to gratify the curiosity she had to inform herself of every thing that concerned these unhappy women; which he readily agreed to with the consent of a lady whom he presented his hand to, who offered to accompany us to a room which the worthy gentleman opened for us. Nothing ever appeared to me more interesting than this conversation, and to render it as concise as possible, I shall throw it into the form of a dialogue.

Eliza. “ May I take the liberty, Sir, of asking you, what you imagine was the intention of the founders of such establishments as this, or of those who have left their fortunes to them?”

Governor. “ It is far from being problematical; they had in view the relief of the distressed; humanity prescribed it as a law to every good man to diminish the weight of misfortunes as much as it is in his power, which seems to have fallen the heaviest on such as are assembled in these places; the goodness of some individuals hearts have opened this asylum.”

Eliza. “ You do justice to humanity, Sir: but, in tracing the beginning

ning of all houses of charity, methinks I perceive a more noble motive."

Governor. "You would say, I suppose, that they were animated by motives of religion, and I agree with you. The ages which preceded this were rather unenlightened; the great views of public good, of good order were not developed so much as they are in our days; the sentiments of humanity must consequently have been supported by religion, without which men would have turned away their eyes from the miseries of the poor, without the least thought of relieving them."

Eliza. "We are much obliged to philosophy for enabling us to overlook supernatural causes. Indeed, Sir, religion has surmounted a very great difficulty by enducing us to sacrifice immense riches in the foundation of hospitals. Pray tell me, what philosophy has produced of this sort for these thirty years? Has it produced any new establishments for the relief, in the least proportion, to those of our ancestors in public calamities? Hospitals did certainly at first suffice for the reception of the poor; at present they are rather heaped up than lodged there. What branch of philosophy, by discarding luxury, has attempted to increase their dimensions? Produce a single man, who has struggled to get into some place here; who would lay himself out entirely in endeavouring to encrease the revenues, and procure the poor all those accommodations which the estate would endure. I have as yet cast my eyes on two objects only; the children who are in the working-rooms, and those of easy virtue; and I must confess, without pretending either to philosophy, or superior talents, religion furnishes me with the means to make these places far more useful than they seem to be."

Governor. "Ah! Mademoiselle, I find you here the same as you was at your aunt's, a professed enemy of modern philosophy, and letting slip no opportunity of decrying it: I shall speak to you without the least reserve. I am no professor of philosophy, falsely so called, and if I should adopt the

expressions of those who are, it is only owing to my intimacy with them. I will really confess, we have found no great good effected by those truths which they boast they have diffused, but we are to expect greater from them in future. It requires some time to surmount the obstacles in their way to accomplish what they design to do; and without belonging to their sect, I have not been the less remiss in finding out means to remedy all the disorders I remarked both in the hospital and in the *Foundling*, of which I am likewise a governor. I have met with difficulties, which appear insurmountable to me, which way soever I turn myself, which originate from the smallness of their funds, the multitude of objects, and the contracted views of my colleagues."

Eliza. "But Sir, how can you expect to be believed with respect to the revenues of the *Foundling*, when we find a superb edifice erected at a great expence, to receive but a few, when they have here scarcely room enough to turn themselves in? It is evident that this expence must have diminished its revenues: but let us wave this subject to another opportunity; and return to the two objects which have struck me already."

"There is no one in the world that cannot live, if he have any capacity, if he love work, and can but find employment. How many girls get their living in Paris by their needle? how many journeymen, in all trades, live by daily work? Notwithstanding every one of them has rent, taxes, victuals, and luxury to pay for out of it; I mention *luxury*, because no state is exempt from it, however mean. How many likewise have a wife and family to maintain out of their labour, and have enough to entertain themselves with at a public house in the country every Sunday? Here the poor are lodged, and if they have firing, that is likewise defrayed out of the common stock. They can neither run to unnecessary expences, or ruin themselves by extravagances in eating or pleasure. They know how to work, and are not in want for employment."

ployment. Let us then except all those girls which are, or may be in the working-rooms from the numbers of those who are a charge to the hospital, and say, on the other side, that may bring to it some profit daily. This will prove a considerable saving. The aged and infirm remain; and among them, none but the blind and paralytic can be excused from gaining something towards their support. Let the men be ever so advanced in years, they may spin flax, or cotton, or wool. In Rouen, children at four years of age get some pence by winding cotton. I knew a lady, whose maid, at her leisure hours, gained fourscore livres a year, by spinning fine cotton. Though what may be gained by the aged and infirm should not amount to above half that sum, that would come to four pistoles each, and prove some ease to the hospital.

Governor. "You forgot, young lady, that all the artists who get their living must work; but those who apply to us have no other design than to live in idleness, and die in ease. To inspire those of this description with a love for work is almost impossible."

Eliza. "Impossible! no Sir: difficult, I grant it. I will shew it palpably certain; after I have examined the second object, which struck me. If I can believe what I heard from the person, who shewed the hospital, the women of the town are so little the better for the penance they suffer in the hospital, that they return to it repeatedly: this article seems to me of the greatest importance, for several reasons. These miserable objects must be looked upon as the pests of society, who go about communicating their poison to an infinity of families actually existing, or which may exist in future. Their poison pervades even the country, where children are sent to nurse; hence originates the degeneracy of our race, and the numberless loss of our countrymen. One of the most essential services to the state would be to extirpate, if possible, so great an evil, by endeavouring to amend the hearts and the morals of

those who are sent to the hospital by the police."

This colloquy was interrupted by the governor's bursting into a fit of laughter, who thought that the project of conversion was so chimerically ridiculous, that he could not contain himself; and for my part I shall take occasion from this interruption, to reply, by anticipation, to a question that you burn with the utmost longings to ask me.

"How comes it to pass that Eliza, who for these six weeks has been in absolute ignorance of vice, should in so short a time be able to know the terrible consequences of it? Even within these three days, my Lady, she would have shewn as much ignorance on such a subject: but she had seen the preceding evening an unhappy creature expiring, almost eat up with the terrible distemper, the course of which she would have stopped at the expence of her own life, and her father had taken occasion from thence to inform her, that it was the natural consequence of licentiousness."—After this eclairecissement, I take up the thread of the dialogue, which the governor resumed, by saying;

Governor. "I am not surpris'd that a person of untainted morals should think it possible to reclaim those, who have abandoned virtue. The time may come, Mademoiselle, when experience will teach you, that it is as easy to raise the dead, as to reclaim those who have divested themselves of virtue. All the girls whose disorders stand in need of the assistance of the hospital, have neither birth, nor education, nor any principle of religion; they are possessed by the seven mortal sins, and so hardened in wickedness, that they cannot be amended without a miracle. On that account we do not attempt it, and we are content to force them to behave orderly here for fear of punishment."

Eliza. "Though all these obstacles should be united, I am convinced that it is practicable to reclaim a great many of those unhappy creatures: but I will not trespass upon your patience any

any longer here ; do us the honour to dine with us to-morrow, and I will then explain my sentiments on this head."


" I have some glimpse of them," said the lady, who came with the governor, "and if you will stay only one minute, I can give you an instance, which will serve to confirm you in your hopes."

I joined Eliza to assure the lady, that we would hear her with pleasure, and the following is the subject of her narrative.

" About two or three years ago three miserable creatures, of which the eldest was not twenty, went to an alley with no good design. The tolling of the bell informed them, that the *host* was carrying to some sick person. Two of them ran to the bottom of the alley to avoid being obliged to kneel. The third said to them, " it is no such great matter to kneel down while the *host* is passing by." She scarcely uttered these words, when she asked herself, " if I were in the place of the person who is going to receive the sacrament, in what light should I view the life I am leading ?" To this reflection succeeded another, and without regarding her companions, she mechanically followed the crowd to the door of the sick : and not being able to enter, she retired to her own apartment. All that she had heard of religion, which was very little, revived in her mind, and she determined the next day to present herself at the penitentiary. She went to church, where she found only three others, one of them returning thanks after confession, and the other in the act of confessing. I forgot to tell you that she had not been in bed, and had passed the night in tears, so that she was in all the dress of the evening ; with *rouge*, some patches, and nothing upon her neck. She did not notice this till now, and ashamed of the indecency of her appearance, she got up to go away, saying to herself, " I will come again to-morrow." The priest, who was a zealous missionary, and had done *confessing* the penitent, asked her, whether she would *confess* ? At his question her eyes were filled again with

tears ; and she declared to the *confessor*, both her situation and the eager desire she had to quit it : she concluded with begging for an hour's audience the next day, when she promised to come again. The wise instructor understood the danger she might be in by returning to the companions of her vices ; and whispering to the lady, whom he had *confessed*, he entreated her to give her a cast in her carriage, and set her down at a house he mentioned, whither he was going himself. It was kept by three single ladies, much advanced in years, and always employed in doing good : the missionary informed them in few words how they might co-operate with Providence in promoting the good work he was charged with ; and they cordially signified their consent. The poor creature fortified and comforted by her hospitable friends, entered into their views respecting herself, and after cursing both her soul and body, begged with the greatest importunity to be admitted into one of those houses of penitence, which is dedicated to the reception of those that renounce their vices. She has lived there an angelic life for two years ; and though she never had made use of her needle before, she has applied herself so assiduously to work, that she equals, nay, even surpasses those who are reckoned the most skilful.

* * * * *

 The arrival of the lady to whom these letters were addressed, put an end to the correspondence, which she carried on between Eliza and her relations. I have greatly regretted the conclusion of the dialogue above : a lucky circumstance occasioned my meeting with the governor, who was acquainted with Eliza, and very willingly lent me the memorial which she wrote at his request, and which he has preserved with the greatest care. I could have wished that he had informed me of the lot of the two families, but he has had no connection with them for some years. The death of the Baron's eldest brother recalled him to Germany, almost immediately after his daughter's marriage ; and there is the greatest probability, that he has settled there, without my being able to discover in what part of the world the rest of his family are at present.

THE MATRON.

By Mrs. GREY.

NUMBER XCI.

THE writer of the following letter, being in haste for an answer, and as I really think she is in want of one, I lay aside my other business to give her the best advice in my power.

To the MATRON.

“ Dear Mrs. Grey,

“ I Am in the greatest embarrassment and distress, and if you will not have the goodness to send me an answer directly, I shall be quite undone. You cannot conceive the agitation I feel; but I must endeavour to compose myself, and tell you as well as I can; for there is not a living creature who knows what I am going to say, except myself and one more. You must have heard, Madam; ay, and have read too, a large book lately, with a very hard name, which is Greek as they say; but that’s nothing to me, and yet it occasions me a great deal of trouble: but to the purpose. I am the daughter of a very substantial farmer in the West of England, and have been invited by my father’s landlord to see London this winter: it was a long time before my father would give consent to my coming. At last, as my lady herself promised to take care of me, he said I might go, though he wished we did not all repent of it: however, I am here, and like London vastly, and should have been as blythe as a bird, and as merry as the day is long, but for one thing. You must know, Madam, that Sir John has a couple of sons, as fine young men as one would wish to look on, but Mr. Charles is the handsomest of the two, in my mind; however, “ handsome is,” they say, “ who handsome does;” but that’s no matter. Mr. Charles has taken a fancy to me, and I am sorry to say it, for I cannot find in my heart to be angry with him for it; yet there are other things that do not

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please me quite so well. It seems that marrying is going out of fashion, at least, they tell me so; that is, I mean, it is not to be as it has been: for Mr. Charles says that there is no occasion for going to church, nor having any thing to do with the parson; but that if he and I like to live together, we shall be as much man and wife as any body. Now that, I own, made me start a little, and I could not believe him; so, to convince me, he told me that a very great divine had just written a book to prove it, and that every thing he had wrote was taken from the Bible: upon which I told him that there was nothing about marrying in the Bible; that the whole ceremony was in the Common Prayer Book, which I could shew him, as I always carried it in my pocket. Upon this he chucked me under the chin, and told me I was, he saw, a very good girl, and quite ready to be married, which was quite right; but that he would shew me a shorter way. Now that puzzles me exceedingly, for I could not think it better, or half so good: but when he read me a little out of this great book, and explained it to me, I found myself inclined to be of another opinion. But yet I am not quite convinced, and am so fearful of being imposed upon, as I know most Londoners want to banter us country folks, and put tricks upon us, not knowing any living creature whom I can trust; besides, I am afraid of being laughed at, and having often read your Magazine, Madam, as some of our country neighbours have it sent down to them, and finding that you are so kind as to give your advice to people who ask it, I took the liberty of writing to you, and hope you will answer it as soon as possible, for Mr. Charles is in such haste, and I own I should be glad to have it over one way or the other. I beg you will tell me the real truth, as a poor girl should not be deceived because she is ignorant. Now Mr. Charles tell me, that what one parson says is as good as another; but yet I should chuse, if I am married at all, to have it done

in the old way, for then, you know, I shall be sure I am in the right as well as my mother and grandmother before me, who are reckoned as honest women as any in all our parish; but I shall quite tire you with the length of this scrawl, for I do not write as well as I could wish: so begging you would excuse all faults,

“ I remain,

“ Your’s, to command,

“ FANNY DOUBTFUL.”

The innocent writer of the above letter discovers the goodness of her heart and sincere regard for virtue, by appearing shocked at doctrines so new, and so opposite to those which have been established for ages, and from the compliances with which we hold every thing that is dear to us in life; our honour, our peace, our fortune, not to mention other blessings of which parents are particularly sensible—our children.—Why then should any one attempt to disturb the minds of the people, especially those of our weaker sex, who, though not learnedly informed, have the precepts of many eminent and excellent divines to follow, and the examples also of a number of virtuous and amiable women, by whom, happily situated in the married state, a numerous legitimate offspring have been brought up in the same paths of honour, and with the same prospect of felicity. There wanted not, in truth, a book, like the above mentioned one, to render the young and giddy, still more disposed to act contrary to their interest as well as their duty: are there not every day numberless poor girls deluded and seduced into a scorn for virtuous poverty and honest industry, and to a detestation of every thing good and praise-worthy? Thus deluded, and thus seduced, do they not crowd the list of wretches deserted by their betrayers; and become odious in their own eyes, as well as in the eyes of their species? With what truth then can a man pretend to say, that a system contrary to nature, to reason,

to virtue, and to religion, ought to be regarded and followed? How is it possible, supposing the idle scheme in question could take place, for a man to support a number of women with any tolerable degree of convenience? (admitting the roominess of his circumstances.) How would they bear the division of his affections among them? In what manner must the children by different wives be provided for? Examples indeed may be produced from ancient times, in eastern nations, favourable to our author’s arguments; but they differ so widely from the manners of the present age, that, supposing the customs to which he alludes, could be made consistent with our principles, moral and religious, it would hardly be possible to revive the establishment of them. He therefore who attempts to defend such a revival in the present age, and in this country, or to recommend it with a view to seduce and deceive poor unwary females, into a compliance with the corrupt and vicious institutions of the East, remarkable for its licentiousness, may be said to act a very censurable, if not a criminal part.—Let me intreat my well disposed correspondent, therefore, not to listen a single moment longer to Mr. Charles; let her fly from him, as fast as she can; fly from the snare which is spread for her virtue, a snare into which she is in the greatest danger of falling. Let her stop her ears, and be like the deaf adders whenever he attempts to charm her into a compliance with his wishes; for he who, with his personal attractions, is also gifted with the powers of elocution, is too dangerous to be listened to.—Fly, therefore, Fanny, nor stay to reason with your lover; the woman who lingers in your situation, is forever lost. Your own understanding, however uncultivated, the conduct of your parents, and above all your own consciousness of right and wrong, which renders it difficult to convince you that you have been hitherto mistaken, ought to be your guide upon this occasion, and make you sensible, that you cannot,

cannot, without departing from the paths in which every virtuous woman will walk through life, connect herself with a man upon the terms proposed to you. If you will take my advice, therefore, you will leave London immediately, and return home, but not under the protection of any man, except you know him to be of an unblemished character. You will, indeed, act in the most prudent manner, by writing to your parents, and desiring them to fetch you themselves as soon as they can, or to send a person for you whom they can trust for his care of you. Every moment you remain near the man who has attempted to deceive you, he becomes more and more dangerous. Fly then, Fanny; fly and be happy; nor let those men who, following their own vicious inclinations, and spreading their pernicious tenets, flatter themselves that they will prove successful. Scenes of riot and confusion would certainly arise from the connections for which they plead with all the art of false reasoning. Both sexes, so connected, would soon be glad to recal past transactions, but in vain. Be wise, therefore, in time, ye licentious men, ye licentious women of the age; and while you have understandings sufficiently enlightened, follow the examples of those distinguished for their conjugal happiness, in consequence of their conjugal fidelity. and you will want no better institution than that which our Liturgy presents to your view, if you have any regard for your security, while you consult the gratification of your own pleasure. As my young correspondent informs me that she always carries the matrimonial service in her pocket, I advise her to keep it there; but by no means let her imagine, like many thoughtless girls, in a hurry to be married, that any man's reading over the ceremony, will make her a lawful wife: deluded by such an error, she will find, too late, that she has only given her hand to a nominal husband.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS of a WIDOW;

Written by herself.

(Continued from Page 622.)

THREE of us, therefore, soon began to think ourselves very fine young ladies, and fit to associate with the daughters of those who were greatly our superiors, and though we could not be reckoned beauties, our persons could not be said to be disagreeable: we were, therefore, noticed by the men as soon as we came of age, to be married, and I being the eldest, my father received more than one proposal from young men, in a very good way of business; but when they found my father was not disposed to part with any money, he found also that he might keep his daughters to himself; a discovery by no means agreeable to him, as he wished to see us well provided for, during his life; neither were we girls, I suppose, at all averse to the becoming our own mistresses, as we certainly thought we should not be, before we had houses under our command. My father, however, seeing no probability of our being in such a situation, often told us, that as he had no money to give us, it was necessary for us to be both frugal and industrious. Admonitions of this kind were not always so well relished as they ought to have been, by young people beginning to have a taste for the world, and also its pleasures. Yet admonitions of this kind first induced me, I believe, to listen to the addresses of a man several years older than myself; a man who had not indeed received the most elegant education; but had acquired a considerable fortune in the commercial line: considerable enough to permit him to give up his business, and to retire to a pretty estate which he had purchased, a few miles distant from London, a place which I was very loth to leave, not considering that all the money upon earth will not make us happy, if we cannot in some degree dispose of it

as we please ; but the fine things Mr. Freelove said to me, and the fine presents he made me, added to the desire both of my father and mother discovered for my marrying him, prevailed on me to accept of his hand, with a very handsome settlement.

As soon as the ceremony was over, I was conveyed in a brilliant equipage to his house, where, for a few weeks, while the scenes about me, though in a retired spot, had novelty to recommend them, I was tolerably contented ; but soon found there was nothing to be hoped for in the place I lived, but a dull round of the same amusements, which were not in the least suitable to my taste ; nor did they answer my expectations. I had married, as I said before, to be my own mistress, and I found myself extremely mistaken in the character of a wife : for though Mr. Freelove was not ill-tempered, and exceedingly fond of me, he was so attached to his situation and way of life, that I soon saw it would be no easy matter to persuade him to change them. I now grew so weary of my confinement, for so I looked upon it, that I availed myself of every argument in my power, to induce him to take a house in London, at least for the winter months : but my endeavours to remove him from the spot with which he was so much pleased, had such an effect upon him, that they frequently rendered him dissatisfied with me, and sometimes very peevish. Such a behaviour did not tend to make me more contented with my situation, which I should not have chosen, for though I had fine cloaths, there was nobody to see them : I had a chariot too, but few people came to visit me, and those were as old as my husband ; some of them older, who having, like him, retired from the world, weary of its vanities, were of a very different way of thinking from a young girl, who had, at that time, scarce any pleasure but what arose from seeing and being seen ; and even the company of my sisters, whom I was sometimes permitted to invite for a week or two, instead of affording me the

consolation I expected, made me rather more unhappy, as they from envying my being married before them, and possessed of a fine house, fine cloaths, &c. strove to lessen the transports they thought I could not possibly help feeling, by throwing out hints, how wretched they themselves should be, though they had ever so many fine things, without that unlimited permission to do what they pleased, and to go where they pleased. I felt all the force of their satirical speeches, and never failed, when they left me, to renew my arguments, with all the additional strength I could muster up, to Mr. Freelove : at first he heard the revival of them only with visible marks of uneasiness ; but he, at last grew angry, telling me, “ that he believed it impossible to make people, who had no idea of rational pleasures, happy. My chief pleasures,” added he, “ are to take care of my horses and my hen-yard, my pigs and my chickens, in a morning ; and to smoke my pipe in the evening, either at home, or at a neighbouring public house, and settling the nation with the tradesmen about me.” He was indeed a great politician, in his own eyes ; and, being the man of most consequence in the village, was looked upon as the oracle of the place.

In this stupid manner, as I thought it, I spent the first year of my marriage, at the end of which I was delivered of a son, whose birth nearly cost me my life : but in the nursing of him, when I had recovered from my lying-in, I found some amusement, because it was new to me : after having been employed in this manner two years, I was brought to bed of a daughter, to whom I paid the same attention which I had given to my son. To the births of those two children I owe all the comfort I afterwards found in my house ; comfort of a very different nature from that which I had first looked for, and could never obtain. I now became not only the nurse, but the instructress of my son and daughter, till the former grew too old to be under my tuition. At this period, Mr.

Mr. Freelove would have sent him to a boarding-school in the neighbourhood, but it was one in which the master took in all sorts of boys, some of whom were in the very lowest class of life, and by going frequently backward and forward among their parents, (inhabitants of the village) not only caught, but retained many vulgar ways, which I thought might be highly detrimental to my son. As Mr. Freelove, therefore, would not hear of his being sent to a distance, I persuaded him to take a tutor into the house, because I imagined such a mode of proceeding was genteel, and not adopted by the common run of people. Luckily, Mr. Freelove, upon inquiry for a proper person, was recommended to a young man of real learning, and possessed of a good understanding; in his whole behaviour, indeed, a gentleman. By taking this person into the family, I found my life much more agreeable, as he was an entertaining companion, and behaved to me with politeness, and not only capable of improving my son, but attentive to his improvement. He also frequently gave instructions to my daughter in those branches of literature befitting her sex and age, so that I had no occasion to provide any masters but for dancing and music, whom her father permitted to come down to her.

In this style of life we remained till my boy arrived to his tenth year. My husband then died of the gout in his stomach, and I had a handsome addition to my jointure, with his house, furniture, plate, &c. in consideration, as he said in his will, for the care I had taken of his children.

(To be continued.)

CURSORY THOUGHTS *on the* MODERN NOVEL.

IT is a misfortune incident to human nature, that its finest qualities may be perverted to the most destructive ends. Love, the brightest spark that

enlightens the soul, burns frequently for the impurest purposes. Love is the Proteus of heaven, and had the ancients known the full extent of his qualities, and seen what we have seen, see what we see, no doubt they had given him the proper attributes of that character.

But of all the artillery which love has employed to brighten eyes, and soften hearts, the most effectual and forcible is the Modern Novel. Of all the arrows which Cupid has shot at youthful hearts, this is the keenest. There is no resisting it. It is the literary opium, that lulls every sense into delicious rapture, and respecting the bias of a young lady's mind, one may venture to say, that novels have operated like electricity on the great national body: they have raised the humble spirit of citizens to a parallel with the most distinguished pomp of quality you can name.

Novels, according to the practice of the times, are the powerful engines with which the seducer attacks the female heart; and, if we may judge from every day's experience, his plots are seldom laid in vain. Never was there an apter weapon for so black a purpose.—Miss, the taylor's daughter, talks now as familiarly to her confidant, Miss Polly Staytape, of swains and sentiments, as the most accomplished females in fashionable life.

Some Account of the late celebrated Marchioness De Chatêlet.

THE marchioness de Chatêlet, descended from a very ancient family in Picardy, was born on the 17th of December, 1706. She was the daughter of Nicolas, Baron De Prescilly, and Anne De Froullai. Among the women of her nation who have rendered themselves illustrious, she is certainly intitled to the first rank. Before her, many of them had acquired reputation by agreeable romances, and by poetical pieces, in which there appeared the graces of wit,

wit, and the charms of sentiment. Several also, by applying themselves to the study of languages, by making their beauties to pass into their own, and by enriching their versions with valuable commentaries, had deserved well of the republic of letters. But very few of them, taking into their hands the compass of Urania, had endeavoured to penetrate into the secrets of nature, and to exercise themselves in the abstract calculations of geometry. These were reserved for the marchioness De Châtelet; and composing works on subjects which unfold themselves only to men of rare genius, she has classed herself with the greatest philosophers, and may be said to have rivalled Leibnitz and Newton.

But a taste for the abstract sciences was not the only one she possessed. She had cultivated polite learning with as much ardour as success, and had consecrated her earlier years to the study of the ancients. Virgil was the author for whom she seemed to have the greatest admiration. She was never satisfied with reading over the *Æneid*; she had even begun to translate it. What a pity that she did not live to finish it! We should then have had an excellent translation of that excellent poem.

The best French authors had also attracted her attention, and she had got by heart all the most beautiful passages in them. She was particularly struck with harmonious verses: but her delicate ear was hurt with those which had only the merit of mediocrity.

Other living languages had likewise excited her curiosity. She could read Tasso and Milton with facility. But it was of her own language that she had chiefly studied the propriety; and she left some manuscript remarks in relation to it, which would not have disgraced the celebrated Marfais. The purity with which all her works are written is an infallible proof that she knew it to the bottom. Whatever recalled to her the perfections of nature, gave her pleasure. The fine arts,

which are to be considered as imitations of nature, were no less agreeable to her, than eloquence and poetry. Music had particular charms for her; born with sensibility, she could not but feel all the power of harmony.

These acquisitions served as a light to conduct her into the obscure field of metaphysical inquiry. Leibnitz, that ingenious and profound philosopher, was the guide by whose assistance her first steps were made in this difficult career. But, if she had obligations to him, they were amply repaid by the light which she threw upon his writings. His philosophy, often unintelligible, she explained in a work, intitled, "*Institutions of Physic*."

(To be continued.)

The SYLPH HUSBAND.

A MORAL TALE.

A new Translation from MARMONTEL.

By Miss GEORGIANA H—T, a young Lady between Sixteen and Seventeen.

(Continued from Page 656.)

ELIZA was immersed all day long in a reverie, which had the air of an enchantment, and in the evening her husband perceived that she waited impatiently for the hour of going to bed. Their apartments had a communication, according to the *ton*, and Volange had agreed with her confidant on the means of coming to his wife's pillow without disturbing her. But it was necessary, that by some word she should let fall, inadvertently or by a sigh, she should invite him to speak to her.

I forgot to mention, that Eliza would burn no light during the night, and for a very good reason. The pictures of the imagination are never so lively as in the deepest obscurity. By these means Volange, obtained the most favourable opportunity, without be-
"ing

ing discovered. "Come then," said she, "sweet sleep! thou only makest life agreeable."

"It is my province," said Volange, in so low a voice, that Eliza could scarcely hear it, "it is my province to invite sleep; I am not happy, but, by his aid, it is in his bosom that I possess thee."

He had not time to finish, Eliza shrieked, and after Volange had retired, Justina ran to Eliza.

"What is the matter, my lady?" said she.

"Ah, I am dying; I have just heard him. Recall me, if possible, to life. I am loved; I am happy. Make haste, I can scarcely fetch my breath."

Justina was very officious, untied her ribbands, made her smell some salts, which recovered her, and supporting the character of incredulity, which was assigned her, reproached her for giving up herself to ideas which broke her rest; and impaired her health.

"You may call me a simpleton, a madwoman," said Eliza to her: "Yet it is no dream; nothing is more real; I heard him as plainly as I did you."

"That may be, my lady, I am far from making you uneasy. But endeavour to compose your mind; remember, that to please a Sylph, you must be handsome, and one can never be so, while one cannot sleep."

"Be gone, Justina. How cruel art thou! Dost thou not see that I tremble all over? Stay at least till I fall asleep, if it be possible for me to do so in the perturbation I am in."

At last her radiant eyes began to look heavy, and it was agreed upon by Justina and Volange, that the Sylph, terrified by the shrieks which Eliza had made, should make himself wanted the succeeding night. In effect, she called upon him in vain.

She was afraid that she had lost him for ever. "My outcries," said she, must have affrighted him."

"That is very likely, my lady," said Justina: "is a spirit so timorous as that comes to? And ought he not

to have adverted to the perturbation which he had caused in you? Rest assured; he knows what passes in your heart, as well as you do yourself. And, perhaps, he is listening there at this very moment."

"Do you say so! You make me tremble."

"What! are not you glad that your Sylph can read your heart?"

"Certainly! there passes nothing there, which is not to his advantage. But I cannot help associating something of the man with the idea I form of the Sylphs, and modesty —."

"Modesty, in my opinion, has nothing to do with Sylphs: where would be the harm, for instance, to prevail upon him to come again to-night?"

"Ah, it can signify nothing to dissemble, he knows very well, that I wish he would."

Eliza's wish was realised. She was in bed, the light was extinguished, and Volange was at her pillow. "Dost thou think, that he will come again?" said she to Justina.

"Yes, if he has any gallantry in him, he must come again."

"Oh, if he could but hear me!"

"He does hear you," replied Volange, in a low voice; "but send away your witness, for her presence lays me under some constraint."

"What is the matter, my Lady, you seem very much disturbed?"

"Nothing is the matter; leave me, I beg thee."

Justina obeyed, and when they were alone, "How comes it," said the pretended Sylph, "that my voice should frighten you? People never are afraid of those whom they love."

"Alas," said she, "can I see my dreams realised in this manner without being alarmed, and change, by an inconceivable miracle, from illusion to reality? Can I think that one of the celestial beings would condescend to quit his aerial abode for the sake of the acquaintance of a mere mortal?"

"If you knew," replied Volange, "how much you eclipse all the charms of the aerial nymphs, you would not plume

plume yourself on account of your triumph over them. My love is as pure and unchangeable as my essence, and yet it is delicate to an excess. We possess only the faculties of the soul; you have them likewise as well as we, Eliza; but to enjoy their delights, you must reserve me that heart, of which I am jealous; you may amuse yourself with every thing interesting or amiable in the world; but must never love any thing in it as much as you do me."

"Ah! it is very easy for me to obey you in this particular," said she, in more faltering accents. "The world has no attractions for me. In the vacuity of my soul I could not give access to the vain pleasures, which strove to seduce it; and how can it be accessible now, when it is entirely engrossed by you? But as for you, pure celestial spirit, how can I flatter myself that I have power to fix and satisfy you?"

"Let me inform you," said Volange in reply, "what it is that distinguishes us from all the spirits diffused all over the universe, and more especially from the human species. A Sylph has no private happiness; he has no happiness exclusive of that which he loves. Nature has denied him the power of loving himself alone; and as he participates all the pleasures he causes, he experiences likewise all the pains which he inflicts. Fate has left me the choice of that part from which my happiness originates; but when this choice is once made, we have only one soul, and it is only in rendering you happy, that I can hope to be happy myself."

"Be so then," said she with transport, "for the bare idea of such a charming union enraptures me, and elevates me above myself. What comparison can there be between this and that intimate commerce with dangerous mortals, to whom we are mere slaves? Alas! you know that I have submitted to the laws of Hymen, and that I am now in chains."

"I know it," answered Volange, "and one of my labours will be to render them light."

"Ah," replied she, "do not be jealous. My husband is perhaps the clearest from the vices of his sex; but they are all so opiated, so plumed with their advantages, so indulgent to their own defects, so rigorous towards our's, so little scrupulous of the means they put in practice to seduce and enslave us, that it would be no less imprudent than indiscreet to trust them."

"Well then," said the Sylph, "would you believe it: every thing that you find fault with in the men, we blame the Sylphids (or female Sylphs) for. Enchanting, insinuating, fertile in expedients, there is no artifice they stick at to tyrannize over us spirits; but when they are once sure of their ascendancy, a capricious and absolute will, an imperious temper to which every thing must submit, take place of timorousness, meekness and complaisance, and it is not till after we have been in *love* with them, that we find we ought to *hate* them. This ruling passion which nature has endowed them with, has nevertheless some exceptions; and it is the same with respect to the other sex. But be this as it may, my dear Eliza, both of them will be strangers to us, if you do but love me as ardently as I do you. Farewell, my duty and your repose oblige me to take my leave. Heaven has given me the charge of your star, and I am going to guide it. May it shed the most genial influences upon you!"

"But, why must you go so soon?"

"Only to see you again to-morrow at the same hour."—"Adieu—but stop!—only one word.—May I have a confident?"

"You have one: keep to her; Justina loves you, and is dear to me."

"What name must I give you, when I converse with her about you?"

"In the aërial regions I am called *Voloc*, and in the language of the Sylphs, this name signifies *All-soul*."

"Ah! I deserve the same name ever since I have known you." The Sylph was gone. Eliza's heart swam in joy, she was at the summit of her wishes,
and

and amidst the delicious ideas which engrossed her, slumber locked up her senses.

Justina was apprised of all that had passed, and was under no necessity of repeating it to Volange. She only told him that he left his wife under a *spell*. "That is not sufficient," said he, "I would have every thing bring her amour to her mind in the Sylph's absence. Thou art mistress of the inmost recesses of her heart; let me know what she is most fond of; the Sylph may seem to have guessed it."

That very evening Eliza, that she might be free from constraint, went, attended with Justina, to take a walk in one of those magnificent gardens, which are the ornaments of Paris; and though her soul was occupied by the Sylph, a *penchant* natural to the sex made her fix her eyes upon the dress of a lady unknown to her. "What a charming robe is that!" cried she, and Justina pretended not to hear her. But the cunning attendant having heard the name of the lady, that was so well-dressed, treasured it up in her memory, and told it to Volange.

The hour of meeting being arrived, Eliza went to bed, and when she was by herself—"Ah! my dear Valoé," cried she, "have you forgot me? I am now alone, and you do not come."

"He was waiting for you," said Volange; "your image followed him even in the aerial regions. He saw no one but you in the supernal court. But, Eliza, have you wished for nothing but him in his absence?"

"No, indeed," said she, "nothing but you are worthy of my thoughts."

"But for all that I know, Eliza, that you have formed a wish for something besides me."

"You make me uneasy," replied Eliza; "and after the minutest recollection, I cannot tell what you mean."

"You have forgot it, but I remember it, and instead of being uneasy on that account, I wish you had many

such. I have told you, that the Sylphs are jealous, but that makes them only more industrious to please. Do not be astonished to find that I am curious with respect to the most trivial occurrences of your life; I would not leave any thing but flowers in it, and would remove the least thorn from it. For instance, your husband always makes me jealous. How do you and he agree?"

"I! I!" replied Eliza, somewhat confused, "live with him as if he were a man: in that diffidence and distrust, that is naturally inspired by one sex, which is born the enemy of the other. I was married to him without being asked for my consent. I followed the line of duty, but not that of inclination. He told me that he loved me, and he would have been glad to please me; that is to say, to make me his slave: he has not been able to succeed; and his vanity, which he calls delicacy, has made him alter his mind. We are very good friends you see, or rather, independent of one another."

"Is he not somewhat complainant?"

"Yes, pretty much so; enough to seduce a woman who does not know, as well as I, how dangerous the men are."

"You might have been worse off: and your husband is not quite so teasing as some of his sex generally are. In other respects he is passable; but if you should ever have cause to complain of him; he shall be punished immediately."

"Pray do not, I conjure you: whatever should pass between us I beg you will not concern yourself about it. I owe you an entire confidence; but it would be the most cruel abuse of it to hurt him any ways. He is unhappy enough in being a man; and he is severely punished for being so."

"Your soul is celestial, amiable Eliza, a mortal does not deserve you. I believe I have not told you our method of correcting the men. They know of nothing else but fire and sword; but we have milder methods

of revenge. Whenever your husband affronts or displeases you, you shall let me know it, and in an instant regret and compunction shall take possession of his soul, and he shall have no peace either with me, or himself, till he shall have atoned for the displeasure he has given you on his knees. I shall go farther, I will inspire him with every thing you inspire me with: so that the spirit of your Sylph shall animate your husband, and you shall always be before his eyes.

“That,” cried Eliza, in raptures, “is the only expedient to make me love him.”—And thus ended this new conversation.

(To be continued.)

Account of HARLEQUIN FREE-MASON.

A New pantomime obviously prepared with great pains, and at great expence, was performed, December 29, at Covent-Garden Theatre, for the first time, under the title of Harlequin Free-Mason. To give the reader any tolerably intelligible idea of a representation so mixed, so incongruous, and generally so unconnected as a modern pantomime, is at all times a difficult and frequently an impracticable attempt; but when a pantomime is founded on masonry, it must strike every observer, that as the essence of the entertainment is avowedly wrapped in mystery, the difficulty must be doubled, and that none but a brother of the art can unfold, and explain the ceremonies of the night. Without attempting to display any knowledge and skill in masonry, (for we are determined not to betray any of the secrets of the art) we shall proceed in the plainest and most homely language to describe the works of the first evening, performed in the grand lodge of Covent-garden theatre.

The opening scene of this entertainment is conformable to the opinion held by all Free Masons, “that the original of architecture is taken from

that great building, MAN.” Agreeable to this idea, three masons are discovered at work, on a figure representing a man, composed of the different orders of architecture, as

The Head of the	Composite.
Arms —	Corinthian,
Body —	Ionic.
Thighs —	Doric.
Legs —	Tuscan.

On the masonic signal for leaving work, they depart, when the shade of Hiram Abiff (Grand Warden to king Solomon, and his assistant in building his temple) rises; and from the stone figure produces an Harlequin, instructs him in the use of tools, and endues a trowel with magic power, which (like the customary sword) is to assist him in all his difficulties; Hiram Abiff after this ceremony leaves him.

Harlequin's first sight of Colombine (who is the daughter of a Jew) is with her father, while he is surveying a house (which he is about to have built) just rising from the foundation. Harlequin and Colombine (as usual) are reciprocally enamoured at sight, and the first proof he makes of the virtue of the trowel, is, by shewing the building completed at a touch. In the general astonishment at this miracle, Harlequin finds means to steal Colombine from her father; who recovers her, however, soon after, and introduces her to a Dutch lover, whom he wishes her to marry. Various amusing incidents arise among the common characters.

The second exertion of Harlequin's trowel, is amidst a group of peasants at the Alps, by raising the Temple of Bacchus, and the next by a representation of the wooden building in Covent-garden, where the aloe was shewn. Many more adventures are introduced and changes of the scenery, particularly a frost scene in Holland, with skaiters, to a tumultuous sea; a court of justice to the market at Billingsgate: and the whole interspersed with occasional airs, catches, and chorusses, 'till Hiram Abiff again appears, and obtains the old Jew's consent to the marriage

riage of Harlequin and his daughter. This point settled, he signifies the necessity of his attendance at a grand lodge, it being the anniversary feast to install a new Grand Master of the ancient and noble order of Free and Accepted Masons. This naturally introduces the *procession*, wherein by a regular succession of the principal Grand Masters, from Enoch to the present time, the antiquity, advancement, and dignity of masonry are illustrated in a pleasing and instructive manner.

Besides the introduction of the capital characters (an explanation whereof, together with that of their respective pageants, is subjoined with the printed songs) the whole is embellished with some striking historical events, in the reign of our own kings, particularly Edward the Third, and his son the Black Prince, releasing John, king of France, and his son, who were made captives in the battle of Cressy; queen Elizabeth taking the masons under her protection; Guy Vaux's intended conspiracy discovered; Sir Robert Viner's whimsical address to Charles the Second at Guildhall; and the humiliated Dutch imploring him to grant them peace.

The pantomime part of this entertainment is light and rather thinner of business than usual. The story, it must be confessed, (exclusive of the ultimate disposal of Harlequin and Colombine, which is left to the audience by imagination to supply) is more intelligible than in many preceding pantomimes. Colombine's father, as above mentioned, appears as a Jew, the clown as an awkward Launcelot, and the lover as a Dutchman, who are wonderfully turned into laughter by the force of pantomimic skill; by which alone, perhaps, humour and merriment could be extracted from characters naturally so very grave and gloomy.

The scenery is admirable, and does infinite credit to Mess. Richards, Carver, Hodgins, and French. The first scene exhibits a mason's yard, bounded with a view of a wide river, the opposite bank of which presents a rich

rural landscape; the whole forming one of the most beautiful, correct, and finished stage pictures ever exhibited in a theatre; a picture which will bear the closest examination of the eye of the connoisseur, through the best opera glass, that ever was made by Dollond. The frost scene is also a very picturesque representation of the subject it is designed to represent. The side wings have been seen before, but the whole of the centre is new, and painted with great skill and success. The skating figures are artfully managed.

The procession, (the idea of which is evidently taken from the procession in Mr. Garrick's entertainment of the Jubilee,) is as grand and splendid a theatrical pageant as ever was seen, since pageantry became the vice of the stage; and when we say this, we are aware that we speak boldly.

The principal performers very kindly lent their assistance to this expensive effort of the manager, by walking in the procession, and giving it every support deducible from dumbshew and adroit pantomime. Their great master, Mr. Garrick, set them the example in the Jubilee, and though we neither wish nor hope to see the best actors ordinarily reduced to the mortifying situation of pageant kings, popes, and princes, we cannot but confess, that it argues a most laudable zeal for the service, when they condescend to put themselves in that situation, during the first run of an entertainment, which must have cost the manager so much, and which promises to draw such large audiences to the theatre.

The music was pleasing; the performers did the pantomime justice, but no one tried more successfully to keep the piece alive than Mr. Stevens. This young man has not afforded any great promise to become a capital comedian, though he is considerably improved of late, but in pantomime he seems determined to stand conspicuously forward, and to shew that he knows, what few comedians are masters of—the art of expressing a good deal, when he does not utter a syllable.

Harlequin Free-Mason, was received with loud and repeated plaudits.

Order and Explanation of the Procession of the principal Grand Masters from the Creation to the present Century, in the grand Procession.

Ist B A N N E R.

Enoch. Two men bearing Pillars.

The first mason Enoch, son of Jared, erected two pillars, one of stone, the other of brick; he carved also the arts of geometry and masonry, Anno Mundi 987. Josephus affirms, the stone pillar remained in Syria till his time.

II^d B A N N E R.

Nimrod. Two hunters.

Four men bearing the Tower of Babel.

Grand master Nimrod, son of Cush, built the stately city of Babylon, and its tower Babel, the largest work the world ever saw; he built also Nineveh, where he long reigned; and under him flourished many learned mathematicians, whose successors were long after called Chaldees and Magi. The dispersion and confusion of tongues at Babel, gave rise to the mason's faculty, and universal practice of knowing each other by signs and tokens, which became the source of symbolical learning throughout the East.

III^d B A N N E R.

Mitzraim. Two attendants.

Two carrying the Pyramid.

Mitzraim, the second son of Ham, built many magnificent edifices in Egypt. The famous pyramid, the first of the seven wonders of art, 360,000 masons were employed on it twenty years; he also assisted at the building of Thebes, which had a hundred gates, and formed the colossal sphinx, whose head was 120 feet round, Anno Mundi, 1816.

IVth B A N N E R

Six soldiers. Four trumpets
Six Singers. Four Boys. High-Priest.

Throne with Solomon; on one side Hiram Abiff; the other, Hiram king of Tyre.

Solomon Great Grand Master of masonry, founded his temple, the second wonder of the world, Anno Mundi, 2993, assisted by his deputy grand master and most accomplished designer Hiram Abiff, sent by Hiram king of Tyre.

Vth B A N N E R.

Queen of Sheba.

Four Egyptian virgins bearing Vases.

Four men bearing the Temple.

Solomon divided the Fellow-crafts into certain lodges, with a Master and Wardens in each, that they might receive commands in a regular manner, might take care of their tools and jewels, might be regularly paid every week, and be duly fed and clothed, &c. and the Fellow-crafts took care of their succession, by educating apprentices. Thus a solid foundation was laid of perfect harmony among the brotherhood, the Lodge was strongly cemented with love and friendship; every brother was duly taught secrecy and prudence, morality and good friendship; each knew his peculiar business, and the grand design was vigorously pursued.

VIth B A N N E R.

Darius Hytaspes. Zoroaster.

Two bearing the Temple of the Sun.

Darius Hytaspes, who married the daughter of Cyrus, confirmed his decree of rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem; and in the 6th year of his reign his grand ward, Zerubbabel, finished it. In his reign Zoroaster flourished, the Archimagus, or grand master of the Magi, whose disciples were great improvers of geometry and the liberal arts; and who erected many famous temples dedicated to the Sun.

VIIth

VIIth B A N N E R.

Augustus Cæsar. Agrippa. Two
soldiers.

Two bearing the Pantheon.

Grand Master Augustus Cæsar, with his deputy, Agrippa, built the grand portico of the Pantheon at Rome; the temple of Mars the Avenger; the temple of Apollo, and many other edifices. Augustus dying, said, "I found Rome built of brick, but I have left it built of marble." Hence the Augustan style, the union of wisdom, strength, and beauty.

VIIIth B A N N E R.

Titus Vespasian.

A soldier bound, who fired the temple.

Two guards. Two bearing the
Temple on fire.

Grand Master Titus Vespasian, built the temple of Peace, and raised his famous amphitheatre, where the rich composite order was first used.

IXth B A N N E R.

Constantine. Two Roman Senators.

Four carrying the Triumphal Arch.

Constantine erected at Rome the last triumphal arch in the Augustan style, and at his new metropolis, Byzantium (which he called Constantinople,) the amazing serpentine pillar, with his own equestrian statue.

Xth B A N N E R.

William the Conqueror. Britannia.

Gundolph. De Montgomery.

Two bearing the Tower of London.

William the Conqueror appointed Gundolph bishop of Rochester, and Roger de Montgomery, earl of Shrewsbury, to be at the head of the Fellow-crafts, building for the king the Tower of London, and the Castle of Dover, &c.

XIth B A N N E R.

Edward III. Black Prince,

King John of France and his son Philip, in chains.

Lord Audley. Two bearing Wind-
for Castle.

Edward III. and his son, the Black Prince, became patrons of arts and sciences. He set up a table at Windsor 600 feet in circumference, for feasting the gallant knights of all nations, and rebuilt the castle and palace of Windsor; he was himself a Royal Grand Master, meliorated the constitution, and died after building many stately edifices, the 21st of June, 1377.

XIIth B A N N E R.

Elizabeth. Essex. Sir Walter Raleigh.

Four Master Masons with Aprons.

Elizabeth, in whose reign the true Augustan style revived in England, hearing the Free-Masons had certain secrets which could not be revealed to her, and being jealous of all secret assemblies, sent an armed force to break up their annual Lodge at York, on St. John's day, 1561; but Sir Thomas Sackville, with other Free-Masons, making an honourable report of the society to the queen, she ever after esteemed them as a peculiar set of men, who cultivated peace and friendship, arts and sciences, without meddling in affairs of church or state. In her reign Grand Master Sir Thomas Gresham built the first Royal Exchange, 1570.

XIIIth B A N N E R.

Pope Julius II. Michael Angelo.
Bramante.

Raphael. Jocunde. San Gallo.

Two bearing St. Peter's.

Pope Julius II. Grand Master of Rome, retained Bramante as his architect and Grand Warden, in 1503, who drew the grand design of St. Peter's in Rome. The Pope, with Bramante, led a solemn assembly of cardinals, clergymen, and craftsmen, to level the foot-stone of that great cathedral in due form, A. D. 1507. Raphael of Urbino, Jocunde of Verona, Anthony

Anthony San Gallo, Michael Angelo, these four succeeded each other, till that lofty temple was finished by Michael Angelo. Julius died at Rome, aged 90 years, on February 17, 1564.

XIVth B A N N E R.

James I. Inigo Jones. Two bearing Whitehall.

Guy Vaux. Sir Thomas Pervit. A Nobleman.

James I. a Royal Brother Mason, Grand Master, established the Augustan style in England; he appointed Inigo Jones his Grand Surveyor and Grand Master of all the Lodges in his kingdom; he ordered him to draw the plan of a new palace at Whitehall. The King, with his Grand Master Jones, and his Grand Wardens, William Herbert earl of Pembroke, and Nicholas Stone, the Sculptor, attended by many Brothers in due form, and other eminent persons, walked to Whitehall gate, and levelled the foot-stone of the new Banqueting-house, with three great knocks, and loud huzzas, sound of trumpets, and a purse of broad pieces of gold laid upon the stone for the masons to drink

“To the King and Craft.”

XVth B A N N E R.

Charles II. Sir William Davenant. Killigrew.

General Monk. Dutch Captain.

Four Dutch sailors. Lord Mayor.

Two bearing the Monument.

Charles II. in his travels, had been made a Free-Mason; he encouraged the Augustan style. In the year 1666, the king, with Thomas Savage earl of Rivers, and his Deputy, Sir Christopher Wren, levelled the foot-stone of the new Royal Exchange, October 23, 1667, the lord-mayor and aldermen, &c. attending. The king, with Grand Master Rivers, his architects and Craftsmen, nobility and gentry, lord-mayor and aldermen, bishops, clergy, &c. in due form, levelled the foot-stone of the new St. Paul's, designed by Deputy Grand Master Wren,

A. D. 1673. In this reign was erected the Monument, Chelsea Hospital, Greenwich Hospital, &c.

XVIth B A N N E R.

William III. Queen Mary.

Two to carry the Obelisk.

William III. was privately made a Free-Mason: his Grand Master Wren, built the palace at Kensington, and finished Chelsea Hospital, also Hampton Court and Greenwich Hospital.

XVIIth B A N N E R.

Sir Christopher Wren. Two noblemen.

Two bearing St Paul's.

Sir Christopher Wren finished St. Paul's, London, and celebrated the capstone when he erected the cross on the top of the cupola in July, A. D. 1708. The church of Walbrooke is famous all over Europe, and justly reputed a master-piece. Perhaps Italy itself can produce no modern building that can vie with it in taste or proportion. Hooke has comprised the character of Sir Christopher Wren, in these few but comprehensive words: “I must affirm,” says he, “that since the time of Archimedes, there scarce ever has met in one man in so great a perfection, such a mechanical hand, and so philosophical a mind.” He died Feb. 23, 1733.

XVIIIth B A N N E R,

Two, bearing Insignia. Six Knights Templars.

XIXth B A N N E R.

Royal Arch. Six Gentlemen Masons. Two bearing the Pageant.

XXth B A N N E R.

Modern Masons. A Tiler.

Two Masons bearing Solomon's Pillar.

Four Stewards with Wands.

Grand Marshal with Truncheon.

Secretary with Cross Pens.

Grand Treasurer with Keys.

Six Fellow-crafts drawing the throne.

The

The following are the most approved
airs in the pantomime of Harlequin
Free-Mason

A I R Mason's Glee.

Behold the model of our art,
Work on whatever plan,
Masons must borrow still some part
From that great structure Man.
Here well to captivate the sight,
The Orders all agree;
Proportion, strength, and force unite,
With ease and symmetry.
But see the sun rides down the west,
And hark, our sign from work to rest.

A I R. Master Mason.

The sun's a Free-Mason, he works all the day,
Village, city, and town to adorn,
Then from labour at rest,
At his lodge in the west,
Takes with good brother Neptune a glass on
his way.
Thence ripe for the fair,
He flies from all care,
To dame Thetis's arms,
Till rous'd from her arms
By the morn.

C H O R U S.

So do we, our labour done,
First the glass
And then the lass,
And then
Sweet slumbers give fresh force
To run our course,
Thus with the rising sun.

II.

The course of the sun all our mysteries defines;
First Masonry rose in the east,
Then to no point confin'd
His rays cheer mankind.
Besides, who'll deny, that he well knows the
signs?
The Grand Master he
Then of Masons shall be,
Nor shall ought the Craft harm,
Till to shine and to warm
He has ceas'd.

Then like him, our labour done, &c.

A I R. In the Temple of Bacchus.

At a jovial meeting of gods once on high,
Ere Bacchus was hatch'd from old Jupiter's
thigh;
This one told his story, and that sang his song,
And did what he could lest the time should
seem long.

Apollo read verses, the Graces wreath'd
flowers,
The Muses of harmony sung for the powers,
Bully Mars crack'd his joke, and sly Momus
his jest;
Yet their mirth wanted something to give it a
zest.

Says Jove, our assembly to-day's pretty full,
Yet I don't know how 'tis, we're horribly
dull;
We have all the ingredients that mirth should
inspire,
But some clay-born alloy damps our heavenly
fire.

I have it—in this I'll a mixture inclose,
Of all the delights whence good fellowship
flows;
And we'll taste of its produce, for mirth's bad
at best,
When there's any thing wanting to give it a
zest.

So saying, so doing, he buried the shrine,
Which quickly sprung up in the form of a
vine,
The leaves broad and verdant, the fruit
deepest blue,
Whence a juice flow'd that health, love, or
youth might renew.

Its influence to feel, they came round it in
swarms;
Mars took draughts of courage, and Venus
drank charms:
Momus swallow'd bon mots, Cupid love—so
the rest,
While Jove spurning nectar—cry'd this is the
zest.

A I R

Hail Masonry, thou Craft divine,
Glory of earth from heaven reveal'd;
Which does with jewels precious shine,
From all but Masons eyes conceal'd.

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
A Mason other men excels;
For what's in knowledge choice or rare,
But in his breast securely dwells?
His silent breast and faithful heart,
Preserve the secrets of our art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
From beast whose roar the forest rends;
From the assault of warriors bold,
The Mason's art mankind defends.

Ensigns of state that feed our pride,
Distinctions troublesome and vain,
By Masons true are laid aside,
Art's free-born sons such toys disdain.

Account of the new comic Opera, called THE LORD OF THE MANOR, performed December 27, at Drury-Lane Theatre. The Characters of the Piece were as follow :

Sir John Contrast,	Mr. Parsons.
Contrast (his eldest son, disguised under the name of Rashley,) —	} Mr. Bannister.
Contrast, junior, —	
Truemore, —	Mr. Palmer.
Rental, —	Mr. Vernon.
Le Lippe, —	Mr. Aickin.
Captain Trepan —	Mr. Dodd.
Serjeant Trim, —	Mr. Baddeley.
Corporal Snap, and	} Mr. R. Palmer,
and a Soldier's	
Trull, —	} Mr. Williams,
	} and
	} Mr. Suett.
Sophia, —	Miss Farren.
Aunette, —	} Signora Pru-
Peggy, —	} dom.
	} Mrs. Wrighten.

THE hint of the piece is obviously taken from *Le Silvain* of Marmontel, a comedy of one act, interspersed with airs, and produced at the *Comedie Italienne* in Paris, in the year 1770. The fable however is very considerably altered and enlarged, and turns chiefly on the following incidents.

Sir John Contrast, an affluent commoner, remarkable for his obstinacy, as well in error as in rectitude, and described as having an excellent heart, the generous and noble impulses of which were so frequently counteracted by the perverseness of his head, that he was betrayed into nearly as many wrong actions as the intentionally vicious, has discarded his eldest son, and disinherited him for marrying without his consent a woman, whom he tenderly loved, but who had no fortune. In the moment of his anger he sent this son a Bank note of one thousand pounds, and insisted upon never seeing his face again.

Contrast, sensible of his father's immoveable obstinacy, without endeavouring to obtain Sir John's forgiveness, which he expected would

prove a fruitless attempt, leaves the part of the country in which his father lived, and having taken his wife with him to a considerably distant county, assumed the name of Rashley, entered upon a farm, and by honest industry lived in perfect happiness and content till his wife's death, which did not take place till after she had blessed him with two daughters. Nearly twenty years after he had quitted his father's, Sir John becomes a purchaser of the manor-house and domain of his son's landlord, and at this period of time the opera commences.

Contrast opens to his friend Rental, the steward of the manor, his real name and situation, and laments the unfortunate circumstance of his father's coming to reside at the manor-house, in consequence of which he shall be under the necessity of changing his place of residence, and removing once more to a distance. Rental, who is a plain, sensible, and worthy character, dissuades him from this resolution, bidding him hope for a happy turn in his affairs, and informing him that his father has a son born since he retired, who has been bred up under the idea of being made Sir John's heir. This new brother, he informs him, is hourly expected to arrive, and he describes him as a man of modern fashion, and a complete representative of the present coxcomb in high life.

His description is corroborated by the sudden entrance of the younger Contrast's valet, who in compliance with the prevailing prejudices among the *ton* in favour of foreign servants, has resigned the plain name of Homestall, and adopted the more continental appellation of Le Lippe. Le Lippe recognizes Rental immediately, as an old town acquaintance, and, at his desire, introduces Contrast to a perfect acquaintance with the manners of his master, by drawing his picture in striking colours—the picture is scarcely finished, before the original appears, and gives incontestible proof of the faithfulness of the portrait.

After

After a colloquy, in which the rationality of the elder brother's sentiments, and the folly of the younger's general conduct, are forcibly contrasted, the latter is called aside by Le Lippe, and informed, that in the adjoining cottage, (the residence of the supposed farmer Rashley,) he has met with a prodigious fine girl—The latter at first disdains all thoughts of a woman in the country, but at length consents with great indifference to take a view of her, and retires into the house with Rental and his elder brother.

Truemore, the lover of Sophia, (Contrast's eldest daughter) and who entertains a mutual passion for him, then appears, and is alarmed on being told by Peggy, (the servant wench of Contrast) that his beloved is likely to become mistress of the Manor Castle, a circumstance which the girl from the simplicity of her mind, and the consciousness of Sophia's beauty and goodness, conceives must follow from an interview with the heir apparent; taking it for granted that he'll instantly fall in love with her mistress, and that she, from views of interest, will readily accept the offer of his hand.

Truemore on this information retires to vent his sorrows, and the scene changes to an apartment in Contrast's cottage, in which Sophia and her sister Annette are presented to young Contrast, who regards them with great *bouteur*, though he allows Sophia to be a fine girl, and wonderfully accomplished for a rustic. After a song from Sophia, by her father's order, in which she expresses her contempt for the insipid coxcomb before her, they separate, and by young Contrast's directions, his huntsmen meet him at the door of the cottage, and salute him with a song; but the horns being too boisterous for his delicate organs, he retires in disgust.

In the next act Young Contrast surprises Sophia in the Castle Gardens, and blessing the opportunity, offers to treat her rudely, but is prevented by

the sudden appearance of Truemore, who was accidentally at hand, and who severely reprimands the coxcomb for his attempt. As soon as Young Contrast has retired, his brother appears, and checks Truemore for being found in his daughter's company, after he had given him his word, that he would not again seek it, upon his telling him, that for reasons of a private nature, a match between them must not take place. Truemore tells the father of Sophia of the danger she had been in, and of his happiness in having been able to prevent it. Contrast repeats his declaration, that they must not think of an union, and Sophia in her father's presence pledges her faith to Truemore as the only man she will ever marry. Contrast commands his daughter to prepare to accompany him within a few hours to another part of the country, and, after forbidding Truemore's following them, they part.

Young Contrast next meets his valet, and scolds him for being out of call when Truman interrupted his design upon Sophia; Le Lippe answers, that he was busy in attempting to gain the maid, and he had concluded his master had been in like manner employed to prevail on the mistress. The master vows revenge from the vexation of disappointment, and the valet advises to get Truemore pressed, and to throw the father of Sophia into a jail, by multiplying law suits against him, on repeated pleas of different violations of the game act. The advice is adopted, Young Contrast orders Le Lippe to take one of his rouleaus to bribe Peggy over to his interest, and they retire to carry their scheme into execution. The next scene presents us with Contrast and his two daughters, the father admonishing the latter how to behave in the presence of Sir John, who is coming to visit his cottage. Hearing Sir John approach, he withdraws, and bids his daughters say he is absent. The old man then comes in, accompanied by Rental his steward, who with a friendly hope of reconciling the father to the son, had already

prevailed on Contrast not to carry his resolution of quitting that part of the country, immediately into practice, and had brought Sir John to the cottage in expectation that the force of nature would effect the wished-for purpose, through the medium of Contrast's daughters. Sir John enters into conversation with the girls, and is charmed with their good sense, vivacity, and cheerfulness. He calls the cottage the Temple of Witchcraft, and after wondering how girls so accomplished should be found under so humble a roof, enquires who their father is, and what are his circumstances. Rental describes them as they really are; but without discovering who Rashley is, Sir John admires the obstinacy of the supposed Rashley's father, because he conceives that obstinacy argues wisdom, but he swears that he will be the protector of the girls and their parent, and that he will make the cottage the seat of plenty and happiness. He invites them to the Castle, and promises, in case he does not prove a powerful advocate in their favour with their father's persecutor, to build a house of correction for himself, and present them with the key of it.

In the third act Le Lippe procures an interview with Peggy, and offers her the rouleau for the purpose pointed out by his master. She boils with indignation, but thinking dissimulation may prove advantageous to deceive her mistress, accepts and pockets the rouleau. A scene of a country fair is next exhibited, at which Captain Trepan appears, and opens to Rental all the arts and manœuvres of a recruiting officer of a peculiar stamp, vulgarly called a *dealer in skins*, but more commonly a *Crimp*. After discovering the mysteries of his profession, without reserve, he draws up his recruits, orders a march to be beat, which is followed by a song. Trueman comes in search of Trepan, and offers to enlist on two considerations—the loan of twenty guineas, and a few hours leave of absence; promising to meet the officer at the Castle, when he goes there to attest his recruits before Sir John, the only magistrate in

the vicinage. His offer is accepted, and the money paid. Rental observing the fact, and guessing the generous motive of Trueman, suffers it for the present to be completed.

In the next scene, we learn from Peggy that she had conducted her new lover Le Lippe to a ditch after making him fuddled, and had there left him to sleep himself sober. She is interrupted by Trepan's corporal, who has been sent to watch Trueman, fearing his design to desert with the twenty guineas. He questions Peggy, whether she had seen a man with a red cockade and good legs pass that way, declaring he could give no other description, as he had not himself ever seen the recruit he was in search after. Peggy observing young Contrast approach, resolves to be revenged on him for his designs against her mistress. She therefore points him out to the Corporal as the man. The Corporal in consequence stops Young Contrast, and questions him upon the subject. Astonished at so rude an interruption, he gives short answers, which produce shorter replies, and very abusive language from the Corporal: the colloquy is brought to an end by the latter's whistling to his companions, who seize Young Contrast, and bind him as a deserter. After a short dialogue between a regimental trull and the supposed deserter, the scene shifts, and Sir John and the Captain are discovered together in the great hall of the Castle, the former having just finished attesting the latter's recruits. A soldier steps on and whispers Trepan, who instantly tells Sir John he has one more piece of business with him, and that is to commit a deserter. Sir John orders the deserter to be produced, when his own son is brought before him with a knapsack tied to his back.

Young Contrast being recognized by his father, Trepan apologizes, and at that moment Trueman enters, and after paying down forty guineas, which he declares he has raised to prevent the supposed farmer Rashley from being sent to gaol for that amount of penalties for offences sworn against him upon the game laws, tells Trepan he

is ready to accompany him as his recruit. Sir John is all astonishment, and his surprize is heightened by Peggy's coming on and avowing that she contrived the mistake, in consequence of which Young Contrast had been seized as a deserter. Peggy states her reasons for her conduct, and producing the rouleau she had received from Le Lippe, delivers its contents to True-more. Sir John is greatly exasperated at his son's vicious attempts on Sophia, who is at that moment produced by Rental, with her father and sister, all threethrowing themselves at Sir John's feet, and Rental calling upon him to perform his promise. The old man, though obstinate in error, rejoices at so good an opportunity of acting oppositely to his former conduct, and decrees, by way of punishment to his youngest, and pardon to his eldest son, that the Castle shall be forthwith in possession of Sophia and Arnette, as the house of correction he had promised to erect for himself, and present them with the key of. Young Contrast is pleaded for by his brother, and, after shewing a return of noble nature, orders horses instantly for London, declaring, he will never more attempt an intrigue with a rustic. True-more's generosity meets with its due reward in the gift of Sophia's hand, by the mutual consent of her father, and of Sir John, and the piece concludes as most operas do, with a vaudeville.

The performers deserve great praise; Signora Prudom sings most delightfully, and will prove a mine of wealth to the theatre. Miss Farren looked prettily, and got through her songs better than we expected, and made the most of the tender Sophia. Dodd was every thing the author could have wished in Le Lippe. Baddeley exerted himself in Trepan, and as the vulgar saying is, "was all alive in discovering the rogueries of a crimp's practice. Mrs. Wrighten, as usual, ran away with the best part of the applause, when she was on the stage, especially when she sung. Vernon, Parsons, and the rest of the performers, were also entitled to praise.

The following are the most approved AIRS in the comic Opera of The Lord of the Manor.

S O N G. Mrs. Wrighten.

I once was a maiden as fresh as a rose,
And as fickle as April weather;
I lay down without care, and I wak'd from
 repose,
With a heart as light as a feather.

I work'd with the girls, and I play'd with the
 men,
I was always or romping or spinning;
And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and
 then,
I hope 'twas not very great sinning.

I married a husband as young as myself,
And for every frolic as willing;
Together we laugh'd while we had any pelf,
And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.

He's gone to the wars—Heav'n send him a
 prize,
For his pains he is welcome to spend it;
My example, I know, is more merry than
 wife,
—But, Lord help me, I never shall mend it!

S O N G. Mr. Bannister.

Encompass'd in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtue's lay;
Too soon did heav'n assert the claim;
And call its own away.

Lost are those virtues, fled those charms,
Ah! never to return!
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
Ah, me! my Anna's urn!

S O N G. Mr. Dodd.

Over the pavement how we rattle,
Trim the post boys, sharp the cattle,
Driving to our wheels in chorus,
Ev'ry living thing before us!
Cracking, smacking,
Brawling, sprawling,
Zounds, take care, Sir,
Safe to a hair, Sir!
Here they tumble, there they skip,
Helter, skelter,
Swelter, swelter,
Dust and sun, Sir,
Help the fun, Sir,
Oh! the glories of the whip!

S O N G. Mr. Vernon.

Within this shade, beneath this bough,
We pass'd the tender, mutual vow;
Recording loves were list'ning round,
And soft echoes blest'd the sound.

Auspicious hope! whose flight sublime,
Outsoars the laden wing of time,
The tender and the true attend,
And soothe the passions that you blend!

S O N G. Miss Farren.

Hence reveller of tinsel wing,
Inspid, senseless, trifling thing;
Light spendthrift of thy single day,
Pert insignificance, away.

How joyless to thy touch or taste,
Seems all the spring's profuse repast;
The z ft is wanting, senseless fly,
'Tis temperance and industry.

S O N G. Signora Prudom.

Rest, beauteous flow'r, and bloom anew
To court my passing love;
Glow in his eyes with brighter hue,
And all thy form improve.

And while thy balmy odours steal
To meet his equal breath;
Let thy soft blush for mine reveal
Th' imprinted kiss beneath.

A SERIES of LETTERS.

(Continued from Page 657.)

LETTER XVI.

Miss WALLIS to Miss GREVILLE.

Maidstone.

THE pleasure I now feel would not be complete without telling my dear Lucy of it; because she takes a share of all my pains and pleasures. You see, by the date of this, that we are many miles from home. We set out from Percy-Place yesterday; Captain Percy, Louisa, and your friend in the phaeton, Mr. Gordon rode on horseback. Mrs. Percy and I had put on our new riding-habits and hats for the occasion, and for the more convenient way of travelling. Her habit is the uniform of Capt. Percy's regiment, mine is a fawn-colour spotted. After a very agreeable journey, we reached Maidstone about five this afternoon. Mr. Gordon got in the phaeton to Capt. Percy, and drove to the camp; and Mrs. P. and I are but this half hour returned from getting lodgings. We have taken three beds,

and tolerable comfortable rooms; and while she is ordering the supper, take the opportunity of writing to my dear Lucy. I must leave off for the present, but when the gentlemen return, will write again.—They are come back, and we have an invitation to breakfast in Col. Davison's tent to-morrow morning.

In continuation.

Ten o'clock in the morning.

YESTERDAY morning, my dear, we got up by six, ready dressed, stepped into the phaeton by seven, the gentlemen travelling on before. What a number of red coats saluted my eyes! but they occasioned no fluttering in my heart; that was safe. The colonel received us very politely: his tent is very handsome and large, fitted up with elegant chintz. He ordered the band of music to play, while we were at breakfast. Mrs. Percy made the tea, and I the chocolate; after we had finished, we walked out. How very lively every being looked! We ladies returned to Maidstone to dinner; the gentlemen rejoined the colonel's mess; but in the afternoon he desired to be favoured with our company again. We dressed our hairs with more precision than in the morning, and I drove us to the camp. In the evening, the servant attending us, and the colonel seeing our carriage coming, I suppose, for he met us, and conducted us to his tent. Having drank tea, we walked out among the company, and the Middlesex militia were exercising, we stopt to look at them: a delightful band of music playing at the same time; I could not help smiling within myself at some of the officers: they seemed to think themselves so very handsome with their white teeth. Lord! I am sure they need not talk of the ladies' heads, for they are quite as conspicuous with their great hats, and indeed their hair is not less so this year, though in the end I cannot help thinking the way both men and women dress in these times, becoming.

Thi

This day we are going to spend entirely at the camp, and must now leave my pen to dress. Perhaps you will not hear from me again till I return to Percy-hill. Captain Percy intends to take us a different way home from that which we came.

Once more adieu; Mrs. Percy has just called me to do her hair behind; and I, by the bye, shall desire her to do mine. Duty and love attend all the good folks at Grovely-Manor, ends the epistle of

SOPHIA WALLIS.

(To be continued.)

REMARKS on SHAKESPEARE'S WINTER'S TALE.

From Walpole's *Historical Doubts*,
p. 114.

IT is evident from the conduct of Shakspeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. In his play of Richard the Third, he seems to deduce the woes of the house of York, from the curses which queen Margaret had vented against them; and could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. This indeed is the authority which I do not pretend to combat. Shakespeare's immortal scenes will exist, when such poor arguments as mine are forgotten. Richard at least will be tried and executed on the stage, when his defence remains on some obscure shelf of a library. But while these pages may excite the curiosity of a day, it may not be unentertaining to observe, that there is another of Shakespeare's plays that may be ranked among the historic, though not one of his numerous critics and commentators have discovered the drift of it. I mean the *Winter Evening's Tale*, which was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more

advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry VIII. who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked that they touch the real history nearer than the fable

" ————— for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine.
And only that I stand for."

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess her daughter. — Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina describing the new born princess and her likeness to her father, says, "*she has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king

" ————— 'tis your's
And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse."

The *Winter Evening's Tale* was therefore, in reality, a second part of Henry the Eighth.

Essay on the FRENCH COMIC WRITERS and TRANSLATORS.

By the late SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AS no people upon earth affect a greater veneration for the ancients, than the French, they will, I

doubt not, be satisfied to have the merit of their comic productions determined by those rules which they have established.

The original purpose of comedy was to expose particular follies for the punishment of individuals, and as an example to the whole community, but as this mental phycic might prove nauseous and disagreeable to the public palate, it was found necessary to sweeten the dose by conveying it in the pleasing forms of a fable; so that plot, incident, and all the mechanical parts of a play, are to be considered in a secondary light, and as but the mere vehicles of an important medicine. Many of our modern authors, by way of apology for their deviating from this great object of their art, have alledged that the subjects of comedy are exhausted: but this I am afraid is rather a proof of their own inability than a sterility in nature. What reason can be given why she should view less variety in the minds than in the faces of men? There never were perhaps two countenances since the beginning of the world so exactly alike, as not to betray when produced together, a sensible difference; and yet every face consists of the same features; as mouth, nose, chin, &c. The dissimilitude lies in the composition of them. Now, minds are not only differently composed, but the same materials do not enter into their original formation; and for this reason it will be infinitely more difficult to find two minds alike than two faces.

If it be asked, what rules can be given for discerning this difference of characters? I answer, none: that distinguishing talent is properly genius; to some men all characters appear alike. Those little peculiarities on which the specific difference of characters consists, lie buried to the eye of an ordinary observer: but to separate these peculiarities from what men do from custom or fashion in common with the rest of the world; to cull, unite, and draw them to a dramatical point, is the work of a genius.

That plays, consisting merely of incidents, artfully linked with a skilful denouement, and a lucky catastrophe, will amuse, or even entertain, is too notorious a fact to be denied: but neither the pompous apology of, "*Aliquando tollit Comœdia vocem,*" (comedy sometimes raises her voice) nor a professed veneration for simplicity, will ever atone for the want of that great comic essential—character, or entitle these *dialogued novels* to the respectable title of comedies.

Character then, or that specific difference in the mind of one man, which renders him ridiculous to the rest of his contemporaries, being the great comic object, let us consider to what degree of eminence the French writers have attended in the essential.

Moliere is unquestionably the first comic poet the French have produced; nor do I think that I pay him any great compliment, when I prefer him to any of the Roman writers, at least to all those that have reached us. An adoration of the ancients being the religion of the age in which he wrote, I am surprised that the *Boileaus*, *Fontenelles*, and *Daciers*, thought they did *Moliere* infinite honour by comparing him to *Terence* and *Plautus*. Nay, this author was himself the dupe of the fashionable phrenzy; at least I can see no other motive that could compel him to copy the *Amphitruon* of *Plautus*, or to eternally load his scene with the impertinence of abigails and valet-de-chambres.

In the first instance, not to mention the impropriety of the subject, the improbability in the representation should exclude it from a place on any modern theatre. The use of the mask amongst the Romans made the deception natural enough; but by what theatrical magic Mr. Holland is to be mistaken through five acts, for Mr. Havard, without one attempt to impose, I own I can hardly conceive. The familiarity to which the Romans admitted their servants, or at least their freed tradesmen, who generally superintended the education of their children, unavoidably

ably connected them in all their domestic concerns, and accounts for their share in the drama: but these are not the manners of France; it is on the stage alone that the *Le Fleurs* and the *Scapins* are on such intimate terms with their masters. In common life, the same distance is observed as with us; nay in the best of Moliere's pieces, as the *Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe*, the servants have little concern. But notwithstanding the successors of Moliere have thought fit to copy him, at least half of every dramatic composition is consigned to the *Lycettes*, *Crispins*, *Masquarelles*, and *Finettes*.

The best performances of this comic poet are the *Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, *Les Femmes Sçavantes*, *L'Avare*, and the *Festin de Pierre*, though the last is but a translation from the Italian. Not but in almost all his other pieces there are characters which demonstrate his thorough knowledge of nature. The general objects of Moliere's satires were hypocrites, quacks, mountebanks, affectation in women, and foppery in men. Against the first he wrote his *Tartuffe*, and *Festin de Pierre*; against the second *La Malade Imaginaire*, and *Le Medicin Malgre-lui*; against the affectation of learning in ladies *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, and *Les Femmes Sçavantes*: and in almost in every comedy you have a foppish marquis. Moliere observed another considerable absurdity in the manners of his countrymen, viz. a contempt for the professions of their fathers; and an idle ambition to be thought of a superior rank to their own: against this folly he produced his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and *Marquis de Pourceaugnac*.

There cannot be a stronger proof of the peculiar merit of Moliere than the testimony of his contemporary writers; one of whom assures us, that fifteen days representation of his *Femmes Sçavantes* put an entire stop to female pedantry at Paris. One advantage too attended the performances of this author, that the original of the principal character in almost every piece was thoroughly known to the audience.

George Dandin and the *Cocu Imaginaire* were two remarkable tradesmen at Paris. The duke de Montausier was acknowledged the *Misanthrope* and *Oronte*, known for the duke de St. Aignan; the first president sat for the *Tartuffe*, and Monsieur Rohant for *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, whilst Menage and the Abbé Coffin, in the characters of *Vadius* and *Tripotin* heightened the public relish for the *Femmes Sçavantes*. From the fidelity with which these well-known originals were copied, we must allow Moliere a plenary possession of that first great comic requisite, character. The critics arraign the conduct of his plays, and particularly impeach his catastrophes; nor does he stand wholly acquitted of sacrificing propriety to popularity; in his fables they accuse him of plagiarism; but all allow he is best when himself. To this we may add, that whatever obligations he may have had to his predecessors, he has not wasted their stores, but left them with a considerable increase to the general use of the world. Mr. Destouches * seems to have considered Moliere as his model: I do not mean with regard to his objects, but merely the manner of treating them; the *Glorieux*, *Irresolu*, *Les Philosophes Amoureux*, and *Mariusées* have original, and unquestionable merit: perhaps his language is in general more polished, and his fables more his own than Moliere's. His long residence in England during the regency of the duke of Orleans has given a freedom of thinking and writing not to be commonly met with in the works of a Frenchman: to which we may add, that his commerce with the customs of other countries has destroyed his prejudice for, and opened his eyes to the particular follies of his own.

* * * * *

Through all the works of Moliere, and many single pieces of other French

* The Generous Impostor, now acting with great applause, is taken from his *Disputeur*, of which we intend to oblige our friends with a free translation.

writers have been rendered into English, yet either for want of skill or proper pains in the translator, (this being a lucrative branch of the whole art and mystery of authorship,) so little care has been taken to naturalize the expression, accommodate the difference of manners, or transfuse the original fire, that it is scarcely possible, without an almost insupportable degree of languor, for the reader to run even carelessly through them.

Nor indeed have the English been much better treated in their turn. Among ten thousand blunders committed by the French artificers in that execrable collection, called *Le Theatre Anglois*, I remember a pleasant mistake in the title of one of Cibber's plays, *Love's Last Shift*; which instead of calling, *La Derniere Resource*, they christened *La Derniere Chemise de l'Amour*; that is, *Love's Last Smock*. Now, though perhaps it may be difficult to produce an error equivalent to this in our English translations, yet they are, in general, so lamely and lazily executed, that they scarcely convey even a tolerable idea of the true state of the French comedy.

✍ *An English translation of Destouche's Dissipateur, the Spendthrift, with a comparison between some of the scenes of the Generous Impostor, supposed to be taken from thence is reserved for the Magazine for January next.*

REFLECTIONS on the Versification of SHAKESPEARE.

(Extracted from Mr. WEBB's Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry.)

THE beauties of Shakespeare's versification appear accidental when they are most artificial; for the mechanism of his verse, however carefully formed to have its effects, is so fashioned to the temper of the speaker, and nature of the subject, that we overlook the artifice, and it passes along unheeded, as the casual flow of

an unstudied eloquence. Thus the bold and resolute Petruchio:

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry bear chaf'd with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
clangue?

In support of the sentimental harmony in those lines, you may observe, how, by changing the pauses, and varying the movement, the poet has at once guarded against a monotony, and enforced his ideas. Would you see his artifice in its full light, let us follow him through a succession of varied movements. Is there not something mournful in the cadence of these lines?

CONSTANCE.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of
thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum?
K. John.

How different are the accents of the unhappy Constance in this solemn and earnest address to Heaven?

Arm, Arm, ye Heavens, against these perjur'd kings!

A widow cries, be husband to me, Heaven!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere sun-set,
Set armed Discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings;
Hear me, oh! hear me!

Observe what starts of passion succeed.

Austria. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace; peace is to me
a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil; thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward,

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

— — — — — What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave;
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my
side?

Does the anxious heart lament its lost peace?

O gentle Sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids
down,
And sleep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why

Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets, stretching thee;
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
King Henry IV.

Mark how the terrors of a guilty
mind echo through these lines.—

O it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me
of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pro-
nounc'd
The name of Prospero.—

Would you compare the tender
breathings of a lover, with the bold
and swelling tones of a soldier?

Glendower. —She bids you,
All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap;
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you;
And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep;
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and
sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heav'nly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the East.

In agreement with the ideas, the
poet has drawn out these lines in a
languid monotony:

OTHELLO.
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big
war,
That makes ambition virtue! oh! farewell!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
war;
And Oh! you mortal engines, whose rude
throats
Th' immortal Jove's loud clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! —*Othello's occupation's gone.*

When such contrasts as these which
I have brought together, are made to
succeed each other suddenly, and in
the same breath, so that we immedi-
ately feel the transition, then, the se-
veral parts have, not only the intrinsic
beauties of musical imitation, but
likewise a relative advantage from their
comparison one with the other; and
this may, with some allowance be call-
ed the *charo oscuro* of harmony. The

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following passage, in *Cymbeline*, is a
proof and illustration of what I have
advanced.

BELLARIUS.

O! thou goddess;
Thou divine nature! how thyself thou bla-
zon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as
rough
(Their royal blood enchas'd) as the rud'st
wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make it sloop to th' vale.

With what dignity do the numbers
move in the opening of this address!
In the close, they spring into a storm,
and sweep all before them.

I recollect, in *Lear*, a beautiful ex-
ample of a most affecting transition in
the sound, corresponding with a sudden
and pathetic change in the idea.

LEAR.

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you
children,
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
You horrible pleasure;—here I stand your
brave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

Again, when *Hamlet* prevents *Ho-*
ratio from drinking the poison:

HAMLET.

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath with
pain.

The breast actually labours to get
through the last line: and yet these
arts pass unnoticed in *Shakespeare*,
while they are celebrated in poets of in-
ferior merit. The cause of this may,
be, that we more readily observe any
artifice in the management of the
sounds, when we are not much affected
by the idea. It is in excellent poetry
as in capital paintings, the fine and de-
licate touches of art are lost in the ge-
neral effect. It requires some degree
of temper to trace the minute and
auxiliary beauties of poetic harmony
through such a passage as this.

OTHELLO.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?

4 Y

Now

No w—how dost thou look now?—Oh! ill-
 flarr'd wench,
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
 compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from
 heav'n,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
 girl,

Ev'n like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
 Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heav'nly sight,
 Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
 Plunge me in sleep-down gulphs of liquid fire.

Before we quit Shakespeare's versification I must observe that he intended it to be nothing more than measured, or musical prose; except when he meant to rise in his subject, or give distinction to a thought; and then we shall always trace in his numbers the influence of his feelings, and find that they assume a regularity and harmony in proportion, as he was interested in the effects. Nothing could be more opposite to the genius and character of this poet, than a constant equality of versification; nay, it is easy to see that he has often been careful to avoid it. The same is observable in Milton, who sometimes descends into a prosaic negligence, merely to interrupt the monotony: and has frequently chosen to disgrace his measures rather than to fatigue the ear.

Having supported an observation on Shakespeare by a proof drawn from the practice of Milton, it may not be improper to shew that the versification of these two poets had other points of resemblance.

Full many a lady,
 I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time,
 Th' harmony of their tongues hath into
 bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear, for several virtues
 Have I like several women, never any
 " With so full soul, but some defect in her,
 " Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 " And put it to the foil. But you, oh! you!
 " So perfect, and so peerless are created
 " Of every creature's best.

Tempest.

In this passage the rising from the feeble and prosaic movement of the first lines, to the even tenor of harmony in the last, is entirely Miltonic. Or to speak more justly, it is one of those fine gradations in poetic har-

mony, which give a kind of growing energy to a thought; and form a principal beauty in the versification of Shakespeare and Milton.

LETTERS from a FRIEND.

Addressed to a YOUNG LADY.

(Continued from Page 652.)

LETTER IV.

“ My Dear Niece,

A Good character at your first appearance in the world, is what is so absolutely necessary for you to acquire, that nothing can justify a neglect of it; people may say the world's good opinion is useless and vain; and so it is, if gained by mean adulation, and a vicious compliance with any of its *wicked* customs, but this part of the world is not what I mean. The applause of men and women of sense and good behaviour is very carefully to be sought for and may easily be had, if you will take the pains equal to the task; but to please and be liked by such, you must possess many good qualities.

Among the first I reckon sincerity, and, without this, all other accomplishments, all other *agremens* are useless. You may dazzle, you may gain a little trivial applause, the tribute of a day; but when your real character comes to be discovered, as discovered it soon must be, how mean and contemptible will you appear?—A liar, a deceiver, a plotter of mischief! what a detestable character! who will believe you when you report real truths? and even supposing you to be infinitely agreeable in every other respect, those who envy your talents, will not fail to display in full colour this dark-side of the scene. How will they delight themselves in the meanness of temper? and what entertainment will the relation afford to the idle, the malicious, and the ill-natured? Shun, therefore, my dear friend, shun, let me intreat you, this hateful conduct, and let
 sincerity

sincerity be the criterion of your character.

Never let a foolish desire of showing your wit and ingenious turn for ridicule, prevail on you to mimic and satirise the manner of all those with whom you are in company. Do you suppose they will not expect to be *themselves* the subject for ridicule? in all events let truth, gentleness, and good-nature be your companions, and you need not fear a kind, a welcome reception wherever you go.

There are some people, who, by falsely setting themselves up as objects of admiration, by emblazoning their own characters and bragging to their acquaintance how many civilities they receive, gain on the contrary only envy and contempt. These pretensions if true, are no real addition to a woman if she has any other merit; and if false, which is too often the case, only a means of making themselves despised. Too frequently have I seen amiable characters deservedly regarded with indifference by the world, by reason of this disagreeable disgusting faculty; but would you, my friend, really wish to please, you must neither by bragging magnify your own perfections, nor by censoriousness depreciate those of others. Be contented to hear other people give *their* opinion, and do not eagerly obtrude you own, for advice is seldom if ever welcome, except it is desired, and then can never be relished, if not expressed with modesty and something of diffidence.

A young person should above all things, avoid being peremptory: to deliver their sentiments with a decisive air and a positive tone of voice, must appear very absurd to those, whose experience and age command deference and respect. Be mild, my dear, Harriet, be gentle and persuasive, and believe me, you will have more hearers and more real admirers than all those vain, frivolous women, who appear to be the delight, but indeed are the contempt of the more sensible and rational part of both men and women.

Adieu!

(To be continued.)

Solutions to the Enigmatical List of TOWNS in NORFOLK, Page 548.

1. Dereham. 2. Swaffham. 3. Watton. 4. Walsingham. 5. Hingham. 6. Holt. 7. Fakenham. 8. Lynn. 9. Thetford. 10. Aylsham. 11. Downham. 12. Harling.

Dereham, Dec. 7, PRISCILLA and
1780. MATILDA.

* * * Answered likewise by Charlotte D——n, W. S——n, Antonietta H——, Carolina Louisa G——m. Polydore, Oedipodesa, Puzzle, Ann W——, Angelina K——n, &c.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of the MUSES, Page 659.

1. Melpomene. 2. Polyhymnia. 3. Calliope. 4. Erato. 5. Clio. 6. Euterpe. 7. Terpsichore. 8. Thalia. 9. Urania.

Kew, Jan. 8. E. AITON.

* * * Besides the answers specified in our last Acknowledgements, we have received others from Gertrude, Pilgrim, Wilhelmina, Joanna R——t, Sir Toby Blunt, Huncamunca, Drucilla, &c. &c.

Solution to the Enigmatical List of TOWNS in MIDDLESEX, Page 604.

1. Bow. 2. Chiswick. 3. Harrow. 4. Feltham. 5. Hackney. 6. Mill-hill. 7. Hendon. 8. Islington. 9. Whetstone. 10. Hounslow. 11. Edgware. 12. Pinner. Uxbridge. 14. Enfield. 15. Hammer-smith. 16. Laleham. 17. Stanmore. 18. Acton. 19. Chelsea. 20. Clapton.

J. R——.

* * * Sarah S——k, Redburn-mills, Herts, makes N^o. 11, Totteridge, and omits N^o. 16; C. G. omits N^o. 9, but agrees with J. R. in the others.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

The following Poem is one of those which gained the Wreath on * Thursday the 21st ult. at the opening of Lady Millicent's Poetical Society for the present Season. Copies having been applied for, we are furnished with a correct Transcript from the Author, whom we find to be Mr. Pratt, Author of *Emilia Corbett*, *Liberal Opinions*, &c. &c.

S U B J E C T.

D E L A Y S *are* D A N G E R O U S.

DE L A Y S are dangerous—Ah? we,
C'est bien vrai—as you shall see:
 And that examples may be found,
 We'll turn the subject round and round.
 A time there is, in woman's life,
 That fixes her a maid or wife.
 A ribbon'd youth with sword and sash on,
 Courting that pretty flirt Miss Fashion;
 Romances thus on each lov'd feature,
 Gods! was e'er seen so sweet a creature?
 Then struck the gorget at his breast,
 And warmer still his flames express'd.
 "Jove, what a brow! what *bon ton* swim!
 Her shape so elegantly slim!
 What graces in her train behind!
 Each fold denotes a taste refin'd.
 Then such good breeding crowns the whole,
 In ev'ry movement there is soul.
 My angel, name the happy day;
 But let it quickly be, I pray."
 "The first of April then (says she)
 I yield to your felicity.
 You men are so imperunate—
 But wedlock's an affair of weight."
 "O my adorable! I know,
 And well have turn'd it to and fro.
 Ah! that the blessed morn were here!
 My love, my life, my soul, my dear!"
 The usual thumps and sighings past,
 This blessed morn arrives at last.
 "Well now my charming Fashion; now
 Come blooming to fulfil your vow.
 Thus on his knee your Sword-knot begs,"
 "Do pray, Sir, get upon your legs.
 To see a soldier on his knees,
 In military times like these,
 Is really shocking I protest!
 This nasty cough so breaks my rest,
 I have not slept a wink all night—
 Then, how I look!—I'm quite a fright!

If I to-day were made your wife
 I'm positive 'twould cost my life.
 To leave my chamber, risks I run—
 Observe—I've got my night-cap on,
 I am so ill, and feel so queer—
 Pray put off now—there's a dear—
 Postpone it, if you love your Fashion—"
 "Postpone it, Madam! (in a passion)
 Fire! flints! and fury! what d'ye say?
 May thunders rive me if I say!
 Plain yes or no? I ask no more?"
 For heav'n sake, Sukey. Quit that door:
 There comes such whiffs into my neck,
 And I'm so subject to a creak.
 Stay but a month for pity's sake—
 Lord how I stretch!—I'm scarce awake."
 "For ever, Madam, sleep for me,
 I'll well reward your perfidy.
 Yes, Madam, sleep I say for ever,
 No more I'll trouble you—no, never!
Delays are Dangerous, (he cries)
 Oh! when will womankind be wise?
 Farewell! go weep th'occasion past,
 You'll prove the April fool at last."
 And so she did. Her airs miscarried.
 She's *forty-nine*, and still *unmarried*.
 "Since fortune gives thee power to bless,
 In pity soften my distress!
 If a small pittance you deny,
 This day, this hour, perhaps I die."
 A wretched suppliant thus in fears,
 Press'd by the load of life and years,
 To Sophron gay his suit prefer'd,
 His suit was favourably heard.
 "Yes, honest man, I see you're poor,
 And heartily your case deplore.
 A little money you would borrow?
 I'm busy now, pray call to-morrow."
 To-morrow is a day too late;
 Thus tolls the passing bell of fate!
Delays are Dangerous, my friend,
 Or lend in *time*, or *never* lend.
 No gold can bribe the moment fled;
 Put up your purse—the poor man's dead.
 A thing there is—ye maids beware—
 That once was young, might once be fair;
 Except an ogle now and then,
 Strange her antipathy to men!
 In the same house to sleet and sling,
 Resides *another* ancient thing.
 Brother and sister—strange to tell
 Thus led a life of ding dong bell.
 This pair of antiquated wights,
 Full sadly pass unspos'd nights,
 For ever at each other rail,
 And this the burthen of the tale.

* There were several other ingenious pieces that did honour to the vase recited on that day.

(He.) "That's downright malice, sister
Bridget—

Aye, you may fume, 'and fret, and fidget.
But long since you could offers boast,
I was the dear Dorinda's toast.

She hob and nob'd me by the hour,
Said I had eyes, and felt their power.

Then bumper'd me each day at dinner—"
"Lord, brother, what a wretched sinner!

Your day, old bachelor was over
E'er Selprunella was my lover :

He fell in love with me you know,
When I receiv'd that ugly blow :

And when he came to bleed my arm,
In ev'ry pulse he felt a charm."

"Pshaw! pshaw! old maid, 'tis false as hell!
'Twas all a sham—you feign'd unwell

To catch the doctor"—"Hah! to catch!"

At this they flounce—at this they scratch,

"And is it brother come to this?

Sweet wither'd Sir!"—"Oh, blooming Miss!

Madam, 'tis well!"—"No Ma'am, 'tis ill—
But I can ask the question still."

"Come then, it fal—it fal be married,
Though fifty years it has miscarried."

"Ma'am, Ma'am, 'tis false!"—"Sir, Sir, 'tis
true!

You most were slighted."—"No, Ma'am
you."

"I'll leave the house."—"Aye, prithee go,
The apes are waiting you below."

"John call a coach."—"With all my heart."
Slap goes the door, and so they part.

Brother and sister, hold your tongue,

Indeed, ye railers both are wrong;

Your wrinkles, and your wrangling prove

Delays are Dangerous in love.

Our muse shall array the fourth instance in
satire,

And your tit up-ing verse, she can tell it most
pat in.

Oh! ye Zephyrs breathe gently on fair Mr
Steele,

For the roses of Warren now efface his cheek:
Those sensitive roses that die at the touch,

And lose all their colour if blown or too much.

Then the lilies of Mofeneau blossom beneath,

And Spence has a pension for guarding his
teeth.

Ev'ry morning at one, he runs the brush thro'
'em,

And the pretty one grins that the ladies may
view 'em;

Then he rides! Oh ye gods—he *does* ride to be
sure,

While his horse seems to aid his lov'd lord in
the lure:

Each caper, each curvet discovers his art,

And every prance, tends a prance to the heart.

But you say that the world will accuse me of
satire,

Why, I know that the world is most prone
to good nature;

But then I am talking of *nothing* you find,

For this *femalish* male has no meaning nor
mind;

Delays are Dangerous, therefore I vote,
Since riddle-me-rees are scarce worth finding
out,

I vote that—no, hang it, I will not be cruel,

I will not provoke the dear thing to a duel:

The perfumers for damage would sue me at
law,

So the motion about to be made, I withdraw;

And with perfect good humour, I change this
dead letter,

And leave this soft nothing, for something
scarce better.

Oh heav'ns! what spectre hov'ring o'er,
Is ent'ring now at yonder door?

Just as Lucullus gasps for breath?

Angels and ministers! 'tis death!

Close he stalk'd by me yester-night,

While my blood sallied at the sight.

Lucullus beg'd another day,

The bony monarch went away;

Lucullus promis'd to repent,

And gain'd a day with such intent.

Death had no sooner left the room,

Than life, and all its follies bloom.

The bony monarch finds him now

Unmindful of the pious vow;

Assumes the life-disposing nod,

And shews the mandate of his God.

"Yet, yet an hour?" the culprit cries,

As trembling on his bed he lies,

"One little moment yet dispense?"

"It may not be—I'm summon'd hence,

Delays are dangerous, thou fool,

Die then an instance of the rule,

And heav'n shew mercy on thy soul!"

Young Claudio plays a desp'rate hand,

What axes echo through the land!

And scarce a lonely tree remains,

To screen the woodman from the rains.

The sorrowing oxen as they go,

Curse thoughtless Claudio in their lowe:

And presently those oxen die,

And her hundred to supply.

The poor esteem it vastly cruel,

There's not a stick to warm their gruel;

Then execrate the gambler's art,

Which opes the hand to shut the heart;

For Claudio vends his very faggots,

To bet upon a race of maggots.

His birds too mourn the ruin'd grove,

Once vocal with the song of love.

In good Sir Careful's golden-day,

They built a cot on ev'ry spray;

Look, says a poor defrauded thrush,

'Has stubb'd my matrimonial bush!

Yes, quoth a rook upon the ground,

The deuce an elm tree's to be found;

This spendthrift landlord has cut down

Each house in our aerial town;

The fellow's ruin'd all my friends,

And horror o'er our race impends;

But dearly shall he pay the scheme,

He pluck'd us rooks, 'now rooks pluck him.

"Claudio, that last was a good hit,

Rise, instant rise, the table quit—

Delays are dangerous." "I go,

Soon as I've had another throw."

"*Delays*

"*Delays are dangerous!* stop in time."
 "Pshaw! nonsense! damn your boring rhyme
 You put me out."—He rashly threw,
 Lost the last guinea, and withdrew.
Delays are dangerous, he said,
 Then snapp'd a pistol at his head.
 Thus having twirl'd the theme about,
 And pointed some examples out;
 'Tis time to take my leave of verse—
 O for a couplet pat and terce!
 Just to conclude with—hang it now!
 When wit's most wanted, none will flow.
 That's so provoking now, so hard,
 Throws such a damp upon the bard,
 'Tis really monstrous, I declare—
 And then a tag gives such an air.
 Besides, this sudden fall of snow
 Makes Pegasus move very slow.
 Would but the muse—hush! hush! behold her!
 Lean from the vase and touch my shoulder:
 She whispers that I talk too long,
Delays are dangerous in song.
 The sacred counsel I attend,
 And bring my poem to an end.

ODE for the NEW YEAR, Jan. 1, 1781.

Performed before their Majesties and the Royal Family at St. James's, written by Paul Whitehead, Esq. Poet Laureat, and set to Musick by Mr. Stanley, Master of the King's Band of Musicians.

ASK round the world, from age to age,
 Not where alone th' historian's page.
 Or poet's song have just attention won,
 But even the feeblest voice of Fame
 Has learnt to lisp Britannia's name:
 Ask of her inborn worth, and deeds of high
 renown,
 What power from Lusitania broke
 The haughty Spaniard's galling yoke?
 Who bade the Belgian mounds with freedom
 ring,
 Who fix'd so oft, with strength supreme,
 Unbalanc'd Europe's nodding beam,
 And rais'd the Austrian eagle's drooping wing?
 'Twas Britain. Britain heard the nations
 groan,
 As jealous of their freedom as her own:
 Whene'er her valiant troops she led,
 Check'd, and abash'd, and taught to fear,
 The earth's proud tyrant's stopp'd their
 mad career;
 To Britain Gallia bow'd; from Britain Julius
 fled.
 Why then! when round her fair protectress'
 brow
 The dark clouds gather, and the tempests
 blow,
 With folded arms, at ease reclin'd,
 Does Europe sit? or, more unkind,
 Why fraudulently aid the insidious plan?
 The foes of Britain are the foes of man.

Alas! her glory soars too high;
 Her radiant star of liberty
 Has bid too long th' astonish'd nations gaze;
 That glory, which they once admir'd,
 That glory, in their cause acquir'd,
 That glory burns too bright—they cannot
 bear the blaze.
 Then, Britain, by experience wise,
 Court not an envious or a timid friend;
 Firm in thyself undaunted rise,
 On thy own arm, and righteous Heaven de-
 pend:
 So, as in great Eliza's days,
 On self-supported pinions borne,
 Again shalt thou look down with scorn
 On an opposing world, and all its wily ways.
 Grown greater from distress,
 And eager still to bless,
 As truly generous as thou'rt truly brave,
 Again shalt crush the proud, again the con-
 quer'd save.

To the Author of OWEN of CARRON.

Written on its first Publication.

A LYRIC ODE.

By WILLIAM HOLLAND.

—de l'amour la sensible peinture,
 Est pour aller au cœur la route la plus sûre.
 BOILEAU.

I.

BRIGHT as Aurora's vivid eye,
 When purple smiles adorn the sky,
 And Phœbus rides serene;
 As bright, as splendid were the hours!
 Thy genius rais'd her magic powers,
 To consecrate the scene.

II.

Dear harmonist of Marlivale,
 Whose lays in Owen's plaintive tale,
 The feeling lover charms!
 Sweet pity shall thy toil requite,
 She'll give thy numbers new delight,
 While beauty fills her arms.

III.

Full oft her peerless tears shall flow,
 When thou, sad harbinger of woe,
 Elysian vigils cheer:
 Full oft to time's remotest date,
 The tender tale she'll oft repeat,
 And hold it ever dear.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE to *Lady CRAVEN's Comedy of the* Part your combined curls, and freeze——po-
MINIATURE PICTURE. matum,

Spoken by the Hon. Mrs. Hobart, at New-
bury, and by Mrs. Abington, at Drury-
lane. Written by Mr. Jekyll.

THE men, like tyrants of the Turkish
kind,
Have long our sex's energy confin'd ;
In full dress black, and bows, and solemn
stalk,
Have long monopoliz'd the Prologue's walk.
But still the flippant Epilogue was our's ;
It asked for gay support—the female pow'rs ;
It ask'd a flirting air, coquet and free ;
And so to murder it, they fix'd on me.

Much they mistake my talents—I was born
To tell, in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn ;
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes,
Or tune to Shore's despair my *tragic nose*.

Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,
You still shall find that we can read and write ;
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate,
Can quit the card-table to steer the state ;
Or bid our *Belle Assemblée's* rhet'ric flow,
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho.
Methinks e'en now I hear my sex's tongues,
The shrill, smart melody of female lungs !
The storm of question, the division calm,
With " Hear her ! Hear her ! Mrs. speaker !

Ma'am,

" Oh, order ! Order !"——Kates and Susans
rise,

And Margaret moves, and Tabitha replies.

Look to the camp—Coxheath and Warley
Common,

Supply'd at least for ev'ry tent a woman.

The cartridge-paper wrapt the billet-doux,
The rear and picquet form'd the rendezvous.
The drum's stern rattle shook the nuptial bed ;
The knapsack pillow'd lady Sturgeon's head.
Love was the watch-word, 'till the morning
life

Rous'd the tame major and his warlike wife.

Look to the stage. To-night's example
draws

A female dramatist to grace the cause.

So fade the triumphs of presumptuous man !

And would you, ladies, but complete my
plan,

Here should ye sign some Patriot Petition

To mend our constitutional condition.

The men invade our rights—the mimic elves
Lisp and nickname god's creatures, like
ourselves ;

Rouge more than we do, simper, flounce, and
fret ;

And they coquet, good gods ! how they
coquet !

They too are coy ; and monstrous to relate !

Their's is the coyness in a *tête-à-tête*.

Yes, ladies, yes, I could a tale unfold,

Would harrow up your——cushions ! were it
told ;

At griefs and grievances, as I could state 'em.
But such eternal blazon must not speak—
Besides, the House adjourns some day next
week —

This fair committee shall detail the rest,
Then let the monsters (if they dare) protest !

PROLOGUE to DEAF INDEED.

WHAT, more forc'd humour, and un-
meaning mirth ?
Shall folly only give to laughter birth ?
Must more deaf gentry court your approba-
tion ?

Fellows who cannot hear their own damna-
tion ?

Better at once decree the stage be dumb,
Nor write French farces, nor re-write *Tora*
Thumb.

Nor after then could make the critic surly,
All would be perfect, like my good lord Bur-
leigh ;

No bard again with wretched stuff could bore
ye :

But hold, to prove the point I'll tell a story.
Once on a time—it hits the case exact—
No—now's the time, and so I'll tell a fact.

In these choice days of gen'ral reformation,
A certain deafness runs thro' half the nation.
Should some proud peer a sinecure inherit,
Highly he talks of independence, spirit ;
But should the public bid resign, be free,
" What is't they say—he cries—do they speak
" to me ?"

And if all parties roar, *secede, secede !*
Why then his grace is very deaf indeed.

Yet times there are, our contradictions such,
When want of hearing may assist us much.
If, while the colonel's forward tale is told,
My lady Thingum would affect a cold,
Bless me, how strange ! I cannot hear a word,
That prudent deafness would befriend my
lord.

His lordship too, if spite of kind advice,
He could by no means hear the rattling dice :
If no club eloquence could move—his hand,
His fame might tumble, but his oaks would
stand.

If smiling Miss too, somewhat hard of hear-
ing,

Should lose a little of her lover's swearing ;
If, when he talk'd of vows, she answer'd—go ;
If, when he mention'd Scotland, she cried—
no ;

What tho' the swain were hardly understood,
The lady's fortune might be full as good.
Suppose I do but joke, the courtly tribe
Turn'd a deaf ear and frown'd—at what ? a
bribe !

Lord, what surprize ! what bustling ! what a
pother !

How should we stare and grin at one another !
But soft, let wiser heads these points discuss,
On no account I'd have you deaf to us.

LIST of BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, and DEATHS.

B I R T H S.

THE lady of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. of a daughter, at Wynn-stay.

Nov. 26. The lady of the Rev. the dean of Durham, of twins, at Colehill, Warwickshire.

Dec. 5. Her grace the duchess of Buccleugh, of a daughter, in Grosvenor-square.

M A R R I A G E S.

Richard Sheppard, Esq; of Offley, to Miss Dunne, of Hatfield.

Nov. 19. John Peter, Esq; his majesty's consul at Ostend, to Miss Elizabeth Herries, sister of Sir Robert Herries, of London.

23. The Right Hon. Lord Duncannon, to lady Harriet Spencer, second daughter of earl Spencer.

John Warburton, Esq; to Miss Aldridge, youngest daughter of Abel Aldridge, Esq; of Uxbridge.

25. His excellency baron Kutzleben, the Hessian minister, to Miss Wrottesley, sister of her-grace the duchess of Grafton.

27. George Gipps, Esq; to Miss Stanton, at Harbledown.

Dec. 11. William Clayton, Esq; of Norwich, to Miss Maria Durand, of Spittlefields.

The Right Hon. Lord George Murray, second son to the late duke of Athol, to Miss Anne Charlotte Grant, daughter of lieutenant-general Grant.

The Rev. Mr. Legg, of Orcheston St. Mary, to Miss Gibbs, of Maddington, Hants.

12. The Right Hon. Lord St. John, of Bletfoe, to Miss Emma Whitbread, second daughter of Samuel Whitbread, Esq; member for Bedford.

Samuel Thornton, Esq; eldest son of John Thornton, Esq; of Clapham, to Miss Milnes, daughter of the late Robert Milnes, Esq; of Wakefield.

13. The Rev. Mr. Tayle, to Miss Moore, daughter of Sir John Moore.

21. Capt. Edwards, of the Rutlandshire militia, to Miss Middleton.

D E A T H S.

Theophilus Haverford, Esq; of Hemel-Hempstead, in Hertfordshire.

Dr. George Adams, professor of Hebrew, in the university of St. Andrew.

Lady Barrymore, at Paris.

Abraham Clerke, Esq; at Chatham barracks, adjutant of the Suffolk regiment of militia.

The Rev. John Griffiths, A M master of the free grammar school at Kingston-upon-Thames, Surry.

William Leslie Hamilton, Esq; attorney-general of the Leeward Islands, and a member of his majesty's council in the Island of St. Christopher.

Col. Mawhood, Gibraltar.

Peregrine Percival, Esq; of St. James's-street, Westminster.

James Charles Vernon, Esq; in Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

Col. Vignoles, formerly an officer of dragoons, at Southampton.

Dr. Henry Portsmouth, one of the people called quakers.

Miss Gregg, daughter of the late F. Gregg, Esq; of Putney.

Prince Victor Amadeo Louis of Savoy Carignan, at Turin.

The marquis Philippe Bourbon del Monte, lieutenant-field-marshal, and governor of Leghorn.

The Hon. chevalier de Champigny, well-known in the literary world, at Amsterdam.

The Rev. Alexander Houston Clerk, M.D. of Froome.

The Rev. Henry Norman, rector of Bledon, near Axbridge, Somerset.

William Bromley Chester, Esq; knight of the shire for the county of Gloucester.

The Rev. Dr. Spry, prebendary of Sarum, and vicar of Potterne, Wilts.

Hector Maclean, Esq; at Eboft, in the isle of Sky.

Gen. Don Ferdinando Estrees, the oldest land officer in the Spanish service, at Madrid.

Nathaniel Cleveland, Esq; one of the inspectors of the river in the port of London.

The Rev. Mr. Sewell.

The infant Don Juan, of Portugal, at Lisbon, aged 13.

Robert Clive, Esq; brother to the late judge Clive, and husband of the celebrated actress of that name.

Nov.

Nov. 19. Sir Joshua Windham, Knt. at Richmond.

20. John Berrisford, Esq; merchant in Ay-liffe-street, Goodman's-fields.

22. Walter Vavasour, Esq; at his seat at Weston, near Otley.

25. Samuel Davidson, Esq;

27. John Grant, Esq; at Kensington.

Dec. 9. The Rev. Mr. Myres, of Gretford.

The Rev. Mr. Thorpe, vicar of Marshfield, Gloucestershire.

10. The Rev. Dr. Cutts Barton, dean of Bristol, and rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

The Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Shelbourne.

Mrs. Savage, relict of the late Richard Savage, Esq; at Boughton-Minchelsea, in Kent.

11. Jacob Hinde, Esq; in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

John Dunning, Esq; father of the recorder of Bristol, at Ashburton, in Devonshire.

13. Serjeant Davy, at Hammer-smith.

17. Jeremiah Spooner, Esq; LL.D. in Bedford-row.

Jacob Rawlinson, Esq; formerly a Virginia merchant.

George Terry, Esq; receiver general of Hertfordshire.

18. Dr. Stephens, organist of Salisbury cathedral.

Dr. Gustard, physician, at Bath.

19. Mrs. Page, relict of the late Richard Page, Esq; at Wembley-Green, in Middlesex.

20. John William Grandon, Esq; lately a contractor to the East India company.

Captain Benjamin Store, in Fair-street, Hartsley-down.

21. Mrs. Scarfdale, in Greek-street, Soho, much distinguished for her skill in miniature-painting.

22. The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Down, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

James Harris, Esq; F. R. S. trustee of the British Museum, and member for Christchurch, at the Close, in Salisbury.

23. Jonathan Wingfield, Esq; in Lincoln's-inn-fields, formerly a merchant at Boston, in New-England.

Thomas Horton, Esq; merchant of London, at Lyons, in France.

24. The Rev. Dr. Buckler, fellow of All-Souls college, Oxford, and custos archivorum in that university.

Boyce Tree, Esq; at Mile-end.

The Rev. Dr. Harvest, rector of Thames Ditton, in Surry, and fellow of Magdalen-college, Cambridge.

Justus Samuel Worthington, Esq; near St. Edmund's-Bury.

25. John Coppinger, Esq; commander in the royal navy.

Lieutenant general William Skinner, chief engineer of Great Britain.

The Rev. Mr. Henry Talbot, M.A. rector of Storer, in Wiltshire.

Capt. Edward Sheldon, in the Hanoverian service, brother to Ralph Sheldon, Esq; of Weston, Warwickshire.

Robert Bunt, Esq; cornet in the Blues.

Thomas Colby, Esq; keeper of the accounts in the Victualling-office.

26. Dr. John Fothergill, M.D. F.R.S. &c. at his house in Harpur-street.

James Delander, Esq; in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

Sir Alexander Manwaring, at his seat near Canterbury.

27. Philip James, Esq; in Berner-street, Oxford-road.

Sir James Barnaby, Bart. in Hanover-square.

31. Dr. Kennedy, of Lincoln's-inn fields.

Isaac Fosbrooke, Esq; of Queen-Anne-street, formerly a captain in the guards.

Since our last the following capital prizes have been drawn in the state-lottery.

No. 43,641 10,000l.

No. 37,499, 41,831, 26,920, 2000l. each.

No. 34,971, 22,245, 18,711, 22,238, 30,146, 42,341, 500l. each.

No. 6202, 50l. but as the last drawn ticket in the lottery was entitled also to 1000l.

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